A RAW YOUTH

A NOVEL IN THREE PARTS BY

FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY

FROM THE RUSSIAN BY

CONSTANCE GARNETT

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I

Initial Sketches toward the Novel

February–July, 1874

A schoolteacher, a novel (description of the effect which the reading of Gogol's works, <and especially> *Taras Bul'ba,* has on him). Enemies, the village clerk (a correspondence leads to their approval).

A Christian Hamlet.[1]

A tale about a humble Russian peasant, Ivan Matveevich Prokhodimov.

An apocryphal gospel[2] (N.B. Temptation by the Devil,[3] a clay bird before those poor in spirit. Socialists and nationalists in Jerusalem. Women. Children.)[4]

Children. A mother who has remarried.[5] A group of orphans. Step-brothers and step-sisters. A fighter for justice. Worn out, the mother dies. The children protest. Run away? They go out into the street. The fighter is alone. Wanderings, etc.

A fantastic *poem-in-the-form-of-a-novel:* society of the future, com-

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[1] Probably a first reference to the future Versilov. Versilov will have an overdeveloped sense of analysis, which paralyzes his capacity for action. This corresponds to Turgenev's depiction of Hamlet in *Gamlet i Don Kikhot* (1860), a work that had broad influence during these years. It is possible, too, that the school teacher mentioned in the first lines was to be contrasted with Versilov, along lines of Turgenev's contrasting of Hamlet, the thinker, with Don Quixote, the believer.

[2] The "Apocryphal Gospel" consisted of early Christian legends uncertified by the church. They were widely disseminated during the early years of Christianity.

[3] The theme of the temptation by the devil will figure importantly in "The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor" and is apparently on Dostoevsky's mind at this early date. A short time later, in January, 1876, in *The Diary of a Writer,* Dostoevsky will address himself to the question of what is meant by one of the devil's temptations, "turning stones into bread."

[4] See Part III, "The Life of the Great Sinner," of *The Notebook for "The Possessed"* for an extended sketch of children and their fortunes.

[5] Possibly a first reference to the Youth's mother, Sofia Andreevna, who leaves her husband, Makar Dolguruky, to live with Versilov.

mune,[6] uprising in Paris, victory, 200 million heads,[7] *terrible sores,* depravity, extermination of the arts, of libraries, a child tortured to death. Quarrels, lawlessness. Death.

A man who shot himself,[8] and a devil somewhat like Faust. Can be combined with the *poem-in-the-form-of-a-novel,* etc.

A NOVEL ABOUT CHILDREN, SOLELY ABOUT CHILDREN, AND ABOUT A BOY-HERO (N.B. They save a suffering child, stratagems, etc.).

They find an abandoned child.

Fyodor Petrovich (a man who loves children, and the nurse).

Fyodor Petrovich, addressing the children upon completion of their commissions, says: "Gentlemen, I have taken care of your business and hasten to render an account to you." Or: "Gentlemen, I have finished reading such-and-such book," and suddenly he tells them about Schiller or about politics, etc. (N.B. He is himself a grown-up child, only imbued with a very strong, and vivid, and long-suffering feeling of love for children).

Man, in his higher specimens and in his higher manifestations, does nothing *simply:* he does not even shoot himself simply, but religiously.

Moskovskie vedomosti, February 26, 1874, <the item> from Bakhmut, about the wife as a trace-horse.[9]

One man wanted to give the other 100,000, but does not know how to offer it to him.

The Parsons (a sketch). "Meat croquettes,* the devil take it," the Little Priest and the Student, etc.

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* *Koklety,* apparently a jargon variant of *kotlety,* "cutlets, croquettes."

[6] Reference to the revolutionary government established in Paris from May 18 to May 27, 1871. In Part III, Chapter 7:2, Versilov refers to the burning of the Tuileries, a reference to the burning of the Tuileries palace during the last battles between the forces of the Commune and loyal government forces. The "Communards" were blamed for the fire and Dostoevsky—in his frequent reference to this event in his works—accepts this version, and uses the fire as a symbol of the disorder and destruction that ensues from liberalism and radicalism.

[7] In Part II, Chapter 7, of *The Possessed* the lame man and Peter Verkhovensky discuss the advisability of cutting off 100,000 heads.

[8] This is probably the first reference to Kraft, who shoots himself because he can't stand the idea of Russia's being a second-rate nation.

[9] This refers to an item about a peasant wife who ran away to her mother because her husband beat her. Her mother would not take her in, and she then went to a girl friend. Her husband found her there, and with the help of two friends tied her to the shaft and dragged her along by horses; they would stop from time to time to drink at inns and then resume beating and torturing her.

The children plot to establish their own *children's empire.* The children argue about having a republic or a monarchy. The children establish contact with juvenile criminals locked up in prison. Juvenile arsonists and train wreckers. The children make a believer out of the Devil. Juvenile profligates and atheists. Lambert. Andrieux. Children who kill their father (*Moskovskie vedomosti.* No. 89, April 12).[10]

A government clerk, his wedding, a child left at his door: he starts an orphanage, accepts charitable contributions, quits the government service.

Also, another government clerk (on the back), himself a child, etc.

A moment. A rapid encounter of the young man (the ideal of struggle) with a former friend of his who has made up his mind to shoot himself. A day with him. The other man shoots himself.

A magician. At Dussot's, or in Maly Iaroslavets. Turning heads, etc. (The boy who is a liar tells about it and says: "I saw it myself.")

The predatory type (analysis of Prince Danilo by Avseenko).[11] Why is that *fool,* Prince Danilo, deserving of my attention? Confrontation, by Avseenko, of a man who is simply ambitious and who would have absolutely returned to Petersburg for the celebration, and Prince Danilo who, quite to the contrary, failed to return, due to his unbridled nature; for he is passionate, he marries Milusha, and wants to be free in his passion. And yet, later, he whimpers: "Why didn't I go back?" N.B. That's because he is, what's most important, a *fool.* A truly predatory man would have married Milusha by all means, and then he would have returned. It would have been immoral, but a full-fledged predator might have actually felt remorse and would yet have persevered in his sins and passions.

They do not comprehend *the predatory type.*

N.B. N.B. Bear in mind the real predatory type in my novel for of 1875.

This will be This will be already a genuine heroic type, above the

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[10] This refers to an item about the murder of a father by his children in a small town near Vienna. Three children aged 8–10 decide to murder their father because their mother has run away and they miss her. They do the murder with two chisels. It is possible that this item is an adumbration of the father-murder in *The Brothers Karamazov.*

[11] Refers to the review by the critic V. G. Avseenko of the historical novel of Evgeny Salias, *Pugachev's Followers,* published in *The Russian Messenger* in April, 1874.

public and its everyday life,* and for this very reason will please it without fail. (Whereas Prince Danilo, for example, has nothing to please the public with.)

The predatory type (of 1875).

Passion and immense *breadth of character.* The meanest coarseness along with the most refined generosity. And meanwhile, *the very strength* of this character *lies in the fact* that he can easily support this infinite breadth, so much so that, finally, he is looking in vain for a burden heavy enough for him. Both charming and repulsive (the little red beetle,[12] Stavrogin).

N.B. THINK ABOUT THIS TYPE. May 4, 1874 [A new month has just begun]

Himself He bears a slap in the face, takes vengeance in secret, disgraces the other man, receives powerful impressions.[13]

PUNCTUALITY—*c'est la politesse des rois.*[14] "Come on, you are not a king."

When the Predatory Type meets the Princess, he sacrifices his position with the Prince and is rude to her, which makes her like him.

Once he thought of joining the Skoptsy[15] (money).

A puny little Polish lawyer, Żeromski, is busy all the time. The portrait (he transfers the power of attorney to the lawyer of the other party).

The foundations of society are cracking under the pressure of the revolution brought about by the reforms. The sea has become troubled. The borderlines of good and evil have disappeared and *become obliterated. N. V. D——ko* and *Żeromski.* You can't make an honest living these days. Characters of the milieu, of the trend.

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* *Zhivaia zhizn',* literally, "living life." Could also mean "true life."

[12] This phrase will be repeated often in the notes, and is an image apparently of the bite of repentance. Stavrogin in the "suppressed" chapter of *The Possessed* looks at a little red spider on a geranium leaf while Matryosha hangs herself, and he sees the same spider when he awakens from his dream about the "golden age."

[13] A repeated gesture in these notes, as well as in the notebooks for *The Idiot* and *The Possessed.* In *The Possessed* Shatov hits Stavrogin in the face, and Stavrogin publicly "bears" the pain as a test of his will. In *A Raw Youth* Prince Sergei gives Versilov a public slap and Versilov does not call him out. This is the "cause" of Versilov's exclusion from society.

[14] French: "It is the politeness of kings."

[15] The "Skoptsy" were a religious sect that arose in the 1770's. A separation from the "Khlysty," their main belief consisted in the doctrine that the only way to salvation was through battle with the flesh and through emasculation.

Vecherom means only "in the evening," while *vechor* means "last night."

"Meanwhile, it seems that you counted on *living off* my lawsuit for a while." Or: "Lived off him for a while."

[Staraia Russa.] The young man (N.B. the great sinner), after a series of progressive falls, all of a sudden reaches the greatest heights of spirit, willpower, enlightenment, and consciousness. (Do not explain it to the reader, simply all of a sudden. What it amounts to is that all the elements of a moral regeneration were already given in his character which, for that very reason, did not succumb to evil naïvely, but rather from conscious evil thoughts, etc.)

You could see him, at our place, like the new moon: he'd show up and immediately disappear again.*

[Ems] Think about the *predatory type*. As much consciousness as possible in the evil he does. "I know that it is evil, and I feel remorse, but I still do it right along with my noblest transports." Might do it this way: *two lines of action* at one and the same time; in one of these (with one group of people) he is a great righteous man who, with all his heart, lives to the exaltation of his spirit and surveys his activities with the most joyful and tender emotions. In his other activities, he is a terrible criminal, a liar and a profligate (with other people). But when alone with himself, he views both kinds of activities with arrogance and despondency, postpones a decision, is ready to give up. He is carried away by passion. *Here,* a passion which he cannot and does not want to resist. *There,* an ideal which purifies him, a heartwarming exploit, and an activity which gives rise to the most tender emotions. Both of these sides, as well as the people involved in them, meet toward the end of the novel. He is angry with his great gift of surviving amidst unbelief, baseness, and vanity.

!?! A task. Combine the novel *Children* with This one. More natural.

This Predatory Type is a great skeptic. The people around him have some social ideas at which he sneers. He unmercifully demolishes the ideals of others (a young boy) and derives pleasure from it.

A trait. He is very kind and polite with everybody, in spite of his crimes. He does evil calmly and even good-naturedly, as he casts a friendly and benevolent glance at a person whom he has ruined and

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* The Russian phrase is untranslatable, since *mesiats,* "moon," is masculine, which allows a zeugma of "he" and "the new moon."

who has perished through him: "My friend, why did you have to come my way? I needed to satisfy my whim, and I am not going to sacrifice even my slightest whim for your sake."

N.B. But then, sometimes, he would sacrifice everything to somebody else's small whim.

His is a firm conviction (though not a theory): "There is no other life, I am on earth for a brief moment only, so why stand upon ceremony? However, inasmuch as certain conditions of community life have been established by society as a sort of contract, do your cheating in secret, violate your contract in secret, and if this might disturb the harmony of, or introduce a dissonance into, the society of the future, as for this, what do I care if the earth will open and swallow it up, not only in the future but this very moment and me along with the rest of them, *après moi le déluge*. A parallel: just as our indifference to the exhaustion of our soil and to the destruction of our forests. (But not because of any theory about there being no future life, does all this happen. And he laughs himself at the idea that his character might be such as a result of any theory. But he is wrong there: not because of any theory, but because of a feeling of that theory, for he is an atheist not only by conviction, but with his whole being.) He even has this tendency of thought: "We have here a beautiful vision and impression. So let's stifle them as quickly as possible: all of this will exist only for a moment, and in that case it would be better for that thing of beauty not to have existed in the first place."

N.B. A woman becomes passionately enamored of him. (A young man of 20 falls in love with her.) Either she, or the other woman, his wife, has children. His feud with the children (he seduces one little girl who betrays the gang of children and her mother; the mother dies). The mother is jealous of the child, her own little girl. But right in the middle of a fit of jealousy, the mother, while trying to get some answers from her by force ~~torturing her~~, also covers her with kisses. But the girl remains haughtily and warily cold toward her. The mother makes a lot of fuss, whimpering: "Why don't you love me?" ~~The mother~~ The little girl is sick, and delirious. Her mother standing over her. The mother dies. The little girl almost goes out of her mind from remorse. She reproaches him ~~with~~ (he has grown cool toward her and laughs). Strange and fantastic reproaches, though they are *brief*. The little girls hangs herself. Her mother, before her death, falls in love with the Prince.

N.B. The mother's social background is a good one, higher than

His. N.B. Something like Countess V—a Dashkova marrying a doctor. That's why she meets the Prince, having connections with those social circles.

He abandons the child, ~~she~~ the little girl hangs herself. *The little Beetle.* Irresistibility of remorse and impossibility to live after "the little beetle." And this along with an ability to do evil consciously. He is done in at once and quite irretrievably by a subconscious, vital* impression of pity, and he perishes, like a fly.

Embryo of a plan. A wife with stepchildren, a righteous woman, a victim of his diabolic schemes, who has sacrificed everything for his sake and who ruins Prince G<olitsy>n for his sake as well (story of the latter's death), who has surrendered her heart and soul to her tormentor. He tortures her diabolically, solely for the pleasure he derives from her torments.

A band of children and their plot. The traitress is a little girl, the daughter of his wife, his stepdaughter. The child's precocious love. After her mother's death she hangs herself (that's where "the little beetle" enters the picture).

The mother and her little daughter are jealous of each other. (The band of children has a counselor and leader in Fyodor Fyodorovich, an idiot.)

This is *His* dark side. The bright one lies in his love for a young girl, or somebody else's wife. (It is precisely her jealousy of the other woman that kills *his* wife, the mother of <his> stepdaughter.) There, with the other woman, in that other environment, he is affectionate, generous, and heroic.

!?! N.B. He *secretly* does good deeds and pays visits to the needy. The band of children ("the empire") finds out about it. Here, a boy who, like him, is a hero *reveals himself* to him. The boy is fascinated by Him, admires Him, abandons the gang and joins Him, becoming an admirer of His. His relationship with the gang. But still another heroic boy, the leader of the gang, their Emperor ("an empire or a republic?"—arguments), refuses to yield to Him and intensifies their feud. He had always been a rival and enemy of the renegade boy, though secretly his friend. When the other boy changes sides, he suffers, suffers to the point of suicide.

N.B. He does not feel too sorry for his stepdaughter after she has

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* *Zhiznennyi,* which I have translated literally; perhaps Dostoevsky means "animal," or "living."

hanged herself; much more so (and in spite of himself) he is overcome by pity for his deceased wife. (N.B. N.B. The boy slaps his face.) He marries, or is going to marry, the girl who admires him (the righteous one). And here, suddenly, "the little beetle." The children's republic disintegrates by itself.

Note. This is the image of an ATHEIST. This is the main idea of the drama (that is, the main essence of His character).

But *absolutely introduce** several real, everyday characters (such as the Governor in *The Possessed*)[16] so as to create a more vivid picture.

His social position: a former landowner living off redemption payments (but this is doubtful, think it over).

IN ORDER TO WRITE A NOVEL, ONE MUST ACQUIRE, FIRST OF ALL, ONE OR SEVERAL STRONG IMPRESSIONS ACTUALLY EXPERIENCED BY THE AUTHOR'S HEART. THIS IS THE POET'S JOB. <FROM> THIS IMPRESSION THERE ARE DEVELOPED A THEME, A PLAN, A HARMONIOUS WHOLE. THIS IS ALREADY THE ARTIST'S JOB, ALTHOUGH ARTIST AND POET HELP EACH OTHER IN ONE THING AS WELL AS THE OTHER, IN BOTH INSTANCES.

N.B. *He* is an idle person (a former landowner, redemption money, abroad), and his enemies (and both wives) charge that he is an idle person. And suddenly by accident some area of activity opens itself to him (invent something); and he turns out to be a man who gets everything done in outstanding fashion, while those who had been accusing him and had sneered at him accomplish nothing.

Fyodor Fyodorovich, like Baranov; at the office of some Bashmakov and knows his business exceedingly well.

~~The government official~~ Fyodor Fyodorovich is getting married. (An abandoned child.) The wedding does not come off. Supporting a wife. Children. This is a subconscious passion for children. He offers an explanation to his wife, with whom things have gone awry, as if from a *book* (altogether, he talks as from a book, establishes relations with her, and she gets to like him awfully much).

!?! Perhaps, this wife of Fyodor Fyodorovich's is precisely that other man's wife with whom His righteous feat is accomplished.

Or perhaps, her sister.

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* "Absolutely" is underlined three times.

[16] This is possibly a reaction to N. K.Mikhaylovsky's review of *The Possessed* in which he singles out the governor Lembke as a particularly well-made character. The review is in *The Fatherland Notes,* vol. II (1873).

Fyodor Fyodorovich has given his estate to another brother[17] (couldn't He be actually his brother?). In that case, he does love his brother and is unfailingly affectionate toward him; yet, when the situation demands it he tells him outright that he is a villain, but does so without despising him in the least, but simply stating it as a fact, and continues to be affectionate. An active personage, but in the main part only in connection with the children.

There are some ideas in which he believes unfailingly and blindly. Some social ideas, among others. He does not, however, believe in communism.

Regarding *narodnost':** "The precise reason why I am perfectly *narodnyi*** is that I am perfectly Russian. However, it is all the same to me." And to be sure, he cares very little whether he is *narodnyi* or not. But what is strange: the people, whenever they come in contact with him (N.B. present an instance of such an encounter in the novel) absolutely and *directly* recognize him as one of them.

(The children curse classicism. A plot against Katkov.[18] But Fyodor Fyodorovich demolishes their arguments, and they remain admirers of Katkov.)

N.B. Fyodor Fyodorovich marries neither for passion nor for love, but according to certain family arrangements. The bride is terribly cold toward him (before the marriage is broken because of the abandoned child). Fyodor Fyodorovich is from a good family (declining families).

N.B. Should one introduce the fool in the railway carriage? (God's fool) (also in the bath-house—the leg) and the young man? (The young man could be His rival.) It is *he* who is the lover of another man's wife (a righteous feat), and the other man's wife is the former bride of Fyodor Fyodorovich.

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* Untranslatable: derived from *narod,* "the people, the Russian people, or nation"; it could be translated by "nationalism" or "populism," but neither is adequate.

** Adjective to *narod.*

[17] In the final version Versilov does something of this kind when he refuses to accept the estate he has won from Prince Sokolsky.

[18] Mikhail Katkov was the editor of *The Russian Messenger,* where most of Dostoevsky's novels were published. He was an extreme conservative. The reference to classicism concerns the edict of July 31, 1871, of the ministry of education, in which it is declared that only students who finish a classical course of studies in a Gymnasium may enroll at a university. Katkov championed this view eagerly and vigorously.

A conversation with Fyodor Fyodorovich:

She (annoyed): "Well, let me tell you one thing, you *are* pleased with yourself."

Fyodor Fyodorovich: "I agree that this is a very bad shortcoming of mine." (N.B. Though he had never thought of having this shortcoming before.)

She: "For another thing, it certainly isn't easy to catch you with your guard down."

Fyodor Fyodorovich (somewhat taken aback): "Were you really trying to catch me? And I was thinking that you were speaking *simply.*"

She. She feels drawn to Fyodor Fyodorovich, talks to him, finds him very much to her liking, but deep inside she says to herself directly: "No, he is impossible!" (That is, as a husband, *as a male.*)

N.B. Fyodor Fyodorovich's (apparent) arrogance and calmness were actually the cause of her hatred for him and set the stage after for the break between them after the incident with the abandoned child.

She (and many other people) consider Fyodor Fyodorovich to be a child understanding nothing about life and people, and suddenly, when the time has come (but quite unintentionally and without having given any thought to setting the stage for it), Fyodor Fyodorovich explains to her the entire psychology of her soul, to a depth which frightens her, yet does it calmly and almost coolly. "But if you have penetrated so deep into people and if you know all these things about them, how can you remain so cool and calm?" she exclaims.

"But I am really neither cool nor calm," he replies, but coolly and calmly *as if* he had not understood her remark.

The solution of the riddle lies in the fact that he is a man with an *idea fixa,* and such people are all calm, even when headed to their own execution.

He is ~~40~~ *forty years old,* and Fyodor Fyodorovich, His younger brother (or even better, his stepbrother) is *twenty-seven.*

A stepbrother. (Give this some thought.)

He experiences an unexpected (and, what is most important, unexpected *for him*) fit of jealousy for his much abused wife, to whom he has been unfaithful himself. He tries to laugh it off, taking it for a fit of vanity, yet this passion weighs on him. (A Dream. Gol<itsyn>)[19]—

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[19] The first husband of the Predatory Type's wife. A prototype of Makar Dolgoruky.

a duel, the thought of his murder under *her* eyes, and "what is she going to say?" Her love for ~~him~~ (G<o>li<tsyn>. His passionate love for her. The crime.

He is from an obscure family, the son of some kind of government clerk, but his education has made him a *superior* and a *well-known* man. Perhaps he is ashamed of his obscure lineage, and suffers from it. (N.B. His brother says about him, or to him: "Admit that you are ashamed of not being an aristocrat.")

N.B. A candidate for a post in the judiciary. (Couldn't he be the oldest brother in an impoverished family, a righteous man and a stay-at-home?) Before his marriage, he had his face slapped (story and setting), which is why she married him in the first place, but later she keeps reproaching him for that very thing. (~~In her~~ when "my Prince," etc.) *The whole vileness of his fall* is combined in him with all the sensations of an exalted mind. "The whole vileness of my fall is with me" (secret vices). A young boy working for the Count is his brother. (Perhaps, a sermon on Christ and God, whereas he is an atheist.) He chops up some icons.

The children's empire.

(No need of a noble exploit *à part,* as a separate episode.)

N.B. Straighten out and focus (realize) this character more strongly. Make him more attractive. (A depraved man. Depravity.)

N.B.! ! ! He is tired and indifferent, and suddenly (often) he has a quick impulse to do something (and, for the most part, something depraved and frightful), often enough something noble (but he would invariably drag it down into the mud and eventually wind up doing something depraved, secret, and frightful).

He is a preacher of the Christian religion, and this is why the Princess left her high society and followed him. And then ~~when she is dying~~ he smashes an icon (before or after her death, better before). "I am a depraved man, I am an atheist."

~~Or~~ What is most important, he is ~~always~~ sometimes loftily sincere, which is why he fascinates people.

It is *He* who is the head manager of the Count's affairs, who has a liaison with his wife,* he has also written for his brother and made him his assistant (also in the office). It is he who is the central figure in the incident involving Lambert.

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* The Russian phrase is ambiguous, just as is my translation.

N.B. (N.B. His marriage to the widowed Princess has somewhat improved his financial condition. But the Princess has only a small fortune of her own.)

A PROBLEM: SHOULD ONE GET THE CHILDREN MIXED UP IN THIS?

Fyodor Fyodorovich has a winning lottery ticket, but he does not consider it his own, since he bought it from a certain government clerk. His fiancée and her family are clamoring against his intention to return the ticket. He says nothing and returns the ticket, which becomes known on his wedding day. But the bride still thinks that he has returned only a part and does not learn that everything has been returned until after the ceremony. And here, suddenly, the abandoned child. Everybody leaves.

N.B. The thing is that the friend to whom he returned the winnings from that ticket did not give him a penny. Fyodor Fyodorovich (as usual) finds this neither good nor bad, and accepts it as a fact. "Why, in today's society no phenomena other than of this kind, nor people other than of this type, can be expected to exist."

Nothing can disturb him, not even blatant justifications brought forth in favor of the matricides, much to the satisfaction of the elder brother: "May everything come tumbling down!" And Fyodor Fyodorovich views him with strange curiosity and answers: "Yes, you are so right, may everything come tumbling down, the sooner the better." *He* has said it in the sense that everything should go to the devil, while Fyodor Fyodorovich meant that the new society should come as soon as possible.

Fyodor Fyodorovich is a socialist and a fanatic, but somehow cold and calculating, whereas the older brother is a skeptic and believes in nothing. Fyodor Fyodorovich is all faith, while He is all despair.

Regarding Christ, Fyodor Fyodorovich states that much about him was rational, that he was a democrat, that he had firm convictions, and that some of his articles of truth were correct. But not all.

The elder brother (He), in the presence of his wife and his younger brother, proves to Fyodor Fyodorovich that Christ had founded society on freedom, and that there could be no other freedom, ~~except~~ but in Christ ~~Fyodor Fyodorovich is put out~~. And that he, the communist Fyodor Fyodorovich, is founding his on slavery and idiocy. Fyodor Fyodorovich is put out as far as his arguments are concerned, but not in his feelings. "All right then, so let us accept Christ's system," he says, "only let's straighten out a few things about it." "Why, in that case nothing will be left of Christ," says his brother. "I have to admit

that, I am not going to argue," says Fyodor Fyodorovich, for "these are only words," and all this is irrelevant to the real thing. And he quits the debate, remaining calm.

But suddenly he is struck by one thing: the abandoned child. And he *spontaneously* becomes a lover of children and a Christian. He is told that, in the new society, children will have no fathers, for there will be no family ("family, that's as good as private property"). He says that, probably, it won't be that way, if this be natural.* "How is it possible not to love children?" "You see, their fathers and mothers have deserted them, but then, don't I love them? There will always be people like myself." "Oh yes! And they will be a thousand times better than ourselves, for everything will be love and concord! All will be fathers and mothers, and then we won't need to have natural fathers, which, by the way, is almost tantamount to monopoly."

Inflames the children with the doctrines of communism.

"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," somebody tells him.[20] "You have gotten Christianity mixed up with communism." Even now there are many who prepare this incompatible mixture. But in the meantime, blood and incendiarism (the treasures of the Tuileries).

But blood and incendiarism do not disturb Fyodor Fyodorovich. And there are going to be better treasures, a thousand times superior. "Of course, it might be a good thing to save from the coming conflagration a few of the very greatest items (the Sistine Madonna, the Venus of Milos), for the sake of their past glory and in the spirit of conciliation. But unfortunately this is impossible; it is precisely these things that must be the first to go. I presume that those who will be burning them will do so with their hearts bleeding."

"Quite the contrary, quite the contrary," they shout back. "A right to be dishonorable, much rather than tears. They are happy with it. For these people are all nothing but the vile average. They are the ones who even burn things without an idea. It is only we who understand the essence of the idea, of the brains which direct these vile hands."

"Well, there you see it, you have said it yourself, that it is the average, and that's where you are right. Which means that it couldn't be different at all, and so what are you complaining about?"

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* Unclear phrase.

[20] Mark 12 : 34.

"And you remain calm!" He exclaims. "It isn't a matter of complaining or rebelling, it means to let it be damned. If the world is moving in this direction, with this vile business taking over and replacing the bright cause, I'd rather see everything come tumbling down: I am not accepting this kind of a world," He says.

His whole misfortune lies in the fact that He is an atheist and does not believe in *resurrection,* whereas Fyodor Fyodorovich believes in the message of communism.

Later, Fyodor Fyodorovich discusses the subject of children with his future wife: "Come on, you don't resemble a *book* at all. Look how you have become all living emotion, all a single sensation," his wife tells him. "But prior to that, you were no more than a book. What would a woman mean to you?"

"Oh, if you only knew how much a woman could mean to me!"

"Really? have you ever loved a woman? do you love one now?!"

"Yes" (when he says this, it comes quite unexpected to the reader).

"Whom then?"

["I love *you,*" etc.]

"Oh, you don't know how I have been loving you."*

"Really?"

"And I still love you, I love you even more than I did then."

(The stage is set for a graceful relationship between husband and wife. Yet they don't get together: *"He is impossible."*) (In her presence, he draws milk from the wet-nurse's breasts and drinks it. Yellow diapers.) This wife of Fyodor Fyodorovich's is in touch with (Him), but it isn't a liaison. His wife is jealous. His liaison with the Count's wife. (An old gentleman, the portrait.)

And so, one brother is an atheist. Despair. The other is a thoroughgoing fanatic. The third represents the new generation, a living force, new people. He was able to withstand Lambert. (And the children, as the youngest generation.)

Most important. The idea of disintegration is present everywhere, for everything is falling *apart,* and there are no remaining ties not only in the Russian family, but even simply between people in general. Even children are apart.

[*Disintegration is the principal visible idea of the novel.*]

"The tower of Babel," he says. "Here we are, for example, a Rus-

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* The gender of the Russian phrase suggests that it is "He" who says these words.

sian family. ~~he says~~ We speak different languages and cannot understand each other. Society is chemically disintegrating."

"But not the people."

"The people, too."

"But families do exist, and there's an awesome multitude of them."

"This awesome multitude is a sorry phantom," he replies, "it is all nothing but average, run-of-the-mill, people without ideas. It's we who really matter. We are the people who have ideas, and everybody is going to follow us. Belinsky was all by himself when he hit upon his idea of change, after his article on "The Anniversary of Borodino,"[21] and look what happened: everybody followed him. His idea prevailed everywhere. Even the run-of-the-mill keep babbling it, without understanding him. It is going to be the same thing now, all these families and all this *narodnost'** will disintegrate, not even a bare outline will be left of them."

"You are so right saying, 'without understanding.' "

"Yet doing it his way, like everyone else."

"Isn't it you who said that they are only too happy to have been given the right to be dishonorable?"

"This means nothing at all: they are happy to have acquired the right to be dishonorable, others are happy about something else. It's the others who will prevail."

Fyodor Fyodorovich is in favor of a classical education, and defends this view when asked by the children, though he admits that he is at a loss for an answer. He asserts that the classical corresponds more to our goals, and wonders why the liberals have rejected it.

Fyodor Fyodorovich hesitated for a long time how to explain it to the children, [told them] that he wasn't ready to answer the question; finally, he did some research and prepared an answer.

Though the office is located in the Count's house, he has some associates in the business: a certain Count Poletika, two Yids, and a Russian capitalist (railroad).

[3d part] An image of the Earth covered with snow in 100,000 years. The stupidity of creation. "What is most stupid of all is that you will be given proof that it isn't stupid at all, but merely a fact,

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* See n. (*), p. 32, above.

[21] A work by V. Zhukovskii, "Borodinskaia godovshchina," published in *The Fatherland Notes* in 1839 and reviewed by Belinsky in the same year. Belinsky gives an extended definition and explanation of the meaning of *narodnost'* in this article, and it is to this concept that Dostoevsky refers.

whereas I certainly know, for some reason or other, that it is stupid (that deserted, cold globes be whirling through space). Gambling in Monaco is incomparably higher than anything else in existence."

"What do you care about it?"

"Well, ~~it's a shame~~ nothing."

The old Prince says:

"Listen—oh, my dear, what does it matter to you, let them whirl through space (the globes, that is)."

The story about the slap in the face; bearing the slap in the face. His wife is greatly afraid that there may be a duel. His wife congratulates him on his strength of mind, yet he knows that she despises him. (He had earned the slap in the face earlier, at the time when he was torturing his wife.)

She is aware of his secret debauchery (she follows him one night, and exposes him).

Her love grows more and more, until she meets the Prince. She is 30, she had her first child (a girl) when she was 17.

Prince (G<olitsyn> is ~~26~~ 24 years old.

He speaks about St. Theodosius.[22]

A trait. He is terribly inquisitive, and likes to hear gossip: "What have you got coming up there?" He is too proud to ask himself and waits until somebody would report it to him.

Frequently, he is overwhelmed by remorse, and in tears, on which occasions he simple-heartedly prostrates himself before her, telling her everything. "I'll torture you to death," he tells his wife, "but when you die, I won't be able to stand you. . ."

He poisons her. Or she is simply hit by a fever ~~and he drives a nail into her~~. For she cannot herself endure the strain resulting from her relationship with the Prince, and he regrets not having strangled her.

He is a coward, but in this case he is willing to run the danger.

"I haven't got any money, Madam."

Quêteuse.[23] "I am no philanthropist, Madam."

"I have no love for the poor, Madam."

"I am no philanthropist, Madam."

"I have money, Madam, and I hope to spend it without the help of other people."

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[22] A monk in Kiev who died in 1074 and who was renowned for his spiritual feats. In the February, 1876, issue of *The Diary of a Writer* Dostoevsky speaks of him with admiration, as the embodiment of the ideas of the people.

[23] French: "alms collector."

?N.B. He has money, and hopes to spend it *without the help of other people.*

? START THE NOVEL: ~~He still is~~ Her conversation with <her> brother, the Count. The Count is a General. He is a superior man, and clever, "I like him very much, but he is stupid, and I dislike him a good deal." He still resigns his commission. She defends him with ardor. But at home she attacks him for having resigned his commission. [about his family] ["You have changed your social circle. Princess *Mimi* <?> He is admitted immediately."] She is also ridiculous, and sickly. They talk about the lawsuit. Her lawsuit about an inheritance. "All our hopes rest here," he says; the money belongs to the children.

A young boy, brother, informs her that he is given to debauchery at night. She chases him out, refusing to believe it. An older boy is being rude to her. Liza. Preparations for the wedding of Fyodor Fyodorovich's middle brother. The younger <brother> goes out and meets Lambert, tells him about his family.

"Is there a Devil?" the third brother asks the eldest brother. Meanwhile, rebellion of the children.

The stage is being set for the incident with the slap in the face. Prince G<olitsyn> (in the matter of the inheritance).

[3d part] "I can't help agreeing with this (i.e., that this is all the same and that it is nobody's fault), but ~~in that case, two shopkeepers playing checkers,~~ having a rational mind, I can't help acknowledging that this is frightfully stupid, no matter how innocent it might be, and a game of checkers, played by two shopkeepers, contains infinitely more wisdom and makes infinitely more sense that all of being and the universe."

"This is to say that you don't believe in God after all, or are you just talking that way?"

"I ~~am saying this~~ am coming to this conclusion in case God does not exist."

"And *in case* he does?"

"In that *case:* eternity exists for me, too, and then, immediately, everything takes on a colossal and a grandiose aspect, and infinite dimensions, worthy of man and of being. Everything becomes rational and makes sense."

Wisdom stifles the human mind, yet man is in constant search of it.

Being must be absolute and in any case superior to the human mind.

The teaching that the human mind is the limiting boundary of

the universe is as stupid as the most stupid thing you might think of, and therefore infinitely more stupid than a game of checkers played by two shopkeepers.

July 6.

Shouldn't it begin with Him being mainly a preacher of the Christian religion: set it up accordingly. (Secretly, an atheist.) A young boy, <his?> brother.

Her conversation with <his?> brother, the General (who is ill).

"Before, He was a clever, and even a useful man . . . He wants to turn himself into a saint, and that his relics would perform miracles; a joke! After all, this is the kind of idea one feels strange discussing even hypothetically. A man of the world, used to wear the same clothes we do, well, and the rest, and there, suddenly, his relics . . . *Une supposition!* I am not saying a thing, naturally, this is all sacred. But there, suddenly, his relics. It actually seems somehow improper, for a man of the world, to have his relics perform miracles later."

He, to her: "Let us part, I am going to torture you to death, I am a hard man. Your children annoy me. They look at me as if I were a dragon." A quarrel with the oldest boy. "Either he or I." They are separated.

(Fasting.) The little girl comes to tell him that he is a villain. He moves to an apartment. *Crapule,*[24] suddenly, after the fasting.* The younger brother.

N. B. He is terribly jealous.

"Suddenly, I hold a position in society, and suddenly, tomorrow my relics perform a miracle. This is altogether unbecoming. If it were to happen to me somehow, or if somebody would offer me heavenly powers by any chance, I would decline, I wouldn't want it. *Une supposition* . . . for, perhaps there is really such a thing as relics, and perhaps they do indeed make miraculous appearances of some sort, and the whole thing isn't such a *préjugé* at all, you never can tell, and finally, nobody knows a thing about all this. *C'est de l'inconnu.*"[25]

The *predatory type,* as if it weren't enough that he is seeking for a burden, as if it weren't enough that he is seeking a faith, is *actually* seeking the *despair of utter unbelief,* and cynicism, so as to come to rest at least there. "Otherwise, I believe in nothing at all, and at the

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* *Posty,* plural of *post* ("fast").

[24] French: "scoundrel."

[25] French: "it's unknown."

same time, I believe in the great idea ("the great idea" is his own private technical term; settle this point with the reader). "What then, is the essence of this *great idea* of mine? ~~In~~ What's both ridiculous and absurd about it is that *it has not been formulated.* The moment I have formulated it to any extent, I'm the first to find it ridiculous myself. No, it manifests itself as an emotion, as an impression. You live, going your way, and suddenly you say: 'this is good'—that's precisely what is not good."

N.B. Though *He* says himself that he is an ignoramus and knows very little, it is necessary to let the reader know that, as a matter of fact, he knows a good deal. He has a synthesis, a whole archive of experience, he *has* feelings in which he firmly believes. (N.B. It is feelings that were his undoing: he couldn't stand "the little beetle.")

He tells his wife: "I am going to torture you to death, nor do I feel sorry for you, as long as you are with me; but after you'll have died, I know for sure that I'm going to kill myself by self-condemnation."

"If at least I were a weak-willed nonentity," he says, "and could suffer with that consciousness, from the lofty heights and the low envy of that consciousness! But now I do know that I am infinitely strong; 'strong with what?' you may think. Well, with that immediate strength of vitality and adaptability, with those (good) feelings, exactly, which right now make me say: 'this is good.' These are of course good feelings, but . . . you understand that there is a *but.* This is to say that I love life."

"It is a base thing, for a man like myself, to love life. Could it be really true that the Earth exists only for men like myself? Most probably this is true. (Whereas saints are either stoned by other people, or burn themselves to death.)"

"Nothing can destroy me, and what is the vilest thing of all, nothing can perturb me either. I am continuously without shame. I am capable of feeling two contrary feelings at the same time. Which is dishonorable, and actually against my own will. But imagine, I even don't know whether this is good or bad."

"I am dishonorable almost to the limit, and what's even more important, I'm glad that I am. ~~I am sh<ameless></~~ My name is shameless,"* and nothing else."

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* The Russian word *sramnik* is a noun.

A *big* N.B. (for the plan). "Whereas the Krafts hang themselves. To be sure, the Krafts are stupid, whereas we are clever."

"I very nearly was glad that, for as long as about 15 years now, every intelligent element in our country has, as a consequence of Russia's requirements, embraced realism and taken to specialization, and in this particular sense, I swear that I am actually opposed to any kind of ~~reform~~ school reform, to any increase in the level of education. In our dear fatherland, things have quite naturally worked out the way that any increase in the level of education is at the same time an increase in the level of suffering."

"So really, it is even better if they do specialize; to increase the level of education means to increase the level of *suffering*."

The young boy, <his> brother (the one who is with Lambert, and everything), slaps <his?> elder brother's face. After this has happened, he runs away from his family. Later, he makes friends with <his?> elder brother, *with reserve,* but *irrepressibly*. He does not want to show him any respect—and listens to him with terrible curiosity. *He* listens to him, finding him somewhat entertaining. In the end He is done in by "the little beetle," while the younger brother is resurrected to a superior exploit. Get both of them mixed up in the same intrigue (with the Princess). The Y<oung> Man paralyzes* his crimes.

For a while, He associates with Lambert.

He asserts that he is a product of Russia, and typical of her people as they all are at the given moment. He supports the idea that they are all such (scoundrels) as he is, provided only that they are clever. They don't know if this is to be a joke, or not. (N.B. He does not mean it as a joke.) And when they tell him: "So everybody is such a scoundrel?" he answers: "It isn't only that we are scoundrels, we are, besides, the only bearers of a higher idea."

"Yes, but as skeptics, without suffering," his wife, or somebody, tells him. "What you need is suffering."—~~You~~ "We have not reached the maturity of suffering, for only a heart that has not been corrupted is worthy of suffering."

"I am praying for suffering."

Suffering ("the little beetle"), once it has made its appearance, is crushing him, like a cockroach.

"What is he up to? Was he simply chatting with me? As if he had

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* Perhaps Dostoevsky means "neutralizes."

no one else to chat with. I noticed that there was something wrong, yet at the same time, there was so much strained and spent suffering about every one of his escapades, no matter how contrived <?>, that I simply couldn't leave him or remain indifferent to him. On the contrary, I was becoming more attached to him every day."

"And besides, I always suspected that, perhaps, He was merely talking that way, driven either by spite or by his suffering, but that secretly, with himself, He was actually the fanatical adherent of some higher idea, so that in effect he continued to appear before my eyes covered with an aura of mystery."

Liza hangs herself because she ~~says~~ has broken with her mother, and says: "I have hurt my mother." She hangs herself at a time when her mother is with the Prince. He is glad that she has hanged herself, and feels nothing. A colossal impression upon her mother. She suddenly recovers from her infatuation with the Prince, and dies of a broken heart. He has two deaths on his conscience. However, "the little beetle" that tortures him to death is not the one that reminds him of *his wife,* but the one which reminds him of *Liza* (the little beetle of *disorder*). On the last day, flight of the child (the boy, Liza's brother).

N.B. N.B. N.B. Scenes and excitement in the family on account of the dismissal of a housemaid. A picture of everyday life.

!N.B.! He feels no passion for the Princess, but simply vexation, intrigue, spite, and hurt vanity. That's where he makes up his mind to ruin the Princess.

[For the plan.] He *simply* is the Princess's lover *without loving her.* He is looking for money. The younger brother proves to her that he wants to rob her. The Princess breaks with him and throws him out. She has never *belonged* to him. That's the time when He gets involved with Lambert.

"If for no other reason, I am a typical *Russian* nobleman," he says, "because I am dishonorable to a very high degree. During the past 20 years, dishonor and the right to be dishonorable have become the highest quality of the Russian soul."

"No, it really seems that I am a genius," he says, "yes, indeed. Any other, average person would have been finished a long time ago, but I have that accursed gift of vitality. No, I am not going to shoot myself."

The boy (<his> brother), instead of him, begins to pursue the course of righteousness.

A story, a story is what is needed! An entertaining plan.

Revenge suffered by the Princess.

The scene with the housemaid (his sordid cohabitation <with her> is exposed). He falsely accuses the housemaid of theft. The boy is terribly indignant about this and reproaches him. He then *takes* his brother *in hand,* going even further in his unbelief than the latter. On the contrary, in his belief in crime <. . .>.

Secretly, he does good deeds, but after "the little beetle" he becomes indifferent and *abandons the recipients of his beneficence.*

He does not esteem his wife as his spouse, though, in his words, it isn't exactly that he wouldn't recognize marriage, but he is simply indifferent. But the moment it is he who is affected he goes into a fit (when she goes to the Prince).

After having had his face slapped he is surprised that he feels no anger. He chuckles to himself and says, for everyone to hear, that probably the reason why he isn't angry is that he actually deserved to be slapped.

"I AM BORED," he says.

"But aren't you an intrigant, a petty gossip," the *boy* tells him, "how is it that you are bored?"

"I do not know, I am an intrigant and a petty gossip, but I am still bored."

July 23/11.

The BOY, and not HE is the HERO.

The story of the boy, how he arrives, whom he happens to meet, under whose care he is put. He falls into the habit of seeing the professor; he dreams of the university; also, the idea to get rich.

He, on the other hand, is only an accessory, but what an accessory!!

THE YOUTH*

The boy has failed an examination in the classics. They had actually written him that there was *a job* waiting for him in Petersburg, ostensibly he was to replace his older brother, who had gotten married and who was therefore lost to the family. Furthermore, they are actually stepbrothers, and those relatives are his aunts, and close relations, while being virtually unrelated to the other brother. So the boy drops a hint to the effect that he feels they brought him in so they'd have somebody to take care of the aunts. He is told, by the family, that

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* *Podrostok,* "youth" or "adolescent," which is also the title of the novel.

as of now it is he who is being taken care of, and, in a word, they cut him down in every possible way. He arrives having already conceived the idea of becoming a Rothschild.

The "despot" brother (i.e., He) whom he had taken for a pompous despot impresses him with his cynical simplicity; for instance, he frankly tells him himself that He is uneducated, etc. He corrupts him. Infinite vanity.

The boy becomes friends with Liza. He foresees [*sic*] all His relations with Liza and breaks with Him, since he despises Him. Makes a direct turn <back> to the right way. He won't forgive him Liza.

The young man arrives smarting from an insult, thirsting for revenge. Colossal vanity, a plan <to become> a Rothschild (his secret). Organize the theme: Liza isn't needed.

DECIDE? His wife's age. Is there a need for the Prince and jealousy, or isn't there? Liza alone, or Children and their flight after their mother's funeral?

The old Prince, the Princess's husband (who has made a will and is being cheated). An old chatterbox. Used to be a dandy and with the horse guards. (A capitalist.) Now he likes to come up with an occasional bon mot, and will point out to an unsuspecting party, with childish (however, quite innocent, cheerful) vanity, that he has done just that, come up with a bon mot. To make up for it, those who want to win his favor make a point of taking notice of his bons mots, and to them he is awfully grateful, and willing to do anything for them.

[February] Both good nature and egoism. Fits of stinginess. The strange view (the only serious trait in him) that now, *in our age,* honors, nobility (all in the sense of rank) mean nothing, so that money is the best thing of all. He states this idea with sadness. He has also preserved some noble traits. He does not suspect his wife, for reason of his indolence (or egoism, wishing to avert an unpleasant dénouement), which he states openly and for which he really gets it from the Princess, who has a most severe influence on him. A strange trait: he actually boasts of this severe influence, he likes to let everybody know that he is being ruled with a rod of iron, so as to appear to be such a gay blade and rake, such a naughty boy who would take to carousing the moment she'd look the other way.

It is he who speaks of the "relics."

It is a remarkable fact that 10 to 20 years ago he was a more serious person and actually performed meritoriously in an important government appointment. A man with taste. He dearly loves a scabrous

anecdote and is bored when nobody will turn the conversation that way. They arranged for him to see Mlle Andrieux, but he returned embarrassed, he didn't like it at all, not the right thing, unaesthetic. He is greatly interested in *the new woman*. So they arrange for a visit with a *new* woman. He is even more embarrassed. He is getting ready to die and <tells them> what they should bury him in, and he seriously expects ~~to him~~ to die, and *blague*. (He has had a vision.) He makes a break for <Mlle> Andrieux, in spite of the fact that he is prepared to die, and suddenly dies. He is a capitalist, and a shareholder in a number of companies.

Once, the Prince began to talk like a nihilist, and promptly made a fool of himself. Deny everything (he is a Senator, or a member of the State Council).

As for the Princess, he married her 10 years ago (he is 62), out of vanity, so that people would say: "Look what an attractive young wife he has got." This he tells her himself, trying to appear frivolous.

He makes fun of human nature and points out, in himself as well as in others, various psychological traits that are comical or trivial: "You can't cover those with any uniform," he says. A good deal of wit, here.

The Prince has been listening to various atheists for a long time and has become an atheist himself: "And so, there just isn't anything of that kind (i.e., God)," he says. "I must admit that I always suspected it to be so," he says. And he immediately proceeds to ramble along, arguing that *this* (i.e., God) would actually be indecorous.

"I don't know how to express it, but, in my opinion, it is actually trivial. As if somebody were always ready to give me a spanking—*une idée*. I am a General, and there . . . 'he's realized the vanity of earthly existence.' All right, he's a general, let him be a general, yet we are still wetting our pants,* still being the same naughty little boys."

"And finally, if it is really as you say, then prove it to me, so I can see it, or as they say, have a sensation of it. All right if He (God) exists in person (and not in the form of an effusion of spirit or something, for I must admit, that is even more difficult to understand), then what does he wear? How tall is he? Don't be angry, my dear, naturally, I have a right to ask this question, for if he is God, a personal God, i.e., a person, then how tall is he, *et enfin,* where does he

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* *Sikaem,* a nursery word the basic meaning of which is "to squirt"; another slang meaning is "to drink (vodka)."

live? This is an important question, where does he live, a most important question. I am not talking of His having a passport or anything of the kind, of course. As for a rational spirit, that's nonsense as far as I can see. This is nothing but clouding ~~the issue~~ the idea. Well, and still, *un domicile,* that adds authority to the idea of order and, so-to-speak, decorum. An effusion? Well, what could that be, some kind of water or what? Yet in my opinion, there hasn't ever been any effusion at all, but simply the grass grows everywhere, as it has always grown, and that's all there is to it. I always suspected it to be that way, I always did."

The old Prince is critical of Him all the time and, behind his back, likes to crack jokes at his expense, but to his face he is for some reason afraid of him. *The other man* is confident that he can turn him around in any direction of his own choice. So he turns him against the Princess.

~~They are married to two sisters.~~

He says to his wife: "I never loved her (i.e., the Princess). It was only vanity on my part, only envy, perhaps."

"But why were you tempted by Liza?"

"Liza was my enemy from the very beginning, I needed her submission. It flattered me."

The boy (Liza's brother) was sick, a kind of God's fool. He loved Liza. *He* was the boy's enemy. While his wife was still alive he would really rip his mouth apart.* When everybody was dead, he wanted to make friends with the boy. He goes with him. The boy runs away.

The boy (the youth) passionately dreams of how he will save a lot of money, but he does not tell anybody; in his dreams he shines shoes, etc.

N.B. *Important.* Not a word about Lambert until he appears on the scene (everything in the narrative).

About the ideas which interest the Youth (except Rothschild). Also, everything at the proper time, for instance, the image of the Earth all covered with ice. Here, suddenly, his remarks, showing that he has already been thinking, experienced certain emotions, and felt excited about things.

(Women, the desire for a woman which agitates him), his scene with Mlle Andrieux, and later, how he had a whore.

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* *Razryval rot,* obviously a slang expression; I did not find it in the dictionaries and had to guess its meaning.

He arrives in town and locates Vitia, who brings him together with a high school boy. Together, they plan to *run away* to America. About God, with Vitia: "There's one more thing which I forgot to tell you," etc.

His first night at the house, after his return from Vitia's place. The chambermaid. His daydreams about himself (about Rothschild). He counts his money before going to bed.

Next morning he is at the office (with the old Prince). There, a conversation between the old Prince and His wife, also about "relics." The boy bursts out laughing. He gets to talk with the Prince.

At home, he runs into a scene involving the chambermaid. A scene about the children. He quarrels with <his> brother (with Him). He tells him that he was brought there to take care of his aunts.

He picks up a letter at the office and learns the secret of the Princess.

Slaps His face.

The boy gets to know Him more closely on account of the slap in the face (inimically, at first). His wife makes scenes to Him, on account of <her> jealousy. His last tryst with the Princess. <He> learns the whole truth. The Princess has insulted him *by failing to take notice* of him. He vows vengeance.

The little Prince appears on the scene. ~~K~~

Lambert appears on the scene.

?N.B. Perhaps there is no need at all to have Liza. She is 24 at the time, and she is with the Prince.

~~?N.B. She is 26 and has two children, 8 and 7.~~

Perhaps he has made a will, and he scares her by letting her know that the will is as good as worthless (5 percent and on the security of the estates), and that ~~he~~ the Prince is not going to make out a new one, especially if he will show the old Prince those love notes.

? The young Prince, of whom he is jealous (the old man's nephew and legal heir), never had anything to do with the Princess (something strange did happen, deceiving Him), but suddenly his wife falls in love with the Prince. Then, he becomes jealous of his wife and, together with Lambert, plans to ruin the Princess.

?N.B. Couldn't Liza be her stepdaughter? Liza's strange friendship with her. Liza wouldn't allow her to marry Him. From the very beginning she is his outspoken enemy. She stands up for her little brother (stepbrother) at the house, creating a turmoil. She incites <her> stepmother against Him (13 years <old>). And suddenly ~~her~~ love for him. ~~The stepmother is thunderstruck. Liza's death.~~ He

seduces her. Liza (in her innocence) thinks that she has reached the utter limit of vileness (she marries him). She hangs herself. <His> wife (<her> stepmother) is thunderstruck.

N.B. The old Prince laughs at His cuckoldry. He proves to the old Prince, while in a fit of temper, that he, too, is a cuckold, and that it is, again, the Prince who is responsible for it. With this in mind, he launches the <love> note picked up by the Youth.

It is also Lambert who works out a plan according to which she'd have to give 20,000 plus herself, for that note.* The Youth saves her.

The Stepmother's love for the little Prince borders on insanity.

EVERYTHING CAN BE FIXED BY MAKING IT SO THAT HE and the old Prince are NOT married to two natural sisters. On the contrary, the Stepmother (His wife) is a distant [(or even a close)] relative (a niece) of the old Prince's. *The old Prince* incessantly criticizes his late brother, the freethinker, who is the father of the Princess, his niece, i.e., His wife. He died a Collegiate Registrar, in poverty and while awaiting criminal trial. And always an enemy of the Princess's, but *she* used to play with the little Prince in their childhood. And therefore, when *she*** (i.e., the Stepmother) hears about the little Prince, she remembers this and tells her husband and the Prince the delicate story of how she and the Prince were engaged when they were children (a love between two children, with the little Prince a year younger than herself). On this occasion she recalls and tells them one anecdote after another about the terrible character of the little Prince (even when he was still a child), who had fascinated her with his utter fearlessness. Inasmuch as she keeps reminiscing and talking <about him> for several days in a row, and with her cheeks burning, He has the impression that there may be something behind it.

N.B. Later, after having been "engaged" as children, they had not met at all until *the very eve* of her wedding to the late General. The little Prince had just received his <first> commission and offered to elope with her. She tells Him this with an air of profound mystery which actually surprises Him. "And I had seen him for all of one hour, though we were still calling each other by our first names," she says. Now the little Prince has returned from his exile (for a duel)

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* *Chtob ona dala i dala 20,000;* in Russian *dat'* ("to give") is routinely *double entendre.*

** Underlined twice.

and taken to carousing about Petersburg. The Wife (the Stepmother) suddenly goes to see him, particularly since she has heard *that he is the* Princess's *lover.*

She (the Wife, the Stepmother) is all aroused when she hears that the little Prince is supposed to be the Princess's lover. Whereas the little Prince is perhaps indeed the lover of both women (both the Princess, and the Stepmother).

Two infuriated women.

The young Prince is a most open-hearted and delightfully charming person (overcome this difficulty).

The Stepmother seems to be out of her mind. She tells Him outright that she was infatuated with Him in a morbid way, but that she never loved him. That she had taken a similar fancy to her late husband, the General. She is amorous, like Don Juan, but a female Don Juan. She is all *compassion:* she loved the General, who had squandered her dowry, out of compassion, for his defenselessness, she also <loves> Him out of compassion. She also loves the little Prince like a mother. "But only now have I learned what bliss is!" she exclaims. "Now I live only for myself, I myself am cruel!" This statement, that she is "cruel," shows of course that she is all compassion, just as before. The death of Liza, of whom she had been jealous, leaves her thunderstruck. "She died," etc., etc.

A TYPE which should be given more finish along with <that of> the LITTLE PRINCE.

WHAT IS MOST IMPORTANT. Before her death (of moral disorder and exhaustion) she says: "How terrible all this is, suddenly! What a disorder, suddenly! No, I am no predatory woman. Rather, I have been a poor victim all my life. How hard it is to weather this storm." She cannot stand Liza. Him either.

Had He been the type of a superior and righteous man, she would have obeyed him and been an exemplary wife.

"All my life, it seems, I'v been looking for somebody whom I could obey," she says. But he disturbed her soul and crushed her peace of mind with HIS anarchic spirit. He disturbed her. He transmitted his own disturbed condition to her. This is why she suffered together with him. She took care of Him like a nurse, she would forgive Him everything, every admission of His <guilt>, every villainy. But she would not forgive Him his anarchic convictions. Seeing what an influence he had on her, He arrogantly increased his influence, and her confusion. Toward the end she seemed to be going out of her mind. He finally reached the point where he would regularly

make full <drunken> confessions to her. That's where she threw herself on the Prince.

It is she who says as she lies dying, with a wistful smile, that she had been looking all her life for somebody she could have obeyed.

N.B. Moral admonition. N.B.

Create (*créer*) an extraordinarily novel and graceful type of woman and wife.

!? N.B. More than to anything else in this novel, pay attention to the element of confession, to his erotic influence on her through disturbing her mind and frightening her soul. A cat playing with its victim. But then, how very angry does He get when somebody takes her away from him (the little Prince). When this happens he immediately gives up his affair with the Princess, and the whole business, forgetting about it and quitting having any feelings about this business, for he realizes that he needs his *wife,* whom somebody is trying to take away from him. A sign that he had nothing going with the Princess.

A LARGER ROLE FOR THE YOUTH.

He himself explains this whole THEORY (i.e., *his influence on his wife*) while the affair is taking its course and *expounds* the whole idea of the novel to the reader, ~~what his sensations are~~ and how this idea actually has to do with Him. And let this rule be valid for the entire novel, so that the characters would themselves explain <their actions> and so that IT WOULD BE MORE READILY UNDERSTOOD.

THE LITTLE BEETLE—not Liza, but she, his wife. He recalls her wretched clothes and predatory type. ~~He~~ She was crushed by compassion. Tenderness for the persecuted child. He ran away. The boy with the birdie.

"How could you have gotten together with Him then?" the old Prince asks her (the Stepmother). N.B. At this point her story is to be told.

"I thought that I was [such] a great man, but <it turns out that> I'm such a small one," (the Stepmother) says of Him.

July 24/12.

TRY THE CHILDREN TOMORROW, NOTHING BUT THE CHILDREN.

Make it so that the Youth, toward the end, inadvertently reveals his main idea (about Rothschild) to Him. This happens at a time when he is himself beginning to lose faith in his idea. Yet he expounds it to Him with *intense* ardor and *irritated* presumption. The other man listens to him very carefully, is apparently impressed, and

asks: "How much money have you saved so far?" And he ironically approves of the idea. (N.B. The Youth explains, for instance, how one can make money through stock transactions. *Get the details from Anna Grigorievna.* The idea of buying stock apparently fascinates him and renews his faith in his idea about Rothschild.)

But the Youth sees clearly that He is making fun of him, and does not want to tell him what he thinks.* And therefore he is pestering Him (with adolescent awkwardness, rashness, and angularity) to point out a better ideal to him: how <else> could he become a free man? The other man does not give him an answer and finally says: "Why should I care about all of you? (His wife has just left him) I am living for my own sake, I don't care if you all go to hell. [Let each live his own life."] And, among other things, he reminds the Youth of a recent episode involving his aunt, a squeamish old spinster, whc had managed to make the Youth (in the generosity of his heart) beg her forgiveness, pay court to her, a spiteful, dried-up squeamish and demanding sort, and spend some money in the process. "With impulses such as this," He ironically tells the Youth, "you will never become a Rothschild; much rather, you'll become a good-natured milksop of a government clerk." But the Youth replies to him that this has been the last time and that he has even made an entry in his diary saying that this is the last time, and that from now on he is going to be businesslike and cruel. "You will see, you'll hear soon enough," the Youth tells Him, hinting at Lambert. And it is this promise, made *on a dare* and out of pride, which is in part responsible for the fact that he agrees with Lambert's plan to rape her, and to take from her a promissory note for 30,000 and 10,000 in cash.

?N.B. The Youth, incidentally, makes friends with the children who want to murder and rob their father, or he sees those children immediately after they have killed their father, at the house where he has got his flat, and is strongly impressed by this scene, yet he still joins Lambert. What is most important to the Youth is also the fact that the Princess has "insulted him," the way he sees things. Getting ready to rape her, he is still confused and embarrassed, which he communicates to Lambert, who can't even understand him. *The Youth does not know* until the very last hour, that He is involved in

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* The Russian phrase is just as ambiguous as this translation; either the Youth or He could be the subject.

this affair along with Lambert. It is Lambert himself who lets him know about it at the very last moment. Which causes an outburst of indignation on his part.

What matters most to the Youth is to be free, and he is willing to achieve his goal of becoming a Rothschild even by way of committing crimes. *"And do good deeds once you have achieved it,"* says He. The Youth blushes, and it is at this point that he pesters him with his question: "what is freedom?"

And what is MOST remarkable here is the fact that at this point the Youth's cycle of ideas about Rothschild, so silly yet so passionate, suddenly acquires a broad new dimension for Him, and that He sees, with astonishment, the tremendous depth of this idea; much that is based on *actual experience,* something one could have hardly expected from him; *emotions and thoughts* which were already *his own**, and acquired from life itself, something quite unexpected at his age. *He* lets him know about all this.

HERE a huge *nota bene:* that He systematically, out of spiteful irony and satanic destructiveness, and under the guise of his usual querulousness, *skillfully flatters and admires*** the Youth, in order to turn his head, throw him off course, and sneer at his downfall caused by <his> pride. All of this *He* tells either the Youth, or his wife, who warns the Youth to be more cautious with Him. On this occasion, the Youth tells Her that he is wondering how she can love such a base character as *Him*. That's where she tells him this: "He has really subjugated us both, hasn't he?" At any rate, the reader should be made aware of His plan of action, i.e., corruption of the Youth out of malice.

Once, the Youth angrily says to him: "You simply haven't accomplished anything and this is why you're envious of everybody." He says the same thing to his wife. He makes Him very angry by saying this, particularly since it is unfair to Him.

From the very beginning, *Liza* is hostile to the Youth, she makes fun of him, and toward the end she almost hates him. Yet before she hangs herself, she leaves a letter for him in which she chooses him ~~to whom to reveal~~ to be the sole executor of her last will. In her letter she begs him (without giving the slightest reason why she has chosen him alone, and no one else) to defend her before her mother,

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* Underlined twice.

** Underlined three times.

to implore her to forgive her, and to reveal her sin to her (she says in her letter that *she surrendered herself* to Him, that "she got married to him," but he proves quite clearly that Liza, being a child, had no understanding as yet of the meaning of the word *to surrender,* and had thought that she had surrendered *everything,* i.e., her virginity). She leaves him one of her dresses as a keepsake, the one in which he saw her for the last time, but asks to be buried in the dress which she was wearing when she hanged herself. Finally, she solemnly asks <him> to forget her altogether. This letter leaves a strong impression on the Youth, but what is *particularly remarkable* is the fact that he is not at all surprised that Liza addressed herself to him. And still, the fact that she did address herself to him is one of the stronger reasons for his moral turnabout. "It must be that I am capable of doing something good, if she chose me to be the executor of her last will," he thinks.

Lambert, among other things, tells him the story of how he was being detained in the provinces and how he *had* Viktoriia, having scared her with his threats to tell her mother. The Kirghiz coachman. He tells this story without the slightest embarrassment, but on the contrary, is actually boasting of this despicable action. Make it clear to the reader that this successful precedent with Viktoriia may have perhaps caused him to believe that he could do the same thing with the Princess. *It is amazing* that Lambert failed to tell the Youth that he would be asking the princess for *that very special favor.** But it turns out that he did tell Him. He does not believe that they will succeed in obtaining *that other favor,* and actually advises against trying for it. He does, however, agree with the scheme, figuring that, "well, the devil knows, perhaps she will after all." But he does believe that they will get that promissory note. Incidentally, it is neither the promissory note nor *that other favor* which are important to Him, but rather, it is the scandal which he is sure will come out of it, due to the imprudence of the two youths, while He himself would, in any case, stay out of it.

After *everything is over,*** when the Princess has already made peace with the Youth, and the latter says to her, full of remorse:

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* *Prosit' u kniagini i klubnichki,* literally, "ask the Princess for some strawberries, too," where *klubnichki* has an obscene connotation similar to that of "cherry" in English slang.

** Underlined three times.

"Where is there an honest man, show me an honest man" (this is when Lambert is lying there, unconscious), the Princess tells him, pointing at him: "Here you have an honest man."

With Liza, the Youth has several scenes even before that, a whole long story. Create one. Liza, like a princess in a fairy tale, sets him various tasks. He fulfills them. Liza only laughs at him. The Youth vows eternal vengeance. ~~The Youth~~ *On one occasion they have a fight* (absolutely), and have to be parted. The Youth is deeply humiliated, but refuses to beg Liza's forgiveness. Liza sees to it that this scuffle, *instead of being seen as a mere joke,* is turned into a *hyperbolically serious* and scandalous incident, derogatory to the Youth.

In Liza's suicide note to him there is not a single word addressed *to him personally;* for an explanation: why was it he whom she selected, why did she turn to him, and why did she always respect him, and love him?*

no { couldn't there have been an English atheist in Moscow, who converted the Youth to atheism?
shouldn't the entire biography be written in his childhood?

In the beginning of the novel, He must *absolutely* be a preacher of Christianity. Relics. Which is what elicits the Youth's indignation more than anything else. The Youth hears the old Prince's opinion regarding *relics* and laughs heartily, thus earning the old Prince's benevolent attention, as the latter is *flattered* that his witticism has produced such an effect (even if it be only upon a mere youth!). The same episode also seems to bring the Youth closer to the old Prince, since prior to it the Youth had already been thinking of leaving the office, and not without kicking up a big row. But now his pride is vanquished quickly, and he and the old Prince seem to become friends through this incident, so much so that the old Prince actually takes lessons in nihilism from the Youth. And altogether, this will be the beginning of a series of comical scenes, characteristic of the relationship between the Youth and the old Prince.

Yet toward the end He must absolutely *chop up some icons* (this takes place at the time of the final catastrophe), and do it when He sees that his slavishly devoted wife is awfully attracted by the young Prince, but still before she definitely breaks with her husband and *runs away* to the young Prince.

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* Unclear and somewhat ungrammatical phrase.

N.B*ene.* What is important here is that He, in preaching Christianity with all his might, as well as freedom (in Christ, as opposed to the social theory of crime) and a future life, makes it quite plain that the life of a man, and of mankind, is quite *unthinkable* without Christ (Orthodox) and Christianity, because life *is not worth* living *otherwise* (i.e., for a moment, shopkeepers and checkers, icy rocks for planets, etc.). *So that* when he chops up those icons, it turns out that he never did believe anything of what he had been saying, having always been at heart, and *even as long as* he had been alive, an inveterate atheist, which was also the cause of his torments.

"Now I can understand his sufferings," says the Youth. "Really, he can't have been faking when he was preaching Christ so *zealously;* on the contrary, he must have been extremely sincere about it. He was trying to convince himself that he *believed.* He was trying to prove to himself that there could be *faith,* he was struggling with the monster of his doubts, trying to strangle it, but the monster finally ~~realized~~ devoured him."

[February] Conversations with the boy, for instance, about crime and ~~theoretically~~ his theories, or about the workingman's struggle with the bulldog. "Here I am, Sir!" Even in Europe they (the *bourgeoisie*) want to stop this fourth estate by force. We have already seen the prelude. *You* (i.e., the young people) must get ready, for you are going to be participants, the time is near, and precisely when things look so solid (armies a million strong, explosive shells). All this power, built up to defend civilization, will fall upon civilization and will swallow it. The Youth is listening to such talk with a sinking heart. (Also, about classical education.)

The Youth is *of amorous disposition,* a scene with various young ladies, he lost his virginity to a whore, and sheds tears about his lost innocence.

A similar scene with Mme Andrieux. Lambert tells him, "Fuck her," and ~~he~~ leaves the two of them alone, but something strange happens. Mme Andrieux starts by making love to him in a superficial way, but then she bursts into tears about her hard lot and about the insults she has suffered. The Youth has a good cry together with her and leaves, having done nothing. [February (In the 4th part.)]

Conversation about the hunchback baron and about the island in the Baltic Sea.

Important nota bene. At the beginning of the novel He has already quit the service and abandoned his career as a man of affairs. He quit when he received the inheritance. Even the old Prince blames him:

"He could have been a man of affairs, had he only wanted." "And altogether," says the old Prince, "I see him as some kind of a poet; up to now he has been restraining himself, but now his true nature has come to the surface and He has revealed his true self."

It was exactly as the old Prince had said. It was exactly at the point where the novel begins that His inner chaos and conflict with himself (unbelief, etc.) had grown altogether ripe. The claims of his conscience had grown more persistent, etc. And this inner chaos finds expression in external disorders, i.e., his quitting the service, garrulity, restlessness, his odd behavior with his wife; in a word, *disorder,* and as if he were trying to dissuade himself, increased preaching of Christianity (the relics).

Let the reader know about this at the very beginning of the novel, explaining to him that <He,> a man of orderly habits, of moderation, and of action is, to everybody's surprise, beginning *to go off his head,* which poses a problem to his friends and family, though his aunts actually find it charming and are delighted with his new direction. But all the others are saying: "Why, he even used to be a progressive."

July 18/30.

An idea. Shouldn't one let Him embrace Pietism, absolutely and totally, with fanaticism, so that he has fully convinced himself, made himself believe in it, that he is preaching it (*trembling* for his faith, i.e., seeking to protect it), doing great deeds, thwarting the plans of other people, and all of a sudden chops up some icons (only not immediately after his wife has left him).

The old Prince calls him *the bishop,* but listens to him, and is afraid of him. *He* takes charge of all <his> affairs, gets his wife mixed up <in this>, <. . .> etc.

The pedagogue, on children: "You know, here we are, bringing them up, but what a pity it is, really, that they will grow up to be schemers and boors, whereas right now they are so simple-hearted and so charming. They are scheming and lying even now; and they are fighting with each other, but all this is so simple-hearted."

"We are infinitely more evil than they are," he runs to the janitor.

"I am humanizing them, and they are humanizing me. There are things which I'd have never understood without them."

[February] He says about Lambert, having heard everything from his younger brother: "That is good."

"What is so good about Lambert?"

"An integral idea." Apparently, he did not care to finish <his

thought> and fell to thinking in an absentminded way. The young man did not want to be inquisitive either, and also got lost in his thoughts. The young man says: "I would also like to represent an integral idea, but I wouldn't like to be Lambert."

?! An idea. Shouldn't they have a sister who, having been the purest of maidens, suddenly becomes a whore.

Make up some French phrases for Mme Andrieux (like Guizot).

"Eh, may the devil take them!"

"A fine wish."

"By the way, I'm ready to join them."

"I cannot understand the ~~human~~ character of Satan, yet every man has some of it. I could understand the irony, the arrogance, and the dejection of a conscious spirit, if there be existence, but no God. But Satan knows God; how then, can he deny Him?"

The ideals of both sides { Satan—peace in nothingness, in eternal death. / God—~~rest~~ peace in eternal life.

"Look for the man with the deepest gaze and approach <him> boldly, for it is he."

Write my "bibliography."

We have withstood the Tartar invasion, then two centuries of slavery. Now we must withstand freedom. Will we succeed, or will we stumble?

[Here.] Perhaps railroads have done Russia more bad than good. And anyway, everything has been going that way with us, ever since Peter the Great, always at one gulp and unnaturally. Our present time is the [time] reign of the golden mean, of semi-enlightenment, ignorance, laziness, inefficiency, of claims for satisfaction of one's demands without contributing anything oneself, etc.

Three blackguards of shopkeepers are beating up an honest woman on a boulevard (perhaps Lambert is telling this story). The police are egging them on. (Lambert the fool answers, when asked by Perchatkin the fool: "Why are the police egging them on?"—"Because they are afraid that, if they won't allow it, somebody might take to things political, and so, with this in mind, they are actually egging them on.") Perchatkin says: "Aha!"

A tirade about the clergy who are doing nothing.

Elpidiforova (Aleksandrova). *A cosmopolitan.* The story of how she broke her jaw.

The bath-house. An Apollinian leg. "Why should you take a wife? You could become a kept man."

Lambert says that his greatest pleasure, when he is rich, will be to

feed dogs with bread and meat, while the children of the poor are starving to death. And when they are without firewood, he is going to buy a whole wood-yard, put all the wood in one pile, and burn it all up for nothing, in the frost, without giving a single log to the poor. "Let them call me names, it will only make me get a better charge out of it."* (N.B. His phantasies are all of this type.)

A phantasy about an island in the Gulf of Botnia, and the prison there, etc.

<Absolute> *being* certainly must be reality, and in any case it must transcend human reason, so that man will be searching all his life. And this is not enough; [it is absolutely necessary] ~~and everything~~ that he *never find it:* that's more decent. There's a philosopher for you. [Come on . . . quite ordinary] Come on, it's not the philosopher's fault. This is something <quite ordinary?>

Regarding the order in which the various creatures appeared ~~the Book of Genesis.~~ Who taught them when there was no science? (An Egyptian papyrus.)

He thinks to himself: "And still, I am an ignorant dolt, even though I am a clever man."

His explanation: the temptation of Christ, 40 days in the desert. (A chapter.)

"Well, after all, it isn't so one feels insulted by what just anybody may say."

A GENUINELY PREDATORY TYPE (see p. 3 of the plans).

Description how he is looking for some money. (Baseness and breadth of character.) He is admitting it to himself and is surprised at himself. *He does call himself a predatory type.* (See to it that all is explained to the reader.) *He is searching for a load to carry, he is searching for faith;* but the "little beetle" crushes him.

He talks about those 40 days in the desert, but what is most important, *he does not believe.* He puts this question to himself: "Well, what if I did believe? Surely, after everything I've said, I would have left for the desert right away."

Finally, he breaks down and chops up those icons.

The man who hanged himself.**

[A man with hopes.] [with Kraft]

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* . . . *U menia ot etogo stoiat' budet luchshe, literally,* "mine will stand up better for it" (obscene).

** *Udavivshiisia,* literally, "suicide by hanging."

"The deforestation of Russia is taking its course, her soil is being exhausted, transformed into a steppe, and prepared for a takeover by the Kalmucks. Who is doing it? The merchants who buy up the land, and the ancient nobility, the landowners, who formerly would have fought for the land, until the abolition of serfage. Let a new, young landowner with some hopes come and plant a tree, why, everybody will laugh at him: "Do you really think you'll live to see it grow up?" On the other side, well-meaning people are talking about what's going to happen a thousand years hence. The idea of raising children, the idea of patriotism, the idea of integrity, of a future ideal—all of these ideas no longer exist; they have been broken up, undermined, sneered at, justified by the lawlessness which has come after the abolition of serfage.* They have destroyed the nobility, yet they demand a renaissance and a regeneration from it, they want it to act as the guardian of Russia, as the bearer of some higher idea, they address their manifestoes on the education <of the Russian people> to it.[26] But a man who is abusing his soil, thinking 'What do I care what happens after me,' has lost his spirituality and his higher idea. It may be that he has altogether ceased to exist."

"Well, what about your idea of Russia, and your despair at her being second-rate? Doesn't that look 1,000 years ahead?"

"This, this is the most topical question of all. A basic fact. The truth ~~is~~ that, if out of 100,000, there is just one bearer of the higher idea, everything is saved. But is there even one for every 100,000? That's the question."

Answer: "He exists, he is sitting right before me and talking."

[Vitia.] *He* bends down and whispers into his ear: "He is lying."

The boy's bons mots: "I don't want to be Schiller."
"Why not?"
"Because it is too vile."
} with Lambert.

How he studies nihilism and other things, learning what is good and what is evil, etc.

"I don't want to love [act] gratis, like Christ," He says.

"Are you looking for a reward?" asks the [Youth] boy.

"Yes, a reward. What did you think?"

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* The last part of the sentence is unclear in the original, too.

[26] A reference to the Tsar's public letter of December 25, 1873, addressed to the nobility and appealing to it to act as a guardian of the education of the people.

"What kind of a reward?"

"That's precisely the point: I don't know. That's the point, I want something really special. That everybody should love me. Imagine me walking down the street: 'This is he,' people whisper. Let me do something: 'This is he, our benefactor.' They applaud me, a commune, a monument even while I'm still living. A maiden, dreaming of her beloved, would be thinking of me. By the way, they'd all have to be in love with me, etc. The Czar will learn about me, and make me a Czar too." (Brazen, ironic, comical presentation of *Everyman's* dream of happiness.)

The Youth smiles and says: "No, perhaps you don't need a reward, and you are making fun of me." The other man replies, laughing:

"How do you know, perhaps I need it very much, and precisely in that form."

After three days he couldn't stand it anymore; if it were in that form, it would bore him to death.

"You'll get bored without fail: you are no MacMahon."[27]

"What three days, I couldn't stand it for three hours!"

"A university student," who shouts obscenities at women at night (reportage in *Russkii mir,* around July 10, 1874).[28]

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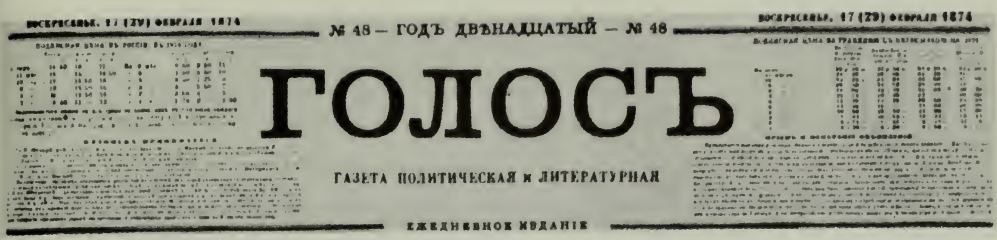
[27] A marshal of France (1808–93). He distinguished himself in the Crimean war and was governor general of Algeria from 1864 to 1870. He suffered a crushing defeat in the war of 1870 and later became president of the republic from 1873 to 1879. Dostoevsky satirized him in *The Citizen,* September 17, 1873.

[28] Printed actually in *The Russian World (Russkii mir),* July 12, 1874. It is an account of how a writer, accompanying a lady, is molested by a drunk, who turns out to be a university student. The narrator appeals for help from a policeman, but the policeman shakes the hand of the drunken student and permits him to continue abusing women in the street.



Masthead for the newspaper Voice *of February 17, 1874. Dostoevsky read about the trial concerning counterfeit shares for the Tambovsko-Kozlovsky railways. Dostoevsky drew upon the facts of this affair for his narration of Stebelkov's manipulations and Prince Sergey's unwitting participation.*

СУДЕБНАЯ ХРОНИКА.

Дѣло Колосова и Ярошевича о поддѣлкѣ акцій тамбовско-козловской желѣзной дороги.

Засѣданіе санктпетербургскаго окружнаго суда, по 1-му отдѣленію, съ участіемъ присяжныхъ засѣдателей, 15-го февраля.

(*Продолженіе* *).

Свидѣтель полковникъ Жевановъ показалъ, что въ правленіе общества тамбовско-козловской желѣзной дороги прибылъ судебный слѣдователь по особо важнымъ дѣламъ, привезъ съ собою двѣ акціи этого общества, о которыхъ просилъ сказать, настоящія онѣ или нѣтъ. По первому впечатлѣнію нельзя было придти къ окончательному выводу и находившіеся въ правленіи члены приняли ихъ за настоящія, тѣмъ болѣе, что подпись бухгалтера сдѣлана на акціяхъ до того хорошо, что самъ онъ не могъ дать утвердительнаго отвѣта—его ли подпись или нѣтъ. Потомъ предложено было судебному слѣдователю доставить всѣ находящіяся у него акціи, въ количествѣ 259 штукъ, при сличеніи которыхъ съ настоящими оказалось, что онѣ поддѣльныя; для болѣе точнаго разрѣшенія вопроса были приглашены эксперты, которые, при тщательномъ разсмотрѣніи, открыли въ представленныхъ акціяхъ большую массу подробностей подлога.

На вопросъ прокурора, Жевановъ объяснилъ, что акцій тамбовско-козловской желѣзной дороги было выпущено 35,960 штукъ; когда обнаружилось, что есть подложныя акціи, правленіе общества обратилось съ ходатайствомъ въ министерство финансовъ и выхлопотало разрѣшеніе о замѣнѣ акцій стараго образца акціями новаго образца и въ настоящее время акціи общества почти всѣ обмѣнены.

Прокуроръ. Акціи, представленныя вамъ, въ продажѣ не оставляли никакого сомнѣнія въ томъ, что онѣ настоящія?

Жевановъ. Навѣрно не было никакого сомнѣнія потому что я весьма близко стоящій ко

A clipping from Voice *concerning the trial of those arraigned for counterfeiting railway shares. The text of the clipping is about the discovery and determination of the counterfeit shares and the subsequent issue of new shares.*

II

The First Period of Work on the Plot

August–September, 1874

The plot of the boys and the abstract idealism of Fyodor Pyotrovich are missing from these notes, as they will be throughout the notes. Dostoevsky has settled on the Youth and the Predatory Type, now son and father, as the focus and center of the novel; and the characterization of each and the relations between them dominate these notes. As in the novel the Youth is ambivalent in his attitudes toward his father. He loves and hates him, and seeks and does not find the guide to life that he looks for. He does not know how to judge his father, and the reader, too, is ambivalent and unsure of how to judge him. The father—now called occasionally Brusilov—is less mysterious, more talkative, and more revealing in these notes, but the revelations bring complexities and not illuminations. He is in love with the Princess, but intent upon wreaking revenge upon her; and in love with his wife, to whom he looks for purity and salvation, but he drives her out of her mind by his affair with Liza, the stepdaughter. He is cynical and impassioned, an intriguer and a recluse, charming and cold and spiteful.

Versilov preaches Christianity so eloquently that the Princess almost takes the veil under his influence, but he attempts to seduce her and provokes her hate and disgust. Whether his preaching of Christianity comes from mocking contempt or a searching heart is a question that the Youth—and even Dostoevsky—agonizes over. The Youth asks himself, "Is he religious, or is He an atheist?" And Dostoevsky says of the Youth's quandary: "In connection with this, his passionate sermons on Christianity (and this is MOST IMPORTANT) are particularly characteristic, so that the Youth can never, in the course of the entire novel, make sure if he is saying these things *in earnest,*

or not." Near the end of the section, the following dialogue takes place between the Youth and Versilov:

> "But what about Christianity?"
> *He:* "Why, I really never believed in it."
> "So, you were playing a role?"
> *He:* "How could I have played a role? I believed because I was afraid that I didn't. And now I've realized that I really didn't believe in anything at all. Only now have I discovered that everything is disorder, that everything is cursed."

But this dialogue is not the last word on the matter.

Dostoevsky experiments with many dialogues between the Youth and the father and many monologues in which Versilov's enigmatic views are put forth. The Youth hates and loves his father, and Versilov looks on the Youth with amusement, indifference, and occasionally with tolerant interest. There is something static and immovable about these conversations, as if Dostoevsky were seeking some lever to move them. They are often repetitious, and they return again and again to a few insistent motifs. In many respects these motifs are not different from those we find in the final version. The Youth is seeking an ideal, some guide to life, but his thoughts and his actions are contradictory, naïve, and even vile. Versilov is and is not a worthy guide, and both substance and void are concealed behind his mysterious words and actions.

Dostoevsky is not sure what Versilov is supposed to stand for. In some of the notes he is tormented by a great idea, despite his weaknesses:

> BUT WHAT IS MOST IMPORTANT, retain throughout the entire narrative a tone of His unchallenged superiority over the Youth and everybody else, all His comical traits and all His weaknesses notwithstanding: let the reader feel all along that, at the end of the novel, He is tormented by a great idea. And motivate the reality of His suffering.

But Dostoevsky also says of him: "Simply: an amoral man, a man who has failed to develop a moral principle. A purely Russian, universal type." And Versilov says of himself: "But so long as I still have my two rubles, I want to live all by myself and do nothing." And—anticipating Ivan Karamazov—"Why should I do good? Why should I love anybody?" Even more emphatically: "Why shouldn't I live to take care of my own arse, what else is there to do? Worry about the common good, make your contribution to the happiness of future generations? To hell with them, what the devil do I care? Let them tell me something more serious to support such notions!"

Dostoevsky seems more sure of what the Youth is to stand for, and it does not differ greatly from what he embodies in the novel:

> *Finale.* And altogether, this is an epic poem about how *the Youth* made his debut in the world. This is the story of his searchings, hopes, disappointments, corruption, rebirth, education—the story of a most attractive, of a very nice person. And it is life itself that teaches him, yet it is he, the Youth, who learns his lesson, for some other person might not have learned it.

Dostoevsky is sure that the main idea concerns the Youth:

> THE MAIN IDEA. Though the Youth arrives with a ready idea in his mind, the whole idea of the novel is that he is searching for a guideline to direct his actions, for good and evil; he is thirsting for something that is lacking in our society, is intuitively searching for it, and this is what the novel is all about.

But the essence of the novel also concerns Versilov:

> *The essence of the novel is this:* His untidy love for Liza and the sufferings from it. His love and admiration for His wife, and their mutually inflicted suffering. Yet they are hiding the secret from each other. His love-hatred for the Princess.

The situation that Dostoevsky returns to again and again is the plot of revenge upon the Princess. As in the novel the Youth and

the father, as well as Lambert and Liza, participate in the plot. The Youth conceives of the plot to humiliate her and in some of the notes plans to exploit her sexually. The device to humiliate here is a secret letter that the Youth comes across in various ways. There is talk of two letters: one in which the Princess declares her love for the young Prince, and more insistently a letter in which she recommends that the old Prince (here her husband) be incarcerated in an insane asylum.

Sexual complications appear clearly and insistently in these notes but are muted in the novel itself. Both father and son seek sexual revenge upon the Princess and both have affairs with Liza, who is, apparently, stepdaughter and stepsister to them. Dostoevsky says: "Liza has enthralled the Youth, making him fall madly in love with her. He is aware of it, and is jealous (but he does not believe Liza altogether). In the meantime, Liza is complaining to the Youth that He is trying to seduce her (this, after she has already slept with Him). The Youth begins to hate Him." And: "On one occasion Liza enticed the Youth and surrendered herself to him he actually sensing beforehand the Youth's horror after the act. She laughs at his horror."

Throughout the section Dostoevsky vacillates between narrating the novel from the "Youth's point of view," that is, in the "I" form, and from the third-person point of view, closely centered on the youth. In dozens of comments he weighs the advantages and disadvantages of both modes of narration. The narration from the Youth's point of view will express well the searching, naïve quality of the Youth; it will endear the reader to him and will even permit "Him" to appear in a more mysterious light. Dostoevsky details the advantages for himself:

> Think over the possibility of a *first-person narrative.* Many advantages; much freshness, the figure of the Youth would emerge more typical. Nicer, I'll be able to cope better with the character, with the personality, with the essence of that personality.

But Dostoevsky fears some of the limitations of this mode of narration: the reader may become bored and it may not be possible to

narrate convincingly everything that must be said from the youth's point of view. He worries about whether certain intimate thoughts and experiences of Versilov will be known by the Youth:

> NOTE. The Youth, due to his tender age, has no access to the events, the facts <which form> the plot of the novel. And so he makes his own *conjectures* and *masters* them by himself. Which circumstance is reflected in the whole manner of his narrative (to give the reader some surprises).

The "I" point of view will be used in the final version, with questionable results. Versilov's enigmatic character will be retained with magnificent results. The sexual rivalry over the Princess will be muted into insignificance and the sexual rivalry over Liza will disappear entirely. In the private world of his notes Dostoevsky could play with what modern psychology has come to consider as one of the elements of the struggle of the generations, but in the public world of Russian convention, the struggle had to take place on an ideal plane.

August 1.

*An idea.** Couldn't He be a contemporary father, and the Youth His son? *(Think it over.)*

At first sight, one might think that He is merely a vile creature and a sackful of shit *(which is what he likes to pretend to be)*. Regarding his duties as a father, he says: "Leave me alone." He preaches Christianity in a mocking way (but it turns out that this mockery is full of bitterness). But later it turns out that He is very serious, and that he suffers from his unbelief and the sensation of *vitality* which accompanies it and which he considers base (hence depravity and cynicism).

He has suffered an insult and there has been a severe rupture between him and the Prince and Princess, with whom he is still at odds at the beginning of the novel.

AS EARLY AS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NOVEL HE RETURNS THE ESTATE, IN A WAY THAT MAKES IT COME UNEXPECTED, AND AGAINST ALL EXPECTATIONS COMING FROM HIM.

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* Underlined twice.

If He is *a father,* in that case the Youth is summoned <by the family> (already after his decision to return the estate), but only after he has quit Moscow University of his own accord. His wife (the Princess-Stepmother) is very glad that he is returning what is actually her own estate.

The estate is returned *in the middle,* strangely, inadvertently, and against everybody's expectations. The Youth is not being told about it. He is staying with his aunts who are resentful of His marriage. Also, these aunts had been bringing up and supporting the Youth even before, since he does not remember his mother. The Youth learns about the return of the estate by himself, and what is most important, from <overhearing> conversations between the old Prince and his Stepmother. As for his aunts, they do not consider it necessary to discuss serious subjects with him.

But he has come to rebel.

Later, when he asks his father and stepmother what they are going to live on, he receives practically no answer: "Well, somehow we'll manage."

The family to whom the money was returned. Etc.

The old Prince is wondering why He quit his position with him. He, on the other hand, explains *a parte* that to remain with the old Prince would have meant for him to pander to the liaison and plans of the young Princess and the young Prince (Gol<itsyn>). But this is a lie, and He is simply in love with and jealous of the Princess, and in his *desperation* actually ventured to proposition her most audaciously, threatening to tell the old Prince. She had shown him the door. He is out to get even with the Princess, and finds Lambert most welcome.

His wife is jealous of him. But when she gets involved with Golitsyn, he gets rid of the Princess and makes furious attempts to get his wife back (in a word, his biography is full of base actions). He never gave up any of his passions.

N.B. Meeting between father and son, the latter having arrived from Moscow to join his family, after he failed an examination in the classics. The father laughs boisterously, calls his son a "darkie,"* sneers at classicism, teaches him some scandalous things, etc. The son despises his father.

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* *Chumka,* "blackie, darkie," not necessarily literal, since it might be an allusion to his son's classical studies; the classics were often associated with obscurantism.

An idea (something quite different). At a time when everybody is holding Him in contempt for His meekness (including even his wife), He comes up with an exploit (an act of martial heroism, almost) and puts up with a slap in the face. But his exploit is divulged. Think up something.

There is a rumor that He will perform a miracle, lots of people, some of them from far away, are coming to see it.[1]

On the three temptations by the Devil.

[?February,? 3d part.] *More intelligibly.* His main desire is to explain to people that vice is not repugnant at all. *He* hates those *Genevan ideas*[2] (i.e., love of man, i.e., virtue without Christ) and refuses to recognize that there is anything natural about virtue. The Youth is taken aback, but his aunts tell him that this is an argument *e contrario* and that it must be taken in the opposite sense, that he merely wants to carry <the argument> *ad absurda.* But the Youth has a hunch that he is saying it quite naturally and that there is nothing absurd about it. *(He meddles in the Princess's affairs out of fanaticism.)*

He is talking about Ungern-Shternberg and suddenly chops up some icons. After the icons, he wants to shoot himself, but there his wife's affair with the Prince comes up. Death of his wife. His suicide. The Youth takes over his place on Earth.

The Youth says: "I want to be kind simply because I like it."

The Youth has this word to say about Him *en lieu* of a funeral oration: "He was too conscientious."

[February, 3d part.] "If I were a government official or a bourgeois," He says, "I'd wish for order, peace, so that (1) I myself, and (2) (for humanitarian reasons) other people as well might live as

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[1] This incident may be an anticipation of the scene in which father Zossima talks to the peasant women: Part I, Chapter 4, of *The Brothers Karamazov.* It may also be an anticipation of the miracle expected at his death. This is one of frequent references to themes and details that Dostoevsky will use in *The Brothers Karamazov.*

[2] Dostoevsky had in mind Rousseau's ideas and the fund of egotism that he saw in the doctrine of natural virtue. More immediately, however, he probably had in mind French utopian socialism, which incorporated much of Rousseau's belief in the natural "goodness" of man and the corruption of his institutions, and especially Russian utopian socialism, which Dostoevsky had direct contact with and against which—after a period of ambivalent attraction in the forties— he fought a lifelong battle. Perhaps, also, Dostoevsky had in mind the revolutionary ideas he heard at "The International Peace Congress," which was held in Geneva in 1867.

comfortably as possible (and with atheism, too!). Moreover, I would be supporting law and order myself. But inasmuch as I am an honest and conscientious man, I sincerely favor (under the conditions of atheism) crime and destruction, nor have I any use for those Genevan ideas." But he could not overcome crime, and his conscience killed him.

Staraia Russa, August 4

The Youth believes that money will make him a conqueror, allowing him to face the future proudly and without fear, like a perennial conquerer... But He scares him with a description of the petroleum of the future.*

In Him, who is a predatory type, there lives a passionate and *indefatigable* drive to enjoy life, *real life,* but from the whole breadth of life he would like to pick not too spectacular a lot (such as Napoleon's). "You're too much in the limelight, you must play a role too often, *create an image of yourself* and pose. Every man to his taste, for myself I prefer freedom. And in particular, I like secrecy. ~~The role~~ The lot of Ungern-Shternberg[3] is better than that of Napoleon."

Like Rousseau, who derived pleasure from revealing his innermost secrets, so He, too, would derive a perverse pleasure** from baring his innermost secrets before the Youth, actually corrupting him by his frank revelations. He enjoys the Youth's puzzlement and astonishment. Yet he is passionately religious, even though he is suffering from that sore of atheism and eventually *is consumed* by it, when he chops up those icons.

He is consumed by fire, consumed by fire.

THE YOUTH is astonished and asks himself: "Is he religious, or is He an atheist?"

When the Youth challenges Him, asking how He could be a religious man and reconcile Christ with secret debauchery, he says: "Well, so what if I am base and repulsive; the truth is the truth even *without me.*"

[February, 3d part.] "No, it cannot *without you,* if you only *be-*

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* Unclear phrase.

** *Sladostrastnoe naslazhdenie,* literally, "voluptuous enjoyment," but *sladostrastnyi* tends to be negative in Russian, so that "perverse" seems in order.

[3] He was a pioneer in railway building in the south of Russia. His methods were the occasion of political polemics in the sixties, and articles on this subject appeared in journals that Dostoevsky edited (*Vremia,* April, 1863, and *Epoch,* 1864).

lieve. That's right, it cannot *without you,*—that's the way you must reason. You must quit everything and become an ascetic."

"I shall certainly do this, I certainly will. This is what I'm thirsting for, this is what I need, for right now I'm only playing with the Devil, though he is not going to get me."

And here then, a lecture on willpower and how to strengthen it, and on the freedom of a hermit (but not for pride, but for Christ).

It is He himself who tells the Youth about *baring one's innermost secrets.** His wife, too, knows everything, he had been baring his secrets to her, before he did so to the Youth.

But in the end he is consumed by <his own> fire, and chops up those icons, commits a crime, not being able to endure "the little red beetle."

200,000, and he returned it (Shchelkov), and he is vexed by the fact that he has done a good deed.

When he has destroyed those icons: "There is no good and no evil, I want to live thinking of my own arse only." And "the little beetle" tortures him to death.

He explains himself what a *predatory type* and a *flabby type* are.**

A Russian type, an artistic strain about his desire to express himself, total ignorance, an interest in a great idea, a story about the plain young Russian who got the better of a German engineer, as he dumped the <huge> rock by Pavlovsk Barracks into a hole he had dug, how he was talking to the then Governor General, Prince Suvorov, and how he told him the anecdote about the crow who had lived in this world for three years, when the Prince had shown too little understanding for the overwhelming simplicity of certain ideas. Oh, without a doubt, Suvorov found it so very funny and later told the anecdote to the Czar. So they got to question the man why he wasn't in the government service: "Well, Sir, I have a small capital." So he was given a post—and then he really got going...what a career he made! Yet he was just knocking about the world until he came to Petersburg and came across that rock.[4]

Christ was on trial in England.

[Perhaps for the story <which I promised> to Kozlov. February.]

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* The Russian word *zagalivanie,* "laying oneself bare," is used by Dostoevsky rather as a "technical term," meaning "baring one's innermost secrets."

** *Babii tip,* from *baba,* "(old) woman," thus "effeminate," "weak," "flabby."

4 This anecdote appears in the final version in Part II, Chapter 1:2.

Opposed to this type, there is another insupportable type, a real nemesis to those artistic ones, a type of people who are just as uneducated and ill-informed as the "artistic ones," but make up for it by being extraordinarily *exact*. What does he care for the poetic aspect of the story, in fact he won't even notice it, that bear of a Sobakevich, he won't become emotional about it, the scoundrel, no he won't; but he won't let you get away with any nonsense either and will surely take you up on some detail: "where, when, and in what year, and, come on, there wasn't any Suvorov around at that time, and besides, that couldn't have been Aleksandr Ivanovich, it must have been Pavel Ignatievich, but he wasn't even in the service that year, but was rather managing some salt-mines," etc.

He is not a general manager of the Prince's affairs, but had been something of that sort before; but then, like Shchelkov, he wins a fortune (unfairly) and lives the life of a man of means, gets married—and suddenly he returns everything, including a secret document pertaining to this affair. Could be that Fyodor Fyodorovich insisted that he do that and forced him to take this step.

Though the Youth meets Vitia occasionally and visited all of his *old friends* upon his arrival, he thinks very little of their projects (America, anonymous letters), *having his own idea,* and is told by the others that he has changed, and betrayed his former convictions. But the Youth reveals his secret (to become a Rothschild) to none of them. Which immediately makes the reader see him in an aura of mystery and enigma (he keeps counting his money, frequents the money-changers, the flea-market, looks for ways to increase his capital, asks questions, sniffs around, skimps).

Stepson and stepfather. An artistic nature. A charming character (he refuses the inheritance). To bare one's innermost secrets. He fascinates him (literally so). It turns out that he is involved in some frightfully base actions, very nearly a plot, against the Princess (think up something). The young man turns away from him and leaves him (secret debauchery). He chops up some icons (it turns out that everything about him is serious). For his wife. "The little beetle" (his wife). Those Genevan ideas were his ruin. The Youth turns honest. [Nota bene.] In the meantime, the Youth's friends get caught. Episode with the aunt. (N.B. This is a poetic treatment of early youth.) He talks with his stepfather about how much of an education he might need, and how to conduct himself. He is angry with himself for having opened his heart to his father. Meanwhile the action rolls on all by itself, as the plot of the novel runs its course. The Youth him-

self, having found the letter, thinks up a scheme how to put the Princess into a tight spot, and explains his idea to Lambert who has recently arrived. ~~He~~ He is scared by the way in which Lambert accepts this idea. About how he got together with <Mme> Andrieux. About Liza. And all along, about the fascination which He exerts upon him. In a word, don't leave the Youth for a single moment, the fragrance of early youth, a poem.

Better if he is his natural FATHER.

Liza must absolutely be (a stepdaughter), the General's children. The poor sick boy. He left after his mother's death. (Or killed himself. The little birdie.) His stepfather persecuted him in a morbid way.

Later, in the end, when his wife has died, Liza hangs herself, and the boy runs away: He makes a confession to his son, saying that he cannot stand *the icons;* he tells him everything, how he used to bare his innermost secrets (terrible simple-heartedness, Valikhanov,[5] fascination), how he used to torture his wife, <their> child, Liza—he shoots himself.

The boy, for a moment, is in a tight spot together with Lambert. But he is rescued by the Princess, and finds his father already in a state of desperation (he has been an aggressive atheist all the time;* the depth of his suffering now becomes evident).

Nota bene. GOOD! August 7/8.

(N.B. On the absence of ideas in society, and on the lack of family ties, His theory, etc.)

He is just as fascinatingly simple-hearted with his wife, when they are having their quarrels, and the Youth tries to reconcile them.

BUT WHAT IS MOST IMPORTANT, retain throughout the entire narrative a tone of His unchallenged superiority over the Youth and everybody else, all His comical traits and all His weaknesses notwithstanding; let the reader feel all along that, at the end of the novel,

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* *Ateist so svistom vse vremia,* literally, "an atheist with a whistle all the time."

[5] Dostoevsky became acquainted with him in Omsk. He was attracted to his good-hearted simplicity, and referred very positively to him on more than one occasion in his letters. On December 14, 1856, Dostoevsky wrote to Valikhanov: "I never felt such an attraction to anyone, including my brother, such as I feel to you" (*Letters,* I, 200–202). And on October 31, 1859, he wrote the following to Baron Vrangel: "Valikhanov is a dear and most remarkable man. I like him very much and I'm very interested in him" (*Letters,* I, 279).

He is tormented by a great idea. And motivate the reality of His suffering.*

Thus, for instance, he is an atheist, yet suddenly he is explaining the sermon of the mount to the Youth, though it comes to no decision.

Or, the advent of communism. ("What will save the world?—Beauty." But always with a sneer.) Perhaps, he is chopping up those icons, while saying, "I want to live thinking of my own rear-end only," and as for having returned the estate, he says: *"c'était <une> bêtise."*[6]

"Will Russia stand her ground? (against communism)," asks the Youth. He cursorily points out some signs showing that Russia has her own idea, *but* ~~in time~~ concludes with a sneer: "I am not educated nor an expert, who am I to decide it?"

N.B. To motivate the fact that he shoots himself, an example—on account of the idea that Russia is a second-rate nation and merely serves as raw material.

We haven't got a single idea in Russia that might guide us. Example: the role of the nobility, the principle has been lost, an abstract idea high up in the air, on the tip of a needle, it just won't stay up there.

For example. The scene with the chambermaid at the house, almost on the very first day after the arrival of the Youth. The sick child tells <him?> about the chambermaid.** Hatred, they force the child to admit that he had been lying, etc.

Therefore the Youth, *having a father,* starts to save money and begins to dream about <becoming a> Rothschild, the reason for it being that He (his father) has been treating him more than casually for a long time, which the young man has also recognized a long time ago (facts).

"I cannot understand the idea of being useful to society," He explains. "To what end? Why? One must believe in and love that desire to be useful, and I neither love it nor believe in it. What is society to me? I can't stand that trite idea.*** I may yet find myself

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* Unclear sentence, not quite grammatical.

** Might also be: "The sick child tells on the chambermaid."

*** *Kazennyi,* "trite," "banal," has a connotation of something imposed by the government.

[6] French: "It was nonsense."

something to do, but not in order to be useful, but merely for the salary, if I really were in great need of the money. But so long as I still have my two rubles, I want to live all by myself and do nothing. At least this gives one the satisfaction of doing nothing at all, so that one can say with a clear conscience that one isn't involved in anything."

He is deeply *impressed* by the Youth's idea to start saving money (though he laughs at him). "This is a most profound idea and a most profound inclination," He says. "A most remarkable trait of yours."

N.B. Think over the plot (Lambert, Andrieux, the Princess *et al.*) <to make it> BETTER, deeper, BROADER AND MORE SERIOUS. About the Princess, etc.

N.B. There must absolutely be a rupture between him and the Princess, so that he would be burning with vengeance. Which circumstance greatly surprises the Youth later on, when he learns about it, namely that He, being such a skeptic and recluse, is also an intrigant ~~and~~ a passionate one at that...* and that, with all his charm, he is so cold and spiteful.

For instance, *He* makes the Youth tell him, right off the bat, that he has had some dealings with the Princess and traps him into admitting that he is enthralled by her. The Youth is frantic, while He suddenly turns malicious, cold, and superciliously casual.

He tells the Youth: "Assuming I'll be aware of all the inventions of the exact sciences and, through them, get a multitude of things to increase my comfort, <like> now I am sitting on thick cloth, and then *everybody* will be sitting on velvet, and what of it?** The question still remains: what shall we be doing then? With all that comfort and velvet—~~what to do?~~ what will we actually be living for, what goal will we have? Mankind will be thirsting for a great idea."[7]

"I agree that to feed humanity, and to distribute food among it, is at the given moment a great idea also, for it implies a goal. But it is a secondary and a subordinate idea, for the moment man is fed, he is certainly going to ask: 'What am I living for?' "

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* Or "is also a passionate intrigant."

** The whole sentence is slightly ungrammatical.

[7] This refers to one of Dostoevsky's many formulations about the fact that comfort alone will not satisfy man. This is fairly close to what the Underground Man says in his argument against the crystal palace, and what Lebedev has to say in *The Idiot*. The Grand Inquisitor, however, argues the opposite point in *The Brothers Karamazov*.

"So that all of these *secondary* goals, which mankind sets itself, appear to be mere diversions from the great main idea: 'Here, my good little child, keep yourself occupied and relax, don't give any thought to the great idea.' And believe me, the moment there will be enough food for everybody, people will immediately think up some other, also secondary, idea, to keep them busy for the time being and to divert their attention from the great idea. Mankind has been doing this as long as it has existed."

(To the Youth:) "There you are, saving money and wanting to become a Rothschild. Don't tell me this is for velvet, for tasty dinners, or is it? On the contrary, it is for pride. You'd rather eat dry bread, than pie, just to attain your goal."

"And your goal is not material wealth, but power."

An IDEA: "FATHERS and CHILDREN"—CHILDREN and FATHERS. For the son who wants to become Rothschild is essentially an *idealist,* i.e., a new phenomenon, an unexpected consequence of nihilism.[8]

With regard to the Youth, He displays a condescending air of mockery throughout: he would invariably conclude (as if he had had an afterthought) even the most pathetic exchanges with a gibe and a negation (but condescendingly, *casually,* as if in passing, *lazily,* without warmth and without effort).

A tyrant and a despot at all times. Likes to parade his egoism. Even in his worst moments of petty baseness and weakness of character, as when he is ripping apart the mouth of the <little> boy. Even then the Youth cannot get a grip on Him, for in the very last resort he would *catch himself* and expose his own shame <for everyone> to see.[9]

In connection with this, his passionate sermons on Christianity (and this is MOST IMPORTANT) are particularly characteristic, so that the Youth can never, in the course of the entire novel, make sure if he is saying these things *in earnest,* or not. Until the very moment when he chops up those icons; he makes an effort to start laughing imme-

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[8] Idealism is a trait that Dostoevsky studiously avoided attributing to nihilists, but near the end of his life he was tempted by the idea that Russian atheists and liberals were really "believers" who had gone astray. He voiced this sentiment in his Pushkin speech of 1880. It is possible that Dostoevsky's restraint in his criticism of them in his later years contributed to the seriousness with which he deals with a version of the "atheist as believer" in the figure of the Grand Inquisitor.

[9] This reminds one of Lebedev's frequent parading of his shame in *The Idiot.*

diately after he has done it, but it is a wry smile. The Youth realizes that this is very serious.

Plot! Plot!

Absolutely. From the very beginning, every independent effort of the Youth to make a penny must be included in the novel: the flea-market, auctions, sale, purchase, successes and failures, i.e., profit and loss. In the end result, <let him> absolutely make a profit, to his great satisfaction. Daydreams about shining shoes, etc. *Daydreams about inventions.* But the Youth finally decides that he despises inventions. What gives him most comfort about his system of gaining wealth is that it requires absolutely no talent. Precisely the fact that one doesn't need genius, wisdom, education, and in the end one is still a big man, a king to each and everybody, and one can *get even* with all those who had at one time insulted one (list them, starting with the Moscow professor, and down to his aunts, the Princess, the Prince, and that officer who shoved him in the street). Get even, or do <them> an infinite amount of good. "When I'm that far, I'll do as I please; what matters <now> is to attain freedom and independent power." His system is this: saving, willpower, character, seclusion, and secrecy. The idea of joining a company does not appeal to him. He is fascinated by his being so alone, poor, ragged, and wretched. "Nobody wants to pay attention to me, they walk by haughtily, and whenever they do address me, it is invariably with condescension or even with contempt that they do. Oh, if they only knew that I am already a power, that given a little more time, I shall suddenly make my appearance, that I could do it even right now."

He counts his years, figuring when exactly he will have a capital of so-and-so-much, and by what year, approximately, he will have become a Rothschild. He knows some anecdotes, like the one about Rothschild making millions by having learned, a few hours before everyone else, that the Duc de Berry had been assassinated,[10] etc. N.B. He is fascinated by <the report about> a beggar who had 200,000 hidden in the lining of his coat. *I am satisfied with this knowledge.** (N.B. *Pick up some anecdotes.*)

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* A quotation from Pushkin's "Covetous Knight."

[10] Duc de Berry was the second son of Charles X, pretender to the French throne. He was assassinated in 1820, but Dostoevsky was wrong about Rothschild's profiting from his knowledge of this fact. Rather, Rothschild learned of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo early and profited from this fact.

He actually likes the idea of being uneducated; however, he changes his mind regarding this idea and decides to acquire knowledge and learning, so he could astound everybody when the time would come for him to make his appearance.[11]

He asks questions about socialism: he is particularly impressed by the abolition of private property, his very first conversation with Vitia has to do with this. Vitia isn't able to explain anything to him, and so he introduces him to somebody like Dolgushin,[12] a group of people who carry on discussions about "normal man" (they are later arrested). He does not agree with socialism: it is against nature.

But *He* gives answers to many of his questions. When He demonstrates the unnaturalness of socialism to the Youth, the latter is so delighted he must laugh. Seeing this, He immediately confuses him again by pointing out the grandeur of the idea of socialism. For a while, the Youth is actually carried away.

What is most important. The Youth's whole idea about saving money is also a great and a poetic idea in his daydreams.

In order to avoid making the novel too abstract, it might be necessary to introduce a few visiting Zemstvo workers. His anecdote about how he was, at one time, working very hard for his Zemstvo and how an allotment of 10 rubles was made, and how, when everybody had voiced his agreement, only three got up.* (Inquire with Father Ivan.)[13]

(August 12) An important solution of the problem. Write *in the first person*. Start with the Word: *I*.

"Confession of a great sinner, for himself."

"I am nineteen years old [nineteen going on twenty], and I am already a great sinner. After the catastrophe which has hit me, I want

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* The story is not clear in the original either.

[11] This is a variation of a common idea in Dostoevsky's works. The Underground Man tells how while at school he tried to intimidate his schoolmates with his learning. He also has fantasies about impressing Zverkov and company with his superior knowledge. In the notes for *The Idiot* this is a frequent refrain.

[12] He is called Dergachev in the novel. The "Dolgushintsy" were a conspiratorial group which called for revolt against the Tsar, extermination of the bourgeois, division of the land among workers, substitution of a militia for the army, the building of schools, and the abolition of the passport. Their slogan was "life according to nature and truth" and their aim was equality and brotherhood.

[13] Reference to Ivan Rumiantsev, priest in *Staraia Russa*. Dostoevsky became friends with him and rented an apartment from him. His relations with Dostoevsky are narrated in A. G. Dostoevsky's *Vospominaniia*.

to put it all down. For myself, later, many years hence (for I shall have a long life), I shall understand all these facts much better, but this manuscript will even then help me to know myself better," etc.

Start directly and *concisely:* how and why he decided to get rich; and when that idea was conceived. While taking an examination with a professor. (Anecdote.) And only *later,* that he has a father in Petersburg, and who his father is, and how he went there. ?N.B. He left without saying good-bye to Lambert. (In the railway carriage, a fool—30,000).

(N.B. Or, that story about how Lambert went there later, and though he didn't witness anything personally, he still tells the story *as if he had been there,* having warned the reader that it is based on hearsay and on facts gathered by him.) These advertisements are very naïve: "I am now presenting my story according to facts which I have gathered, even though I wasn't there myself."

"I am writing this without paying attention to style," or: "Naturally, I am writing this without paying any attention to style, but just for myself," or something of that sort. This is in the middle. The confession is extraordinarily concise (learn from Pushkin). A lot of things that remain unsaid. His own peculiar manner: for instance, he is on his way to join his father, but the facts concerning the latter are given only after he has already arrived, and his father's biography even later.

MORE CONCISELY, AS CONCISELY AS POSSIBLE. The story how he had a fight with Liza—more naïvely. "I could have omitted this trivial detail, but I am putting it down for myself."

On chambermaids, on women's derrières. Frou-Frou, derrières and trains arouse his indignation. Trains which raise a lot of dust make him particularly angry, and how he *used to get even,* either by using bad language, or by quickly crossing over to the other side.

About how, on the night before his departure, he and *the university student* were walking up and down the boulevards saying obscenities to respectable women (more concisely).[14] Here, a very slight and insignificant recollection about Lambert.

AGAIN, A SOLUTION. The fool is in a railway carriage *together with Him,* when he is on his way, but Lambert arrives later, telling him about the fool as if it had been an encounter which he, Lambert, handled in his own way<and already> in Petersburg.

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[14] See note 28 of Part I.

?About this: "Is there a Devil?" He shoots himself and summons the Devil.[15]

About a duel he fought.

About *Kraft* who shot himself because Russia is <so> worthless (theory of the worthlessness of Russia). He used to know Kraft only superficially, and Kraft appears (before the reader and before him) only after the catastrophe, i.e., after his suicide.

A lot of interlinked and characteristic events, even though they may be episodic and do not pertain directly to the novel, create *a strong impression on him at the time of their occurrence*—for realism, vividness, and plausibility.

But then, *plot, plot!,* which should be developed awfully concisely, consistently, and unpredictably.

In the end of the novel (of the confession), the idea is that he is thunderstruck, crushed, <yet> plucks up his spirit, gets his mind set, and prepares to start a new and different life. A hymn to every blade of grass and to the Sun (the concluding lines). And he quits accumulating wealth.

And so, the type of a youth *emerges* all by itself (also, through the *awkwardness of the narrative,* and in the fact that "life is so beautiful," and in his extraordinarily serious character. A high artistic quality must help out. But just as in *The Tales of Belkin*[16] it is Belkin himself who matters the most, so here, too, it is the primary objective to delineate the <character of the> Youth.)

The character of his father, before whom he stands in awe all along, also stands out better <this way>, for the Youth's superstitiously cowed attitude toward Him makes him appear in a more fantastic and, one might say, in a Bengal illumination. Yet the idea of the novel (and the plot) *motivate the fact that* the Youth is concentrating so much on his father.

About women and about <Mme> Andrieux. A few exceedingly frivolous, yet bright, cheerful (the joy of having begun one's life), and childlike deviations on the part of the Youth, compared to the seriousness of the main events.

???Only one QUESTION—regarding His torments upon the death of

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[15] This is possibly an anticipation of Ivan's dilemma in *The Brothers Karamazov.*

[16] A collection of five short stories by Pushkin written in 1830 and published anonymously the following year.

his wife, the flight of <his> child, etc. And, what is most important, about "the little beetle." Would a narrative from a third party be natural here? However, *the father* might tell this to the Youth himself, shortly before his suicide.

A happy day spent *together* on the eve of His suicide.

MOST IMPORTANT. There prevails, in the narrative of the Youth, in many instances a most cheerful and even joyous tone, which would then quickly change into a severe or into a suffering tone in the following chapter, in accordance with the event described.

The problem of ARTISTIC QUALITY.

Full title of the novel:

THE YOUTH. CONFESSION OF A GREAT SINNER,
WRITTEN FOR HIMSELF.

NOTE. The Youth, owing to his tender age, has no access to the events, the facts <which constitute> the plot of the novel. And so he makes his own *conjectures* and *masters* them by himself. Which circumstance is reflected in the whole manner of his narrative (to give the reader some surprises).

[For the story <I promised> Kozlov. February.]

!A CHARACTER: (a type). A *dreamer* who dreams that he is riding in a railway carriage, talking, and with all the ladies thanking him. Or, how he would act if his wife were unfaithful to him. Invariably it turns out, after terrible cruelties, that he is forgiving everybody, and that everybody is happy. A Field Marshal, Ungern-Shternberg[17] (describe in great detail).

Perhaps it is, again, He himself.

N.B. MOST IMPORTANT. This character ought to be introduced only as something that is organically connected with the novel.

[February, 4th part.] *Note:* about how it is the Youth himself who is the first to think up an idea how to ruin the Princess—the basest, the meanest <idea>, but audacious and bold, and he becomes fascinated by it. *Here you have a plot.* So that the Youth was almost the cause of a terrible misfortune.

The psychology behind this: it is precisely the monstrosity, the fearful audacity and enormity of the scheme which exerts an irresistible fascination on the Youth, something like arson on children. He is quivering ~~is quivering~~ with nervousness and can no longer abandon his project which is now irrevocable. He no longer has any willpower,

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[17] See note 3 of this section.

the only thing in his mind is *to set the fire* as soon as possible, to get it done with. He is not deterred by the moral hurt to his dignity, nor by the prospect of committing a low-down action.

He has visions of Ungern-Shternberg.

What is particularly *strange from a psychological point of view is* the fact that when his FATHER accepts this idea, the Youth all too clearly sees his father's baseness, and turns his heart away from him on account of his baseness.

"Isn't it strange that I was condemning my father, with repulsion, for the very same low-down action I was about to commit myself?" In the meantime, *He* actually does listen, vilely, to what the Youth has to say; though, without saying a word himself, being afraid to compromise himself; he manages to change the subject with a cheap sneer and some clowning; and later, he bypasses the Youth and *behind his back* allies himself with Lambert in this matter.

As for Lambert, he immediately ~~appalls~~ repels and appalls the Youth with the insufferable coarseness and frivolity of his version of the idea.

(N.B. The new generation is involved here. Lambert and the Youth, in contrast to Him, who is infinitely better educated, has so much more understanding, and is so much more sophisticated than they are.)

Also, the psychology of *material fascination,* of a crime against a young soul—*through audacity. And in everything,* the absence and loss of a general idea during the present reign, as a consequence of the reforms. Everything apart.

["I am a cosmopolitan."] [Of reconciliation and happiness, universal man, youthfulness of the heart, Don Juan.]

His father tells him about Liza himself, *in the beginning,* immediately after her death (he comes to see the Youth), and *later,* after "the little beetle." On this occasion he amazes the Youth with his amazing frankness and his almost incredible sincerity. N.B. The Youth had thought that He was much *more severe and harder.*

Besides: The Youth realizes that he means a lot more to his father than he had wanted, that there isn't and never was any haughtiness about Him, but on the contrary, some kind of strange, easygoing familiarity and urge to communicate, yet one that is not founded on any strong feeling, or, *perhaps,* not on any feeling at all. (Predatory type.)

Absolutely pay attention to the question what He was doing before (i.e., all his life, His biography), i.e., whether he was in the govern-

ment service, or was a landowner, whether he was an active man or a do-nothing.

Work it out accurately and definitively.

A biographic sketch. A landowner and son of a landowner, but not a grandson. Studied at Russian and German universities. Married very young (the facts about his first wife are lost). Served in the Army during the Crimean campaign, but not very long, and never saw action. Resigned his commission. District Commissioner <in the administration of the agrarian reform>* of the first call-up, resigned. Traveled aimlessly abroad. Married a widow, a Princess. They suddenly made an inheritance (the Princess did). The company of the <old> Prince. Stockholder and society figure. Return the inheritance. Takes the money, 200,000, and returns it. The Princess is the Prince's <. . .> The end. (N.B. He always acted in a sensible and businesslike way, in a word, he was showing certain abilities.)

SAVING <money>—MERELY A POETIC IDEA.

HE IS DRINKING CHAMPAGNE *à la* HERZEN. Remembers Herzen, used to know Belinsky.

The Youth is amazed how He, with all his charm, is so cold and spiteful (Liza, the Princess his wife, the sick boy, etc.) (he is guilty of a lie—the chambermaid, which he subsequently admits to his son *in a most ingenuous manner*). *The basic traits of a predatory type.* He admits to his stepson that he is capable of any low-down action. He used to tell the Youth about "the secrets of his married life," <and> that he wasn't admitting any aesthetic principle. And yet, in spite of all this degradation and his weaknesses, he UNQUESTIONABLY retains his authority over his son. Sometimes he is terribly reserved and unsociable. (For there is *a secret*. He is his own secret.)

Characterization of the student who is telling obscenities on the boulevard. How this student got involved with a lackey, drinking vodka <with him>. (No, he has no goal.)

Railway station, they've arrived, an idea—how much, he will find, is going on there, yet, in all probability, nobody has any real business going.

QUESTION. Absolutely to be solved. Was he fanatically religious and was he actually preaching the Gospel when the Youth arrived (as the old Prince and the aunts were claiming)? If so, the Youth is hostile, and ready to have a fight with him, when they first meet.

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* *Mirovoi posrednik,* an office Leo Tolstoy held for a while.

The Youth arrives on the very day when the aunts (two months after they had buried the head of the family) were about to leave; they sit down, have a good cry, and decide to stay at the flat (the Andreevs).

August 15.

Best of all, make it so that he did his preaching before taking this fancy (even though his wife would be saying, while conversing with the old Prince: "This is not it," or "There's something wrong here"), and that's the stage at which the Youth meets him. And there, right in the middle of his sermonizing, and with extraordinary sincerity (or after having continued his preaching for some time), he becomes frivolous, and depraved, and spiteful, and broadminded, yet always clever and witty. The Youth is amazed, and reproaches him for his debauchery (develop this).

Perhaps the Youth gives up on him, thinking that "there's *a smart man* for you, and *an artist*" (this is before the icons). DEVELOP THIS.

When the Youth arrives in town, it is a full two weeks since the lawsuit has been definitively won. The late Andreev had handed Him a note, according to which the 200,000 thus won were not His.

It is also at the moment of the Youth's arrival that the fate of the money is decided. The old Prince is indignant, the Princess thunderstruck. But the Youth ~~learns~~ learns only later, from *strangers,* and after he has already ~~become intimate~~ become intimate with his father, that the money has been handed over.

Couldn't it have been the family of the *young Prince* that was carrying on the lawsuit about those 200,000?

THE MAIN IDEA. Though the Youth arrives with a ready idea in his mind, the whole idea of the novel is that he is searching for a guideline to direct his actions, for good and evil; he is thirsting for something that is lacking in our society, is intuitively searching for it, and this is what the novel is all about.

Apparently, he sometimes feels sorry for him and wants to lead him away from evil, and actually points out to him what is good and what is evil. (In connection with the plot against the Princess, after He has himself approved it; on the following day.) This is why he bypasses the Youth and allies himself with Lambert.

?The Youth has found a note written by the Princess, but what kind of a note? (determine that) (that's where you have the plot).

An idea. ~~Liza is an adult, 18 years old, and secretly in love with Him. *La haine dans l'amour.* It is she who gives the Youth the idea to ensnare the Princess. She is also in on the plot, along with Lambert.~~

~~She is jealous of the Princess because of Him. There is no stepmother, everything takes place in the aunts' house.~~

Theme. NN is considered to be the greatest scoundrel; all the evidence is against him. He is held in such contempt that everyone whom he loves renounces him, his wife leaves him for another man; he cannot prove his innocence, nor does he want to compromise *a certain person.* His son, the new generation, *children.* It turns out that he is innocent. *The Youth.* Only one of the children had blind faith in him. Here, intrigues on the part of Liza may play a role.

Or: Liza and Lambert. Liza incites Lambert to blackmail the Princess, joining into a conspiracy with him. Also, she tortures her mother, making her jealous of Him ~~inadvertently~~. *He* realizes all too well what is going on, and that Liza is in love with him. His character; besides, *the Youth.**

There is an accidental yet inevitable showdown between Him and Liza, *he has had her.* Liza wants to get rid of her stepmother. (The Stepmother and the Prince. The Stepmother's death. Liza hangs herself. The Youth goes his own way. Lambert and the document received from Andreev. The Youth is in love with the Princess. Fascinated by Liza. *He* is not in love with the Princess, but is terribly, with all his heart and soul, interested in her opinion. Vanity, amorousness, and hurt pride *to the point of madness.* Moreover, <he feels> insulted. Playing the insulted lover. Everything turns out to have been nothing, when his wife betrays him. It turns out that who was really dear to him was his wife. It is she who is also "the little beetle."

There's your plot. It contains *the net* in which *the Youth* is immediately caught. The characters are the same.

The tone of the whole. All the time, he is preoccupied with his higher idea (disintegration), his *loss of a goal,* and his own *chemical* decomposition. And therefore, *as long as the affair was still in progress,* he treated everything *with condescension.* ~~But when~~ His debauchery wouldn't let him take the affair into his own hands, as he should have. In the end, when he has done in his wife, and all has come to an end, "the little beetle" comes into its own and defeats everything.

He *has feelings.* "I should have rebuffed Liza *from the outset,* I should quit torturing my wife, turn honest, work hard, do my duty."

But the main question is: *to whom?* United to nature, to the predatory type, to a call to *disorder and adventure.*

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* Unclear phrase.

N.B. The whole question is: is this a true character and has it taken a firm shape in the author's mind? All of his former qualities: mystery, seriousness, frivolity, no effort whatsoever to improve himself, motivated by a rejection of principles, and a charming simple-heartedness which delights Liza, and his wife, and the Youth, and the Princess.

There are some attempts: he returned those 200,000, etc. But all this means nothing, and even makes him angry, since it suggests that he still believes in something after all. His preaching of religion *is there,* even fanatically so, once he warms up to it, yet casually, jerkily: "Don't interfere, I have business to do." Whenever he gets willy-nilly carried away by his own preaching he gets angry with himself, which fact is noticed by the Youth (who lets the reader know about it).

"A MEMBER OF THE OLD GENERATION. I AM ONE OF THE MEN OF THE OLD GENERATION, and as for the new, I do not see any; and what I do see is nothing serious," *He* says, treating everything with supercilious condescension.

He also sees the new in the men of the new generation, i.e., their *lack of principle,* their rejection of duty, or simply their ignorance of duty without an actual rejection of it, and as a result of this, no fear of crime, egoism.

The belief in one idea only, a thirst for material pleasures, <and> on the other hand, abstract ~~materialism~~ idealism (the Dolgushins).

[February, 3d part.] "These are the fruits of the bankruptcy of the old generation," He says. "We have transmitted nothing to the new generation that might have served their edification or guidance, not a single firm or important idea. And yet, all our lives *we have suffered* from our thirst for great ideas."

~~Well~~ "Well, what could *I* have transmitted?" *He* says, "I am myself a beggar. All my life I have been believing that I am a rich man and that 'I shall not want'; and there, in my approaching old age, I must beg my bread, there is nothing in me, nor was there ever."

When he had had Liza: "I had her whom I hate most," He said.

When he had had Liza, they parted as enemies, not telling each other, though (traces left by the crime).

They embraced, and they parted, and suddenly she ran up to him, in a fit of rage: "Look out, *I shall kill* you."

[February, 3d part.] *He says:* "In reality, we were the nihilists, we, the eternal seekers for a higher idea."

"Whereas now, we have either ~~uneducated dullards~~ *indifferent* dullards, or monks; the former *mean business* and often shoot them-

selves, the latter are communists, such as Dolgushin, and their followers."

"There is a third category—[thoroughgoing] *scoundrels,* but this ~~always~~ category is the same always and everywhere."

He is always much, much too frank with his son, the Youth. It is not only the immeasurable *charm* of his simple-heartedness which wouldn't let one despise Him *too much** for his frivolity. It is just that, in the course of the novel, the Youth will begin to lose his respect for Him, on account of that simple-heartedness, and it is then that something unexpected, mysterious, new will immediately appear about Him, something the Youth had never even suspected about him. *Toward the end* the Youth is quite firmly convinced that he knows Him only from a single, almost a superficial and minor side, and that there exists a great multitude of unknown and secret facts about Him, facts which *He* (so the Youth suspects) is never going to reveal to him. So that, toward the end, the Youth is taking great pains to penetrate and to get to know this character, and does so because he is fascinated by Him and because he loves Him.

[February, 3d part.] What also *amazes* the Youth, in the course of the novel, is the fact that all His sincerity and all his simple-heartedness somehow do not seem to come from the heart, that they are not based upon a strong feeling of friendship or a ~~need~~ warm need to confide in somebody. On the contrary, they do appear heartless (the predatory type). Except for religion! (and this terribly stuns the Youth). He sometimes discusses religion with inspiration, even though later he won't forgive it to himself. (The Youth makes all these observations in his confession *to the reader,* and equally notes the preceding point—about the impenetrable mystery of his character.)

The Youth is asking himself a thousand times: "What is it that entertains Him, that interests Him? Could it really be ruling the roost with <a bunch of> women, or idle chatter à la Herzen to a bottle of champagne, etc.?" He is asking himself this question, and there, suddenly, He gives away 200,000, etc., and once again the Youth does not know where he stands.

In the very end, the Youth is quite confused by the fact that He, though suffering very much and ready to shoot himself, has no particular regrets about anything, not his wife, nor the Princess, nor

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* Underlined three times.

Liza, though perhaps some about the boy. And yet his sufferings are intense and he dies in severe torments. But he very nearly went mad from the pain he suffered on account of "the little beetle" (i.e., the boy). Yet he won't recognize even this pain as HIS VERY OWN essence, or as that OF HIS VERY OWN suffering. (Irregularity, not knowing what to believe in, "What is the sense of all this?")

At this point, Kraft shoots himself. They receive his suicide *note.* He becomes very much interested in the motive of Kraft's suicide. "Kraft was devoured by an idea in which he happened to believe, whereas + I suffer the same fate having lost every single idea which I could have believed in," He says.

And thus, the Youth and the young generation are *victorious.** The concluding idea is formulated by the Youth in the end of the novel, thusly: "Only he can be saved who already in his youth manages to work out for himself that strong moral sensation (feeling) which is called a conviction. The formula of a conviction can change in the course of one's life, but the moral sensation of this feeling ought to remain unchanged all one's life. He who possesses it will survive." (He may have said this to the Youth before His suicide.)

Here is what he says about his suffering on account of the boy: "Could it be that I have found the essence of the emotion, that immediate sensation of pain, which I have been pursuing all my life?"

Simply: an amoral man, a man who has failed to develop a moral principle. A purely Russian, universal type.

If this is a purely Russian and a universal type, why doesn't everyone suffer and kill himself?

Answer: because the spirit of analysis and conscientiousness is not developed in every person, as it is in Him.

"Because the fools [the brutes] are many, and the wise [men] few," He says. "The wise men [brutes] depart, and the fools [men] are left."

"I might have left my life untouched**, to the very end, I would have found myself some duty to follow, ~~deception~~ I would have found a way to deceive myself, all but for this boy ("the little beetle")."

"Why is it that *I* feel sorry for nothing, except this one boy? Why is it that my entire self-judgment is formulated in connection with this one boy?"

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* Underlined twice.

** *Ia b i ostavil zhizn'* is ambiguous, since *ostavit'* means both "to leave," "to depart," as well as "to retain." Specifically, *ostavit' zhizn'* can also mean "to die (voluntarily)."

"~~Why~~ What made *me* marry my wife? Because I feel terribly sorry for her. Yet it is I who am torturing her. And besides, I have made her my nurse. Really, isn't she my nurse now?"

?IMPORTANT QUESTION. Should it be that the Stepmother falls in love with the Prince? Shouldn't one get rid of the Prince altogether?

???! Shouldn't one confine oneself to letting the Stepmother learn about Liza's liaison with Him, which causes her *to break down.*

And shouldn't one let Liza fall in love with the Prince and advertise her liaison with him? "I am a predatory type," says Liza, "when I go, I go all the way." And so she gets even with the family in a big way, and makes fun of Him spectacularly and *in public.* So He gets mad and calls out the Prince on account of Liza.

~~Liza~~ dies in the arms of <her> Stepmother, but strangely.

??? Liza Couldn't it be that Liza already has a liaison going with Him when the Youth appears on the scene? However, He reveals it to the Youth ~~only~~ in the middle of the novel. But when he makes this revelation, he does not know as yet whether Liza loves Him, or whether she continues to hate him (for she keeps smearing Him before <her> mother just as before, carries on her intrigues against him, and makes fun of him).

But *He* is captivated by Liza and tells the Youth that he is beginning to fall in love with her precisely because she continues to hate him, even though she has slept with him.

He has been begging Liza for more and more love trysts. Those trysts are characteristic; every time <they make love> with hatred.

Finally, witnessing her attempt to poison her mother, He is terribly shaken.

Absolutely this way. Liza won't sleep with him at any of these trysts, but rather teases him, driving him to a frenzy.[18]

He is amazed at her intellectual depravity *in spite of her innocence.*

"What a predatory type you are," she says.

"Let's poison <her> and run away."

"Where to?" She is willing to follow him anywhere.

"Doesn't matter."

"I'll fall out of love with you."

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[18] This theme is to be found in *The Gambler,* which is based in part on Paulina Suslova's sexual teasing of Dostoevsky. Paulina Suslova left a record of her relations with Dostoevsky in a diary which was published in 1928 under the title *Moi gody blizosti s Dostoevskim,* ed. A. S. Dolinin.

"I don't care, just leave me in the gutter."*

And suddenly, at the very moment when <her> mother has learned the whole truth, Liza surrenders herself *to the Prince.* Fanatically, so it seems, yet she does not love the Prince (to be sure, she did get carried away, and so she made up a story about *"her Prince";* the Prince, to be sure, takes advantage of her, but in a most casual way). She surrenders herself to the Prince to make Him insanely jealous. (Not so: as far as Liza is concerned, it is simply a game. "Though <he> isn't worth a penny, I'll still get <him>." She wants to torment <Him.>).

MOST IMPORTANT. Liza sees through His character: i.e., disintegration and no integrity, yet she is in love (His simple-heartedness has enthralled her). *Instinctively and unaccountably* she wants to make Him jealous. As for the Princess, she wants to ruin her entirely because she is jealous of Him. Then, when everything fails, she hangs herself in a latrine.

(The moment when *They* were alone the mother wasn't there. "The little beetle.")

The mother couldn't stand it, broke down, went out of her mind, and died.

Then the boy (that's the way!)

Liza with Lambert, lying in wait, and with the Princess. The Youth is captivated by Liza. Yet he saves the Princess.

MOST IMPORTANT. N.B. THE YOUTH TELLS THE STORY IN THE FIRST PERSON: I, I.

So then, the Youth does meet Him right in the middle of a stormy affair with Liza, but without passion on His part. On the contrary, everything is but fiction and fancy.

He calls out the Prince to a duel on account of Liza.

The problem is solved! August 20, just after midnight.

N.B. It is Liza who found out about the chambermaid.

August 26.

[3d part. February.] [Another novel.]

He sees in Liza another *case of disorder,* i.e., a person who has lost her goal who, in spite of the presence in her of the most powerful passions, is apparently rushing about aimlessly in a general chaos.

"She does not love me," He says, "she is doing it just so, though it may not be worth a penny, just to have it her own way... A game

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* Literally, "at the crossroads."

born of desperation (if one were to translate it into conscious terms, it would be a game born of desperation, even though there is no such consciousness in her)."

An adventure of the Youth's, theft of a bracelet. The boy is loyal. The Youth is in possession of an important secret. The temptation.

He chops up those icons when, after the first time (of possessing her), Liza drives him to a frenzy by her refusal and mockery. He is madly in love with her. He walks along with the Youth: "All this is nonsense, all this morality, shopkeepers and games of chess." He fights a duel with the Prince. And when it is all over, he realizes that HE NEVER LOVED LIZA at all and that *there really was nothing!* At this point, self-judgment and suffering.

An idea. The Youth, then, projects all of His frenzy upon himself, and comes up with Lambert. (Which means that he is not in love with the Princess, though Liza is jealous of her.) He is NOT in love, but he still joins Lambert.

N.B. The role of the Youth? N.B.

An idea. The role of the Youth.

Liza has enthralled the Youth, making him fall madly in love with her. He is aware of it, and is jealous (but he does not believe Liza altogether). In the meantime, Liza is complaining to the Youth that He is trying to seduce her (this, after she has already slept with Him). The Youth begins to hate Him. But not for long, for he can't hate him, because he adores Him so much. Finally, each confides his secrets to the other.

The Youth ardently thirsts for the good and does not know what to think of his father, whereas Liza is a demon. (She slanders (?) him to those who have been arrested, telling them that it was he who betrayed them.)

Liza is only teasing Him with the Youth. She assures the Youth that He is in love with the Princess. He swears that this isn't so, and thinks up a plan how to bring ~~her~~ the Princess to her knees. Liza encourages him, with much enthusiasm, to proceed with this plan.

The idea of the novel. The predatory type is a female, Liza, and not *He*. Liza appears simple, very frank, as if bornée, somewhat crazy. And suddenly she displays, in her mocking remarks, a terrible depth of thought and of development. She convinces Him that he has corrupted her with his own *disorder*. She adores <her> mother quite sincerely. She ~~writes~~ proves to Him that he is not worth being loved. She has a great weakness for the Youth.

Liza and the Youth are traveling from Moscow to Petersburg by

railway together. She is telling him about Him (she knew him even before and fell in love with Him before her mother's wedding). The Youth tells her about his plan of getting rich.

Liza had been visiting in Moscow and accidentally meets the Youth.

He is afraid of Lambert's plot against the Princess; however, the idea to bring the Princess to her knees does tempt His craven spirit also. He does *not,* however, *know* that Liza is the principal leader of the plot. Since it is the Youth who first thought of this plan against the Princess, He believes that the Youth and Lambert are acting all by themselves. Later on, as we already know, He gets so carried away by this idea that he seeks out Lambert, while bypassing the Youth. Had He known that Liza was involved in the scheme, He would not have participated in it, but would have rather counteracted it and, very definitely, he would have gotten cold feet. But Liza has learned (from the Youth and from Lambert) that *indirectly* He, too, has joined the plot, and she is laughing in her sleeve *spitefully:* for she realizes that He has joined the plot driven by jealous and haughty vengefulness against the Princess, which would mean that *he is still interested** in the Princess, that he is trying to take his vengeance on her, and that he consequently <still> loves the Princess. (N.B. Even before, and what is worse, in the presence of the Youth and her mother, Liza had been teasing him by telling Him to his face that the Princess had shown Him the door, on which occasion the Stepmother had taken His side, and heatedly so; and, as a result, Liza and <her> mother were at odds for some time.) Neither He nor the Youth are aware of the full extent of Lambert's (and really, Liza's) villainous schemes against the Princess.

[February, 3d part.] Otherwise, ~~even He~~ the Youth would have desisted, while He would have gotten cold feet. Yet the psychology lies in the fact that even the Youth, and certainly He, both have a foreboding of Lambert's terrible role and that, in spite of this, both rather relish the idea, whereas if it were a matter not of foreboding but of direct knowledge, they surely would have protested against it. (N.B. This is a valuable psychological observation and a *new bit of information* concerning human nature.) This also explains why He and Liza, who in a certain sense are enemies, get together and participate in the same scheme, whereas if He had known that Liza is taking part in

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* Underlined twice.

it, nothing in the world could have made Him join forces with her. Liza is laughing to herself and is annoyed by the thought that, to come right down to it, she is once again making a fool out of Him, while He is caught in a mess not even of his own making,* being unable to withstand his petty idea of haughty vengeance. Yet, and I repeat, He, too, causes Liza great suffering in that, though she is gloating on account of having made a fool out of Him, the whole thing is yet another proof of the fact that He is [interested] in the Princess, that he has been interested in her, and that he will remain interested in her. (N.B. In the novel, express all of these considerations *in words,* so the reader will be more clearly aware of them.)

The predatory type, passion and breadth of character, the vilest crudity, along with the most refined generosity. He comes to see the Youth, sometimes being delighted with Liza, then sad again, skeptical and spiteful, then again desperate. One notices a streak of petty boasting of <His> successes with Liza (and with women in general), this in front of the Youth. He awakens in him an enthusiasm for a great idea and a thirst for education. The Youth witnesses how he helps a certain poor family. Right along with passionate faith, derisive skepticism (this is before he breaks those icons). He tells the Youth outright: "If I had no faith, how could I go on living?" And he goes on to explain all that has been said before about those two shopkeepers.

N.B. The main questions. The difficulty of the beginning of a novel. The Youth's actions at the flea-market, in the family, at Dolgushin's, at Vitia's, etc. Write it in the first person, or in the third person.** The role of the aunts.

It is a quality of the aunts (the Andreevs) that they actually brought ~~him~~ up the Youth since he was a small child, and he finds out, to his surprise when he arrives in Petersburg that He had never contributed anything toward his upbringing, but that Andreev had been paying for it all along. On account of this latter circumstance, the Youth does not want to see Him; but the aunts shout: "Come on now, come on, he will give you a job." From this, the Youth draws the conclusion that he was sent for to take care of the aunts, which is quite a surprise, and starts counting his money.

The fact that they simply sent for him by sending him the money

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* *Popalsia kak kur vo shchi,* literally, "got caught like a cock in some cabbage soup," the point being that cocks are not used in cabbage soup.

** Literally, "from the author."

to Moscow, the aunts say, is to be explained by his being only 19 years old: no sense in being fussy about that, nothing worth mentioning even. They scold him for having traveled second class, rather than third. (Explain that through Liza?)

The Youth (in either case, whether he is the first-person narrator, or tells this to Liza) expresses this idea: take that Petersburg man traveling from the capital to that village of Moscow, and yet he'll be immediately taken aback by something there; and by the same token, a man who travels from Moscow to Petersburg will immediately run into some people who are a lot more clever than he is.

In the railway carriage, Liza and the fool. He tells Liza about Lambert. She is more reticent, yet she tells him about <his> father, etc.

In case the Youth is not the first-person narrator (I), do it in such a manner that the narrative would cling to the Youth, as its hero, and never let go of him through the entire beginning of the novel, so that, for instance, the Princess, and He, and the situation of the aunts, and the Dolgushins, and everything, is all described only *insofar as it gradually involves the Youth* (it goes without saying that this pertains to the initial stages only) . *This might produce excellent results.*

Important question: does he or doesn't he tell Liza, in the railway carriage, about his plan to get rich? (He definitely does, but under a seal of deep secrecy.)

?N.B. Without knowing it himself, the Youth acts as Liza's spy at the Princess's.

In the railway carriage, the Youth only gradually becomes acquainted with Liza, giving her his name, and she hers to him. However, having learned his name, though she is surprised (for she has heard a little about His son, in passing), she first subjects him to a thorough examination and finds out everything that the Youth could possibly know, and only then, at Malaia Vishera, tells him that they are from the same family, which comes as a terrible surprise to the Youth, though he is delighted; but for all his delight, he does, however, realize that this young lady is nobody's fool and has a strong character. At the same time, he is very indignant with himself for having told her about his idea. Whereas she starts making fun of his idea, after <the train has stopped at> Liuban', and laughs at him very loud and in a shameless fashion. He is furious. When they are approaching Petersburg she suddenly makes up with him, swearing solemnly that she will never tell anybody about his idea. The Youth

melts once again. In this way, Liza has succeeded in *subjecting him to a thorough interrogation* and has *felt him out* very substantially.

And yet the Youth, even though he did melt, is still full of bitter misgivings regarding Liza's perfidy, as well as, more than anything else, <regrets> his own blundering. But Liza fully sets his mind at rest even on that score, saying: "I was spying you out on purpose, yes, I did stoop to that. But it was only because I am so unhappy and so defenseless. I need a protector, a helper, and I have been looking for one for a long time. You are pure, truthful, and clever. Oh, very soon I'll be coming to you begging you to protect me. I'll tell you later about my grief, and about my needs, we haven't time now; and even if we had time, I wouldn't tell you now, on the contrary, I want you to survey everything with your own eyes, impartially, for if *I* were to tell you, you would, generous as you are, see it willy-nilly through my eyes, which would be too bad, because, who knows, I may be wrong myself. But you, a new man, will be a judge of my position, you will decide my fate and tell me everything."

Having arrived in Petersburg, she continues to ~~remain silent~~ remain silent, nor does she visit him. A week goes by, another week; on the contrary, she even starts making fun of him <again>. This leaves the Youth confused, and hurt in his pride; but his pride won't allow him to mention anything to her.

For the first few days he is still in love with Liza, but later he thinks of her with contempt, treating her as if she were a vaudeville "soubrette." It is only later that Liza, suddenly, again casts her spell over him, leaving him confused, telling him about the young Prince, telling him that she is in love with him, that she is jealous of the Princess, setting the Youth against the Princess, etc.

In general, treat Liza *lightly* throughout the narrative (in accordance with the Youth's attitude toward her) ~~and only later~~, though she ought to be presented to the reader as an invariably mysterious character. And only later, in the course of the novel (and again in accordance with the Youth's attitude), portray Liza as a giantess, a Satan<ic woman>, who crushes the Youth. And then, her tragic death and her affair with the young Prince will crush the reader also. It was a genuine infatuation that made her run away to the Prince's, and this is the tragedy about it. Liza's end must be solemn and terrible, like the ringing of a bell.

A thirst for truth and simplicity in Him discovered what was false, immediately asked for an ideal, and accused Him, i.e., the first comer. She did not want to wait.

In the railway carriage, she took her seat in the following way: on one bench, Liza and the seminarian, and across from them, the fool and the Youth. Liza was frequently interrupting the Youth at the most pathetic junctures (for instance, right after he had revealed his idea to her), and immediately says, without giving him an answer: "Let's not listen to them (i.e., to the fool)."

The Youth is stunned by such heartlessness every time: he develops the notion that this is always the rule in high society. Having finished listening to him, Liza immediately addresses the Youth and starts discussing his idea with so much apparent interest that all his doubts are immediately dispelled.

And yet he says to himself: "A high society serpent." At this point, explain his attitude toward women, disdain, frou-frou, trains, and chastity.

On the occasion of ~~one~~ one of Liza's *slights* he reasons thus: "I'll never marry, down with women, let me be alone with my idea," etc. (N.B. However, toward the end, develop this idea from a comic and childish thing into something that would strike the reader as both powerful and poetic. Everything gradually.)

?N.B. The seminarian on that trip: no sooner has he walked away from the fool having been accused of the theft of 10 roubles when he stumbles across that incident with the lady. N.B. N.B. Shouldn't these personages later reappear in the novel?

[February, third part] N.B. The theft of some diamonds. He was, if not accused outright, so certainly under a strong suspicion at the Prince's house. The Prince hurriedly hushed up the affair; the Princess blushed. Later, they found the diamonds under the ~~Prince~~ old Prince.* There wasn't much of an apology extended to the Youth, which offends him greatly (for he is already in love with the Princess); and so the Youth, having been so unfairly accused, retreats into his shell and forms terrible plans about becoming a gloomy money-grubber. But when he finds it impossible to save, he wants to become a thief. He prays. On the next day, he saves a pair of earrings after they have been recovered. He is surprised at how quickly this whole mood of his has passed.

Set fire to everything. A night in the streets, the dark image of Our Lady of the Miracle.

Though Liza is telling him (later, when she is frank with him) that she is in love with the Prince, she still makes him (i.e., the Youth)

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* *Sic.*

fall in love with her by pretending that she is attracted by him also. This is still before He admits his relationship with Liza to the Youth. The Youth even admits to Him (upon His questioning) that he loves Liza, and He frowns. The Youth is trying to talk Liza into loving Him, and into being more just and more affectionate toward Him.

It affects him so much *more strongly* when he learns from Him that Liza loves Him.

The Youth is very much impressed by and sympathetically attracted to the Stepmother (especially when she stands up for the child). And altogether, the Stepmother's beauty presents itself primarily through the Youth's impressions of her.

The action in Petersburg starts with a quarrel between the Youth and the aunts [on the very first day.] during the first few days of his stay there; he announces to them that he has been sent for to take care of them, they cut him down, and He reconciles them. He very nearly asks the Youth, during the latter's quarrel with the aunts, to move in with him. The Youth does move, and is stunned at His house by the Stepmother, and the relationship with Liza, and the chambermaid, and the sick boy, and the argument about Christianity.

After <the incident with> the boy, he winds up quarreling with Him, and leaving Him. It is during the same days that he enters the employ of the old Prince, and frequents the flea-market, and meets Vitia, and runs into Kraft. He feels that he needs to have his own flat, a place of his own. A discussion of this topic. He tells this to the communists.

The old Prince actually does have three grown-up daughters and a ward.

Explain the fool and the widow Mrs. Perchatkin (develop).

~~You~~ Returning home one night on one of his first days, the Youth ~~walks~~ has some melancholy thoughts: Petersburg, its influence, poverty, looking for a flat, the flea-market, the Dolgushins, thirst of Christ (that same night, an argument about Christianity). And in general, more poetry in his impressions.

That very same night, the boy with his mouth ripped open.

And altogether, there will be plenty to keep the Youth busy before <the arrival of> Lambert. More poetically.

Evil passions, depravity, cynicism, His example (when he learns about Liza) have their effect upon the Youth, and, from pride and spite (as well as from a taste for destruction*), and also due to the fact

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* Literally, "conflagration."

that his nerves are in disorder. As a result of this general confusion, he comes up with the plot against the Princess.

N.B. And altogether, express the whole warmth and humanity of the novel in the person of the Youth, all those affectionate spots (Ivan Petrovich Belkin); make the reader love him. Then the Stepmother, He.

It ends with the Youth asking: "Where is justice in life?" (which is what he is looking for throughout the entire novel). And on the last page, after he has buried Him, paid a visit to Dolgushin, etc., this melancholy and solemn thought: "I am embarking upon my life." A hymn to being a just man. "I know, I have found out what is good and what is evil," he says.

Work out this last page. Make it more meaningful and more poetic.

N.B. Do NOT FORGET. About how the young Prince "insults" the Youth, how he decides to take vengeance on him, how he goes to see him, how the young Prince receives him most elegantly, reconciling and delighting him. Passionate love for the young Prince. But soon, a disappointment: all these predatory high society types, dead-wood. And it turns out that He alone remains as having a warm and soothing heart for the Youth (but still, there remains a problem up to the point where (He) begins to suffer; here, the Youth is all melting with compassion for Him.)

And altogether, a thirst for <more> heart, compassion, for a great idea (He gives it to him, but there is always some doubt). So that on one occasion, ~~torturing~~ being tormented by the aridity of life, he is tempted by one of the squeamish aunts, but what he gets out of it is nothing but compassion for her, and this conviction: if you really go to the root of a person's life, or soul, you will find depth even in a person whom you detest (the aunt).

Having quarreled with Him ~~he rented~~ (in the beginning, when he is renting a flat and does not know Him yet), he talks the sick child into joining him. But the child begs to be sent home; here He looks him up and acts in a conciliatory way.

And altogether, the whole novel through the person of the Youth who is seeking the truth of life (Gil Blas and Don Quijote), could be most attractive.[19]

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[19] Alain René Lesage (1668–1747) is the author of *Gil Blas de Santilane* (1714–35). Dostoevsky probably refers to this novel because he sees a relationship between the way the hero of Lesage's novel hunts for truth through various strata of society and the way the youth searches for truth in an unbelieving world. In intention at least Dostoevsky wanted to make the Youth a good-hearted idealist (like Cervantes' hero).

Don't forget the last lines of the novel: "Now I know; I have found what I was looking for, what is good and what is evil; I shall never stray again."

Finale. And altogether, this is an epic poem about how *the Youth* made his debut in the world. This is the story of his searchings, hopes, disappointments, corruption, rebirth, education—the story of a most attractive, of a very nice person. And it is life itself that teaches him, yet it is he, the Youth, who learns his lesson, for some other person might not have learned it.

À propos N.B. Do not forget about how He gradually develops a respect for the Youth, marveling at his heart, his sweet sympathy, and the depth of his ideas, in spite of so little of an education. On one occasion he actually expresses all this to the Youth. And altogether, arrange things so that the reader would understand that He is, throughout the novel, observing the Youth with the greatest attention, which fact presents Him in a most attractive light, and as having great depth of soul, as well.

Do NOT FORGET. At Dolgushin's, too, he was very nearly taken for a spy, but it turned out that it was somebody else. And yet the Youth felt offended by such a suspicion, and with his soul receiving hurts from every side, he did not know where to turn. (Torments.)

N.B. Once he went to see Nadezhda Prokofievna,[20] having remembered her for her sympathetic glance. He spent the evening sitting with her. She was keeping busy, left <the room>: "Never, never shall I renounce this bright idea." So much power, and all so one-sidedly concentrated! Yet the Youth leaves deeply touched.

By no means forget THE MOST IMPORTANT. Do not forget the Youth's friendship with the poor boy: he has not forgotten him even after he had lured him away from Him. He is taking an interest in him throughout the novel. Secret meetings with the boy, but without any big words (7 or 8 years old, create the character of the boy). Liza, on the contrary, has no sympathy whatsoever for her brother, is actually hostile to him. But when the Youth is arrested in connection with the Dolgushin affair, the boy runs away. ~~TONE~~ The Youth is terribly stunned.

And again, in the course of the novel (and more and more often

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[20] The sister of Apollinaria Suslova. Dostoevsky knew and liked the sister very much. On April 19, 1865, he wrote to her: "I value you very highly; you are one of the rare beings that I have met in life, and I do not want to lose your affection. I value very highly your view of me and your memory of me."

toward the end), leave the Youth and devote *single chapters* to other characters, conducting the narrative in the author's name. It is in this way that the episode of the boy's suicide and the birdie will be unveiled. In these single chapters presented by the author (i.e., leaving the Youth <out of sight>), the author will always inform the reader beforehand, for instance, in this fashion: "But in order to explain the meaning of this, and to show what had happened ~~with~~ (i.e., in the preceding chapter, to the Youth), let us find out what happened to so-and-so or there-and-there, or let us step into a small, country type cottage on the Petersburg side," etc., etc.

!N.B! Shouldn't the title be (The Beginning of a Career), a novel, etc.

Another title: Disorder (August 26).

Another title: A Detailed Story.

Or: One Detailed Story.

In the railway carriage, when the Youth has been developing his theory of accumulation of wealth and Liza cuts him short in order to listen to the fool, the Youth frowns and gives a lot of thought to frou-frou and to the wickedness of women in general. But when Liza suddenly turns back to him and continues the discussion about the accumulation of wealth at the very point he had left off, and does so with the greatest sympathy, the adverse impression received by the Youth is dissipated in a jiffy, and he suddenly begins to tell her about his own coarseness, ignorance, and impatience: "Why, really, how petty of me; of course, it is all on account of my crudeness, but also because I do not know life; so different people have different habits, and so what? really, cutting short a conversation and turning to someone else, why, this is only a habit, isn't it?" etc. And in the same breath he admits that he hates women, as well as frou-frou, and so on.

Absolutely. He first loses his innocence in a vile house, and with a very vile woman. Impressions. That creature. His pity, etc. Here is another occasion to show his compassionate and kindly character.

When He starts chopping up those icons, the sick boy is at first stunned by fear, but then suddenly he falls headlong on the sofa and starts sobbing *inaudibly*.

He says, on the eve of his suicide: "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones, shall not be forgiven, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."*

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* Seems to be a contamination of Matt. 18: 6 and Matt. 12: 32. It does, however, render the meaning of Matt. 18: 6 correctly.

King Louis XVII, a shoemaker,[21] they decide at Dolgushin's that they are right, reading Victor Hugo.[22] But someone by the name of N who has remained silent until then (a young man of 24, and a rabid socialist) (later, at the trial, it turns out that he has been the ringleader and the guiltiest of all) gets up and suggests that he moral question rests with the fact that it won't matter if even all of France were to perish, and that millions of people won't matter either, etc. Dolgushin and the rest won't agree with him. This young man impresses the Youth as the most beautiful <soul of them all> and when he is in a sad mood, and looking for sympathy, he pays him a visit. (Description of the visit.) Later, he drops in on him again, but N finds his presence trying and tells the Youth frankly, kindly, yet firmly: "You have grown fond of me, you are looking for sympathy, but I have no time and, inasmuch as you are not one of us, let us part," etc.

N.B. (All the personages, images, portraits.)

Kraft is one of them, but he refuses to "join the people"* with them; he drily and abruptly states a part of his theory, and later shoots himself.

Liza owes nobody a thing, everybody owes her. (I refuse to live other than in uninterrupted happiness.) A predatory type.

Vasin (an ideal nihilist) is a paragon of reason and logic (as well as heart) amidst stubborn folly. The Youth arranges for a meeting between him and his father.

Vasin says: "Although the revolution will serve no useful purpose in this country, it is still *necessary,* in view of the fact that there is nothing else to do, to engage in revolutionary activity. There is no immediate advantage, except perhaps the fact that the *idea* is thus being kept alive, examples are being established, and [a continuity of] experience sustained for the benefit of future revolutionaries. This is in itself enough reason not to abandon the idea. Nothing will happen at once; unfortunately, I am apparently the only one of our group who recognizes this notion, for everybody else seems to believe that, once a society has been formed, it ought to achieve all of its objectives immediately; and they actually believe this to be true, so

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* *Idti v narod,* the term applied to the activities of the Russian populists among the Russian people.

[21] The second son of Louis XVI. He was arrested with his father, but afterwards was released, separated from his mother, and sent to be apprenticed to a shoemaker. He was later reimprisoned and died in 1795.

[22] Reference to Victor Hugo's novel *Quatre-Vingt-Treize* (1874).

much so that if they did not have their faith, they wouldn't have ever started this thing, even though there are some fine people among them. I haven't got faith, but I am still <with those who are> starting it. I believe in the future. And anyway, what else is there to do, except the revolution; really, what else is there?"

The Youth: "It seems to me that one can simply be a citizen, meaning well. For example, teach, work with the health department, engage in scientific work, etc.—all of which serves the common good, little bit by little bit, just as in an ant heap, and eventually there will be a whole large heap."

Vasin: "This is absolutely impossible, I am sorry to say. You see, imagine that we have an extraordinarily large machine, made of steel, cast iron, lumber, etc. Now imagine that all the parts of this machine, instead of being connected by strong joints, screws, etc., as should be the case considering how heavy and complex it is, are kept together by some sort of paste or string, that is, for no more than a second or so: a gust of wind, and everything will fall apart. As for myself, I would be very glad to accept any kind of a job with that machine, working on any one of its particular parts, but if I am absolutely sure that the whole thing will fall apart in no time, tell me, will I really care to take the job, and where will I find the enthusiasm for it? Except, perhaps, if I work for the money. But that would be like that District Commissioner* about whom I read in the papers and who was saying openly and ~~himself~~ to show off before the people of his district, and quite loudly too: 'I am holding on to the job because I need the salary, however, I am not going to do anything at all while I am on the job.' I approve of this Commissioner from every possible point of view. Low-down, but right. No, I'd rather work to help the machine fall apart faster. Well, and then we'll start our own, and that will be a strong one." (N.B. However, Vasin does not talk much.)

He does not counter Vasin's arguments.

"I did not respond to Vasin," writes the Youth, "but I liked the way he was talking to me, not in the least arrogantly, he, such a learned man, talking to such a young and insignificant person as myself, and what more, not knowing either me or my ideas at all, and being convinced of only one thing—that I wouldn't inform on him."

N.B. Among the members of the young generation, do not forget that young man, a wealthy landowner, who apprenticed himself as a

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* See n. (*), p. 84, above.

laborer at a German-owned factory, an engineering plant. (Persistence.) *Grazhdanin* <"The Citizen">, August 19, A——r (Poretsky's) letters. He is present at one of the meetings at Dolgushin's house. In part <he resembles> Speshnev.[23]

"Gentlemen, I suggest that you turn your attention to technology and do something in the technical field."

"Serve the machine?"

"No, gentlemen, but if only the technical field got a good start all over Russia, there already would be an upheaval (a revolution), and one that would be immeasurably stronger and more successful than all of your appeals to the people."

In the railway carriage, the Youth initially says that his father is private secretary to a minister, "allow me not to identify who in particular" (the Princess is the wife of a minister).

The tone of a little fop (Pasha).[24] Childhood and adolescence. The poet of petty self-love.[25] Liza brushes literature aside. But Liza's charm causes the Youth to change his tone quickly, and he changes into the simple-hearted, high-minded, and funny child that he is.

Later, when they learn each other's names (after Liza has found out from him everything she wanted), the Youth is awfully embarrassed about having told these lies and having promoted the old Prince to the rank of a minister.

Liza, on the other hand, enhances his sufferings by insisting, *most naïvely* (i.e., purposely), *specifically,* and *lengthily,* that the old Prince is very far from being a minister, and, as if this weren't enough, that he is in a bad mess right now, and practically under the guardianship (of his family, with whom the Princess is carrying on litigation). And altogether, she establishes the actual insignificance of the <old> Prince, which is also quite useful for the reader to know.

The Youth, in the meantime, is trying to wiggle loose, is very much

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[23] Nikolai Aleksandrovich Speshnev (1821–82), a revolutionary, atheist, and member of the Petrashevsky Circle, in which Dostoevsky participated in the late 1840's. He was condemned to ten years of prison.

[24] Dostoevsky's stepson, Pavel Aleksandrovich Isaev. Dostoevsky writes to him a number of times in his letters, usually lecturing him about leading a more disciplined life. Pasha was something of a dandy and amounted to very little.

[25] These early works by Tolstoy (*Childhood* and *Boyhood*) are narrated from the "I" point of view, as are Rousseau's *Les Confessions* and Lesage's *Gil Blas.* All four had some influence on Dostoevsky's considerations and his adoption of the first-person narration.

ashamed, and finally just barely manages to induce Liza to let go of the minister; he is glad that Liza, at least, has not noticed that he told his lie to show off before her and in this particular instance in an extremely petty and ridiculous way.

But when they reach Liuban' and quarrel, Liza tells him to his face that he told her a lie, just to show off. "Secretary to a minister! No, sir, it is you who is 'a poet of petty self-love,' and not Count Tolstoi" (yet, the bird-cherry tree).

N.B. Important. Judging from part one, it is quite impossible to recognize in Liza *the person* she becomes toward the end. But it is absolutely necessary to convey the notion of the predatory, animal <strain in her>, and a foreboding of *something* very deep.

When the Youth has told Liza (in the railway carriage) about his idea to become a Rothschild, he suddenly becomes sad: "Why aren't you saying anything? Why won't you at least laugh at my stupidity in telling you about it?" he says. "I didn't know how to express myself, and I can see that what I've just said must look stupid to you, very plain and childish. But my feeling for it is quite different, a lot more clever."

~~Liza does not say a word. This annoys him even more. "Why aren't you saying anything?" — "I.e., I was feeling" "You say"~~

"Do you really feel that it is more clever?"

"Listen, you are awfully clever," says the Youth.

"Really, I've noticed, all you have to do is express yourself, and you suddenly realize the absurdity <of what you have just said>."

"A thought once expressed is a lie."[26]

N.B. Liza lets him talk away till he is sick of it all the way till <he gets to the subject of> Baron Ungern-Shternberg.

August 26.

An idea.

He, a young wife, love, jealousy, disorder, he is being unfaithful himself, he tortures his wife, betrays <her?>, Liza, the boy, the Youth, the young Prince, etc.

Or: the husband betrays his wife* and attends their meetings.

[February—3 and 4] Regarding the meeting of Vasin, Him, and the Youth. They discuss suicide. The Youth asks this question: "What is it that makes practically every one of them (or at least very many of

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* *Prodaet zhenu,* literally, "sells his wife."

[26] A quotation from Tiutchev's poem "Silentium."

them) write *confessions* during their very last moments (N.B. so that, if all of them had the means to do it, perhaps all of them would be writing confessions). Self-love, petty vanity. In fact, there are some suicides which are caused entirely by vanity. (Unbelief?) (The absence of a universal, guiding idea, which might affect <people of> all levels of education and all stages of development, for instance, that cook who hanged herself having lost 5 roubles belonging to her mistress.) And this universal trait belongs to our age only, for it certainly cannot be said that even before the promulgation <of the emancipation> suicides were as numerous, and of the same type, as today. The contrary is true. It is precisely in our day that they have increased, and this is specifically a trait of our age. A link has been lost, a guideline, a certain something that was holding up everything."

"Well then, tell me, what is it that got lost? Do you really think it is the serf's dependence on his master?"

"No, not only that."

"What then?"

"There has been a loss of order in general."

"You mean to say that now we have disorder, in a general way?"

"Precisely. I am not praising whatever has gotten lost. It was a bad order, but good or bad, at least it was some order. Whereas now, it's good, but we have disorder."

"Rather, you want to say, it's bad, and we have disorder."

"Have it your way, I'm not arguing."

People destroy themselves for many different reasons, they also write confessions for multiple reasons, and ~~though it is possible~~ not from vanity alone. Yet one can also find some common traits, for instance, the fact that, at a moment like this, everyone has an urge to write. *Golos:** a man who cut his throat with a knife, in a tavern <wrote>: "The image of dear K. is always before my eyes." Well, in this case, we can hardly speak of vanity, and besides, who is going to cut his throat with a blunt knife, just from vanity? And yet, there is again a common trait: right there, in his suicide note (*in spite of dear K.* whose image, *quite surely,* was giving him no rest, in case he did cut his throat because of her), there is this comment: "My head is surprisingly empty; I would have thought that, at such a moment, some special thoughts would come to one." I don't know whether

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* *The Voice,* a contemporary Russian newspaper.

this remark was clever or stupid, but what matters is the fact that they are all looking for something, that they are all asking a certain question, to which they are not getting any answer, that they are interested in something which has nothing to do with their personal interests. Something universal and eternal, even in spite of the image of dear K. which, without any doubt, could have dispelled any universal idea as well as any urge for a deeper realization of oneself, and transformed the action into an *absolutely* personal affair.

Garibaldi's[27] *Notes.* "Gentlemen," he says to the governments and monarchs <of Europe>, "you are the creators of the Internationale and of the revolution, for you are opposed to the truth and to the brotherhood of men." Garibaldi's economic system boils down to the following: "How shall we avoid this danger? Nothing is easier than that: those who are now consuming ~~not~~ the share of fifty people will consume no more than if there were only twenty-five of them."

A man of such convictions has it easy in this world of ours. You can establish as many economic rules of this kind as you want, but how are you going to fulfill them? This latter question never enters the minds of people like Garibaldi. So simple-mindedly do they believe in such absolute nonsense that one is surprised at seeing them with this much influence.

"By virtue of their pure and great character.* By virtue of having served as the heralds of a great idea."

Thus, when relinquishing <his position>, Garibaldi, as against all other revolutionaries, had not made a fortune and rejected the millions [hundreds of thousands, 600,000] offered him by the Italian government! And yet you'd have to agree that this brave general and honest man *is no great mind.***

An accident.

"~~By virtue of this~~ He was the defender of a great idea all his life."

"You see, sir; these people find it easy to keep their faith, and that's why theirs is an easy life."

"And what about their great deeds?"

"Great deeds come easily to those who have such simple minds."

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* Or "Purely by virtue of their great character."

** *Mysliiu ne orel,* literally, "is no eagle, as far as his mind is concerned."

[27] Giuseppe Garibaldi (1807–82) led a series of efforts to unify Italy in the 1850's and 1860's. He became something of a symbol for democratic elements throughout Europe.

Note. N.B. The Youth's conversations with Him, in the beginning, sometimes proceed as follows:

"And what do you think of Garibaldi?"

"And what do you think of women in general?"

"And what do you think of future life?" etc.

I.e., all kinds of disconnected questions, asked quickly and suddenly (similarly also with Vitia at their first meeting). It appears as if the Youth is hurrying his questions so as not to forget to ask them, questions to which he *must have given a lot of thought before,* and which interest him very much.

Ice-covered rocks.

The Youth: "Perhaps there is intelligent life on the planets."

He: "Science denies it."

The Youth: "Perhaps there is something even higher than intelligent life?"

He: "Science doubly denies it."

"What use is it then to do good?"

"Just so as to get along <with other people> for such a short time?"

"Yes, if such be the law of nature, if you are doing it because you cannot help doing it."

He: "Is it really true that I couldn't have kept those 200,000?"

The Youth: "No, you could not."

He: "But somebody else could have, what do you think?"

The Youth: "Yes, somebody else could have."

He: "Which means that there is no such thing as universal good. A man holds sacred whatever he does."

The Youth: "No, universal good is the thing. Toward the end of its life, mankind will finally realize that everybody must keep returning 200,000, and that this is to his better advantage, and thus general well-being will become a fact."

He: "Yes, for two weeks! No, better let me indulge in my fancy during those two weeks, and tell me, what will be so wrong about my doing so?"

The railway carriage and Liza.

At first he just looks and blushes, puffy, he was innocent in the literal sense of that word.

About the boulevard. ("You find that women are unfair? Frou-frou is unfair.")

His own idea, he was daydreaming and suffering: there were minutes <when he> suffered a lot. ~~Thus~~ Newspaper, all nonsense, one must stick to the golden mean.

"Let's listen to the fool."

And the Youth thought: ("This is characteristic of high society.")

"Who is your father?" (He started lying: "A minister.")

"~~Finds out that Liza~~ You have such a good heart." (He beams with joy, indulges in confidences.)

She starts making caustic remarks. (He falls asleep for a while, wakes up red-faced.) She taunts him mercilessly. At first, not about his family name.

"I was sent for to take care of my aunts. I decided not to go to the university on principle. I don't want to feel obligated to my father."

They make up <when the train pulls out> after the last stop. She tells him that she is going to need him. She finds out his family name.

"But I didn't tell her about my idea."

~~But~~ Liza *didn't tell him either who she was, or did she?* So that he is stunned when he meets <her> at his father's.

The moment he hits the whirl of the big city,* he abandons his idea.

N.B. Keep reiterating that he has got an idea.

In the railway carriage: That he is an illegitimate son. "I am proud of it." She does not say a word. "You are a young girl, it wouldn't be polite to explain this to you." (The girl laughs.)

N.B. When he suddenly blushes and starts pouting: "I am begging no one to talk to me."

The fool at first makes the Youth indignant, and he stands up <for him?>, but then suddenly he bursts into loud laughter.

And still he says to her: *"I have my own idea."* Both the night before (she remains silent), and in the morning. In the morning, Liza takes up the subject and starts discussing his idea. Venomous taunts. Quarrel. Liza: "You look puffy." He wanted to strike her. Suddenly he confesses *his shame,* i.e., that he wanted to strike her. He concludes: "You are a mocker; generosity and a sense of justice have moved me to make this admission. Go ahead and laugh. I despise your laughter." At this point, Liza <says these things> about his heart and about his mind. They have gotten up and, already on their way out, he says to himself: "Still, she cannot despise me, for I didn't tell her about my idea."

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* Literally, "he steps on the pavement."

While leaving the railway carriage, he is sad, "I have abased myself."

Mistrustful, gloomy. *To seclude himself.* An argument with a cabman (he flings a twenty-kopek piece to the ground, but picks it up). "No, to seclude myself, 'puffy.' " Daydreams about how clever he is, alone. "This ~~puffy man~~ man was a misanthrope." Liza. A hussar. "Cut <them> down with my sabre." The outlook of cutting <somebody> down with his sabre already consoles him.

Author's comment. One acts that way when one is 15, but this one is 19, sitting in a corner all by himself, and thinking.

N.B. Absolutely, right in the middle of a caricature-like discourse, a few *very clever* remarks on the part of the Youth. Liza, when she is making up with him at Kolpino, deftly uses these phrases to prove that she respects his wit. The Youth is delighted.

At the aunts'. "You fool, I am your godmother; if you don't care to be affectionate, you could be polite, at least."

N.B. The aunt: "You could be helping us now. You haven't got a heart."

"So you are my godmother—~~about this~~ is that so?"

"Christian religion is meaningless."

"Good Lord, how do you mean, 'meaningless?' "

"Just so, meaningless."

"Come on, Marfa Petrovna, you can see that he is a nihilist."

"I respect Christ as a <historical> figure and generally as a person, but I don't believe in all the rest, because it is stupid."[28]

"My father is a hypocrite and a hanger-on."

"Oh you whelp, you." (N.B. What made me so angry was the fact that I had made up my mind to maintain a proud silence, but the moment I was touched to the quick, I couldn't restrain myself and told everything.)

When I returned home that night: "Auntie, I was joking when I said that I don't believe in Christ. I do. You may, of course, consider my admission despicable; however, I am saying this not to ingratiate myself to you, or to do you a favor, but simply because I did wrong, and lied, and my conscience tells me that, shameful as it may be, I have to admit it."

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[28] A variation of the belief of many liberal Russian intellectuals. The Petrashevtsy were bitterly anti-religious and looked upon Christ as a historical figure and person.

"Well, never mind," says the aunt. "You know, he (Christ) is like that. Right now he is glad about you, and if he were here, he'd call you and give you a kiss. If a man has blasphemy in his heart,* why, that's different; Christ does not forgive that."

"That I know. I can understand that this is indeed so. The spirit is the spirit of glory and of freedom, things which man (at least man of the European type) will never again abandon, as well as of a harmony which extends to the whole of society, and which will create a rational society, founded on rational principles."

"You talk very subtly; but that doesn't matter. That's one way to do it."

A pillow was in his way, he placed the package with the documents under <it?>.

A letter: to her grace, the Princess, under the icons.

About Christ: "When I blurted that out."

If in the first person, ~~the scene~~ use this form for the passage about Brusilov:

I was crying, crying, crying, crying. I had been all alone for 5 years. Really, I didn't want to <do it?> at all, yet irrepressibly.** I told him about Souchard (all in answer to his questions). He is feeling sincere pity. Embraces Him, as his father. About the island, high school, the tattle-tale, *he always kept apart.* <His> theory—didn't want to tell about it. Explained it. He leaves, *skeptically* impressed. ~~The Youth~~ I was left alone. I had a strange feeling. I was embracing my father. I had finally found <him?>. That's how it is. I loved <him?>. Oh, for nothing in the world did I want to talk <about it>. But the idea—*had lost some of its lustre.* I crossed myself.

Even in the 2d part, a tingle of revulsion. He loves and doesn't love his father. "It started somehow strangely," he casually tells him about family life in general (all a lot like frou-frou).

After the discourse *on the spirit* <of Christianity>, he gets up at night to kiss her hand. But his aunt is asleep. Nightcap, drooping lip (Leo Tolstoi).

Frou-frou throughout the novel, including part two.

"But that would be too smart on her part. ~~All this is happening.~~ Moves which are too smart usually fail. Exceedingly subtle and delicate affairs always require that a touch of stupidity be added to their execution; otherwise they would fail."

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* Literally, "in his spirit."

** Incomplete phrase and unclear.

"People do not like ~~too~~ things that are clever beyond any doubt, and remain cool to them. Smart guys who are a little on the stupid side are more to people's liking. The more stupid, the closer. So that the smart guys who are on the stupid side are perhaps, in effect, smarter than those undoubtedly smart guys."

In a third-class railway carriage. A soldier's head in the window. April. Why didn't he take a third-class seat, but a second-class one? ~~At the ticket office~~ "I felt it would be mean to hide, and so I took <. . .> (at the ticket office, encounter with Liza).

He and his wife. "We get together and shame (upbraid) each other."

He, cursorily and suddenly, takes the Youth aback by such frequent statements:

"Why should I do good? Why should I love anybody?"[29]

"Really, one loves just so, not for any particular reason."

"Really, this is stupid. What sort of a system is this? 100,000 years of love, and then everything turns into an <ice-covered> rock. So much for human society in general. And as far as I am concerned, it is much closer than that."

"And still, you love."

"And still, this is stupid."

"All right, believe then."

"I do believe, I do believe with all my heart, I do believe precisely because it is impossible not to believe."

So then, it is almost unnatural to have so little control over oneself as He does, to be so subservient to one's passions as He is, and to work so little on oneself <as is true in His case>. Everybody says that he used to be a man of action, that he used to have goals which he actually pursued. And suddenly he is preaching Christianity! But if it is to be Christianity, where then are his feats? He's got a goal, he's got love. Why doesn't he do anything for it?"

"What an ardent, what a vigorous character," thinks the Youth (as he observes some of His strivings), "and what a flabby old woman he is at other times!"

When I saw Him at Souchard's, when he came to see me there, He appeared exceptionally beautiful and brilliant to me. When I met him in Petersburg, he looked entirely different (balding and gone to seed).

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[29] This is the question that Ivan Karamazov will pose in the meeting in Father Zossima's cell, at least hypothetically.

He comes to see the Youth and starts accusing himself: "I am a conglomerate of petty vanities," etc.

Once, *He* does not visit the Youth for a long time, after a dishonorable action. The Youth runs into him: "Why don't you ever come to see me?"

"Why, I was afraid of you, I really was. This is all so dishonorable that I thought that you were going to scold me a good deal, so I wouldn't even dare to face you."

All this fascinates the Youth, and *yet, though he is admitting his own dishonor,* he never expresses remorse: on the contrary, he is skeptical. However, it appears that he suffers. But what? The Youth is preoccupied with these questions.

When the Youth has already found out about His liaison with Liza, *He* comes to see him being terribly worried about what he should buy her (the Stepmother) for her name-day.

In a fit of passion He says to the Youth about Liza: "*I* am going to hang *her* with my own hands."

In the railway carriage. "No, I have seen the Vestal (the statue), she is covered from head to foot, that's more decent (there is the Bourbon museum, Naples)—simply a statue."

The Youth's own idea [His own idea.]. "I have power, and I am calm. I know that I want to eat well, and I can, whenever I want. Well, enough of that. I would eat a piece of bread and ham, and I'd be satisfied with the knowledge. High rank, the title of a Baron, women. I do not want to torture anybody, nor am I going to. But I know that if I wanted to have somebody tortured I could do it. Enough of that. I am poorly dressed. A learned man, a Galileo, whereas I am an ignoramus. But I know that I am stronger. And enough. Actually, I find it rather agreeable that I am so ignorant, and that's why I didn't go to the university and was a poor student in my last year <in high school>."

"Won't it be boring to accumulate wealth?"

"No."

"Yes. Patience, constant calculating, perpetual waiting, a full life, very good" (says He). "How did you come up with this idea?" (he gives the Youth a long, strange look).

Le ris tenta le rat. Le rat tata le ris.[30]

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[30] French: "The bait tempted the rat. The rat touched the meat (bait)."

He says to Liza, during their first tryst: "I do not understand you."

"Why then did you come here, if you don't? I have ~~called~~ come to tell you that I hate you. You are torturing my mother. You love the Princess."

N.B. He tells all this to his stepson. His scene with her is not described.

"Poison her? Come on, *I* won't exchange her for 1,000 the likes of you."

"Then I shall poison myself."

"Then poison yourself."

Just sitting there. Not saying a word.

Liza: "I want *you** to embrace and to kiss me right away."

The Youth to Him: "Why, it is quite impossible that she (Liza) should have a passion for you. You are an old man." And He feels as if something stabbed him.

NOTE (if in the third person). The *finale* of the novel. Everybody is dead. The Youth is left all by himself. Melancholy. Three days, just sitting around. He leaves his flat in the evening. The idea of acquiring wealth is fading away. The sun is setting above the Neva. "I want to live." ~~He prays~~ Every blade of grass prays. The Youth's prayer: "Save me, oh Lord, and I thank you that I want to live. And what will be, will be."

The young generation, entering life.

N.B. After Souchard,[31] as well as at Souchard's, the Youth initially made an effort to study very hard (he read Karamzin), but precisely with the idea of *withdrawing* <into himself> *and gathering strength.* And so it went on, starting from his first years at high school, even though he was being considered a dull boy who was getting where he did by his assiduousness only. "Let them," he thought, "it's just my looks that hurt me. I am liked by no one, [*His own idea.*] but later, in Paris, I will <make up for it>." Daydreams of a fourth grade high school student, how he <will> later <write> a dissertation and prove that his teacher didn't know a thing. He then goes to Paris, publishes in Paris, everybody takes him for a scholar. He is invited to come to Russia. I am not coming. I'll crush all those professors and academicians; I'll tell them that they are fools. And, having told them off, I'll stay there, rejecting all offers. I'll withdraw from the world.

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* She is using the intimate form *ty* ('thou").

[31] Nikolay I. Souchard, Dostoevsky's childhood French teacher.

They'll get even angrier and will start trying to prove that I am but an insignificant pygmy. They'll prove it. I'll wait on purpose for a long time, so that even the public will get to believe them, and so that I'll be completely forgotten and it will be considered disgraceful to have a high opinion of me. Then suddenly, after three or four years of silence, I <bring out> another book, in Paris and in French, with a preface saying that it is impossible to have it published in Russian. And again, Europe will raise a howl. And again they will be crushed. And so all my life. I'll make a point of never discussing any learned things, just trivialities, with learned Russians. (N.B. In his daydreams he always considered himself to be a great man.)[32]

(For Christ's sake, repent, miracles, coming from Kharkov, Eilekon,* the academy.)

Ungern-Shternberg.[33] (Two heads come down.)

Ruler of a deserted island. Since he was in the fifth grade of high school, the idea about <becoming a> Rothschild began to occupy him. "Shouldn't I become a mean character? Let them detest me, as long as I am powerful." Though he continued to be an excellent student, it was only due to the force of habit. But in the last grade he quit being a good student, on account of his idea of the triumph of the golden mean.

He tells him, in the middle of his confession: "I see that you always placed yourself first and foremost. [*His own idea.*] And this (uneducated) *golden mean* is nothing but that same pride. It is an excellent practical idea. To spend all one's life nursing one's pride and vanity. That is a tremendous job, and one can lead a full life with it and spend a pleasant life. And be not such a bad person on top of it."

He, inveighing against Souchard: "Tell me, what were you daydreaming about, in that corner of yours, my boy? (and I wasn't even aware of it)."

"This is what I was dreaming about," the Youth began, with his eyes flashing...—i.e., *under no circumstances* did he want to tell about it, but as his mood changed, he revealed everything.

And when he had left, he became *sad,* not because he had told about the island, but because he had betrayed his idea <to him>. It

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* I am not familiar with this obviously foreign name. Therefore, I just transliterated it.

[32] These daydreams remind one of the Underground Man's daydreams of glory, as well as those of Ippolit in *The Idiot.*

[33] See note 3 of this section.

was only the idea that was shaken. As for his confession, he wasn't ashamed of it in his thoughts. Nor was the idea shaken because He had failed to approve of it. On the contrary, He had listened to it very seriously and had said something mysterious. But it was shaken because he had told somebody else about it. "I did not explain it too well," he thought as he was falling asleep. Later, he became very much excited and confused on account of <some> social ideas.

"Come on, what could I pass on to the young generation?" He says. "I am a beggar myself. All my life I believed that I was a rich man who would never come to grief, and there, on the threshold of my old age, I find myself a beggar. There is nothing in me; ~~not that there ever was~~ it won't matter that there isn't, that I could bear. What's so sad [What really hurts] is that there never was."

He says: "Who were the nihilists? Essentially ~~we~~ we were, we, the perennial seekers of a higher idea. What you've got now are either indifferent dullards or monks. The former (they are the "men of action") are the ones who, incidentally, happen to shoot themselves not infrequently, all their businesslike attitude notwithstanding. As for the monks, they are socialists, believers to the point of madness, and they never shoot themselves."

"Come on, you don't say that nihilists never shoot themselves?"

"Only those who have become nihilists by mistake. Nihilism without socialism is a mere repulsive nihilistics,* and certainly not nihilism. That's a good name for it: 'nihilistics.' What you have got there is stupidity, or swindling, or being glad to have the right to be dishonorable, but certainly not nihilism. But most often it is being glad to have the right to be dishonorable. Genuine nihilism, true and pure, is based on socialism. Here, everybody is a monk. A veritable monastery, boundless, mad faith. That's why they reject everything else ~~the whole world~~, <just> because it is against socialism, <just> because they are believers. Everything that isn't of their faith is rejected. And what is against their faith? This whole world of ours. And so this world of ours is being rejected."

The Youth: "Are there any other categories, or are there just these two?"

"There is a third category, thoroughgoing scoundrels of various kinds, but these are the same at any time and any place, so there isn't any use to talk about them."

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* *Nigiliatina,* with a pejorative suffix difficult to duplicate in English.

Liza: "I have been blaming *the first comer* for not being the ideal <man>, but who are you in my life, but <such> first comer?"

I would call him a youth, if he hadn't passed 19. In fact, does one grow after 19?* If not physically, so at least morally.

Not a grain of truth.

About the drunken student. All this, he tells ~~her~~ to Liza.

This *Geschichte.***

In our society things are quite confused.

"A genuine nihilist cannot, must not, dare not become reconciled to any part of the existing <order>. Under no condition should he dare to make deals <with it>. And he knows only too well that any such deal is decidedly out of the question."

"Absolutely no moral ideas exist today," (He says) "suddenly, there isn't a single one left; and above all, it looks as if there hadn't ever been any."

"Well, and before?"

"I don't know anything about what was before. I only know that I looked around me and found nothing. Idealism."

"Were you already 40 years old when you looked around?"

"*Le temps n'y fait rien.*[34] However, let it be 40."

He has "an insatiable appetite for life."

"He also talks in a taciturn way (Vasin)."

"How is that, 'he talks in a taciturn way'? What sort of an expression is that?"

"Well, there are people who even talk as if they weren't saying a word. It is a good expression."

The Youth: "Now, that I know that I won't ever become a serious person, I have decided," etc.

To write in so much detail—that means that my whole life will have as many volumes as a code of laws.

He is explaining poetry to the Youth—"sweet lemonade." " 'Songs of the Western Slavs'—that is, sweet lemonade."

Nervous behavior.

According to a remark by Ivan Ivanovich Dmitriev, Derzhavin had two <participants> in Pugachev's rebellion hanged solely out of poetic curiosity.

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* Russian *podrostok,* "youth," is derived from *podrasti,* "to grow up. "

** *Geshikhta,* the Russian form of the German word meaning "story."

[34] French: "Time has nothing to do with it."

When Vasin left Him and the Youth, He tells the Youth: "He didn't say a word all the time, and the two of us did all the talking, making fools of ourselves." (Petty vanity. But here the Youth adds a note in the novel, saying that "to remain silent is good, beautiful, and safe," and how nice it would be to take advantage of this <maxim>.)

The Youth: "You are a stern judge of yourself."

He: "I have no use for this remark. Let me tell you that I shall never allow anybody to judge me. But so long as I still have a couple of rubles, I want to live in seclusion and do nothing. At least this gives me the satisfaction that I am not involved in anything; I have a clear conscience, since I am not participating in anything, not doing any damage, making no mischief, not dirtying myself along with them."

"Wagons that are hauling grain to mankind.[35] This is a lofty idea, yet a secondary one, and one that is great at a given moment only. For I know that, the moment I shall have changed stones into bread and feed mankind, man will immediately ask: 'All right then, I have satisfied my hunger; what shall we do now?' "

"Mankind has always acted that way: it would thirst for a great idea, yet couldn't stand the thought of it and, the moment it arose, men would invariably sneer at it and spit upon it, trying to see it as something below them. Just so they wouldn't have to give any thought to the great idea, (I presume that, even if you do not understand what I mean by 'that great idea,' you at least have a presentiment of it) they invariably come up with, always have come up with some secondary idea, *to divert their attention,* just so they wouldn't have to think of the great idea."

"Father, this sounds vague. What do you call 'a great idea'?"

He: "I don't know what. I know that it is [always] the thing from which *real life** springs, immediate, and not cerebral, manufactured, ~~fabricated~~ fabricated life."

The Youth: "What is real life?"

He: "Real life ought to be something terribly simple, something one meets every day, something that strikes the eye, something that

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* *Zhivaia zhizn',* literally, "living life."

[35] Compare this phrase with the words of Lebedev in *The Idiot:* "Vile as I am, I do not believe in the carts bring bread to humanity. For the carts bringing bread to humanity, without a moral basis to the act, may quite cold-bloodedly exclude a considerable part of mankind from the enjoyment of what is brought, which has already occurred" (Part III, Chapter 4).

is so simple we just don't want to believe that it could be that simple, and pass by without even noticing it, *not to speak* of recognizing it."

"The consequence of nihilism will be idealism," says the Youth.

"Not true," He retorts, "on the contrary, the most salutary and the most sobering positivism, for nihilism is itself, perhaps, *practically the last stage of idealism.*"

He: "I never judge anybody, and this is why I never make any definitive conclusions either" (answering the Youth's reproof), "this is because I do not want to judge anybody."

The Youth: "Why so?"

He: "Because I wouldn't dare."

The Youth: "But why so?"

He: "I don't know why, but this is what my conscience tells me. A certain wise person (the Princess) [my wife] says: because I do not know how to suffer. In order to become a judge, she says, it is necessary to acquire the right to judge through suffering. This sounds [a little grandiloquent,] but perhaps it is the truth."

"A Russian atheist, if only he has brains and a heart, is always inclined to show some affection for God, because he is a kind person and immeasurably pleased to be an atheist. Atheism is for him a source of pleasure, and not of suffering."

The Youth: "You always talk in an awfully, awfully abstract way."

He: "Don't you pick on me."

The railway station—they've arrived. "Why, it could be that nobody around here has anything to do, and that this is true of everybody."

He: "Before, a long time before, I used to think: 'The moment they emancipate the peasants they (the liberals) will immediately become terribly unhappy [here]. What will they have to talk about then?' But I was wrong. They recovered quickly: they immediately began to write *again*—and they still are shouting and writing about it—that the peasants must be emancipated."

The Youth: "Come on now, show me where."

He: "~~I assure you~~ At least they haven't come up with anything new."

The Youth calls him "daddy," sometimes "father," and on one occasion they keep calling each other *"father"* and *"sonny"** all evening,

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* *Batiushka,* which I have translated as "daddy," is both respectful and affectionate; *synok* ("sonny") is also very affectionate, but more formal and dignified than "sonny."

and *emphatically so.* But on the very next morning He is already frowning and no longer says "sonny," and another day later he asks the Youth to never again repeat this foolishness.

Being guided by a single idea.

"He has gorged himself with nihilistics, he has stuffed himself with nihilistics."

"Who are they to negate things? With them, even the negation of religion has been converted into a religion. ~~Idealists~~ These people are perpetually prayerful. Of course, I am not talking of the scoundrels and fools. There are an awful lot of scoundrels and schemers among them, though even more fools. Nihilistics. That's Lambert."

"Isn't that also a moral idea?"

"God knows. Let's change the subject."

"Thoroughgoing scoundrels."

A conversation at the nihilists' (he is delighted): *"Quae medicamenta non sanant,"*[36] etc., and then set fire to all the cities ~~villages~~ and villages all over the land, make that the beginning. "That's how I understand it." (It is the spy who says this; some others argue with him.)

The two late Rothschilds, and how much of a fortune they left, etc. (The Youth, making money, his idea.)

New.

According to the new plan of August 26.

Title of the novel: "Disorder."

The whole idea of the novel is to demonstrate that we have now general disorder, disorder everywhere and wherever you go, in society, in business, in guiding ideas (of which, [for that very reason,] there aren't any), in <our> convictions (which ,[for the same reason,] we don't have), in the disintegration of the family unit.

"If there are any passionate convictions, they are all destructive (socialism). There aren't any moral ideas; suddenly not a single one is left, and above all," *He* ~~the Youth~~ says, "one has the impression that there never were any."

"Well, after all, you, for instance, are a religious man."

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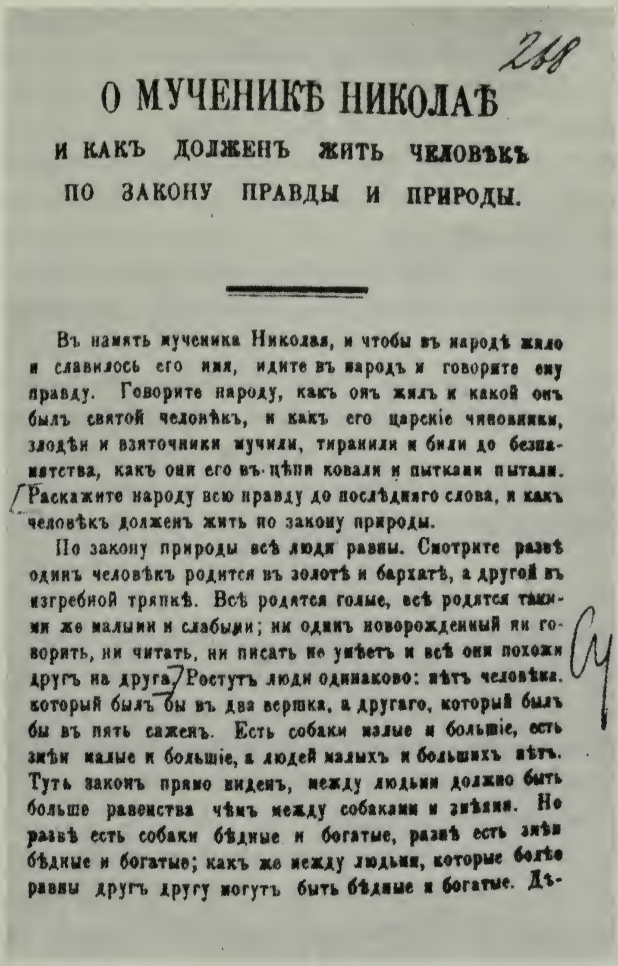
[36] Latin: "What medicine does not cure." In the final version, someone cries out the following when the Raw Youth enters the Dergachev apartment: *Quae medicamenta non sanant—ferrum sanat, quae ferrum non sanat—ignis sanat!"* ("What medicine does not cure, iron will cure; what iron does not cure, fire will cure.") (Part I, Chapter 3:3.) Quotation from Hippocrates. The quotation is used by Dostoevsky as a call for revolution.



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О МУЧЕНИКѢ НИКОЛАѢ

И КАКЪ ДОЛЖЕНЪ ЖИТЬ ЧЕЛОВѢКЪ

ПО ЗАКОНУ ПРАВДЫ И ПРИРОДЫ.

Въ память мученика Николая, и чтобы въ народѣ жило и славилось его имя, идите въ народъ и говорите ему правду. Говорите народу, какъ онъ жилъ и какой онъ былъ святой человѣкъ, и какъ его царскіе чиновники, злодѣи и взяточники мучили, тиранили и били до безпамятства, какъ они его въ цѣпи ковали и пытками пытали. Разкажите народу всю правду до послѣдняго слова, и какъ человѣкъ долженъ жить по закону природы.

По закону природы всѣ люди равны. Смотрите развѣ одинъ человѣкъ родится въ золотѣ и бархатѣ, а другой въ изгребной тряпкѣ. Всѣ родятся голые, всѣ родятся такими же малыми и слабыми; ни одинъ новорожденный ни говорить, ни читать, ни писать не умѣетъ и всѣ они похожи другъ на друга. Ростутъ люди одинаково: нѣтъ человѣка, который былъ бы въ два вершка, а другаго, который былъ бы въ пять саженъ. Есть собаки малые и большіе, есть змѣи малые и большіе, а людей малыхъ и большихъ нѣтъ. Тутъ законъ прямо виденъ, между людьми должно быть больше равенства чѣмъ между собаками и змѣями. Но развѣ есть собаки бѣдные и богатые, развѣ есть змѣи бѣдные и богатые; какъ же между людьми, которые болѣе равны другъ другу могутъ быть бѣдные и богатые. Съ-

This is one of the proclamations composed by the conspiratorial group, the Dolgushintsy, who are referred to in the notes. The title reads: "About the Martyrdom of Nikolay and how man should live according to the law of truth and nature." The text concerns itself with the fact that all men are born equal and consequently should be equal in society.

"All I need is to lose that, too."

[February, 3d part.] "You, for instance," he says to the Youth, "have chosen the idea of <becoming a> Rothschild. This idea is another bit of evidence concerning our moral disorders. You want to withdraw into *your own* burrow and shun everybody, and you are taking action to make this possible."

Liza is an example of complete moral disorder; she refuses to live without happiness.

The Dolgushins are another instance of moral disorder.

"Let *them* be wrong," says the Youth, "yet *their* convictions imply honor and duty, and consequently there can be no talk of disorder in this instance."

"Convictions implying honor and duty, and aimed at universal destruction; that's some fine order for you; however, *I* don't want to argue with you," He says.

The Youth is convinced, up to about the middle of the novel, that He has married her for her money. And there, suddenly, he returns 200,000.

<His> Stepmother is very young, 24 years old. Toward the end, absolutely the young Prince. *He* takes his vengeance. "For everything."

Liza makes the Youth believe that He is selling his wife to the young Prince, (or that the Stepmother is being supported by the old Prince).

The Stepmother suspects that He has a liaison with Liza and, having discovered that this is indeed so, she surrenders herself to the Prince, but not for revenge, but from despondency: "I am a predatory type myself."

The Stepmother dies insane ~~and embraces~~. Even before, when she had surrendered herself to the young Prince, she embraces Him and says: "What will become of you?"

He says to the Youth: "Live to the moment. I do not believe in a future life; consequently, there is no need to engage in *moralizing*."

"Is that why you keep immoralizing?"* says the Youth.

"No, not just because of that; I am generally a scoundrel, but that's all right that way" (this is already after the icons).

Toward the end: ("Faith in duty, and convictions—that is happiness.")

The Princess hates Him, in addition to other reasons, because she suspects that He is ready to sell his wife to the old Prince. (The Stepmother is a relative of the old Prince's.) (Perhaps this is slander on the part of Liza, but perhaps it is true.)

?He married a girl who was being supported by the Prince (i.e., the Stepmother was said to be supported <by the old Prince>, until she inherited 200,000 herself).

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* Nravstvennichat' ("engage in moralizing") and *beznravstvennichaete* "you keep immoralizing" are neologisms formed *ad hoc* and difficult to translate.

A will in favor of the Stepmother.

He is scheming, among other things, <to show> that the Princess is in possession of a forged will.* (The plot!)

The Youth realizes immediately that the Stepmother *cannot be sold* (for reason of her exalted character), but it is true that she and the old Prince are friends, since they are distant relatives. She respects the old Prince as the benefactor of her family (Al. Alekseevich). However, as far as He is concerned, it is still true that He has received a good deal of money from the Prince to cover his own expenses (pocket money, and some secret <expenditures>). And suddenly the Youth learns that this man, who had married a girl for her money, has returned 200,000, and even without making any fuss about it.

His is "an insatiable appetite for life."

A tormentor of his wife. ~~+~~

[February, 3d part.] "Is this also a part of your appetite?" (i.e., torturing his wife) asks the Youth.

"Certainly," He replies.

The Princess is convinced that the Youth belongs to His gang in the affair of the will. (Think it all over.)

(N.B. Shorten the railway journey.)

Liza says: "If I had lived in the 16th century, I would have been a poisoner."

"I like disorder," (Liza suddenly says).

He is in love (with the Princess, after a fashion).

"You are an old goat, that's what you are."**

[February, 3d part.] "Why shouldn't I be one, why shouldn't I live to take care of my own arse, what else is there to do? Worry about the common good, make your contribution to the happiness of future generations? To hell with them, what the devil do I care? Let them tell me something more serious to support such notions!"

"Well, this is a moral feeling, a striving to do one's duty, a thirst for harmony."

He comes back with the shopkeepers. "No, my friend, it couldn't be that things rest upon a sense of duty and of harmony; it must be something natural. ~~pressure~~ A natural pressure, like that which makes a tree produce fruit, or a bird build a nest and hatch its eggs. The pressure of nature."

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* The Russian sentence is not quite grammatical and is unclear.

** *Vy myshinyi zherebchik,* literally, "you are a grey stallion,"where *zherebchik* is literally, "a little stallion." Disparaging and slightly obscene.

"All right, let it be that way."

"Oh no, nobody ever consulted me about this arrangement of things, so why should I submit to it, if, perhaps, I mustn't?"

"But if you have no will, if you can't help submitting?"

"Well, didn't I say *perhaps?* But for the time being, I don't know, and I am going to try it out."

"Why, this is atheism!"

He: "I was just making fun."

Vasin was not saying anything, stood up silently, and left.

N.B. This conversation took place at Vasin's flat. Vasin had come to see him having learned that he had returned 200,000. However, only He and the Youth did any talking, while Vasin was listening all the time. So that later He is embarrassed and angry that He talked so much.

He actually *had lived* with Liza. In the end, <her> Mother found out about it. Liza alternately enthralls Him during their trysts, and tortures him the rest of the time. Liza once made an attempt to enthrall the young Prince, but he rejected her. An insult. After her stepmother goes mad and dies, Liza hangs herself.

The essence of the Novel is this: His untidy love for Liza and the sufferings from it. His love and admiration for His wife, and their mutually inflicted sufferings. Yet they are hiding the secret from each other. His love-hatred for the Princess.

On one occasion Liza enticed the Youth and surrendered herself to him, ~~He~~ actually sensing beforehand the Youth's horror after the act. She laughs at his horror.

Vasin suddenly tells Him: "You were compromised in connection with such-and-such-affair," he says.

"No, I was not."

"You participated in such-and-such."

"The proof is in the fact that I am here, talking to you."

"However, you were compromised," Vasin remarked in his taciturn way.

"To make money is dishonorable," *He* tells him. "Well, you buy cheaper, you sell at a higher price—you've cheated twice."

The Youth gets to think.

"There must be a line," he says. "Nobody would have given this soldier more, this is a market."

"You think a little, and you'll see that there is no line."

Conversation with Him, but already a long time after he has revealed the secret about Rothschild, and somehow by accident. As a

result of this conversation, the Youth begins to waver, but there is a moment when he would rather be a crook, but with money.

"If I renounce this idea," the Youth thinks, "what is there left for me to do? There is nothing for me to do then: it is very stupid to live that way. Unless one decides to enjoy life the way my father does.* I do not believe in socialism. If <one believes> in religion, one ought to go all the way and become a monk. What shall one believe?"

And very soon after this conversation, He suddenly bursts out laughing:

"Has this really discouraged you so much? The devil take it, haven't you ever come to think of this yourself? Why, you knew all along what you were up to and, as it appears to me, you are no simpleton: you keep asking questions, and looking for the answers."

"I have been thinking of that even before," the Youth said gloomily.

[February, 3d part.] "But before, until somebody else told you the same thing, you didn't believe in what had occurred to you? That makes sense, that's what always happens to people. However, I certainly did not say this to dissuade you from your idea. Frankly, your idea is a good one, and is worth as much as any other idea. Keeping busy in life <leads to?> the destruction of ideas."

The Youth frequently regrets** that he is never going to be a serious person.

?N.B. Vasin's father, who has sold his wife, goes to see ~~him~~ Him because he thinks that He, too, has sold his wife.

Though Vasin is a senior member of the secret society, all the other members disagree with him on many points, and some are his enemies and actually look at him with suspicion.

The Youth *must* witness, in the course of the novel, a number of exceedingly craven acts on His part. He must be coming to see the Youth *all excited,* to tell him that nobody in His family respects him, that they refuse to consider Him the head of the family, etc.

When the Stepmother has surrendered herself to the young Prince, the young Prince suggests that He sell <him> his wife.

A NEW TRAIT: *He* absolutely must be jealous of his wife even before <her affair with> the young Prince. He (the father) is mistrustful. He

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* *V klubniku pustit'sia,* literally, "to go into plucking strawberries." See n. (*), p. 55, above.

** *Plachet,* literally, "cries."

keeps looking under beds,[37] <lies awake> at night listening. Liza takes notice of all this and subsequently exposes it. In the beginning the Youth suspects nothing, he just sees that something is wrong in the house. One day they're like turtle doves, the next day there is a hysterical scene, and suddenly He takes the Youth aback by *informing* him that his wife is having an affair with so-and-so. The Youth refuses to believe it, but He insists that it is true, and the Youth is almost made to believe it.

The affair ends with Him put to shame. Contempt, Liza's jeers on account of this affair,* yet it had been Liza herself who, to some extent, had been egging him on. All this happens *before* the Youth learns about His liaison with Liza, or about His love for the Princess, about which he is also told by Liza.

N.B. The Stepmother, on the other hand, is jealous of a chambermaid; then again of certain other trivial involvements, but most of all of the Princess. Liza is also trying to fan this jealousy of hers for the Princess. Being aware of it all, He is furious. The torments inflicted on his wife ~~Altogether the Youth~~ are organized. "He needs a nurse," etc.

Altogether, the Youth is amazed at the contrast between His definitive, severe, and exaltedly fascinating convictions (or reversed convictions) and the surprisingly unfinished state of his character in real life. He is easily swayed, he is a slave of his impressions.

"What have you found in Him?" the Youth asks Liza indignantly.

"He has debauched me, and must belong to me," Liza replies, "because I can't stand him, and because I despise him." (That He has debauched her is a lie.)

N.B. Liza *absolutely* suggests to Him that he must poison his wife, threatening that she is going to tell ~~her~~ <her> mother everything. But she finds out by herself. The Stepmother finally guesses what is going on, mainly as a result of some amazing scenes between Liza and Him.

These scenes are arranged as follows. In the beginning, the <Step> mother ~~was scolding on account of them~~ was angry with Liza for being so insolent to Him. Then later, she got curious and began to take a closer look at what was going on. Finally, his cowardly behavior before Liza, a number of careless actions on Liza's part, and

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* Or: "Liza's contempt and jeers on account of this affair."

[37] Dostoevsky's father was supposed to have looked under his daughters' beds in search of suitors.

several slips on his, made her suspicious. When she first became suspicious, she initially experienced a jealous animal curiosity, later a boundless sadness, and an exaltation of her own character. She made an attempt to get something out of the Youth, as she came to see him and cried (a scene, more gracefully). Finally, in a violent scene, Liza tells her everything herself. A scene.

Then, the Stepmother all of a sudden surrenders herself to the Prince. Liza accuses her vehemently. "You were a saint. Why did you deprive me of yourself?" Liza's fury ~~she hangs herself~~. The Stepmother's madness. Liza hangs herself.

"You can't love me, having noticed so many funny traits about me," He says to Liza.

Two ideas. *Definitively.*

Liza never submitted to Him, but she is carrying on a love affair with Him, and goes on rendezvous' with Him. She tortures Him by leaving him uncertain. Does she love Him, or does she hate Him? She offers to poison her <Step>mother. "You are mad," He says. Perhaps Liza herself does not know whether she loves or hates Him. Leave it that way, don't ever clarify it.

In a mad fit of passion, Liza surrenders herself to the young Prince (earlier, she has been inciting His jealousy of her mother and the young Prince). She causes Him terrible suffering by her admission: "Why, I have been his mistress for a long time," i.e., the young Prince's (she is lying). ~~He goes into a mad frenzy as a result of this, chops up some icons, a duel.~~

The Stepmother, having found out about it from Liza, dies, having lost her mind. Liza suddenly becomes utterly devoted to her dying Stepmother. She abandons the young Prince, as they part enemies (she sneers at him, drives him to a frenzy, spits on him as he is groveling at her feet). And when her Stepmother dies, she hangs herself.

N.B. Not necessary that the stepmother submit to the young prince.

It is not necessary that Liza *submit to Him even once*. Love without it.

Or thus: ~~Liza, in order to drive him to a frenzy, surrenders herself to the Prince. He chops up some icons and leaves the house to challenge the Prince to a duel. Then the Stepmother, fearing <that> the challenge <might be accepted>, rushes to see the young Prince begging him not to accept the challenge. "You have promised to be my friend," she says. "Save Him, save Liza. Save me from these disorders, from this terror. I always used to love you a little, ever since~~

~~we were children. Please, give me back my peace of mind" (at this point, dreams of the past, of an ideal). She dies in a feverish state, in a frenzy.~~

~~N.B. So that, though the Stepmother did rush to see the Prince, *nothing* at all ever happened between them.~~ [Think over the pro and contra. A task]

The death of his wife brings Him back to his senses, he is stunned, there is no duel. After his wife's death, hatred for Liza, she hangs herself on the day of <her Stepmother's> funeral.

But what does this *domestic** disorder mean, and what is its role as far as the whole poem is concerned?

The idea is that, theoretically, He has worked out a rule according to which nothing on earth has any value. Yet in practice He is fully devoted to <life on> earth. He is ashamed to live, yet in fact he has great vitality.

He who denies everything and is desperate about not having anything to cling to is at the same time attached *to everything.*

Think over the possibility of a *first-person* narrative. Many advantages; much freshness, the figure of the Youth would emerge more typical. Nicer. I'll be able to cope better with the character, with the personality, with the essence of that personality. It is all written while he is under arrest, for the second time, in connection with the Lambert affair and the murder of Perchatkin.

It will be easier to describe as something typical *the passion of arson,* i.e., the passion to set fires (comparing the plot against the Princess with incendiarism). His and Liza's characters will take shape in a more typical fashion, and more gradually.

A task.

Finally, descriptions could proceed more rapidly and more concisely. Instances of naïveté. Make the reader develop a liking for the Youth. They'll get to like him, and then they'll read the novel to the end. If the Youth as a character should turn out a failure, the whole novel will.

August 27.

Give it a good deal of thought. Color. Will I succeed in giving life to this character? If I write the novel in the *first person,* this will

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* Or: "family," "familial."

undoubtedly give it more unity, and less of *that* what Strakhov[38] has been criticizing me for, i.e., too large a number of characters and subjects.[39] But what about the style and the tone of the Youth<'s narrative>? This style and tone may help the reader in anticipating the dénouement.

The plot against the Princess (details).

About a year and a half prior to the beginning of the novel He married the widow of a General, who is a former ward and a very distant relative of the old Prince. She was then 24 years old. But before that, He had for some time made a strong impression upon the Princess (the Princess, a young society lady, 26 years old, is the old Prince's second or third wife). The Princess has a rather somber and most impressionable character, though not without an occasional, exceedingly bright flash of light. A society lady's presumption, insufferable arrogance, the stubbornness and punctiliousness of an Englishwoman (the wife of <Lord> Byron),[40] petty vanity—this is her high society aspect. On the other hand, she shows flashes of true generosity, flashes of genuine philanthropy, mystic inclinations (which is how He gained influence on her, i.e., through religion, preaching) and, of late, an inclination toward socialism (perhaps it could be arranged so that Vasin might have some influence on her). As for His influence of a year and a half earlier, it undoubtedly existed, and even not without an element of budding love. It was the Princess who had declared herself, a fact she is forever ashamed of, and most painfully so. There also had been a rendezvous, at some sort of a dive, something like a tavern, where they had suddenly quarrelled. The principal reason for their quarrel at the tavern may have been his crude seminarian* blundering in selecting the place of their rendezvous, as well as the obviousness, bordering on coarse and comical blatancy, with which he had made his preparations for a certain triumph.

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* Untranslatable: Russian seminarians were notorious for semiliteracy, crudity, and clumsy manners, coupled with "intellectual" presumption.

[38] Nikolay Nikolaevich Strakhov (1828–96), critic and philosopher, conservative in view. He cultivated the friendship of both Tolstoy and Dostoevsky and was biographer and critic of both. Dostoevsky took very seriously his criticism of *The Idiot.*

[39] Translation of the word *"siuzhet."* This word in Dostoevsky's time meant "theme" as a structural element.

[40] Dostoevsky was perhaps familiar with Macaulay's biography of Byron in which the domestic crisis of Lord Byron's life is treated.

Absolutely include in the Youth's narrative a description of this rendezvous and its setting, with details à la L<eo> T<olstoi>. (N.B. In his narrative, it might come out even more concise, more naked, leaving more things unsaid.)

Silver and gold.

They parted as enemies, and yet His sudden marriage to the Stepmother terribly angers the Princess. Without spreading any slanderous rumors, she was sincerely convinced that He had married a woman kept by the old Prince, and that his function was that of a paid, dummy husband. He feels very much insulted by this, and greatly resents being so affronted by the Princess, but most of all <he suffers from> the memory of the rendezvous. The Princess is a seeker of *the serious;* a puritan, with sudden flashes of extraordinary femininity, gracefulness, and *joie de vivre.*

Of late, i.e., immediately after Him, the young Prince, too, has had some influence on her. There is really some love here; however, it is a kind of motherly adoration, so that she even forgives him his betrayals, for instance, *en haut lieu*[41] (there is only one betrayal which she does not forgive him—it is his affection, a pure one as it turns out, for the Stepmother). Actually she had quarreled with Him, a year and a half earlier, because He had started to preach to her about her being an adulteress, even if she was only mentally unfaithful to her husband; whereas she had, on that occasion, freely confessed to him her motherly affection for the young Prince.

Then, a strange game had developed. Up to that point she had been sincerely impressed by His preaching, but now she suddenly noticed that there was hidden, behind his sermon to her: "Do not commit adultery," His own jealousy toward the young Prince, and a desire to lure her over to himself, i.e., "commit adultery not with him, but with me." This is where she exposed Him (at a point where she was already beginning to love Him, yet with her inner self seeking convulsively to escape from this love, which seemed repulsive to her), and this was also the theme of their rendezvous at the wretched tavern so *inappropriately selected* by him.

During that year and a half of separation He had to bear a good deal of scorn and contemptuous opinions from her, but it was precisely this very fact that elicited in Him some sort of inexplicable passion and desire for the Princess, a love of pride, *la haine dans*

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[41] French: "In high places."

l'amour,[42] etc. As for real love, perhaps there actually wasn't any. But He always assumed that there might be a little bit of that same *haine dans l'amour* in the Princess, too, and was still dreaming of regaining her heart. However, of late He was almost forced to abandon such hope, on account of her terribly contemptuous attitude toward Him.

This is already after the novel has started, and it will be *necessary* to invent such a scene (perhaps the theft of those diamonds). On which occasion He intercedes for ~~the boy~~ <his> son. It's the Princess who has made the Prince believe that He is preaching *l'evangile,* and about those relics. And it is Vasin who converts the old Prince to atheism.

Furthermore, about two years earlier the old Prince had had an attack of softening of the brain (Lamansky).[43] That's when he lost his positions. It was at that time that the Princess, in her efforts to intervene in favor of the young Prince, her husband's <legal> heir, wrote a letter to Andreev telling him that the old Prince had made a will leaving his entire capital to the Stepmother (a fiction, but where did it originate?).

N.B. She also told Him about it, not knowing yet of his impending marriage to that very same Stepmother, and so she was quite stunned when she suddenly heard (already after their rendezvous at the tavern) that He was going to marry that *kept woman.*

N.B. In the course of the novel, the Princess is stunned by the fact that He returns 200,000; also, He proves to the Princess that there is nothing in the will about leaving anything to the Stepmother; so that there takes place (already in the novel) an attempt at a reconciliation between the Princess and Him; however, it ends in another quarrel and contempt.

And so, when the old Prince was suffering from softening of the brain, the Princess wrote a letter to Andreev concerning how the old Prince might be declared insane and the will which he had just then made, invalid (she trusted Andreev as she would herself). Also, a letter to Andreev about the young Prince (in reply to old Andreev's suspicion that she was in love with the young Prince) <somehow> turned up, and this letter, too, could, *if necessary,* compromise her.

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[42] French: "Hate in love."

[43] Porfiry Ivanovich Lamansky (1824–75), a government official with whom Dostoevsky was slightly acquainted, and who committed suicide from a deranged mind. Dostoevsky wrote to his wife on February 6, 1875: "Imagine Porfiry Lamansky died from a dagger struck in his heart!"

Still in Andreev's lifetime the Princess had once, all of a sudden, asked him to return those letters to her, and he had replied that he had destroyed them (burned them) immediately. Which was not true.

After Andreev's death, the Princess, fearing an intrigue on His part, i.e., a denunciation to the Prince, a denunciation on His part, with the aim of having her excluded from the will ~~(for he is young)~~, goes to see one of the aunts with whom she had been on friendly terms before, begging her to let her have those letters, but the aunt says that she hasn't found anything of the kind.

This scene: the Youth was asleep behind a screen, and the aunt didn't know it. The Youth woke up and involuntarily, as well as voluntarily, listened in to her confession about the letters, concluding, though not quite clearly, that the Princess was afraid of those letters. At this point he got up, stepped out from behind the screen, much to the Princess's embarrassment. Then he realized that, from there on, the Princess was going to be afraid of him. (N.B. He hates the Princess, i.e., he loves her passionately, which he has confessed to the reader *beforehand.*) But she gets to be even more contemptuous and rude toward him; at this point the insult <which the Youth suffers at the hands> of the young Prince, and the scene with the theft of the diamonds.

During a night of despair, when the Youth is aimlessly walking around the city, the thought of the letters suddenly occurs to him. [Or simply, he accidentally finds a package of Andreev's correspondence.] He recalls that there is a package of letters at the flat. (N.B. He has already *learned* from Him that these letters have great importance.) And there, without any previous intention or plan to take vengeance <on her>, he starts looking for these letters and finds them.

Having found them, he has an idea which begins to torment him. (N.B. Perhaps he is no longer working for the Prince by that time.) From some conversations with Him, very cleverly conducted by the Youth, he sees that the Princess is quite vulnerable to pressure. *At first* he isn't after the money, nor does he want *to have* the Princess, but simply wants to triumph, to show them, to be a success (at first he had been daydreaming of shooting somebody).

(Fantasy about Ungern-Shternberg.)[44] This fantasy is related by *a dreamer,* a most kindly person (couldn't he be Vasin's brother?). Now, *as is* generally *the case with* adolescent *passion for incendiarism,* he is

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[44] See note 3 of this section.

seized by a feeling of his own power. He does not tell Him that he has found those letters.

Finally, he reveals to Him a plan, still remote and vague, how to violate her.* He consults with Him. The other man is amazed, then falls to thinking, and is stunned. He says nothing. Apparently he doesn't want to say what he is thinking, or give advice. But the idea obviously appeals to Him.

What is *most characteristic* about it all is the fact that the Youth, when telling Him about those letters, gives him nothing really definite, i.e., that he has actually discovered that correspondence, but merely makes a supposition to the effect that if one could find these letters, such-and-such might be done.

When the Youth is discussing that [fantastic] letter to the Princess, meant to lure her to an appointment, He gives him this bit of advice: the letter of invitation ought to contain one or two characteristic expressions quoted from her correspondence with Andreev—"I bet you that'll scare her." "If I had those letters in my hands, I'd know what expressions precisely," He says, but the Youth remains silent. (N.B. The Youth deeply despises Him for the very thing he had himself wanted to do.)

He comes to see him several days later, looking positively alarmed, in order to talk him out of it, and indirectly advises him not to go through with it, i.e., he says that any such idea, if there actually were a person who had such an idea, would amount to a low-down trick. On the occasion of this visit He inadvertently reveals his thoughts to the Youth by asking one *careless* question, which he doesn't notice himself, something like: "Well, what about that business with the letters?" etc. Which suggests to the Youth that he has taken it all seriously, that he is awaiting the effect <of the plot>, that he wishes it to materialize, but by someone else's hands, and that, morally, he is seeking to detach himself even in the eyes of the Youth.

But at this time the Youth is overcome by a feeling of disappointment. He views the idea with the letters with hatred; quarrels and exchanges angry words with Him.

But the thing gives Him no rest. He tells Liza about the letters, though in a roundabout way. Liza has some caustic comments on the baseness of His thinking, as well as regarding the fact that he, apparently, is still interested in the Princess, as a result of which He aban-

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* *Plan nasiliia,* literally, "a plan of violence."

dons the idea altogether and becomes even more spiteful than before. But then Liza, having won this victory, proceeds to use her charms on the Youth and finds out about the letters from him. The Youth is stunned by the fact that Liza knows <about the letters>, and since no one except He could have told her, he now for the first time begins to suspect that they are in liaison. Friendship, and almost love, between the Youth and Liza (<initially> Liza is putting him on, but later she is very nearly carried away by love herself, for hers is such a nature that a planned game of love, once it has taken possession of her, will rapidly turn into real love, even though it will last only as long as *the game*). It is Liza who concocts the whole scheme. She incites the Youth, arranging for him to be insulted by the Princess again, etc.

They are working on it, but He meets her on the occasion of returning those 200,000 (through Vasin, maybe). The Princess makes an attempt ~~concerning the letters~~ to determine whether the letters might be in His hands, while He, seeing this, and becoming convinced (falsely) that the Princess had sent for him and was trying to effect a reconciliation merely in order to find out about those letters, makes a rude insinuation to this effect. She turns pale and asks Him to leave. He feels insulted, even though he had behaved in a dignified way. He immediately goes to see the Youth and now asks him directly whether or not he has found those letters. (But no more than that, without making any mention of the chance <that he might now be willing to go along> with his plan.) The Youth answers that he hasn't, but tells Liza that He has been asking him. This gives Liza another occasion to make fun of Him: how He is being abused by the Princess, how she has once more shown him the door, etc. But what is most important, He is stunned by the fact that the Youth has told Liza (for who else could have?), and deduces from it that there actually must be a letter. Nevertheless, having discovered that Liza is involved in the affair, He again seeks to dissuade the Youth, and in a (tumultuous) scene swears that he will warn the Princess.

At this point Lambert suddenly <enters the scene>. Liza now joins Lambert and tries to talk the Youth into abandoning <his scheme>. But Lambert is being careless and lets the Youth know about it (thus betraying Liza), for he needs some material help from the Youth.

But having learned from the Youth that He has perhaps already informed the Princess <. . .> (N.B. When He threatened to inform the Princess, the Youth failed to pass this phrase on to Liza, ~~wishing~~ since he was himself struggling with his noble<r> feelings, which he did not expect Liza to have. But then Lambert again made him

change his mind.) Lambert comes to see him, asks some direct questions, and even tells him what to do. (He was ill at the time—from <the incident with> the Princess, from Liza's surrender to the little Prince, from the flight of his own wife, etc.) Having analyzed Lambert and realized that this thing is really going to be a scandal (the violation), He agrees <to join in> and says that he has not warned <the Princess>. His struggle with himself: should he warn her or not? All of which He later ~~admits~~ tells the Youth in his confession.

But the Youth relates this to the reader even before the confession.

At this point, a scene with the Princess, the Youth gives Lambert a surprise. Lambert gets up and leaves.

They lure her to the aunt's flat. They know for sure that she doesn't know the aunt's hand. The aunts had left on a pilgrimage. Liza is hiding there, etc.

A note, August 31.

The Youth writes that, in explaining his facts he must inevitably make mistakes, and this is why, if ever possible, only the bare facts will be given.

N.B. August 31. A factual presentation in *the first person,* by the Youth, will undoubtedly reduce the length of the novel, *if I succeed.*

August 31.

Absolutely. Draw attention to the extraordinary amount of disharmony and *nervous tension* in His family, including the Stepmother and Liza: to perpetual grumbling, suffering, and pain which, as far as He is concerned, ~~sometimes~~ almost invariably end right there. Tragic as things may have looked, they come to an *abrupt* end in forgiveness and reconciliation, as he cheerfully forgets everything. But they never end that way for the Stepmother, who always forgives everything but in whose heart the pain keeps lingering and growing. (Liza is there, too.) When he feels the pain growing within, he sometimes awakens the Stepmother at night. Explain her eventual rebellion and flight to the Prince as a result of her derangement: "I am myself a predatory type."

The psychology lies in the fact that she is stunned by Liza's action. She may have suspected for a long time that Liza was living with Him; but though she was suspecting it, she always refused to believe it. On the contrary, some terrible things were happening to her: self-accusations, self-*derision.* On one occasion she actually makes an attempt to confess the *"baseness"* of her suspicions to Him and to Liza, and she tells <them> of her dream (which she had really dreamt) about Liza's liaison with *Him.* But in the end she cannot stand <the

thought of> that dream; she bursts into tears and begs Liza's and His forgiveness on her knees (the Youth is a witness of that scene).

But then, having learned that Liza has been seeing the Prince, and when *He and Liza give themselves away* in her presence (the icons), she is so thunderstruck that she goes out of her mind.

When she leaves <her husband> for the Prince she is already mad, and moreover, in so doing she is following Liza's example. The Prince shows Liza the door. This is where He makes an effort to challenge the Prince to a duel, *but not on account of Liza, but on account of the Stepmother.* The Stepmother dies having been unable to stand these disorders.

August 31.

EXCEEDINGLY IMPORTANT. The first idea of violating the Princess belongs to the Youth, not to Lambert. As for Lambert, he only wants 30,000 (and actually thinks of killing her). In this "idea" there lies "the terrible crime of the Youth."

N.B. "I would have never dared to even open my mouth to say such a thing to the Princess," *writes* the Youth. "I would have started, and then my voice would have failed me. I was imagining it a thousand times, as I was roaming the streets of the city. And yet I decided that I would absolutely bring off the rendezvous. And that's why I was trying not to think of how badly I would be scared, and if I was imagining anything at all, I was imagining only the moments of triumph which were to follow. I was seeking to reassure myself by thinking how *base they were.*"

August 31.

Think over part one, i.e., already the details of details.

TASK. That the reader have, toward the end of part one, a presentiment of the importance of the ending (of the idea) and of a further development of the idea of the novel. A plot. Conclude part one at the most interesting spot.

Another most important note. The Youth must write (the whole novel) in the same unexpected and original fashion as <the episode about> frou-frou.

September 1.

A doubt resolved.

There is nothing pathetic or sympathetic about the novel.

"What do you like yourself?"

The novel is going to be a failure and will turn out *artificial and forced* if it doesn't have the following: the character of the Youth, tortured, overwrought, suffering, and gloomy, with flashes of light

and of joy, who has retreated into his somber idea and who, in his clashes with the outside world, sees the problems, the tasks, the horror <of life>. So that only then can one see how the Youth could have come up with such a somber idea.

1st, the childhood of the Youth (absolutely), in a number of fragments throughout the novel, cursorily, how they used to beat him at the boarding school. For instance, when he defends the sick child. His long-suffering late mother, his first friendship, Lambert, etc.—all cursorily.

Sufferings of the Youth at the boarding school, *absolutely* in a cursory manner, and how they nicknamed him *the barn-owl.* Not only cursorily, but even *as if he didn't want to tell about it.* A good many *things that remain unsaid,* but this will make it all the clearer to the reader. On one occasion he tells Lambert about his sufferings at the boarding school (and at high school)—only 6 lines. On another occasion he recalls Brusilov. Later, about how the idea of alienation was conceived by him early, to be precise, when he was dreaming of becoming king of an island known to no one, near the Pole, or in the middle of a lake in Central Africa.

Couldn't he be Brusilov?

He is Brusilov, which he mentions only once in his notes (Lambert is the son of Souchard; that's where they became friends). He never told Him about it, never complained, <being> proud.

"At times I thought that I might take my revenge on Souchard, even burn his house; I was giving it a good deal of thought, but couldn't make up my mind. Neither could I make up my mind to run away. (I am a coward.)"

His character is gloomy, hypochondriac, nervous, suspicious. But <occasionally> a ray of light <would break> through the clouds. Youth. And, finally, the great idea wins out. But he has terrible pride, so that he does not complain to anybody. The tone of his notes is somber and naïve. Sometimes naïvely ironic, but sincerely so. A seeker and a wanderer. His father was then a Brusilov, a grand seigneur (of the middle bracket). *Il faut le rosser.*[45]

He is also the one who dreams about Ungern-Shternberg.[46]

"I must admit that I am a terrible dreamer and a coward; I am admitting this *before myself.* If I had to admit it before other people,

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[45] French: "You have to beat him."

[46] See note 3 of this section.

I'd rather die. I could never imagine myself in my thoughts as anything but the head man, as a hero. I could never accept a secondary role. And therefore, when it comes to making a fortune, it must absolutely be a million."

He is from a very good family and not a government official, nor a lawyer, but a wanderer all his life, who has spent two average fortunes in his lifetime. Never managed to make a career. To be sure, he did manage to start a law practice.

See the biography. Combine with the inheritances and with Brusilov.

His aunt removed him from Souchard's <boarding school> and placed him in a high school (cursorily). In high school, they used to beat him up. Tattle-tale. Barn-owl. Lambert. Souchard has died, and Lambert only has his mother.

The Youth is both petty and profound; he knows a lot, and is naïve; and gloomy. Overwrought. But resurrection and light in the end. *And do not* explain why light and resurrection.

The Youth has his own flat. A doorman in a government building. An unctuous fellow. (It is this doorman who takes the kidnaped boy over to His place.) The boy was with the doorman's sick daughter. The boy was later begging to be taken to that girl, and the Youth used to take him there. Death of the little girl, who insists that the boy say good-bye to her. The Youth relates in detail and with severe seriousness how he arranged for that last meeting between the two children. This is how He and the doorman became acquainted.

The doorman is an unctuous fellow, not too talkative. The Youth respects and loves him and only with him alone is he completely sincere. The doorman has a frequent visitor, a certain lieutenant who keeps begging people for 20 kopeks ~~and he once~~. This lieutenant tells the story about ~~the laborer~~ that boat in England, about that rock, etc. The doorman has a wife, a woman of easy virtue. After the death of their daughter, he burns her to death on her kitchen stove.

After the boy has run <away> for the last time, he is on his way to drown himself and drops in on the doorman, thinking that he might find the Youth there. He finds nothing at the doorman's flat. The Youth collects the boy's <tales of his> wanderings.*

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* The whole paragraph is quite awkward in the original.

The Youth NEVER* was in prison, and was only superficially connected with the Lambert affair.

The Youth. Notes. In the railway carriage. "It appears to me that what I was saying to her was pretty stupid. It is a strange thing; I still don't know how to talk to women, whereas I can say clever things when talking to men. But in a woman's presence I always get mad at something right in the very beginning, and then I go on to talk a lot of nonsense. This must be corrected. But this is of course what was causing my hatred for <all> women. And altogether, I am terribly vain. I am vain and give myself away in trivial things, but I know how to keep <my> great idea a secret."

When I met this character for the first time ~~Liza~~ (Liza)—that was a long time ago, almost six months now.

Make sure to insert the phrase "[to be sure,] I have read a lot."

The Youth HAS GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL, but he does not want to go to the university, because Andreev who had been supporting him had died and he did not want to be supported by Him, while the aunts had written him to Moscow that they could not send him any money. Secondly, he failed to enroll in the university (even gladly so) because he wanted *to tackle his idea* as soon as possible.

The Youth was among the best students through all the grades of high school, except the last, where he barely passed his examinations. (Purposely. *The golden mean.)* But he did pass.

He won't talk to the Stepmother for three days at a time, while having the intention not to talk to her for 10 days (he comes running to the Youth, telling him everything). Or else, he would wake her up in the middle of night to lecture to her (while she is sick).

(N.B. The Stepmother is so intelligent that she can understand this psychology perfectly well.)

September 1.

PLAN OF THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

N.B.! Be aware of the main point in each chapter and stick to it. Leaving things unsaid.

The railway carriage, Liza, arrival in Petersburg, etc.

Reception at the aunts'. He goes to see Him, but He isn't in, <only> the Stepmother and Liza.

Goes to see Vitia, Vasin, goes back to see Him in the evening, embarrassed because it is so late. A comical situation because of its

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* Underlined three times.

being so late, and because of how it is settled (the Youth does some pouting).

He returns home to the aunts. *The letters.* Staying for the night. The aunts give him a tongue-lashing. He decides to rent himself a flat.

On the next morning, a flat. The flea-market. *Make money.*

He (the day before): "Come and have dinner with us." He comes—*they are quarreling,* no dinner. "Let's go to a tavern."

At the tavern, they become acquainted. *He* is showing off.

Returning home. The chambermaid has already been fired. Liza. On the child. The Youth leaves ~~for his own flat with a strange feeling~~.

The Prince and the Princess (riddles everywhere). He listens in on the conversation about those relics and makes friends with the Prince.

Insults on the Princess's part ~~he is young~~.

Again at Dolgushin's. They talk<ed> about the young Prince.

He stays for the night at the aunts'. The Princess's visit. He comes out from behind the screen.

At His place. The scene with the child. He rents a flat. He takes the child with him. The child is taken back.

He is convinced that He married her for her money and that his wife is being supported by the old Prince. "What business is this of mine?"

He gets together with Him and ~~terribly would like to~~ reproaches him for letting the Stepmother be supported by the old Prince. His aunt chases him out of her house for that.

At this point he learns that He has returned 200,000. (N.B. This happens early.)

Feeling insulted and sad, having quarreled with Him and insulted the Stepmother, he <sulks> in his corner.

~~About Souchard, about his daydreams. Statement of his idea.~~ He comes to see him. He ~~Liza comes to see him~~, who had insulted *Him,* tells Him everything: about Souchard, about Brusilov, and about his idea. A fascinating evening. At this point he asks Him about Vasin.

On that fascinating evening, he asks Him about Vasin, for the theories of those people, while they haven't shaken *his own idea,* still are causing him some anxiety and doubt.

What is most important, on that fascinating evening the Youth is impressed by the fact that He is not treating him with condescension, that He won't brush off his questions with biting remarks, but answers them all, even his questions about petroleum, etc.

(N.B. *A task.* But how to coordinate "a boy <who feels> insulted"

with "a fascinating evening"? *Answer.* By letting Him ask the boy's forgiveness, so that the latter cautiously embraces Him, by then letting Him confess all his weaknesses to the Youth and, finally, by letting the Youth make him promise, upon leaving, to take good care of the boy.)

Meeting with *the fool* at the Princess's (still in part one). The Fool used to visit the Youth. The Youth tells Him about the Fool. They both laugh. They see the Fool.

2d part.

Development of His boy. The Dolgushins. Vasin. He almost abandons his idea. He quits respecting Him, but is still interested in Him. With Liza. Women are whores. The Princess. The diamonds. Rejected. 200,000. At this point, Lambert. A meeting. For the first time, the idea of *revenge* occurs to him. He puts his own idea aside for the time being.

N.B. Only *in the beginning* does he ardently adhere to *his own idea;* later he puts it off, *being busy with other things. It comes back to him* during <the incident with> the diamonds. He is cheated at an auction. A popular scene. However, though he has abandoned the practical pursuit of his idea, he continues to defend it theoretically, before Vasin and everyone else.

The unctuous doorman teaches the Youth to disdain wealth and great intellect, pointing out the happiness and freedom offered by the possession of a firm will. "Pray!" (A great character.) And yet he, who possesses willpower, burns his own wife to death on her kitchen stove.

~~In the 2d part~~ (1st part. The Youth confesses his idea, and later is sad *that he has told it;* conclude it with some characteristic items from his biography. High school. The desert island, etc. <He has had> the idea for three years.)

In the first part, absolutely include also some highly spectacular action. Rude behavior at the Prince's. Insults at the hands of the Princess. The young Prince (give a beating.) Vasin. He steals a child. Tells his father that he is married to a kept woman. Reconciliation. He reveals his plan of getting rich. His sadness about having revealed an idea which he had been keeping himself for three years. *He* leaves having said nothing. Conclude with his biography.

[Andreev's letter.]

In the 2d part, the Princess. Meetings with Him. His family life. Liza's rude behavior. *He* disenchants him regarding Rothschild, also Vasin. But the Princess detests him, a real clash with the young Prince. The diamonds. He says something impertinent about her

depravity—something frightfully rude. He is shown the door. Nights. Revenge. "Let me become an enemy of humanity."

[The boy is in his care all along.]

An unctuous soldier. The diamonds are found on the following morning. But he has behaved so rudely that he leaves. (N.B. He was threatening the Princess about his knowledge of Andreev's letter. He had learned about this letter from Him.) (N.B. Suddenly he finds out about His liaison with Liza. Liza tells about the letter while they are at his place. The beginnings of a plot. A rupture. He withdraws from everybody. Wanderings. "I'll shoot myself." Lambert.)

[Meeting with the little girl. Death of the little girl.]

September 2.

Two questions. If told *in the third person,* will it be interesting? If the Youth tells the story (*in the first person*), that alone will make it interesting. And more original. Also, it shows the character better.

In the first, or in the third person? (in *the first person* is better even as far as Brusilov is concerned, more original).

N.B. The arrangement of the narrative would be more original with the Youth telling the story. Jumping from one detail to the other. Such arrangement is revealing of his own character, *but as for the chapter arrangement* <. . .>

In *the first person* it would be so much more original, and show more love; also, it would require more artistic skill, and would be terribly bold, and shorter, easier to arrange; moreover, it would make the character of *the Youth* as the main figure of the novel so much clearer, and the meaning of the idea as the cause upon which the novel hinges more obvious. But won't this originality bore the reader? Will the reader be able to stand this *first person* through 35 quires? And what is most important, can the basic ideas of this novel be fully and naturally expressed by a twenty-year-old writer?

~~N.B.? The Youth is writing four years after the event, which explains how he has managed to comprehend Him, His ideas, etc.~~

The Youth brings Vasin together with his friend Shveitsarov,* and what do you know, Shveitsarov is in complete accord with his doctrine, except one point, "that everything should be broken to pieces": "It will go to pieces all by itself." "Either he didn't under-

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* This name is derived from *shveitsar,* "doorman," which connects this character with the nameless doorman of a few pages back.

stand a word of what I said, or he understands more than I do," Vasin remarked to the Youth. "At any rate, he has got some sort of an idea of his own. These are the most dangerous people." (?) [*Idée*]

[Idea] The young Prince, instead of responding to His challenge, offers to buy His wife from him.

If *in the first person,* it will become necessary to go less into the development of various ideas which the Youth could not naturally transmit in the form in which they were uttered, and to let him transmit only the heart of the matter.

A narrative *in the first person* is more original by virtue of the fact that the Youth may very well keep skipping, in ultra-naïve fashion, <from the main line of the narrative> to all kinds of anecdotes and details, proper to his development and immaturity, but ~~quite~~ impossible for an author conducting his narrative in regular fashion.

The Youth's feelings for Him can be more direct, and expressed more clearly and more simply (*and more unexpectedly*), if the narrative is conducted in *the first person;* for instance, suddenly and unexpectedly: "I was grieving bitterly about His being so frivolous," and later: "This is where I realized that he was being consumed by some idea ~~which~~ and that he wasn't so frivolous at all, but what precisely was it?"

And in the end: "Disorder of the soul as a result of unbelief" (as a result of atheism). "Strange words! I would not have understood them, or would have considered them meaningless, hadn't I seen in Him a living example."

The Youth to himself, in the end: "I simply believe in life, I want to live with all my might. But what ought one to do as one lives?—that's the problem. That's something I don't know. Could it be no more than making a living? That's not enough. Simply love everybody, and inasmuch as I don't know how to do that, but want to, to spend one's whole life learning how to love, and then—well, I don't know what then, I am still too young."

"And first of all, I think, I'll go to the university . . ."

~~He~~ If in the third person, draw <your characters> in a detached way, as if concealing your sympathy, restraining yourself, with as much originality as ever possible both in the tone of the narrative as well as in the *arrangement of the order* of the scenes and subjects to be described.

(N.B. It was the Stepmother who placed him with the old Prince.

The latter had long been asking to have a young secretary.) The Old Prince had actually told the Stepmother: "Why won't you find a young secretary for me?"

He told the Youth that the Prince was in his second childhood.

~~In the first part~~ In any case, pay attention to His character in the first part. (Insofar as He is not as yet expressing himself either through Christianity, or through any intrigues.)

One ought to plant something *dazzling* and *mysterious* about Him in the first part.

A valuable note. This is already in the first part, when He fails to visit the Youth for fear "that he might give Him a scolding" (a trait which *touches* the Youth by its simple-heartedness).

Also in the first part, the Youth tells Him that He is an old man and that He was more dazzling before, when he saw Him the last time. "You were still walking with a limp." ~~*Il faut le r*~~

"Yes, my dear, I still loved you."

"You said to Souchard: *"Il faut le rosser."*[47]

The Youth steals the letter from Andreev's package. The Princess had said to the aunt: "My entire fate depends on that letter. He is going to show it to my husband, who will deprive me of everything. He is capable of doing it. (Can't you find it somewhere? Couldn't it be among some slips of papers?)." Here, about being a kept <woman?>. The aunt takes her part. The Princess tells the aunt outright that she had suggested that the Prince be placed in an insane asylum. Her husband would never forgive that. The Youth recalls having seen a package behind the icons. He tells Him about it. He explains to Him what it is the Princess is afraid of, and He is terribly interested in the whole thing.

"Are you really in love with her?"

However, the Youth does not tell Him that he has got the letter.

An idea. Couldn't it be Vasin to whom he tells the story of his childhood (when the child has fallen asleep)? "I shall never tell my father?" But he does not tell Vasin about his idea. But he does tell his father about it. And when He has left, the idea has lost some of its lustre. But to make up for that: "*I* told <him> nothing about Brusilov."

The character will turn out more genuine. And only toward the end of the novel He tells him: "Vasin told me everything, everything

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[47] French: "You have to beat him."

(about Brusilov), on the very next day, asking me to save you from getting into trouble. This is how I've been saving you" (i.e., He has himself led him on to commit a crime).

He tells Vasin <his story> in this form: first, about Brusilov, with restrained irony, but everything. And then, how he used to withdraw into himself, how he used to daydream (here one might let the Youth devote a separate chapter to his daydreaming, but let him address it to the reader, rather than to Vasin). He tells Vasin only about Brusilov. Vasin is feeling him out: withdrawn, wouldn't he make a good socialist and conspirator?

"Too bad you haven't met any people. Nor have you read any good books. Nor developed a good idea."

"I've got an idea."

"Which is?"

"I'll tell you later. Only it isn't any of yours."

"Well, it is time to go to bed," says Vasin (white nights).

When He comes to see the Youth (this is when, for several days, He is very tender to him), He suddenly says: "I know, Vasin has told me about you."

He flushes: "I didn't want to tell him. I don't want to beg for anybody's pity. Why, and you weren't such an old man either." And he suddenly bursts into tears.

An idea: "Vasin has told me about <your> idea, and about all of your ideas. Don't you worry, you've been trying to withdraw from people. I understand, I am not laughing." He confides his idea <to Him>.

When he has left, he feels sorry that he has told him about his idea. "Why did Vasin tell him about me? At least it wasn't *I*. But I did start crying. That's bad. But what was bothering me most of all was the fact that I had told him about my idea. Eh, too bad I did tell him."

And later, in the 2d part, many times about the idea (raising it to the level of a poetic idea in the reader's mind).

Then, Lambert. *Finale*. The idea has lost its lustre.

But as far as *He* is concerned, he tells him, prior to the confession and to <the meeting with> Vasin, only about: *"Il faut le rosser."*[48]

"This was a kindly, a most kindly Frenchman."

"Yes, kindly."

"You seem to disagree."

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[48] French: "You have to beat him."

"Not at all."

"That's why I placed you with him, because he was a kind man."

In *the first person,* the Youth ~~can~~ says: "I am of course incapable of stating all these ideas as they were expressed." And later: Even in a *first person* narrative he can write as if he were writing *in the third person,* describing scenes that occurred before his arrival, and scenes which he did not himself witness. For instance, in this fashion: "What had happened was this: Vasin went to see Dolgushin and told him." Or, "once, the Princess entered her husband's <study>, saying," etc.

If the novel is to be told in the *first person,* the whole poem lies in this: how I fell, and how I was saved.

I have called it: Disorder. This is His word. *He* used this word more often than any other.

If the novel is to be told in the third person, something everybody *is sick and tired of;* and the narrative devices, too, are available in literature; besides, it will be more difficult to make the Youth look original, i.e., to explain why he has been selected.

ABOUT THE LETTER, there absolutely ought to be some casual mention of it in part one.

It could be done so that he has already stolen the letter and doesn't feel in the least guilty about it; only much later his conscience begins to bother him.

[668] But there should absolutely be something about the letter in part one.

BASIC and MOST IMPORTANT. When He learns that Vasin has told <his father> about Souchard, He feels hurt.* "I couldn't have thought of any pain that could have stung me harder. I had been left with only one thing: the pride of knowing that I had suffered. But I don't say a word, nor am I reproaching Him, and suddenly everything is gone. ~~I cried~~ I began to cry (from being deeply moved, but also from anger. Father). Then I got mad and in a fit of temper told him about my idea. When he had left, I was feeling sad. There's your father, yet . . . and angrily—and I dropped off to a heavy sleep. An evil spirit was already hovering above me."

N.B. "I was in a somber and excited mood, and how could I do

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* The Youth seems to be the subject of this sentence even though "He" is capitalized.

these foolish things—the old Prince's visit at <Mme.> Andrieux's."* This helps to draw the character of the Youth. Also how he went with that wench.

But the tone** [Here] of the narrative shows that all this happened *a year ago,* i.e., he is now, a year later, in a way still a youth, yet he looks down upon the youth of a year ago.

N.B. He can make this remark himself (write it down), in his notes.

He—after having revealed <to the Youth> that Vasin has told *Him:*

"My friend, I am ready to ask your forgiveness 1,000 times, but what will come of that? You are such a..." (Yet it was He who had been looking for me.)

He: "At any rate, you can be sure that now..."

My eyes went flashing: "I want nothing... to hell with Vasin, I had this one thing left." And I began to cry, and cried, and cried.

"I have yet to meet a man whom I didn't hurt in some way!"

"I want to become a Rothschild."

He: "Well, so what? ~~or perhaps your plan~~ That isn't at all new, or perhaps it is your method that makes your plan <a novelty>."

The Youth: "No, there isn't anything special about my methods either."

He: "Well, and then, having grown rich, you will live in luxury and—be happy?"

[February] "Not at all, I'll be wearing sackcloth. (Women.) I'll never touch a woman."

N.B. Very true psychologically that after having cried, and cried he begins to explain his plan *for spite,* and is being ~~somber~~ abrupt, frowning, insolent. But when He leaves, they embrace and both begin to cry.

What is most important, He begins to cry walking down the back staircase.

I fell asleep with mixed feelings. But on the very next day, toward nightfall, my *mixed feelings* turned into being angry with myself about having cried; also about having told him about my idea, and angry with Vasin. And if there had been any chance at all for me to go away somewhere, away from them all, and as fast as possible, to

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* Ungrammatical and unclear.

** Underlined twice.

leave Petersburg in a hurry, I would have left for some faraway place and would have stayed there all by myself, without them, forever. But already there was something (~~attracting~~ i.e., the Princess) attracting me.

And then the next chapter immediately in the following fashion: "How curious that I was ashamed about having cried, but not ashamed about having, already then, committed a villainy (the letter)."

Also in the first part, <present> Him in a most impressive and mysterious fashion.

Most important: Between the scenes with the child, He comes to see the Youth merely to let him know that He has learned *everything* from Vasin. Between those two times, during a period of several days, he <once> met ~~Him~~ the Youth, looking angry and frowning, and said in passing: "You are seeking solitude."

The Youth was struck by the fact that these were Vasin's words. And suddenly it becomes clear that Vasin has told Him everything. But the reason why He comes to see him is that He wants to tell him about Liza, about the family; the Youth asks to be spared <these details>, and that's when He lets him know that Vasin has told him.

(Ideas.) (Plans.)

Absolutely. N.B.? After this has happened, the Youth immediately writes Him a letter saying that he wishes to have nothing to do with him. ~~Absolutely put this in, but not after the meetings when He asks: "Seeking solitude, eh?"~~ On the *very* next day after he had told *him about his idea.* And all the next day he is worrying: "Why did I tell him about my idea?"

He is a most depraved man who has factually had Liza.

He is terribly religious, which he shows most specifically in one chapter. (N.B. The Youth hears <Him?> read <the passage> about <Christ's> temptation by the Devil. It leaves him stunned. He goes to see Him to have a talk about Christianity.

(A *passionate* chapter.)

Finale. "The main point is that I haven't held a single conviction in all my life. Not just the fact that I haven't had any convictions; this in itself isn't so bad, but rather the fact that I have become convinced that I could never have had any, and what is even worse: that I can never have any <in the future> either. There's an idea for you. It is hard to bear."

Already, in the first part, the Princess insults him. "Oh, how I hated her. I felt like jumping up and striking her. But since no one

will ever see these notes, I am putting down the fact that at that very moment a strange sensation passed through my heart: I would like to have jumped up and started kissing the spot where she had been sitting. I wouldn't have told this even to my confessor... Well, let me then put down everything: that's what I did."

September 4.

THE MANUSCRIPT IS FOUND AT A HOSPITAL, AFTER THE WRITER'S DEATH.

If it is in the first person, a most original (the more original and uncontrolled, the better) *conciseness,* as well as the whole WAYWARDNESS OF THE NOTES will be preserved.

If in the first person: "I have now outgrown all these things, and so I must not be ashamed (but there are some memories of which I am very much ashamed)."

The notes <are written> a year later, at a hospital.

"I'll recover and start a new life."

Vasin and Dolgushin have been arrested. *He* has lost stature in his eyes, and when Lambert tackles the idea head-on, yet on an enormous scale, the Youth: "Eh, come what may!" "Disorder has overtaken me." And what is most important, he *triumphs* over the Princess.

At the end of part one. "I cried and cried, but He left. Why did I tell Him? In all my life I wasn't going to tell Him, and be proud. I had been dreaming about how I was going to be proud."

[See 668] "Now, a year later, when I have *perhaps* become an entirely different person, even now the thought that I have revealed to my father that proud anguish of mine (about Brusilov) keeps lacerating me and ~~decided~~ decidedly fills me with shame. Shame about not having been able to hold back. Could it be that this shame is lingering to this day because I feel, even now, that I might perhaps not be able to restrain myself either in this <kind of a situation>, or in any other, weak-willed youth that I am? No, a good deal of hard work still lies ahead for me, if I want to become a man of willpower and fortitude."

"Now, when I may perhaps decide to abandon my idea, I still feel sorry that I revealed it on that occasion. I almost stooped to where I was seeking praise <from Him>, although I was of course seeking only advice, just seeking to make a check of myself. I did not, however, tell Vasin about it, but rather Him, even though I trusted Vasin more at the time ~~in spite of which He~~. To be sure, He, too, was then beginning to impress me greatly. But the most curious thing for me now is the fact that I was then fretting about my weakness, considering it a low-down action, while having actually committed a truly

despicable action (the letter), yet never giving it a single remorseful thought."

"When He listened to my idea, there was no derision or condescension in his attitude. But still, He isn't my brother. There was a feeling that He, too, had *his* idea, which He would never express, but to which He was so devoted that he would consider everything that is transitory, including my confession, the trivia as well as the tragedies of life, to be secondary while holding *it** to be the most important. Yet at the same time, wasn't He plunging into this life, even to the point that one couldn't help calling him a petty man, and a gossip?"

He, in a conversation with Vasin: "There are, however, some inexplicable things..." And at this point, <Christ's> temptation by the Devil from the Gospels. This is already in a conversation with Vasin which takes place in the presence of the Youth, who can't help thinking to himself: "He won't talk to me that way, but he will with Vasin, because he is more clever than I am."

[For part two.] Vasin responds with silence. The Youth notices, furthermore, that though He does produce some evidence to prove the supernatural origin of Christianity, he does so in passing, not in any great haste, or excessive zeal, to propagate <his idea>, but merely in the course of conversation: "Take it into consideration, or leave it; personally, I really don't care what you do." I.e., He always acts that way, though in this particular case he got somewhat carried away, and later felt hurt about it: "There, the two of us were jabbering away, while he kept silent all the time."

I: "Why do they keep silent? Because they're dull or because they are very clever?"

He: "It's because they have nothing to talk about. They know everything and have every decision made for many thousands of years ahead. What's the use of talking, if this is so?"

The Youth is so pleased that he laughs when He has thus put down socialism. But He comes back to see him and again says: "The great idea is at hand, <it is> at the door."

"And still, He <is saying it> just so," the Youth remarks. But since he is interested in the matter himself and, besides, is anxious to find out definitively what His convictions really are, the Youth keeps pestering Him with questions about Christianity. *He* responds with the <two> shopkeepers. But still in the same, unhurried way, cursorily

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* Translator's italics.

and abruptly, as if He were going to say: "Why won't you leave me alone!" "He does not, of course, have any passion for propaganda," the Youth observes in his notes, "but He himself is of course being burnt out and tormented by these ideas."

By the way: The Youth, too, puts down these observations in his notes as if it were in passing; for example, he mentions this not immediately after the chapter about the <two> shopkeepers (which he breaks off without making any conclusions), but somewhere else, two or three chapters later.

He, about Belinsky[49].... "And most of all, self-adoration. Most of all, the fact that science had not even started in our country then."

He comes to see the Youth one day and talks about the French and about the coming of socialism. "It is at hand; it is at the door. You must all be ready for it."

The icons. When the Youth enters the room for the first time, he notices a magnificent icon-case. He assumes that it is the Stepmother's. Learns that it is His. It was this particular icon-case that got chopped up later.

Absolutely include something about a poor family, or something of that order, which He is secretly helping, being angry with himself for having done it.

After all this heartbreak He suddenly disappears in the finale. The Youth learns that he has gone to a monastery. A month later hangs himself in the monastery.

He brings 25,000 to the Youth. He won't take the money. Or does he return it later? THINK ABOUT IT. Or (He) gives it to the aunt suspecting that the Youth might, conceivably, "accomplish" the stupidity of refusing it.

September 6.

Definitively: *in the first person.*

SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT. Never in the whole course of the novel does the Youth totally relinquish his idea about Rothschild.

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[49] Vissarion G. Belinsky (1811–48), the most important Russian critic in the nineteenth century. He was largely responsible for the reputations of Dostoevsky, Gogol, Lermontov, the later Pushkin, Turgenev, and others. He was an immense presence in Russian criticism and literature, and his influence may be compared to that of Dr. Johnson in English literature and Sainte-Beuve in French literature. In his later years Dostoevsky nurtured bitter feeling toward Belinsky and wrote disparagingly of him. He held him responsible for having led him on wrong paths during Dostoevsky's early years.

This *idea fixa* is his *solution* of *everything,* of all problems and difficulties. It is based upon his feeling of pride, which has taken shape in <his> idea of withdrawal <from society>. [*He* says that to the Youth.]

[February, 3d and 4th part.]

Arrange the whole novel so that this idea would be of *outstanding* importance in the novel. Outstanding precisely for the reason that it never leaves the Youth, having a firm grip on him: shall he perish or shan't he? This is why he suffers so much from his doubts in the course of the novel, first on account of Vasin's arguments, then again on account of His <arguments>. And this is why, occasionally, the Youth will suddenly forsake the most curious events which he is in the process of relating and in which he is himself very much interested, and will begin, most emphatically, (though, apparently, for no good reason at all) to state his doubts:

"If I cheated that soldier, buying from him and selling to someone else, as He is telling me—why, this is a paradox, for doesn't the whole world live and cheat that way? But then, is the whole world an authority <for me>? It suffices that I have become aware of the fact that I have cheated. That means that one must abandon everything, walk around clothed in rags, keep working without even asking for higher pay. Surely so, for one must be true to an idea which one has conceived. But if this is so, why doesn't He go to a monastery or accomplish feats, once he believes in Christianity? Why are all socialists such skinflints (here, give some examples)?"

~~No~~ *He,* to the Youth: "Probably according to the principle that now, in our present society, no different life is possible, for it is society that is at fault. But when society is rebuilt, we shall all be living differently."

"So then, I am not guilty of a dishonorable deed; it is society that is guilty. This is why Vasin plans to destroy it. Vasin, incidentally, is sacrificing everything *to his idea;* why, he could be sitting around idly, too, saying that 'it is all the fault of society.' No, apparently that is no excuse. And, incidentally, is it dishonorable, and is there indeed something dishonorable about my idea?"

And later: "I asked Him (as late as in the *finale,* at a time when He was in a depressed state), and received the answer that it won't pay to be honorable for a time, in view of <the fact that all planets eventually become> ice-covered rocks. How terribly does the thought of those ice-covered rocks torment Him!"

~~What do you care for those rocks the Youth~~

VERY NECESSARY. The Youth communicates His idea about the ice-covered rocks to the old Prince. The latter replies: *"Mon cher,* I have always thought so, *c'est une idée.* But why does he ~~forget~~ worry about it? Let them fly through space, let them fly. I won't be around, and none of us will. Should we really worry about what's going to happen in tens of thousands of years, while dinner is just being served? Why, our dinner may get cold!" The Youth quotes these words to Him, and He laughs a lot, and says: "This old arsehole has naturally solved all the problems, but the thing is that not everybody has an appetite for dinner under these circumstances." ~~Yet it is funny that I can't solve them, i.e., that I am not willing to live under these conditions.~~

He tells the Youth in the *finale,* in a depressed mood, that his idea of withdrawal <from society> is inferior for its *pride,* full forgiveness, renunciation of vengeance.* Besides <the idea of becoming a> Rothschild contains a rather contemptible element of petty concern with one's own material security.

The Youth, to Him: "Does it really pay to be honest, or even proud? And what about those ice-covered rocks? Isn't it better to live thinking about one's own arse only?"

"And what do you do with your heart?" He says.

"You're right, I've overlooked that! We are really in a fix, aren't we?"

And once he is alone, the Youth says: "I want to live, but how? Is it worth it to be honest? Will my idea really prevent me from doing good? Is it really harmful to other people? Of course, society is at fault, but... I still don't know if I am going to accept those 25,000."

He is walking along, and <then,> the embankment, the setting sun, ecstasy.

"If you are saying that it isn't worth while to love mankind for a short moment (ice-covered rocks), you have no real love of mankind."

"I have been told that before. I have heard that. Only, you see, a natural inclination to love mankind and any other great idea is of course an unchallenged fact, much as such natural functions as sneezing, shitting, eating; yet, in view of the fateful inevitability of the prospect of ice-covered rocks, such love of mankind resembles a con-

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* Not quite clear in the original. The Russian text does not allow a translation ". . . inferior . . . to full forgiveness, renunciation of vengeance."

dition of bondage and gives me no satisfaction. So that, perhaps, I may decide in favor of rebellion rather than love."

"I deny everything," He says, "and I am desperate about not having anything to cling to, yet at the same time I am <so> attached to everything. 'Ashamed to be alive, yet in fact full of vitality.' "

"You are lying: a fresh young girl smells of apples" (somebody tells the Youth).

Frou-frou, he used to spit on it, or avoid it. Stooped to such pettiness. Anger at <such> injustice.

In the railway carriage. Liza. "I quit talking with Liza. I sat down and fell to thinking *about my idea.*"

Or: "I used to run up and down the boulevard with that student, because I considered all this to be infinitely inferior to my idea, and consequently, something irrelevant, something that didn't really seem to pertain to me. Here I want to note that this daydreaming about my idea had, already for a long time, caused me to be somehow distrait and just barely in touch with the world, as if it were in passing only. I was actually addressing myself to many things with a strange condescension; even to many things that should have, on the contrary, deserved my full attention, being in effect of the most immediate concern to me."

"My idea, or my plan, made me take a train and change my whole life without a bit of excitement. As I was approaching Petersburg I was thinking rather about how I would begin to apply my idea, than about how I was going to meet *them all,* and what I was going to tell them. ~~Strange~~ The moment I found myself in the streets of Petersburg the question how I would meet them became first and foremost in my mind. I am mentioning this fact because it was so strange and because my meeting with them and, most important, with Him was the beginning of a new life for me, and the object of my fantasies during my entire life even since my earliest childhood."

"Oh, how I had fancied what I would say to my father at our first meeting! I had been daydreaming about that even while I was still in the first grade of high school. But I said nothing and was very pleased ~~with it~~ <with myself> that I had behaved so proudly." (N.B. This ought to come in definitely still in part one.) At the end of part one, possibly about the idea, about Souchard and Brusilov.

In the railway carriage. "I am yielding and petty in trivia, but when it comes to essentials I never give in. I remember very well what I was thinking to myself as I was looking at Liza (with the train ap-

proaching Petersburg): 'And yet I haven't told you about my idea.' I was awfully pleased with that thought, so much so that all my rather petty anger at ~~Liza~~ that young girl, which I had been feeling, suddenly evaporated. Later on I became convinced that my anger hadn't been so petty after all, and <that> I had been right. Anger at what? At her sitting there? Both at the fact that she was a lady and that she looked so unapproachable; in a word, I was rebelling against tyranny and injustice. For, if you take a broad enough view of it, that's what it amounts to.'"

"This is Pavel Fyodorovich Fyodorov. He has graduated from high school, but has decided against going to the university" (this is how He introduces the Youth to the Stepmother).

"My friend, I am ready to support you. But you have rejected my help."

"But haven't my aunts been supporting me?"

"Come to think of it, it's true, right from the time you were at Souchard's. That Souchard, he was a kind man, wasn't he?"

"The further I went in explaining my idea to Him, the more it seemed to me that I was betraying something, betraying my idea, and the further I was getting in developing it, the more I was losing my faith in it. When he had left, I returned sad, almost jaded."

He tells the Youth, in his own *uncontrolled* confessions: "Oh, in those moments, how I wish to catch a serious fever, or just any fever: I'd be lying there, and they'd be pacing the room at my bedside, suffering the pangs of a guilty conscience, trembling and moaning with fear and remorse, crushed and punished. But the Lord isn't sending me either any serious fever, or even the merest *febris catarhalis,* since I am healthy as a bull!"

In the railway carriage:

I—and suddenly I blurted out, I don't myself know why: "You had recognized me, of course."

Liza: "Since I am not talking to you and don't even want to look at you, you naturally had to get the clever idea that I had recognized you."

A bag has been stolen. (The fool.) Everybody is looking around. Liza sits down. ~~Liza sits down~~ A small bag, it has been stolen.

To Liza: "Pardon me, it seems that I put it <somewhere>. There it is! How did it get here?"

Liza: "If you're saying that you put it there."

"Yes, but how did it get behind you?"

"Why, if you're saying that you put it there."

"Could be, but... it is behind you."

"I sat down not noticing it... It is so small."

"Not noticing it? That's strange."

"You are a fool." It made no impression, but he gave me a look.

The Fool: "Ahem...How can that be... Ahem. There were some silver things in there, but they're still there. Look: this is silver."

"Look, you have been told once."

Liza: "Let him."

"I didn't mean to. I was just saying that to lose things... you must agree... there's some silver here... and I could think." He stopped. He was talking not only as if he had been dissuaded but also a little as if he were convinced that she had actually stolen <the bag>.

September 6. N.B.

N.B. Tomorrow think it over on the train, and gather your notes.* "Why, and the phrases, too, were conventional, *heard from someone else.*"

He: "That means, *chacun chez soi, chacun pour soi,*[50] and whatever will come of it, will be."

[February, 3d part.] Socialism consists of ~~having destroyed~~ leaving the confines of Christian civilization, which implies its destruction, and creating one's own, based on a denial of <the existence of> the kingdom of heaven, and limiting oneself to mere earthly <concerns>. An outright Antichrist.

The Youth is familiar with some poets, writers; he has read some books, though in haphazard fashion. None of his schoolmates ever took an interest in these things. He knows physics very well. He is very good at mathematics. [101X]

On the boulevard, with Liza, obscenities. "This was a swinish trick" (comments the author).

In the first part there isn't any preaching of Christianity; yet, only the Youth accuses Him to his face that He is a Jesuit. Whereupon He asks the Youth: "Who told you that I preach?"

"I heard that still in Moscow."

But it would be good to bring out some brief, yet weighty flashes of a forced Christianity.

"Petersburg. What good is Petersburg to me?" Contempt for Petersburg. (This is when he is leaving the station.)

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* Unclear in the original. Perhaps: "On the next day, think over what had happened on the train . . ."

[50] French: "Everyone at home, everyone for himself."

"I heard that still in Moscow," <says the Youth> but He asks some more questions, and there remains no doubt that it was the Princess who told him. He is visibly impressed by this circumstance, so much so that the Stepmother is all flushed and it looks as if there is going to be a scene. Liza immediately injects some more poison, as she ~~remarks about the Princess~~ mentions some (very accurate) facts, drily and concisely, concerning what the Princess is saying about him right now, what she used to say before, what she plans to say in the future, and what further steps she is probably going to take. A terrible quarrel. The boy. Reminding <Him> of the chambermaid (who was chased from the house the day before, or two days ago). A scandal. Liza ~~to them~~ purposely addresses the Youth, telling him <about that incident>, thus making the Stepmother relate <her version of the story>, too. The Youth, somberly and abruptly, asks not to be made a party <to this argument>. Suddenly, a scene with the child. The Youth is in a frenzy (mouth is ripped open). A terrible quarrel, in the course of which the Youth tells Him everything. When he is about to leave—in a dark corner, the weeping boy. He immediately talks him into leaving with him. Only when they are out in the street together, the question: "Where am I going to put him? It won't go with the aunts, it's impossible with Vitia. With Vasin?" He goes looking for Vasin, though he doesn't have his exact address, leading the boy by his hand. Vasin is willing to take him.

He took him over to Vasin's solely because he had taken a liking for him, for he had never exchanged a word with him yet, but had just heard him talk at the Dolgushins. An adventurous night, they try to cheer up the boy who suddenly, <though> noiselessly, as if he were afraid to show himself ungrateful, starts to cry for his mother. They promise him that tomorow they'll bring back his mother, and that his mother will actually be living at their place. He spends the night at Vasin's. He returns to the aunts only in the morning.

They charge into him. (They have heard about the kidnaping. He throws himself on his aunt's neck and kisses her.) He rents his own flat. He lets the mother know; she is at Vasin's. He takes the boy over to *his own* flat, as the boy begs him hysterically not to leave him, but the boy's mother insists that he should stay with the aunts. The boy is with the aunts. *He* begs the boy to forgive him. *It is through this incident, too, that He hears about Vasin.* (N.B. At Vasin's, that night, they talk about fundamental questions, but Vasin is reluctant to talk—etc.)

~~*He*, to the Youth: "It all happened on account of the Princess.~~

~~Why did you bring it up?" And He tells him what the Princess is afraid of, also asking the Youth what it is the Princess is saying about Him. The Youth reacts with haughty irony. Deep contempt. *He* coolly takes his leave. About the "kept woman." [The Youth is already in love with the Princess.]~~

~~In the morning there is a big commotion at the aunts'.~~ He has returned the 200,000. The Youth is thunderstruck: only the day before he had charged Him with letting himself be supported. The Youth rushes over to Vasin's; the latter listens to his story with great interest, but in the end asks him not to visit him anymore.

The Youth, in a scene of reconciliation. Champagne. About the Princess. He is complaining about his wife, makes some equivocal statements about Liza, speaks convulsively of his own character (but without remorse).

Then, ~~the scene with the Youth's confession~~ Liza in a frenzy, awaiting Him. An ecstatic exchange of words. The Youth is stunned: "What kind of a relationship is this?"

He won't come. The Youth goes to see him. He tells him: "I was afraid to come. I thought you'd be angry with me." A meeting at the Youth's flat. The Youth's confession, Souchard. The idea. "But what is my father really like?"

In the 2d part, too, it is further developed "what his father might be like"; Liza's liaison. The Youth is a confidant of the whole affair. Liza violates him (after her own fashion), *la haine l'amour*[51] <*sic*> toward the Princess, diamonds, a quarrel, the found letter, etc.

N.B.! ~~The Youth~~ *Most important* (*psychologically*). The Youth, besides being crushed by the <fact that He has returned those> 200,000, is also crushed by the thought that he has stolen the letter. That's why both <his> hysterics and his confession: ~~as <He> leaves~~ as he says good-bye to Him, he feels, for a moment, like showing Him the letter, but he holds himself back. ["Won't go? Too early for the letter?"] When he is left alone, he has mixed feelings <about it all>. "I had expressed my idea poorly. Did I really love Him? But on the other hand, I hadn't told Him about the letter. Amazing: I suddenly felt satisfied that I hadn't told Him about the letter (i.e., 'you see how I can be firm and keep a secret—that means I'll be able to handle my idea, too'). But what about Him?"

~~"There's nothing dishonorable about my holding on to the letter.~~

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[51] French: "Hate, love."

~~So I do have a father. But do I love Him? How touchingly did He say the other day that 'you'd be angry with me.' ''~~

~~Last idea: the boy. One great idea—saves and recovers the whole mood, reconciles everything, he falls to thinking about the boy. He falls fast asleep.~~

~~He finds the letter after the <incident with the> diamonds.~~

September 7.

Passionate love for Liza, when the Youth arrives it is already there.

That's how it goes. Having married, after long <years of> wandering (legend has it that He was just about to enter a monastery when He suddenly got married) <. . .> Having married, He actually did preach Christianity, but was somber, moody, capricious, both cheerful and hypochondriac, both petty and generous, both great idea and cynicism.* *All this* from *inner* dissatisfaction with his own convictions, secret atheism which remains hidden even to himself, doubts concerning the truth of Christianity, etc., i.e., from inner disorder. [N.B. He is one of those noble natures who, if they believe in an idea, devote themselves to it body and soul, but who perish if they have nothing to believe in. (N.B. He himself says this to the Youth.)]

In his family life He is now capricious, with everybody acting as his nurse, then again (very rarely) patient as an angel. At times He hates his stepchildren, then again He loves them passionately. Liza has grown to hate Him.

"I've come to love Him out of hatred," she says, "I've come to love Him so I could destroy Him" (this is her innermost passionate desire). At the same time, she is herself a predatory character and pursues her passion with a savage vehemence. She really does have a passion for Him, but not in order to make Him happy, but in order to destroy Him; she looks at Him like a crocodile wanting to swallow its prey alive.

It is remarkable that she is telling Him all this right to his face, without trying to conceal it at all. This is precisely what intoxicates Him, this is what drives Him mad; he madly falls in love with her and *desires* her terribly. It is in such a state that the Youth finds Him when he arrives. Their love affair has already begun, and there have been several meetings. But Liza refuses to submit to him. "I am walking around like a man who has been bitten by a rabid dog," He says to the Youth.

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* Ungrammatical.

It is remarkable that, during the last five years of his life, He had seemingly turned from a highly frivolous (though always deeply thinking) man into a quietly and calmly religious one. A quiet love made Him marry that "beautiful angel of God," the Stepmother.

"I grew restless," He says, because I felt, in the presence of that angel (my wife), the whole extent of my own moral inadequacy, as well as that of my convictions and, what is most important, <the shortcomings> in my cultivation of my inner self. What hit me *harder* than anything else was the fact that instead of actually beginning to perfect myself, I had suddenly begun to yield to an irrepressible urge to view everything with haughty condescension. From so much inner dissatisfaction and disorder, I became capricious: 'What I need is a good thrashing, and not such perfection <of all virtues> as is seen in this woman.' I even got to be jealous (and of the young Prince, of all people, on account of what she had been telling me about him), and at times I was beginning to hate my stepchildren." It is at this point that Liza turned her attention to Him. *"I felt the devil in you,"* she used to say later.

N.B. All of this He tells Liza in a passionate, troubled, and tragic manner, during their meetings.

It was precisely this anxiety, caused by his failure of self-perfection and by his realization that He was essentially a predatory type, that was pursuing Him. And the secret idea: "Why strive for self-perfection?" (predatory type). This is precisely what Liza sensed, i.e., <that he, too, was a> predatory type.

Liza starts being violently and irrepressibly jealous of Him, on account of the Princess, for example. (It is a remarkable fact that she is not jealous of her mother.) "You love only yourself," she tells Him, "and so there really isn't any reason to be jealous."* And yet she is terribly jealous of the Princess, and the longer the affair lasts, the more jealous.

In the meantime, His relationship with the Princess, *in reality,* amounts to the following. He had given a warm and ardent answer to the Princess when she, having the greatest respect for Him, had opened her soul to Him and laid bare before Him the whole horror of her condition as the wife of the old Prince. This woman is a pas-

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* Literally, "and so there really is no one on whose account one ought to be jealous of you."

sionately ideal<istic> person, thirsting and searching for what is true and good (later she even listens to what the nihilists have to say).

Yet in this capacity of <being> the Princess's spiritual guide and confidant, which continues for a whole year, and through preaching Christianity to her, <He gets her> to where she almost decides to take the veil. (N.B. The old Prince says: "He has conditioned her for the monastery; she has been asking me for a divorce, so that, imagine that, I would have had to become a monk, too, to keep her company. Imagine only what a fine monk I'd make. Though, on second thought, I might make a good monk, and, you know what, I like this costume of theirs.") (And altogether, this whole year which he spent with the Princess must be included as *a separate episode),* with this relationship going on, and He her spiritual guide and saint, the predatory type is suddenly awakened in Him, and He begins to seduce her. She sees through it and ignominiously chases Him out, moved by *the indignation of outraged innocence.*

N.B. However It is precisely this indignation of outraged innocence, without any admixture of Christian forbearance (as seen, for instance, in the Stepmother), this boundless pride of <triumphant> virtue, that cuts Him to the quick even then.

He denies her charges, but she contemptuously refuses to answer him. Then He confesses <his guilt>, writing her a passionate letter; but she contemptuously returns the letter.

And so, from then on, *two* feelings remain forever present in his soul.

1) Terrible pangs of conscience on account of having wanted to corrupt <her> innocence. "This was my worst and dirtiest action ever." From then on, he is lacerated by the thought of the ungovernability and lack of discipline in his character in the face of any sort of convictions. He gets married solely because he hopes that he will succeed, under this angel's wings, in restraining his nature through a pure life and in bending it to the good <in Him>.

2) A very high respect for the Princess, her opinions, and <yet> with a hidden hatred for such exceedingly lofty nobility of spirit.

It is clear that He does not love her anymore; however, under Liza's influence there is awakened in Him a seed, concealed so far, of hatred for the Princess, her purity and her virtue.

"Eh, spit on everything, break up everything," just as He breaks the icons.

This was a concealed hatred, but He obviously still wanted to meet her, and returned those 200,000 *for the Princess's sake,* so she

would change her mind about Him. But having been bitten by that rabid dog, He suddenly develops (as He now consciously realizes) a hatred for the Princess's perfect purity. It is Liza's "inner disorder," a desire to see everybody as being just as impure as Himself, <His> skepticism, etc. (here, psychology) that make Him become an involuntary, impersonal participant in Lambert's and Liza's plot, for He knows that Liza is involved (though he once makes an attempt to divert the Youth <from going along with them>).

Meanwhile Liza is giving Him more and more trouble and has brought Him to the point where he thinks of escaping <with her> and of poisoning <His wife>. *He* rejects it. But he does chop up those icons, and his wife guesses what is going on. His wife flees to join the young Prince. Her death, and Liza says that it is all His fault. She hangs herself. (She cannot stand <her> mother's death and His loathing, or the vileness of her own conduct.) But what is most interesting is that she says that it is all His fault. "You corrupted me."

In the frenzy of the *finale* He says to the Youth: "You know, this kind of dullness is really attractive erotically. 'A foolish woman is good also,' says Iaichnitsa.* Admitted, this isn't quite the same thing, but still there are times when the most depraved creature seems more attractive than any angel. And the more so if she is dim-witted and unfair. I am depraved to the bones."

"But what about Christianity?"

He: "Why, I really never believed in it."

"So you were playing a role?"

He: "How could I have played a role? I believed because I was afraid that I didn't. And now I've realized that I really didn't believe in anything at all. Only now have I discovered that everything is disorder, that everything is cursed."

Ergo. His character cannot be that of a frivolous, playful, effeminate, jovial fellow, or "an old goat."**

He is passionate, morose, a skeptic, restrained, and it is rarely that his heart would reveal itself impetuously. He *cannot* be proud of his erotic triumphs over women, <including> Liza, or frivolously and playfully tell the Youth about it.

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*Literally, "Mr. Scrambledeggs," a character in Gogol's play "The Marriage."

** See n. (**), p. 123, above. Dostoevsky uses *zherebchik*, "young stallion," in the first instance and *zherebenok*, "colt," here.

MOST IMPORTANT. All the time, He has been bitten by that rabid dog.

Now, it turns out, we're facing the question of form!
September 7.

N.B. As regards His preaching of Christianity; the Youth meets Him when <everything> has been decided: abrupt, skeptical, brushing <him> off; but so much stranger is the one *chapter* (only) containing a passionate confession.

The letter written by the Princess from the country, in which she was suggesting that the Prince be placed in an insane asylum, was inspired by Him (as He was seeking to corrupt her). "I began to corrupt her consciously and step by step." Yet later on, after He had quarreled with the Princess, He was mean enough to threaten her with that very letter. Eventually He wrote her a letter in which He confessed everything. Including that He was trying to corrupt her. This letter in part Contempt on her part. Yet he inquires with Andreev about that letter. Andreev, smart man, won't give it to Him. But after Andreev has died, He makes further inquiries (for He is already itching to have his revenge. But it is the Youth who finds it.)

N.B. We are facing, then, the question of form:

How will the Youth describe, *in the first person,* those psychological explanations involving Liza and the *antécédents* of His relationship with the Princess, even if it be in quoting His words?

But then again, if it is going to be *the third person,* won't this make the Youth a secondary figure, and Him the main character?

If it is going to be the third person, the role of the Youth disappears entirely.

Liza used to visit the Youth from the very beginning (feeling that she could use him, and having explained the whole thing to him briefly).

The Youth despises Him. After various peripeties He explains to the Youth what had really happened, also describing their meetings: "I was sitting there, she was sitting there, with downcast eyes. 'You have corrupted me.' " ~~N.B. the aunt~~ And later He drops in on the Youth to tell him even about the poison.

Moreover: the Aunt admits to the Youth that the Princess has been His mistress. Also, that she has got the letter (the aunt, that is; the Youth then steals it from her). Liza also asserts that He has been living with the Princess. But she chased <Him> out. Thereupon, He dissuades him from believing this. That's the kind of form it is going to be in.

As far as the Princess is concerned, He confesses to the Youth that he has only feelings of the deepest respect and reverence for her, but that He has quit loving her a long time ago. (And there, suddenly, the Youth learns that He <has allied himself> with Lambert.) It's the same thing as when He is being so very sincere and keeps dropping in on the Youth, making a display of His simple-heartedness: His need of having a confidant, and showing His love for the Youth, all of which doesn't fail to move the Youth. However, the Youth notices that even while He is trying to be on such familiar terms with him He is still maintaining His independence (an air of mystery), meaning that he, the Youth, does not satisfy Him.

By the way, He *started* dropping in on the Youth only when He began seeing some advantage in so doing. Until then, He had been keeping much more aloof from him.

(N.B. He *absolutely* wanted to get even with the Princess, in the literal sense of that word. A predatory type.)

He has an irrepressible desire to find out about the Princess. In the beginning, Liza practically convinces the Youth that He has sent for him only to have him do *some finding out about the Princess* (*sic,* and most important).

And later: He starts dropping in on the Youth when He finds out that Liza has been seeing the Youth. As a result the Youth finds himself right in the middle of a developing intrigue.

In the beginning He wouldn't tell him everything, but later He was feeling an irrepressible urge to express himself.

"How then, are you going to act?" the Youth says to Him (about Liza). "I don't know," says He, and the Youth is appalled.

"You come to see me only because you need me," says the Youth.

N.B. Most important. The Youth *never admits* to Him that he is in love with the Princess, and is angry at His bilious and derisory insinuations. He even breaks off relations with him.

But His ultimate confession to the Youth comes in the finale.

So then, it is *the first person* after all.

Always follow this *last* plan of September 7.

"I have no convictions or rules, and I almost became your undoing," He says to the Youth in the finale. "Your idea—remain true *to your idea,* or are you wavering?"

"I have left 25,000 with your aunt, to get you going in life."

The Youth may have been in possession of His posthumous memoirs and may be quoting from same directly.

His memoirs. "Now, when everything is over (a year later), I have

His notebook. It seems to me that this was written down *after everything had happened* (i.e., in the *Finale*). It presents in no way a whole, but only scenes—with Liza, for example—and cursory notes of His, all quite disconnected. But *this particular* meeting (with Liza, the one about which he writes in his confession, is described in its entirety, and this is how it was)."

"But what is so very sincere about this?"

III

Second Period of Work on the Plot

September 8–November, 1874

Late in this section of notes Dostoevsky reminds himself of the following:

> *1st rule.* Avoid the mistake, made in *The Idiot* and in *The Possessed,* of describing (many of the) secondary events in a fragmentary, insinuated, romance-like manner, and dragging them out over a lengthy extension <of the novel>, both in the narrated action as well as in individual scenes, yet without giving any explanations at all, just guesses and hints, instead of *explaining the truth directly.* Being mere secondary episodes, they weren't worth such concentrated attention on the part of the reader; rather on the contrary, they actually tended to obscure, rather than to clarify, the principal objective, precisely because the reader, diverted to a side road, could very well lose the main road and get all confused in his attention.

Yet, whatever the difficulties in *The Idiot* and *The Possessed,* they do not compare with the proliferation of diverting detail in *The Raw Youth.* Dostoevsky's imagination always teemed with more life than his organizational ability could encompass, but in *The Idiot* and *The Possessed* great characters and great passions, like magnets, were able to give order to a world that always seems to be on the verge of dispersing in chaos. There is not enough of great character or great passion to force chaos into order in *The Raw Youth;* yet when the notes are placed beside the novel one has some idea of how much order Dostoevsky was able finally to impose and how great his accomplishment was.

The rummaging for situations, details, and lines of development in these notes seems ceaseless and often seemingly profitless. The notes do not move forward as much as they move in a circle. Every-

thing seems possible, nothing seems settled, and every tentative solution seems to give birth to three other possibilities. In the novel the Youth has the letter and he doesn't know whether he will use it or how he will use it. In these notes Dostoevsky is not even sure of who has the letter: the Youth has it most frequently, but sometimes Lambert has it, and sometimes no one has it. Lambert thinks of extorting money from the Princess; the Youth thinks up the idea; and in other notes Versilov thinks of it. Sometimes Versilov is part of the plot to humiliate the Princess, and sometimes he is the dissuader. The plot is put into action and consummated in some of the notes, and sometimes it is not. When it is effected, the Youth saves the Princess or he doesn't save her. In some of the notes he kills Lambert, and in one note he kills his father. The Princess is engaged to the young Prince, is married to him, or has no relations at all with him. There is doubtlessly something instructive in Dostoevsky's willingness—even his insistence—on entertaining every variant of a situation, but it is difficult to imagine what. Life seems to move in every direction and to include every complication for Dostoevsky, and it is only the agony of deadlines that forces him to choose.

Still, some things are fixed and some situations are immovable. Above all the Youth's character seems to be fixed. Here, as in the earlier notes, the Youth continues to be naïve, good-hearted; tempted by disorder and thirsting for order; loving and hating the Princess and his father; talking of ideals and imagining debaucheries: "Besides, they both *hated* the Princess. The Youth got to hate her even more when he realized that He, in spite of his ostensible hatred, was more in love with her than ever. And suddenly he the Youth feels that he is himself in love; he spits with disgust. Chastity, and the hideous thought that he is his father's rival." Above all, Dostoevsky clings relentlessly to the belief that the Youth is the center of the novel: "The Youth is <the> hero in every respect. He is both with the old Prince (a duel), and with his father, and at his own flat with the government clerk, and with Vasin about his idea. The latter hands him his papers. He is also aware of Liza's romance. He also loves the little child, is close to his mother, greatly impressed by Makar Ivanov. N.B. It might be that Lambert, in particular, fascinates him."

For many readers of these notes, as has been the case for many readers of the novel, Versilov will be the hero of the novel, dominating the Youth and all about him and dominating the dramatic interest. The portraiture of Versilov (called variously "He," Brusilov, and Versilov here) is in some respects similar to that of the early notes and in other respects very different. Versilov continues to preach Christianity; he loves and hates the Princess, breaks the icon, returns a large sum of money, and teaches the Youth while mocking him. At one point in the notes, Dostoevsky says to himself, with something of amazement and something of weariness, "He once more?" and proceeds to give us a long analysis of Versilov:

> A landowner, a despot, a strong intellect, critical enough not to become either a Slavophile or a Westernizer. He becomes a profound egoist. An egoist from despotism. He is, though, a despot to the bone; a true despot must place himself so highly that he actually treats people unctuously, without anger, for to him they are mice, moles. They must be given help and encouragement. The fact that everybody is in love with Him he must accept as something necessary. And this is why he cannot understand how the Princess *is not in love* with him. He refuses to believe that he is in love, and is embarrassed when he must finally prove it to himself, and he gets to think. He thinks that he wants only to save the Princess. Everything is solved by his passion. This passion ~~crushes,~~ his admission that he is capable of *sinking* to the level of passion, leaves him completely crushed. A despot to the bone. He admits himself that he is an atheist—ruins the Youth, is running the risk of ruining him, changes his mind and comes to talk him out of going along with the plot.

The characterization is negative and bitter, but not as negative and bitter as in the earlier sections. He no longer has an affair with a young girl who hangs herself, nor with his stepdaughter, nor does he consider poisoning the mother. He is still the Predatory Type, but the predatoriness is becoming more subtle. In small steps Dostoevsky seems to be moving toward the enigmatic, cultured, and weary aristocrat, who is too withdrawn from life to commit the atrocities of the early pages. Dostoevsky burdens him more and more with "ideas," often of a predatory nature. He is as self-interested as in the earlier

notes, where he had said, "Why shouldn't I live to take care of my own arse, what else is there to do?" But here he says, in an argument against socialism reminiscent of the Underground Man's argument against socialism:

> My God, what a miscalculation on your part: when did man ever do what was to his advantage? On the contrary, hasn't man always done what he liked to do, rather than what was to his advantage, and not infrequently knowing full well that it was to his disadvantage? For man has an innate tendency to consider as *advantageous to himself,* in almost any calculation that he may undertake, that which pleases him, and nothing else.

His self-interest is becoming abstract, as it will be in the final version. Philosophical premise and principle are beginning to take the place of naked will, but for Dostoevsky an idea hides but does not replace an act of will. Indeed, Dostoevsky has begun to do what is so much in evidence in the final version and what contributes so much to the mystery and enigmatic evil of Versilov: to give him "good" ideas and even—from Dostoevsky's own point of view—correct and precious ideas. Dostoevsky would agree with his argument against socialism quoted above, and he would most certainly agree with these words of Versilov:

> If only Christ would not die in the hearts of the Russian people, then, even though there were night ~~all~~ around us, it would still be possible to strive for that bright dot <of light> with everything one has got. That is, it would be a joy to be alive, provided the idea does not die. You see, if the idea itself should die, and the European idea become accepted, an idea of mechanical and not of inner equality, everything would be lost.

It may seem strange for Dostoevsky to give to Versilov some of his precious ideas, but here—at least in germ—and in the final version, Dostoevsky shows us how "truths" can become "errors" in the words of Versilov. Versilov often has the right ideas, but always the wrong movement of his heart, or no movement at all. He is laden with the

best, which has somehow become the worst. Versilov cannot teach and he cannot love, because he cannot believe. For Dostoevsky it is an article of faith that when a man ceases to believe in God he believes in no one else and indeed finally not even in himself. Dostoevsky has begun to understand his character and the following quotation is astonishingly close to the kind of assessment that one can make of the final Versilov:

> Besides catholic narrow-mindedness, despotism, and intolerance, besides contempt for one's own land, there is also present <in his character> such a thing as a stubborn, almost enthusiastic pursuit of an idea, of a world view, etc. Besides extreme and diabolic pride ("no one can be my judge") there also are present extraordinary, harsh demands directed at <him>self, "though under the condition that I be responsible to no one." A most elegant, polished exterior: an apparent ingenuousness, an affability, an apparent tolerance, an absence of any purely personal ambition. And yet all this is only the result of a haughty view of the world, an incredibly exalted position which He has arbitrarily assumed opposite the whole world.

One of the values of these notes, surely, is the harsher and more direct light Dostoevsky throws on Versilov. Once Dostoevsky has seen him—and he takes a long time seeing him—he dims the light, until in the final version it takes strong seeing to discern the despot and the rapacious ego through the mist of elegance, refinement, culture, and "right" ideas.

The problem of Versilov's progressive alienation from active cruelty and toward "rootless" cruelty comes from how we see him, and Dostoevsky spends in this section as in others many pages thinking about the implications of narration from the Youth's point of view. He has finally decided to give the narration to the Youth, but he busies himself justifying his decision. In one excited note he cries out: "In *the first person,* in *the first person,* in *the first person.*" But when he thinks about "why," his arguments seem more intent on shoring up the Youth as the central character than in seeing the advantages it will give him in expressing the character of Versilov. He is quite right that in giving the Youth the point of view he will drama-

tize the naïve, questioning, sifting, misunderstanding, fumbling and questing spirit of the Youth.

Dostoevsky believed that in centering the story in the consciousness of someone other than the Youth he would be taking something away from the picture of the Youth. He did not want a picture of the Youth; he wanted the Youth picturing. He was equally intent on tempering the immediacy by the remove of time. He wanted the Youth's assessment of the events after the events had taken place, and he experiments in this section with having the Youth narrate the events one year after they have taken place, five years, and even eight years. Five years, he tells us, will not do:

> *Can't make it* 5 years. The reader will be left with the crude, rather comical idea that "there's that young adolescent now grown up, and perhaps holding a Master's degree, and a jurist, describing with great condescension (the devil only knows why) how foolish he used to be before," etc. And thus the whole naïvete of the narrative is destroyed. And therefore, better let it be a year. In the tone of the narrative, the whole impact of a recent shock would still be apparent, and a good many things would still remain unclear, yet at the same time there would be this first line: "A year, what a tremendous interval of time!"

Dostoevsky knows, too, that by giving the point of view to the Youth he will gain some advantage in the portraiture of Versilov. At least in section two of the notes he makes reference to this. But in this implication is firm in his mind, there is very little reference to it in these notes. Giving the point of view to the Youth has an important effect on the dimensions and obscurity of Versilov's character. Versilov is one person in the notes and in essential respects someone very different in the novel itself. As we have seen, Dostoevsky moves in his conception of Versilov toward a more subtle evil by changing "acts" to "ideas." In the notes Versilov is often analyzed flatly and the effect is sharp and clear. The enigmatic, paradoxical, and mysterious Versilov of the novel is largely the creation of the Youth's ignorance, naïvete, and obfuscating emotions. In the novel we see Versilov reflected in the passionate and distorting mind of the son. Even

when Versilov emerges into sunlight and tells us himself what he believes in, we have been prepared, by the many Versilovs that have succeeded themselves in Arkady's mind—to look on this as another Versilov.

Makar Ivanov.

Stinking Lizaveta.

The aunts are not his aunts, but distant relatives of His.

A lawyer is a hired conscience.

God has already forgiven him, he's dead.

They interpret <the scriptures?> allegorically and in a derivative way (metaphorically. N.B.), in a spiritual sense. And thus dumbfound ignorant people. Worrying about one thing only, how to get any kind of an interpretation out of it, even if it be a silly one, so long as it is their own.

Enoch is natural law, Elias is written law, and John is the law of grace (the doctrine of the Bespopovtsy).*

Comfort in my sorrows which have afflicted me gravely.

Holy inviolate relics, a great fragrance.

He will save me by willing what He himself knows well.**

This arrow has pierced my heart.

Being most ignorant myself, how can I teach another, knowing nothing myself.

O bitter delusion! O great madness!

Receive me, oh Lord, as you once received Paul, accursed that I am, like (some) wicked sinner.

And <I> used to have as many as four thousand books of my own.

P. 30.

[In sweet scriptural style.] The soul inside me is one only; if I lose it, I cannot find another one. Also, if I shall spend my time without profit to my soul, I shall not be able to return that time.

Be zealous in your service of the Holy Church, and if the time should come and you be called, die for it, as you would die for Christ. ["Yet they are only servants, and not gods, and thus servile, and curious."]

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* Literally, "the priestless ones," name of a sect.

** This and the following sentence are apparently a scripture quotations.

"Occupy till I come." (Luke 19:13)

And many elders bearing God <in their hearts>.

They read and discuss, yet they all remain in bewilderment, nor can they solve <the mystery>.

For though I have studied it according to the scriptures, the Holy Scriptures are an unplumbed depth.

Queen of Heavens! For what great authority does she have with her son Jesus Christ, our Lord!

And hardened worse than a stone.

Another would be satisfied to have his own.

Do not tempt me, your aren't my enemy yet (the Devil).

There was sincere love between them, and as if their two bodies had only one soul.

Stinking Lizaveta. "Do not send me, the stinking one, to your bright paradise, but send me into utter darkness, so that even there, in fire and in pain, I could raise my voice to Thee: 'Holy, holy art Thou, and I have no other love.' "

"My dear Lizavetushka, my Lizanka, calm down."

"Stretch out your little hand, once every year, [at least once every thousand years, for I love you and I shall kiss you."]

" 'Shut up, Lizaveta you fool, I know that you love me, shut up.' And I to him: 'I'm not going to shut up, I want to keep raising my voice until even the devils will believe in you.' "

" 'Keep quiet, you happy-go-lucky one!' " (Before her Holy Communion: "I am not begging to be in eternal pain." "Keep quiet, you happy-go-lucky one!" And she took fright, and partook of the sacraments, and went on to die.)

And so we went to do some work for our Lord.

And he is talking such nonsense that it's not worth listening to.

And as for the books, he had picked out nothing but the prettiest flowers, and even those at his own discretion.

They don't know themselves where they are going.

For a mystery such as transcends all human reason has been revealed (to her, to him, to us).

Nor did he want to commit himself to marriage. (To take a wife.)*

Delivered us to be trampled upon by all men.

We want no part of alien (wickedness).

But to live without God is sheer torture.

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* The expression in the original is typically biblical.

Save us from the machinations of the Devil.

Because of envy.

And he got to love our Lord Jesus Christ so much that he didn't want to leave him in his thoughts even for a little while.

And he obtained the gift of clairvoyance.

Everyone is lost, it is only that everyone is boasting of his own ruination, never even thinking of reverting to the Truth.

And observing his youth *with apprehension.*

Whatever sanctifies us we curse, without being aware of this ourselves. Do what you have to do step by step, without flinging yourself forward, or rushing ahead.

For they are not gods, but men like ourselves, and apprehensive of us.*

May the Lord not leave unrewarded my sorrows and my (your) pilgrimage (we are praying for that, that is).

He (i.e., a contemporary member of the upper classes) is like the prodigal son, having squandered his patrimony. (They did in fact receive two ten-kopek pieces, but had to pay a hundred rubles of their own [money] for it.) Let him return [(to the people),] and a fatted calf will be killed for him.

Laymen are tied down by their families, and by worldly concerns.

And without ever getting satisfaction, they are gathering (perishable) wealth.

And they are living in obedience and having completely cast off their own will (and so much firmer they are <in their faith>).

And found peace from worldly concerns for his feelings.

[Get to know Christ, <and you shall know> that you have not accomplished anything.] See p. 253.

So that the world become the most beautiful and happy abode, replete with every kind of joy.

And to leave all this behind is no small cross, nor is it a light grief.

He would give his life for his wife, and almost everybody would be willing to suffer and die for his children's sake.

For a wife to be left behind, alone like a homeless swallow, after the loss of her husband (it is hard, that is).

For he owes them this debt by nature (i.e., he must love them).

Into a quiet and mute refuge.

**Podobostrastnye,* literally, "servile," "obsequious"; however, the speaker here tends to use book words in meanings that are a little off the target.

He was tossing about and suffering anguish, like a fish pulled out of the water.

I say this is an impious thought.

Don't you *give up* (don't break off) your enterprise on account of any kind of faint-heartedness.

They are all so intemperate, each of them is out to surprise the whole world.

How he could surprise the world.

But you are standing before him shifting from one foot to the other, refusing to stand still, rushing about(as if he were worth it).

Crone, jade, <scare> crow.*

And he also said that one should not smoke tobacco, which point he sought to impress upon <his audience> at length, with sorrowful mien and with many a sigh.

All you [he] care about is to have a good laugh at your own joke.

A military force.**

As they say around our place: take some nice yellow sand, strew it on some nice little rocks (cover some nice little rocks with it), and when the yellow sand begins to sprout from those rocks, your dreams will come true.

He would get drunk, of his own free will, and then cry: "Oh mother dear, why did you ever bear me, sorry drunkard that I am? Rather, you should have crushed the life out of me at birth, than let me into this world (the way I am)." (He is coming from the tavern stark naked, yet reciting his lamentations.) (He is coming from the tavern, naked as his mother bore him.) They made up such a song, there is such a song.

And he forfeited*** some of his own capital.

Yet you are more 'xhausted (exhausted) than he. An exhausted soul. Exhausted people.****

Drinking up and eating up his soldier's pay.

Where will a poor soldier go, a soldier must take orders, that's what a soldier is for.

And now I am going to tell you that there is a little child.

Stinking Lizaveta. "Do not forgive me, Christ, let me be the only

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* *Karga-zagumennaia, vorona,* literally, "Crone behind-the-barn, crow."

** The expression in the original is typically biblical.

*** *Istomchivyi,* a dialect word, from *istoma,* "weariness."

**** *Reshilsia.* This particular meaning is dialectal.

one whom you won't forgive, but let me go down to Hell. They'll be burning me, and I'll be praising you, I'll be loving you. I can't live without suffering. Let me suffer some; give me the gift of suffering."

Lizaveta, don't ~~thou tempt~~ you tempt me with words, or with pies, or I'll burn your town, so I may again suffer.

It is envy, envy that kills a man altogether; envy is followed by death.

Even God's angels are imperfect; only our Lord Jesus Christ is perfect and free of sin; that's why the angels serve him.

And you will come to your grave in your old age, like an ear of corn to the sheaf, all in their own time.

It has been said: "The words of a desperate man are blown away by the wind."

We have all only come yesterday, and we haven't had time to find out anything yet.

It has been said: "The hope of a hypocrite shall perish, and his safety is that of a spider's house."*

+ Man has been deprived even of his right to complain, for he actually cannot even point a finger at whomever he is complaining against, man being surrounded by mystery. What will it help me if I shall complain? For as I will be complaining, I shall know that I speak as a man who lacks any sense and that my tongue is turning in vain, because I really know nothing, and so haven't the power to point my finger at anyone.

So then, is it possible at all for an atheist to remain calm and not kill himself? Only he can live who believes that God is always right (and that it couldn't be any different), even though it might appear to him all the time that injustice rules the world. Take it for a temptation, and believe.

And you shall become immersed in such filth "that your own clothes will begin to loathe you," that's what it says.**

Liza: "At least you might help her (mother), why are you just sitting around there?"

"Right away, my dear, forgive me." Makar got up, staggered, and fell down (his feet were swollen).

"It's my feet are swollen," he smiled, as if he were guilty. "E—eh!"

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* I have translated literally: *dom pauka* is "a spider's house"; "a spider's web" is *pautina,* of course.

** Inexact quote from Job 9: 31.

Liza was embarrassed. And later she stepped up to Makar.

"O that ye would altogether hold your peace! and it should be your wisdom." (Job 13:5)

"Your remembrances are like mounds of clay." (Ibid., 12)*

"The first thing for you is your ambition: 'What do you know, what is it you could know?' is your very first question."

An intemperate and corrupt man, "drinking lawlessness, like water."

But in your hearts, thoughts are hovering about.

Your fame will be scattered, like the wind, and your happiness will pass, like a cloud. (There he is, fortunate and redoubtable, high in rank, covered with decorations, but he will die—and where will he be? Who will remember him?)

The remembrance of an undistinguished man is less than fifty years.

And they die (blissfully and quietly), full of days.**

Impenetrable fog. Impenetrable grief.

Full of the sweetness of learning.

Makar: "Get to know Christ and preach him, and provide an example by your deeds, and nothing will shake you. And thus you will serve even the whole world."

"True," says Versilov, "Europe is expecting Christ from us. They gave us science, and we shall give them Christ (this is Russia's whole mission)."

Makar: "I used to be hard and cruel. I would impose burdens and demand service." The story of the hermit and the child. " 'Why, these are cherubs!' I didn't believe it: why was the hermit doing my pleasure? (I fell to my knees before him. Departed in anger. 'I knew that you would come.')"

"Stinking Lizaveta, why are you struggling so hard, poor sinner?"

"Because I do not want to be saved, my dear; I want to go to hell, darling, right to where the devils are . . ."

"Why is it you don't want to be saved, you madwoman?"

"Because I want to suffer the torments of hell, that's why . . ."

"But I'll be shouting 'Holy-Holy' all the time, so all those devils will get tired of it. They will be burning me, and tearing off my skin, and I'll still keep shouting: 'Holy-Holy.' "

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* Quoted incompletely in the text.

** Quote from Gen. 35: 29.

"Christ, in my sleep: 'Shut up, stupid . . . what are you doing, Lizanka?' This is exactly how he called me: 'Lizanka.' "

She was about to give up the ghost: "I am guilty more than anyone else, I am guilty of my disorders."

This happened in the town of Afimevsk. I spent a long time there on account of having fallen ill . . .

"A boy with a canary drowned himself. But why are you telling these stories? Why are you gloating? It's all disorder, and you are still speaking of order: you are speaking up against yourself."

"I am not gloating, my dear, yet one must accept everything with a trembling heart. You see something that is good—so you are full of joy; you see evil—and you begin to weep in your soul. One as well as the other is good and profitable for your soul. The Creator is great in one as well as in the other. And how do you know his ways so well?"

"Be firm, man, don't let anything disturb you."

". . . That things are changing for the worse. [Though] this may be true, and has been so prophesied for those last days, do not believe it in the least, but act as if <things> were going just fine. Preach Christ by your words, and even more so by your deeds. Be firm, man, and calm, do not let anything trouble you. And your life shall be to the glory of God."

"Most of all, serve by your own works. There is nothing stronger than the example of your own works; and don't let it trouble you that you have not completed everything, or that you have done but little, for it will all contribute to the general good order of things."

"Will it really?"

"Why won't it? How does a man live but by good examples?"

Makar: "Sanctify yourself, and you will serve everybody: by being a light to the world."

["Why, <I> have been speaking of the godless all the time. What godless people are they, really? That's asking too much of them. And besides."]

The hour destined to <end> my life is come.*

"Do not rejoice over another man's grief. (Do not injure the Church of God.)"

[Every] "Man cannot exist without bowing before something. Without it, no man could stand himself, ~~such~~ no man could, and not

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* Apparently a variation on John 17: 1.

just simply so, but he has been created that way. Let him reject God, and he will bow before an idol made of silver [stone], or of gold, or one that is in his mind. That's the kind of godless people they all [these all] are! They are idolaters, that's what they are, and not godless. [And all who are living in this world."]

"So there is no such thing as godless people?"

"There must be, my dear, there must be, but I've never met any."

"His soul is like a wild forest, and there is no peace in it. All his life. Such is his lot. There are people who are given this." ~~This~~

"So it is given?"

"Yes; beauty-in-God (i.e., a feeling for beauty-in-God)."*

"And so, as far as I have been able to notice, all people lead dull lives everywhere."

"If all people would be like Christ, could there be any hunger?"

"And all this kind of people, they're all untidy, all of them."

Stinking Lizaveta: "Forgive all of hell, and take all the sinners up to you, and leave me there alone to suffer. And <he> will leave me there alone (for love). Isn't that enough bliss for you? Satan will give in."

"I am not afraid of Satan."

"All right, Lizanka, go and suffer all you want."

There was a man, "I am not asking (<him to repay his?> debt), because he loves, and a man won't know what makes him insist on his own opinion."**

And <I> have heard that one ~~sinner~~ ancient saint said: "The nearer we come to God in our love, the more sinful we feel." And believe me, my friend, that the reverse of this [undoubtedly] must consequently [must properly] be true also: the further we are from God with our hearts and with our minds, the more righteous we consider ourselves to be.

"Whosoever does not want to work, may he not eat either," has been said before (Nil Sorsky).

Lizaveta: "I am not eating either; I'm not eating."

"Forgive me, as the son of God, king of all ages."

About Lambert's character.

Makar Ivanovich has some touching recollections about Versilov's

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* *Blagolepie,* a Church Slavonic word, literally means "good beauty," i.e., a beauty or an order agreeable to God.

** Quite unclear and apparently ungrammatical in the original.

childhood, about how he used to teach *mamma* how to walk, how he would carry her into the forest.

Stinking Lizaveta. "Shut up, you strange woman, you."

They also put her in an insane asylum once. Her relative, a merchant, gave her a beating—and she kissed his foot.

She lies on prickly straw.

"Lizanka, my Lizanka, there is none fouler than you."

And they sure beat her a lot, the poor dear.

She would be sitting there, pricking her shirt with some straw, then suddenly she would have a fit and start screaming.

"Here then, the temperature of my head went down a bit" (he became sober).*

September 8.

Special plan.

[to remember] The Youth is from Moscow. He sees the whole family: mother, elder brother prior to <illegible>, Olia, and the small boy. They are all illegitimate, and <his> father, at 50, married a young relation of the old Prince's. Scenes with the child at the old Prince's, the aunts, etc. A showdown with <his> father, the diamonds. It is He who makes inquiries about the Princess. *He* got married in a provincial town, but when he met the Princess again he was once more seized by passion and vindictiveness. Olia surrenders herself to the young Prince. The Princess fears Him: the document. His wife, having learned of His passion for the Princess, leaves Him. The Youth and Lambert, and the plot against the Princess. The Youth goes to see his father and puts him to shame. He affects his reconciliation with <His> wife. The young Prince marries Liza. The Youth abandons his idea. The Youth who is running errands for his father and acts as a spy at the Princess's falls in love with her.

A NEW STORY.

Makar Ivanov [an old-time house serf] is dead. ~~However~~ He lived a pious life. After February 19 <1861> he spent his time collecting funds to build churches. He had come back to Petersburg to die and died at the family residence. The family <consists> of his wife, 37 years old (N.B. She was a beauty all along, until 8 years ago, when she ~~rapidly~~ suddenly got all doubled up from the birth of her last child, a small and sickly boy); Olia, 17 years old; and the eight-year-old,

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* Literally, "Here then, those degrees went out of my head a bit."

sickly boy. They are all *His children,* Makar Ivanov being ostensibly the husband.

The Youth had been brought up by the aunts. Later he was attending high school, <then> quit; *his own idea.*

The old Prince is altogether under His influence and fears Him.

He is a gentleman from a good family, who has squandered his fortune (Brusilov).

The Youth knows his story and travels to Petersburg with hidden anger in his heart—to get even <with Him> with the aid of his idea.

He has some poor female relatives (~~aunts~~ the so-called aunts of the Youth). They have lost Andreev. They respect Him very much (they are doing some sewing <for a living>, and are not being supported by Him). Tender, yet cautious and, so it appears, for some reason timid relations with Makar Ivanov's family.

~~The Princess~~ The General's wife—<rather,> the widow of a General, and the Prince's daughter, 26 years old.

The young Prince (not a relative), 28 years old (Golitsyn).

About half a year earlier, *He* apparently had a strange influence on that cold idealist ~~the Princess~~, the General's <widow>. N.B. The old Prince might marry.

Having recognized His intention to marry her, she chases Him out with ignominy.

He suddenly lets the family join him, coming from Luga (a little later, Makar Ivanov shows up quite unexpectedly and dies). The Youth meets with <His> despotic rule over the family, <witnesses how He> rips open the <little boy's> mouth, etc. But the family trembles <before Him> all the time. Only the Youth rebels and takes his little brother away.

He had been patient, but now he no longer could, and suddenly went into a rage hearing that the General's widow was going to marry the Prince.

Meanwhile he returns those 200,000.

[He finds out that the Princess has been visiting the family.]

The Youth gets to hate the Princess, is insulted by the young Prince. The diamonds.

The Princess fears the document. The Youth has found the document. ~~He sends her the document.~~

[He chops up those icons.]

~~The last rendezvous. At first *He* threatens her, document in hand; then he tears up the document; then wants to rape her. The Youth saves both Him and the Princess. Meanwhile Liza surrenders herself~~

~~to the young Prince. She drowns herself. *He* is desperate, while the General's widow breaks with the Prince. The little boy can't endure Liza's death and drowns himself. *He* wants to marry Makar's widow, but she refuses. (N.B. It is remarkable that Makar's wife had been His friend and advisor.) Makar's widow suddenly dies. (The Youth is arrested.) The little boy stays with Him and drowns himself. (To Liza.) *He* hangs himself in a monastery.~~

Note. Work out the episode of the rape. This is how it happens: after the return of those 200,000, etc., the Princess is cool <toward Him>. Thereupon He threatens her with the letter, for that letter has been found. The Princess responds by <seeing to it> that the old Prince dismisses Him. Marriage to the young Prince. *He* is furious at such a show of contempt and (psychology) asks Makar's widow to marry him. She refuses (she used to be his advisor). On that day, He chops up those icons. In the meantime Liza's romance takes its course, without anyone being aware of it. The young Prince doesn't know who she is? Desperate as a result of his comic situation, He allies himself with Lambert. The Youth saves Him.

He is crushed by his own baseness. At this point Olia's romance comes to light. (The Youth is arrested.) His mother dies of a broken heart. The Princess breaks off her wedding. *He* is left alone with the little boy, broken-hearted. The boy drowns himself.

He reasons this way: "She is afraid that the old Prince might disinherit her, for she herself is penniless. Then, the young Prince will abandon her." Besides, she is sure that the document has been destroyed. She is sure of that mostly because He has told the old Prince about the document and about the lunatic asylum. But the old Prince asked to see the document and when He replied that <the document> had been lost at Andreev's, he showed Him the door. It is after having committed this low-down act that He proposes to his wife. (N. B. He is suddenly convinced that the Princess is passionately, madly in love with the young Prince. At last His eyes are opened. Up to that time He had had a theory according to which it had been a mere case of *la haine dans l'amour*.[1] The Youth, in spite of the fact that he is his mother's son, is very much under His influence, i.e., they have become *that close* friends. At times he finds Him repulsive, then again he is attracted to Him.) After this, He chops up those icons. (Liza's romance, without anyone being aware of it.)

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[1] French: "Hate in love."

Lambert finds out about the existence of the document from the Youth and tells Him about it. *He* reasons like this... (and wants to take vengeance on her by violence and scandal just before her wedding). Then the Youth sees how far things are gone, and he saves the Princess. But he does it on an impulse, for he was himself in on the plot, though with trepidation. [Though in love himself, he would spit with disgust, a misogynist.] The thing is that <while> he *hated* the Princess, *had suffered insults* from the young Prince, he still loved even though he despised Him and looked down <on Him>, for he forgave <Him> (after the scene with Souchard).*

Besides, they both *hated* the Princess. The Youth got to hate her even more when he realized that He, in spite of his ostensible hatred, was more in love with her than ever. And suddenly ~~he~~ the Youth feels that he is himself in love; he spits with disgust. Chastity [and the hideous thought that he is his father's rival.]

When the Youth finds the letter, he experiences a sensation <as if he were an> Ungern-Shternberg.[2] He now wants to put the screws on her, then to send her the letter; then again, considering this to be base (for he senses that he is yielding to his love for her), to give the letter to Him. But it is too late for that, for he is frightened by the news that He has already reported the matter to the old Prince, and was shown the door <by the latter>.

[The old Prince] *He* later tried to convince the Youth that, had she only been shown the document, she'd have been licking their boots. Incidentally, He also told the Youth that He wouldn't have married her in any case, aside from the fact that it was impossible now.

(N.B. Having learned about Liza's romance, he tells her about it. He gets mocking remarks in return, and the date for the wedding is set.) Then He suggests to Lambert, having learned from him that the letter does exist, that he make a copy of its content and mail it from the aunt's, thus joining the plot. (Rape her on the eve of her wedding day.)

Lambert tries to tempt the Youth with an offer of 30,000 and "fuck." The Youth is excited both by the thought of revenge, and by <his> love <for her>. But having learned the whole extent of the scheme, and also (from Lambert) that He had asked Lambert not to tell him, the Youth, that He is involved in the plot, he becomes

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* Ungrammatical and unclear in the original.

[2] See note three of part II.

scared, realizes how base it is. And yet he is drawn to it, like <an arsonist is drawn> to set fire to a village. *He* wanted to see with his own eyes the vileness of the Princess, the vileness of the aristocracy.

But he saves the Princess, for she conducts herself splendidly. (N.B. Here the crime and the cynicism of the Youth and, incidentally, also his thirst for power. The document being a temptation to apply his power. As for the 30 thousand, he wanted to let Lambert keep them, and without a moment's hesitation. As for fucking her, the thought never entered his mind, not even for a moment, nor would he let Lambert do it.) ~~However~~ The Princess fell ill after that; but, having learned about Liza's death from the Youth, seeing the young Prince's despair, and realizing that he would be forcing himself to marry her, she proudly broke off their engagement.

[N.B. Olia's romance absolutely must take place *after* Lambert's plot.

Lambert is terribly frank, the peculiar and unusual *ingenuousness* of a crook, who doesn't even suspect that there might be some honest people, too.]

Characters.

The old Prince. A year and a half earlier he had been suffering from softening of the brain. He has gotten well again, but has not fully recovered. He feels terribly insulted whenever someone suspects that he is in a state of imbecility. This is why he would have cursed his daughter if he had learned that she was going to place him in an insane asylum. He has lost his official positions. He has invested his capital in some business transactions (which gave the Princess reason to say that He is stealing <from her father>).

Then there is He, an old-fashioned type of gentleman. The precious traits of skepticism, generosity, unbelief, [idle] atheism, laziness, liberalism, despotism. Above all, passion, a predatory type. But passion <which has taken?> refuge in Christianity ("It's his third year of preaching the Gospel," says the old Prince). N.B. (The old Prince has become terribly witty precisely since the time when he was suffering from softening of the brain.) Hidden atheism and despotism in the family. Almost the same as in *the earlier novel.* This is how *the Youth finds it* when he arrives on the scene.

Olia is an angelic type. The intimidated ones. She got frightened when the young Prince proposed to her. But she felt terribly flattered and was very happy. She turned him down, drowned herself. ["One could get married, <but> he won't love me. Surely, he would never

give me a word of reproach, and <yet> he would regret it all his life."]

The mother. A Russian type (a tremendous character). They are both downtrodden, and humble, and firm, like saints.

Makar Ivanov. (A Russian type.) He wonders.

The Youth as before.

Dolgushin *et al.* Vasin—very cursorily.

He'll need his own flat, I suppose.

However, *his own idea* is just too persistent.

Only this problem: who is the hero? The Youth or He?

The young Prince Golitsyn, charming, also 24 years old.

N.B. More strongly about his own idea—and more strongly on Christianity as preached by Him.

Olia is a frightened <soul>, because He had frightened her in her childhood, which is also why He <later> surrounded her with care. He hired a Swiss governess for her. They used to travel abroad. Venice, cathedrals. Cathedrals scared her.

A legend. In Luga there is living an old lady, a relative of the old Prince's; not wealthy, but independent. It is under her patronage that Makar's family was living <in Luga> in seclusion. In Luga, the young Prince also met Olia. (But he didn't find out whose daughter she was.) Meeting her in Petersburg he asks her directly: "So you are here?" (N.B. The young Prince is poor himself, but is having success in Petersburg.) They become acquainted. For a long time he *has pity* on her, and finally she becomes pregnant.

~~He finds out about that pregnancy (by challenging the young Prince to a duel, for no particular reason, just being mad about the Princess; the challenge is ridiculous, <in view of> the difference in years; by this time the Prince already knew (through the aunts) all the secrets of Makar's family; the Prince refuses to fight a duel and admits to Him that he is guilty before His daughter).~~

Thereupon He is fired by a decision to force the young Prince to marry Olia. ~~On account of this, his first rupture with the old Prince. But He has accomplished his end: the General's widow is mortally hurt. But He is not doing it for her sake.~~ *He* is doing it for his daughter's sake. ~~It is precisely at this point that Makar shows up and dies.~~ Olia meets the young Prince. She asks him about the Princess: "Do you love her?"* The young Prince cannot possibly marry her, but

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* Olia is using the obsequious plural, literally, "Do you love them?"

he does feel awfully sorry for her. Olia drowns herself (after having seen the Princess and *set her mind at rest*). The Princess breaks with the young Prince. The young Prince himself breaks off his engagement with the Princess. The mother dies of a broken heart. The Youth is arrested, but soon released. The little boy drowns himself.

Fussing around with father, etc.*

Makar still in the beginning. After Makar<'s death> offers to marry her. On the same day—[~~Makar still in the beginning~~ He chops up those icons. It was at this time that Lambert's plot materialized. The Princess is ill. But He challenges the young Prince in a fit of fury. The young Prince, dumbfounded, tells Him about Olia. It is at this point that He finds out about Olia, *not* any *earlier.*

The young Prince had stolen some icons, was tried and then pardoned. Later he rose in the service thanks to the efforts of a young General.

He has squandered his own 70 souls.

Bon jour, papa le grand.[3]

He has been at Souchard's only as an adult.

During their first meeting the Youth asks the young Prince about Souchard. The young Prince doesn't understand and forgets about it. Sincerely. Traveling by train. Tells his story to <his> aunt. "I hate!"]

That's how it was: Olia used to go with the young Prince until she found out that he was engaged to the General's widow. Then she broke off their relationship, without anger: ["Maybe you couldn't help it at all."] She used to go to Kazan Cathedral. <Then> she began staying at home, afraid to make a move, to see the Prince. Meanwhile the young Prince was pleading, fretting, visiting the aunts' place, writing letters. Having found out whose daughter she was, he refuses to accept His challenge, issued in a fit of madness (a long time prior to the scene with Lambert). The Youth arrives just at the time when Liza has become pregnant. Scene between him and the young Prince. The young Prince is actually making up to him. A strange impression. On her own part, the General's widow is miserable and jealous, as she sees the change in the young Prince, who is displaying alternate fits of love and an almost timid aloofness. The Princess finds out about Liza from the young Prince himself. After the scene with Lambert,

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* Impossible to determine whether the subject is masculine or feminine.

[3] French: "Good day, great papa."

rupture with the young Prince, while *He* learns that Liza is pregnant. He wants to kill the young Prince. But Liza drowns herself, etc. In the meantime, Makar. *His* proposal to <Makar's> wife. He chops up the icons. [The mother had known for a long time that Liza was pregnant.]

Form, form! (plain narrative à la Pushkin).

N.B. Makar.

Makar shocks everybody by his appearance: the Youth, the family, but especially Him. He has a nervous breakdown and suddenly offers to marry <Makar's> wife. Thereafter, he chops up those icons.

N.B. The Fool is staying at the same place where the Youth has rented a flat.

N.B. N.B. First make an outline of <the Youth's> own idea, as well as of the characters <of the novel>; then work out the plan of the entire novel, event after event.

September 9.

TENTATIVE PLAN OF PART ONE ALONE.

In the railway carriage. The aunt and the Youth. N.B. The Youth had met his aunt casually before, and they run into each other at the railway ticket office. If Lambert, then the Fool is right there, too. [The aunt talks to the Fool, mentioning that she knows the Princess.] In the railway carriage the Youth and his aunt discuss and argue about Christ, about frou-frou, about "I am proud <that I am an illegitimate son?>," about his running around with a student of the university. [He surprises the aunt by his familiarity with the old Prince, about the General's widow, except that it is all distorted. Somber, but his age (he is 20) shows.] [He feels very sorry that he was so outspoken with the aunt.]

His own idea. About who Brusilov is, the soldier in the railway carriage, April 25. Doubts, about <his> mother. "Your mother, she has seen you, hasn't she?"

They arrive at the aunts' place. "I don't want to <stay> with my mother," while she is right there. Scenes.

Should he or shouldn't he be introduced to Him?

But he goes away to see Vitia, <or> to the market, <or> to Dolgushin's. Vasin. [At Vitia's he must absolutely <say something> about Lambert. Lambert worries him.]

He comes home at 8 o'clock. [*He* won't pay proper attention to the Youth.] A scene. He is being rude. The ripping of <the little boy's> mouth. [He chases him out of the house.] He is leaving of his own accord. The little boy, frightened, has already run out into the street.

He takes him over to Vasin's place. [Even glad to do it, wanting to take his revenge. "No, I had only one feeling, that of compassion! *We both wanted to run away.*"]

At Vasin's. He tells Vasin everything, whole confession, but not about his idea. (The little boy has fallen asleep, as he keeps asking for Olia.) The Youth falls asleep also. Vasin sends word to his family. His mother comes.

The Youth goes out to rent himself a flat. [Vasin asks him not to come anymore.] He goes to the aunts' place. In a dark room. Overhears a conversation in spite of himself. (The General's widow has come to see the aunt.) Letters. The aunt is perturbed by the fact that he has heard what was said. He asks the aunt to tell Him to please stay away from him, and that he won't need that job either. He goes to see his mother *to pay a visit to the child.* Liza. Now *they* will forgive everything.

[After <Vasin's> request not to come to his place anymore he goes to the aunts' place where he starts a letter to his father asking that they sever all connections. Enter the Princess. He eavesdrops in spite of himself. The letters.]

He returns home (an incident with a wench, something that happens in the street). At home, he finds Him waiting, engaged in a conversation with his landlord. A showdown. *He* charms him. Besides, the Youth is considerably shaken and exhausted. About Vasin (about socialism). He learns that Vasin has told <Him> the story of his <the Youth's> childhood. Ardently <expounds> his idea. *Ce n'est pas si bête.*[4]

They had promised to visit the General's widow. Captivated by her. ~~He doesn't know yet that his father is a villain.~~ He leaves, pensive and crushed.

The Youth ~~writes a letter in the morning, goes to see~~ falls asleep cursing himself for having told him about his idea.

[He curses and tears up. <. . .> A villainy. The curse. He goes home. Alone. His own idea. En route, the incident with the wench. He is shaken.]

First Part

All of this had a very strong effect on the Youth (He is talkative). But prior to this conversation, coming home one day, he found Him

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[4] French: "This isn't so foolish."

with a government clerk <talking> about that <huge> rock,[5] and was surprised at such triviality.

He has mixed feelings. But he wakes up and proceeds to the Prince's house.

Second Part

On the next day I went to see the Prince, the Prince and the General's widow. But *jeune homme,*[6] toward the end of the conversation (about how the old Prince ought to get married) <. . .> The young Prince insults him ("I could not restrain myself, went up to him: 'Weren't you a friend of Lambert's?' "). The Princess whispered something about him to the old Prince and left, chuckling. The Youth returns in order to quit everything and leave. He meets Liza in the street. A brief meeting. [A ray of sunshine. For the first time, he recognizes the real Liza. N.B. Compose a scene.] The General's widow, stepping out of her carriage. A strange sensation. He swears revenge.

He returns home, knowing that He is going to question him regarding the General's widow. But He does not. [He announces that he is not going to <work for> the old Prince. At this point, <the scene> at the Liar's flat. The Youth is surprised that He, such a somber person, diverts himself with such trivialities. Spending time on bagatelles. He challenges Him fiercely on account of this.] The Youth is irritated by the idea of Christianity, so, exactly at this point, a sermon on Christianity and about his own idea. About Vasin, about socialism. The future, about Vasin and about his own idea. He hasn't seen his mother. Full of sorrow. ["Let's go, and the devil may care!" In his fall, he has visions of Liza.] A scene at his flat, involving the landlord and landlady.

On the third day he wants to challenge him to a duel. An insolent refusal. The diamonds. She accuses <him>. He leaves. Was about to give himself up for lost. Got home late. He finds the young Prince already waiting to tell him that the incident with the diamonds has been taken care of, and that he has already received a challenge from Him. He had asked the <Youth> to come to see Him. He is at home. ("You don't know!" i.e., about Liza.) He blushes. He doesn't want to

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[5] The anecdote about how a huge rock is disposed of by digging a hole beside it is narrated by the Youth's landlord in Part II, Chapter 1, of the final version.

[6] French: "Young man."

give any answer, is somber and irritated. He says that he has seen the old Prince and has settled the business with the diamonds.

Makar arrives. The whole story of Makar. His death. (The Youth is terribly impressed.) After Makar's death He comes with a new confession, with tenderness, imprecations, about the Princess, about passion, about the letters (at Andreev's). [The idea about Andreev's letter,] the letter. Meanwhile the old Prince is very much upset. An incident with the landlord—death of the small child. The Youth's agony at seeing that the letter has this effect on him. He realizes that he is in love; he kisses the Princess's tracks.

A meeting with Vasin. Vasin about Him. They get together and have a talk.

His mother comes: "Why aren't you coming to see your brother, he is calling for you." His mother is very sad.

~~Liza suddenly comes to see the Youth and asks him if it is true that he loves the Princess.~~

The young Prince says that Liza doesn't want to marry him. She wants to break with him.

N.B. The Youth is aware of Liza's romance a long time before He is. He does not tell Him. At first he was going to tear the young Prince to pieces, but the latter bends him to his will. He grows more somber, finds that the whole thing is base.

The Youth had learned the facts about his father, about the General's widow, and about the old Prince from Lambert who at one time had been drinking together with ~~the old~~ the young Prince.

Absolutely in *the first person,* it is more naïve and more charming, though it would lack any moral.

A story.

September 10!

The aunt tells the Youth about the death of his mother after he is released from arrest. Absolutely make it so the Youth is *not* present at his mother's death.

Or make it so his mother dies in his presence.

He is arrested, and returning four days later, on the day of the funeral, he discovers that the little boy has disappeared. They find the boy. The aunt suggests that he use those 25,000 to buy a place in the country and take both of them there. The Youth would like to get an education. ~~A year later~~ the little boy makes friends with the Idiot. They spend their time together. Leave the city and go to the country!

N.B. He, as well as Vasin, brings up the subject of <the Youth's>

continuing his education many times throughout the novel. They decide that he will get his education.

He has mixed feelings about things. "I don't want to see anybody." The aunt, He, and the little boy. "I did, however, pass the examination." A ray of sunshine. "Oh my dear, you have such a long life ahead of you!" (the aunt says).

If in *the first person,* then, provided it is close <to the event> (3 months), the manuscript must bear the traces of a certain lack of purpose. <But> if the Youth has already overcome this period, the resulting conscious purpose of his narrative will cause it to lose its naïveté.

In *the first person* it would be more naïve, incomparably more original, and, in its deviations from a smooth and systematic narrative, even more delightful.

The young Prince as he appears in the Youth's judgment and all the scenes with Liza will come out more original from the Youth's pen. In *the first person,* in *the first person,* in *the first person!*

But if the third person were used, it would be extremely difficult to give the reader a sound reason why the Youth should be the hero, and to justify such <choice>.

Start without any kind of introduction—more original that way, and only in some other place, later, in the following chapters: All this happened a year ago, of course I am a different person now, etc.

[Also in the first chapter: ~~the reader~~ One might think that what I'm writing is all nonsense, but it is really very serious and, what is most important, I'm writing nothing that isn't necessary, everything is quite important—even that Fool, for the time will come when he will begin to play a role.]

But in the finale: A detailed description of how he was saving the child,* with all the horrors of it, and later, how he is dying, without the slightest hint regarding the meaning of life, etc.

[In *the first person,* it's definite now. No matter what happens. But he is writing it a year after <the event>. Keep this in mind in every line.]

"We are living *in seclusion*"—two aunts. To see the mother's grave. "I think that your aunt is right, suggesting that you enroll in the university." 25,000.

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* *Spasal rebenka.* The Russian form is ambiguous, since it could mean "saved" or "was trying to save."

A ray. Everything casually and significantly. "But now I shall stop, for I have [other things to do. My idea.] [September 12 I drove to <the Cathedral of> the Savior.] Or should I rather not take those 25,000? In that case, I'll join the civil service."

The Youth makes his way into real life from a sea of idealism *(his own idea).* He is suddenly surrounded by all the different elements of our society at once.

His own idea failed to stand the test and at once began to waver. Hence his depressed state. [An idea. Convey this mood to the reader more clearly.] But being the gloomy misanthrope he is, he won't concede defeat, but keeps viewing the world with arrogance. He accuses everybody and decides to go against every law. (N.B. When Makar is dying, he sheds tears and kisses his hand; and in a scene with his mother and Liza, he accuses them of servility.)

Now he is really in a whirl. Scene with the Princess. Somber scene involving Lambert's leg. His arrest. The scenes after his arrest are already in a different mood.

The novel contains all the elements <of our society>. Civilized and desperate, idle and skeptical, of the higher intelligentsia—that's He.

Ancient Holy Russia—Makar's family.

What is holy, good about new Russia—the aunts.

A <great> family gone to seed—the young Prince (a skeptic, etc.)

High society—the funny and the abstractly ideal type.

The young generation—the Youth, all instinct, knows nothing.

Vasin—hopelessly ideal.

Lambert—flesh, matter, horror—etc.

"I can see that my idea has not been realized; however, the idea still stands. Having made this statement I conclude by saying that I won't write anymore for at least five years. I shall devote this time to my studies. And then, after five years, I may reread what I have written <and> check myself. In 5 years the status of my idea will become more definite also."

Perhaps [unnecessary].

DEFINITIVELY. Better *without even the slightest* comments or reservations, just say that it happened a year ago.

N.B. In the finale. "I wanted to say that <we> shouldn't take any money from the Prince, but said nothing. <My> aunt only gave me a look."

About frou-frou. I was in that kind of a mood *then.*

DEFINITIVE.

All the elements of our society were present, and it appeared to me that we were like mummers, refusing to understand each other; yet we speak the same language, we belong to the same country and even to the same family. (N.B. That's it. And the transition to the next chapter. Finish it abruptly. Write more abruptly all along.)

Disorder.

In *the first person,* in *the first person*—September 12.

The Youth is amazed at the baseness <of the world> and curses the whole world. He is himself in agony about his idea concerning the letters. Vasin and the landlord. The Youth is thinking of suicide. Kraft shoots himself (while Vasin comes suddenly to return the papers). Everybody has been arrested. Lambert talks him into it. The letter. His father reports to the old Prince about the letter. He <the father> is shown the door. He proposes to <Makar's> wife, chops up some icons. The next day he tells the Youth that, if he only had the document, she'd be licking his boots. He wants to get even with her. "I would have never married her." [Lambert's story left out. Death of the old Prince left out.] He doesn't say himself that he is out to get even with her, but the Youth can see it. The Youth about his father: "Quite decidedly, he had become attached to me." The Youth is terribly excited. His landlord has burned his wife. Lambert and Andrieux. The old Prince to Andrieux. [They both start crying. A disgusting, nerve-wracking scene. Nothing comes of it. Lambert says that nothing will come of this idiot.] ~~The Youth~~ "What is this whole world good for?" exclaims the Youth. The Youth reveals the secret of the letter to Lambert. Liza. Some kind of desperate scene [between him, his mother, and Liza.] The mother: "Bear it." The Youth: "Eh, to hell with it all!" Power, start a conflagration, he suddenly learns that He is in on the plot with Lambert. The scene of the violation, kills Lambert, the Princess. The Princess has already learned about Liza's romance. The Youth finds out about it. Back home, Liza drowns herself. She leaves a letter. (N.B. The Youth hears the story of Liza's romance either from the Prince, through the latter's incidental remarks, or <from> Liza: "Farewell, my darling.") Liza's body recovered from the water. *He,* <her> mother. The Youth is arrested.

~~The Youth is under arrest for a short time only, a week or so; upon his return he finds his mother dying.~~ Returning from prison. ~~The aunt tells him. He goes there. The little boy.~~ The little boy has disappeared. The Youth rushes to find him. He is found (to Liza). He brings the boy. He, the aunts, and the boy. "Live for their sake. Forget

about my own idea." Three months later the boy laughs, embraces Him. He is an idiot. Cries.

[25,000, get an education. The Princess has gone abroad and has taken the old Prince with her. The young Prince is living somewhere in the country.]

N.B. A propos the novel. The Youth is <the> hero in every respect. He is with the old Prince, and with the young Prince (a duel), and with his father, and at his own flat with the government clerk, and with Vasin about his idea.* The latter hands him his papers. He is also aware of Liza's romance. He also loves the little child, is close to his mother, is greatly impressed by Makar Ivanov. N.B. It might be that Lambert, in particular, fascinates him.

"To hell with everything. Leave everything and run." He cannot see any sense in Him, though He is dear to him, and so he argues with Him all the time. Also, the meekness at home doesn't make sense to him. Neither can he understand the meaning of his budding love for the Princess. Even his own idea seems senseless and shaky, which makes him feel terribly giddy. And Vasin, too, seems senseless. And Liza's romance is terrifying. And what good is justice? ~~And he would like to~~

He is terribly impressed by Makar Ivanov. He would like both to see an aristocrat humiliated and, tempted by Lambert, to get all that money. But he loves his little brother to the point where it hurts.

THE YOUTH GROWS MORE AND MORE UNSOCIABLE AND SOMBER.

~~A dreamer, the [thought] of suicide.~~ Especially after [Makar and the icons.]

~~Young~~ The Youth was turning somber and taciturn. [It might go even without Lambert.]

Lambert (without the Fool). "You ask for 30,000 and a fuck." He is thinking about the idea of fucking <her>. And altogether, he is thinking of the entire scene of <her> humiliation; he has an urge to start a conflagration—to get even <with them> for everything; as for those 30 thousand, he haughtily dreams of leaving them to Lambert. An urge to set a fire. He** penetrates the conspiracy at the very last moment. Perhaps, only Lambert and he, without Him, though He knows about everything.

[Incidentally, the Fool is needed. Lambert kills him.]

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* Ungrammatical in the original.

** Apparently "He" is meant.

[Think, but the 1st part is good.]
~~Shouldn't it be <written> in *the first person?*~~

The tone is such. For instance, the story of His relationship with the Princess... They parted as enemies and this is the state of affairs when the Youth arrives on the scene, etc.; etc. *à la Pouchkine*—the story of each character being a *secondary* one, with only the Youth being dealt with *primarily,* i.e., the poem is devoted to him. He is the hero.

All this had a terrifying and a somber effect on him. It led him all the way to falling in love with the Princess (without his father being aware of it) and to crime. *Idea.* I.e., the Youth despised them all for their guilt, and became *guilty himself. He is saved* from having to stand trial.

Perhaps the little boy didn't drown <after all>. The Youth finds him. He drags him from the water. He stays with the little boy and with his deranged father.

"For the time being I shall be working to support these two; there's a job for me. I'll be a bourgeois."

The young Prince himself breaks off <his engagement> with the Princess. He has 200,000 which He has conceded to him. The Princess has a passion for the young Prince. He says: "A widow, an old woman, madness."

September 13.

Adjustment in the plan (complication of the *sujet*). He has summoned <his> family to have a moral (refuge), i.e., the devil only knows why. I.e., precisely because of his excited state and his strained psychic condition. Rejected the year before by that proud idealist, the Princess, merely because of her suspicion that He does not love her for her own sake, disinterestedly, but rather intends to better his financial position through this marriage, He marries the Prince's stepdaughter, an orphan. [(N.B. Upon the old Prince's own suggestion.)]

The General's widow is afraid of a will, but succeeds in making the Prince reserve for her another huge dowry (the first had been dissipated by her late husband, the General).

[She fears the letter for the reason that the document concerning those 200,000 had been found at Andreev's, so why not also the letter?]

She is engaged to the young Prince. *He* denounces <the marriage> of a 26-year-old "old woman" to a 27-year-old <man>; furthermore, he, i.e., the young Prince, is not serving anywhere, etc. [Passion, he had been charged with <the desecration? of> some icons.]

Nevertheless, he returns those 200,000 (in the beginning of the

novel. The report of this event exceedingly impresses the Youth, who has just arrived from Moscow.) However, the return of those 200,000 makes no impression whatsoever on the Princess, except sneers. [The Princess is laughing at his having returned the 200,000, and she lets the aunt and ~~stepdaughter~~ her father the Prince know how she feels. The latter is amused *by it*. The Youth communicates this conversation to Him.] *He* is bitter about it.

Simultaneously, the Princess lets the old Prince and his stepdaughter know about *the existence* of Makar's family. He ~~they are assuming that it is the Princess who has been tattling~~ knows that it is the Princess who has been tattling. Which makes him even madder. He challenges the young Prince to a duel, but the latter won't accept the challenge (after the return of those 200,000). The challenge brings Him and the Youth closer together, on account of the fact that he had offered 50,000.*

Makar dies. The young Prince loves Liza, but isn't, God knows why, attracted by Liza. The Princess finds out about this. She forgives the young ~~suspect~~ Prince. But she keeps suspecting Him [and (in a fit of passion) accuses Him of wanting to make the Prince marry Liza, and of buying the Prince <for> 200,000,] whereas He doesn't even know about Liza at this point. [This is why her hatred against him has grown.] [She demands that the young Prince return those 200,000. He does not want to.]

Suddenly Lambert appears on the scene. He has documents to prove that the Prince has committed forgery. [He wants] to suggest that either the Prince or the Princess buy them from him. *He* <the father> gets together with Lambert and buys the document. He sends it over to the Princess. ~~rendezvous She~~ On account of the Princess, His rupture with the old Prince and his stepdaughter. *He* offers to marry <Makar's> wife and chops up those icons. He goes to see the old Prince and denounces her to him, saying that she wanted to have him declared insane (thus casting prudence to the winds). He is shown the door. The letter is found. With the Youth. Shows it to Lambert. *He* wants to wheedle it out of him. The scene with the violation, etc. *He* is indirectly involved in the plot.

The Princess insults Liza.

[Makar Ivanov. The diamonds. The Youth finds out about Liza.] [From Lambert or from the Princess. She tells him about Him—that

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* Not quite clear in the original.

He wanted ~~to sell~~ to buy the Prince for Liza.] [N.B. A showdown between the Youth and the Princess, during which she treats him casually, insulting him. ~~Revenge~~ At first he is charmed, but then he finds reason to feel insulted] and joins the conspiracy. The Princess has obtained all the information for the Youth and subsequently <says> to him: "What is it you were going to say?"

Meanwhile Lambert has arrived in town. He has taken 5,000 rubles from the Princess for a compromising document. *He* tells Lambert that he is a fool, that even the young Prince himself now has a fortune of nearly 200,000, and that he could have gotten 10,000 from the young Prince and the Princess for this kind of document. But Lambert hadn't known that the young Prince owned 200,000 (on this occasion, he expresses his surprise that He has returned those 200,000) and tells him that he had negotiated the deal with the Princess who, upon having bought the document, had begged him not to tell the young Prince about the document. But as for herself, she felt that these were trifles. "She wants to reproach the young Prince for it, she wants to nag him with this document, and hold him firmly in her hands besides," says He. (N.B. When the Youth asks the Prince, "Are you acquainted with one Lambert?" the Prince gets angry, but later tries to make up to him, though in a condescending manner, just barely receiving him at his house. Then, the theft of the diamonds, etc.)

He tells Lambert outright that he is a fool—why didn't he give that document to Him? And states, in this connection: "If I only had that letter!"

[The old Prince, [Mme] Andrieux. A pathetic scene.]

The Youth tells Lambert that he has got the letter. ~~The Youth~~ Lambert communicates this information to Him. But the Youth won't let him have the note, even though Lambert offers him money; but he is willing to go along with the plan according to which Lambert would rape her, take 50,000 from her, "and later you can fuck her, too."

He keeps aloof. He would like to have his revenge. (It is right at this point that the Princess has just insulted Liza and the young Prince has deserted her, even though he had done some crying before the Princess.) *He* finds out that Liza is dishonored. The day before her wedding. Lambert is about to rape her, but the Youth won't let him. Then Lambert, seeing that his scheme has failed, decides ~~momentarily~~ to kill the Fool and to make his escape as fast as possible.

The young Prince ~~would have preferred~~ has a premonition that

life with the General's widow is going to be hell. Meanwhile Liza drowns herself. Wedding of the Princess and the young Prince. *He* is put to shame, and stunned. <Makar's> wife dies. *He* suffers very much from the fact that the little boy is afraid of him. The Youth has no end of trouble with both of them. Lambert with his leg. The Youth is arrested. He shows up again 5 days later. The boy has run away.

Couldn't He have sent the compromising document to the young Prince, but *without being rewarded,* etc.? Lambert tells the Youth outright that He is in on the plot, but has told Lambert not to tell him. When Lambert learns that He has turned over the document <to the young Prince> he tears into Him, but ~~He calms him down~~ having learned from Lambert that the letter does exist, <He> explains the whole importance of the letter <to Lambert>, insisting, also, on going through with the rape.* Lambert openly tells everything to the Youth, much to the latter's amazement; he is disturbed by the fact that He is asking <Lambert> to rape her, but it also inflames him. The proud Princess.

After Liza's death the Youth is so depressed that he does not want to take revenge on the Prince. [He is reproaching himself for having forgotten about Liza.]

It is even worse with Him. He is even more crushed. After Liza's death he accuses everybody; the whole family is gathered; the heartbreaking scene of Mother's death. On the day of the funeral the little boy keeps asking for Liza. He <his father> is trying to talk to the boy, but he is afraid of Him, and won't let go of the Youth; but the Youth is arrested, and the little boy runs away to drown himself (to join Liza). They find him.

The whole question about the marriage amounted to this: Would the Prince give (the Princess) another dowry? The old Prince was trying to stand firm (to show his authority, while being afraid of everybody, as He explains to the Youth), but on the day He denounces <her> he gives her 300,000 and chases Him out of his house.

"I do not love her," He says to the Youth, "all I want is that she admit that I am an honest man, that's all."

"And a great man?"

"What do you mean?"

"An honest and a great man," the Youth repeats.

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* Ungrammatical and not quite clear in the original.

"Mon cher, vos sarcasmes <. . .>"[7] (They quarrel, but later He still comes back to see ~~him~~ the Youth.)

In the beginning he says this about the Princess: "I am very glad that she is so smitten with the little Prince. ~~Both she and he~~ God is punishing them both, [and him even more so, for] she will at least be holding her own" (however, in reality he isn't glad at all, but on the contrary, opposes <this match> with everything he's got). Toward the end.

Absolutely, a scene showing a rendezvous between Him [and] the Princess, a meeting He has extorted from her. [The scene featuring insincere emotions <on His part> and his insincere position after the return of the forged promissory note is unmercifully exposed by the Princess. However, He does return the document.] It all ends in sarcasms and sneers. (This scene takes place *in the Youth's presence,* perhaps purposely so). "What do you want from me?" says the Princess, "I agree that you are a great man."

After this scene He offers to marry <Makar's> wife, then chops up those icons, and tells the Prince that the Princess had wanted to place him in an insane asylum.

Though the old Prince does not make much fuss when told that Makar's family is at his place ("I always suspected that there was something of that kind going on at his place"), and actually wants to meet the family, but when he denounces the Princess, He shows Him the door and refuses his stepdaughter permission to marry Him.* Though she had already turned him down earlier.

Having learned from Lambert that the letter exists, ~~He~~ he asks to have it, in order to show it to the old Prince, but Lambert says that <this way> they wouldn't get any money, and so it is decided that ~~it is the money~~ she should be asked for some money, and raped. Lambert wants to ask for 100,000. He suggests 25, then decides that she may, perhaps, give 50,000—and rape her.** In a word, He is *blinded* and lost himself, but is counting on Lambert, <and> figures that, at any rate, there is going to be a scandal.

He suspects (even before Lambert) that the Youth has got the document and makes an attempt to wheedle it out of him. But he simply tells Him that he hasn't found a thing.

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* The translation duplicates the anacoluthon found in the original.

** Ungrammatical in the original.

[7] French: "My dear, your sarcasms."

The Prince's stepdaughter is a passive creature.*

With all these scenes, notes, and violating going on, He knows nothing about Liza's romance. When he finally finds out, he is crushed.

During their meeting, the Princess makes some strange mocking insinuations regarding Liza. ~~But seeing that He does not know yet... she remains silent~~ This is where he hears about Liza<'s affair> for the first time.

~~A challenge to the Prince, who refuses to accept it,~~ disgrace. [There had been an earlier challenge.] He rushes home, makes a scene to Liza, offers to marry <Makar's> wife, so as to break all ties, and rise above <the Princess>. (The proposal is made in front of everybody; on the next day, the icons.) [N.B. The proposal to <Makar's> wife is completely unprovoked.] He goes to see the old Prince, who shows him the door. *He* is acting as if he were mad. The letter and the rape. When he returns home after the scene of the rape Liza has drowned herself.

Question: When does the Youth find out about those 200,000? ~~On the train, from the aunt. And when the aunts~~ From his mother, when she comes to pick up the little boy, and from Vasin. The Youth is surprised that Vasin knows about it.

With private *explanations* in the chapters <written> by the Youth. For instance, "He did not know about Liza at the time. The Prince was told about Liza by . . . How could I know that the first hint that the letter existed would have such a painful effect upon him? But I was purposely teasing him with my hint... and only a hint, no more." Later, the Youth makes a point of revealing nothing about the letter, as He sinks lower and lower in his opinion. "I was going to do the very same thing, yet I wouldn't allow Him to do it, and was condemning Him with loathing."

Important note. Since the whole thing has happened four years earlier, all these digressions and explanations on the part of the Youth are actually indispensable. HOWEVER, WATCH OUT THAT THE NARRATIVE DOESN'T LOSE ITS NAÏVETÉ.

PLAN. *September 14.*

~~Only~~ All this happened [over] 4 years ago. [Over] 4 years. What a terribly long time. [Everybody was calling me "a youth" then.] However, in order not to write anything that isn't necessary, I find it to

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* *Podushka,* literally, "a pillow."

~~make~~ appropriate to make a short introduction. As I am describing the first steps [of my career] in Petersburg, I don't want to make this a Code of Law.

I am the illegitimate son of a gentleman. From Makar, and who Makar is. I saw my father once. At the aunts'. The family. [I'll tell about him later.] Mother, in passing. In Luga. I am at Souchard's, later in high school, a German. I was absorbed in my idea. But there will be many pages about me later on.

Who is my father? <Went through> several fortunes, of a good family, worked as a District Commissioner (his biography in a few lines). Well educated. Religiousness. ~~During~~ A year prior to the beginning of my notes, <affair> with the Princess. Daughter of the old Prince. About the old Prince, *bon mot.* Ideally cold, how they got together, and how they parted. The Princess openly said that <He was> after her fortune, thus cruelly insulting him. He could never forget the insult. Enemies. [The letter and Andreev.]

He had the urge to see her acknowledge that he was a great man. Cruel sarcasms. She drove him to that state of frenzy in which I found him when I arrived.

The old Prince was afraid of both. Drive both of them mad.

[The inheritance.] [A claimant (the young Prince, to the inheritance).]

About how the family moved from Luga. The father. Did he want to retire from all the noise <of the world>, and to the bosom <of mother Russia>? He had always respected Mother, though it is hard to imagine how it could have been otherwise. ~~I began to~~ He continued to run the Prince's affairs. I have no idea who was the first to think of the Stepdaughter. A passive creature* out of finishing school. The Prince *makes it his concern.* Father, in order to show that he wasn't thinking of her anymore. Alas! He thought to the end that it was only *la haine dans l'amour.*[8] At least that's what I think.

Meanwhile, there's that claimant, the young Prince, in Petersburg. Father finds out that he is her protegé. About her several unfortunate protegés; at first she almost married a wretch of a Frenchman; <later> her General <husband> who gambled away her dowry (150,000), then later her own father became a protegé of hers, for he was suffering from the pangs of conscience, finally the young Prince and family.

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* *Ibid.*

[8] French: "Hate in love."

Who the young Prince is. His trial. Acquitted. "Where do you put him?" However, I think that there was some passion in it also, for he had charm. Casually, [with a crook,] Lambert. [The Princess has spread the rumor that by marrying that passive creature <the Prince's stepdaughter> he is in effect becoming a kept man.] That's when Father is driven to a frenzy. What, then, did he do?

The document <left> after Andreev's death. Returns 200,000. I wasn't yet aware of the return of those 200,000 when I first met my father, etc. [The return of this money had a great effect. But the Princess got a scare on account of <the other> document.]

But as for my having been called <to Petersburg>, the fact was that I had done poorly during my last year in high school (my own idea). *I was stuck with that idea.* Failed to pass my examination. My father called me. I do not know if he wanted to return <. . .>, break with everything, start a new life. He was sickly then, many sensations, <in a> daze, and disorder.

But this is how it came out: The Princess, having learned that the matter involving "that passive creature" had been decided (the Prince was under the thumb of both of them, and would try to play one against the other, but would, in special cases, also seek the support of one against the other. He liked to show off his independence, which is why he came up with the passive creature without asking for anyone's advice, i.e., without having asked the Princess). She then told him about Makar's family, and the Prince found it amusing: "*Cher,* you have a son, but where is he?"

"He has failed his examination [every time]. He writes me that he wants to earn his living."

"You see, I can use a young man; he could learn some manners."

"He is a nihilist." (It ought to be mentioned that I was not a nihilist at all, just had my own ideas.)

"So much the better."

And for three full days he was nursing this idea, pestering people with it. Then he almost forgot it. The Princess was showing her disdain by silence. My father chose to play it defiantly:

"As your secretary? But he would be nothing but a spy!"

They were expecting the Prince from Moscow. My father was furious. But playing it defiantly. I think that he was expecting me with some anxiety, to see for himself what kind of an impression I would make. But the Prince was insisting <that I come immediately>. And so I went. [The night before,<the episode> with the university student.]

And so, 5 years ago exactly, I came to the Moscow railway ticket office, etc.

[And later, explanations concerning how this all came about, how he himself became involved, and Liza, and Christianity, Vasin, <my> idea, and 200,000. Makar Ivanov.]

The end of the novel: He and the infant. A ray. We find <?> a cheap flat, then I enroll in the university. [It turns out we have some money, father had some. ~~The aunt says: I took 25,000.]~~

And so the decision to write in *the first person* has come all by itself.

September 14.

The old Prince has left the Youth 10,000. Whereas the fact that the young Prince had made an attempt to return 50,000 to Him, in the beginning of the novel, had caused Him to challenge the Prince to a duel.

The Youth is summoned on account of Liza.* At this point, a meeting, and showdown, with the young Prince.

Insert this in the first part: Arrival of "that passive creature" and a fleeting glance at Liza, when he enters the aunt's flat one evening in order to write Him a letter. This is also when he overhears the General's widow in spite of himself. He is struggling hard with himself, whether he should come out or not, finally comes out, and like a fool, too ("spy!"). Then he goes home to his own flat. (No need of the wench here. The wench will come up in part two, during his wanderings after the incident with the diamonds.)

September 18.

Can't make it 5 years. The reader will be left with the crude, rather comical idea that "there's that young adolescent now grown up, and perhaps holding a Master's degree, and a jurist, describing with great condescension (the devil only knows why) how foolish he used to be before," etc. And thus the whole naïveté of the narrative is destroyed. And therefore, better let it be a year. In the tone of the narrative, the whole impact of a recent shock would still be apparent, and a good many things would still remain unclear, yet at the same time there would be this first line: "A year, what a tremendous interval of time!" Toward the end of his notes—"our means," etc. And suddenly, these final lines: "If ever these lines should happen to get into the Princess's hands, let her see how unmercifully ~~etc.~~ I have drawn her character, etc. However, nobody will read them, of course: I am going to seal

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* Might also mean: "The Youth's challenge on account of Liza."

them and look through them in about five years." (N.B. He is still undecided about the university, his own idea is still weighing on him.) And there is one *last* and very important note: "Alas, my idea has diverted me from my feelings for Liza, for my mother; it has not allowed me to make <my life> meaningful, and still doesn't," etc.

N.B. *For myself.* The introduction must be written cleverly. If it is a success, everything will be.

The young Prince used to live in Luga, having been exiled* to that town. He has come to Moscow for two weeks only, to visit with his family. And suddenly he receives a cable from the Princess, informing him that the document has been found.

He, to the Youth regarding the Princess: "A woman is capable of any cruelty, any Jesuitism." The Youth fully agrees with this statement.

Suddenly, a letter from "that passive creature" to Him, in the 2d part, completely unmotivated.

September 19.

The young Prince finds out about the existence of her letter to Andreev, a letter which would cause the old Prince to disinherit her. Without a moment's thought he gets a hold on "that passive creature" (who will be given some money). It is at this point that the Princess pounces upon the document.

He would have liked even to return her the letter as a noble gesture.

The young Prince, to Him after the challenge: "Why won't you yield 'that passive creature' to me? Of course I could get by even without you, but you do have some influence on the old Prince." He shows the young Prince the door, but when the old Prince has chased Him out, it immediately develops that the young Prince will marry "that passive creature." (Lambert has convinced the young Prince of the existence of that document.)

He had been trying to get the document in order to give it to her, but was vacillating himself. Whereas the Youth and Lambert would not surrender the document. "All right then, so fuck <her>," He thinks.

The Princess, having received the document, takes it straight to the old Prince, and he leaves his whole fortune to her. At the same time,

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* Not to be taken literally; the meaning seems to be "having been drummed out from his regiment and forced to leave the capital."

he does not allow "that passive creature" to marry the young Prince. As a consequence the latter takes to carousing with Lambert. Loses 200,000 to Nekrasov; he and Lambert together kill the Fool. The young Prince to Liza: "Liza, give those 25,000 back to me," and she immediately lets him have the money.

The young Prince is 26 years old. Earlier (4 years ago) the young Prince had stolen some diamonds; He was a juror <at his trial?>. Now he's gotten to be very proud, wants to restore the <honor of his> family. Treats Him haughtily on account of those 50,000. Used to have Liza in Petersburg, whenever he wanted. Somehow the Princess finds out about it. She demands that he break with her. He gives 10,000. The Youth demands an explanation. (The affair with the diamonds is solved by the young Prince purposely in favor of the Youth.) He explains <the whole thing> in a condescending manner. The Youth expresses *his idea* of getting rich before his mother and Liza. In a frenzy, he is drawn into a mad whirl. Liza always feared the Prince and loved him with a strange love. Finally, he personally sends Liza on her way. After Liza has left, almost glad, she is suddenly seized by a fit of melancholy. (Even the Princess had found it beyond her powers to insult her.) The Youth is amazed at such base humbleness. She means to go and watch the wedding. Drowns herself. It is at this point that He learns everything, whereas the Youth had known about it earlier.

The young Prince tries to arrange a match between Liza and some young man. Not knowing what is going on, He approves of it. Liza comes to see him and explains everything. The liberal young man feels a little hurt. He admits the liberal young man in the very beginning, not knowing that he has been sent by the young Prince. So he is an early acquaintance. *Work on this character.*

Liza: "I shall enter a convent."

In the beginning Liza is willing to listen to his proposal, but then she suddenly turns him down. This is the cause of her (last) meeting with the Prince.

The young man is quite persistently trying to make friends with the Youth. Finally, he gains recognition as a suitor, but when Liza's heart begins to ache she turns him down.

Wandering around (with her fiancé) she drops in on the young Prince. "Let's go to Luga, let's live far away from here..." (a touching exchange). Then she collects herself: "Oh God, what am I talking about!"—and leaves. Her fiancé feels insulted: "You might have spared my feelings, Lizaveta Makarovna."

"Oh, I don't know... Well, good-bye."

At home: "Oh, it is hard." Mother: "Does it hurt, Liza?" Liza: "It hurts, mamma." "Bear it."

September 20.

Final version.

He knew about the Prince and Liza and when the Youth arrived, *the young man* was, with everybody's consent, expected to make a visit. On the first day the Youth was not aware of that, but just before the scene where <He> rips open <the little boy's> mouth he ran into the young man. The latter leaves, and then the scene where <He> rips open <the little boy's> mouth. 10,000 had been allotted to the young man in the form of a promissory note cosigned by the old Prince. [He is terribly upset about the old Prince's apparent intention to act as a benefactor of His family.]

He was furious that the Princess had a part in this business, but preferred to shrug his shoulders, considering the disposition of his family. Besides, he was finding it to his own advantage to marry off Liza. "That passive creature" also used to come and visit. All of which He later explains to the Youth. However, He does not like the fact that she and the young man are, obviously, creatures of hers.

However, the Youth finds out about that only much later, from the young Prince himself, and already at the time of the <incident with the> diamonds and after His sudden and unmotivated challenge to the young Prince. This is why his challenge, also, seems merely ridiculous and troublesome to the Prince. After the <incident with the> diamonds the young Prince explains the matter to the Youth and, most important, His and Liza's view of it. "Eh, what the devil!" thinks the Youth, and this is the first time that ~~the essence of the matter~~ cynicism finds a way into his heart. Yet He is still trying to save him, is sincere with him, and fascinates him. At this point, Makar Ivanov. Here the Youth inadvertently gets together with Liza [and his mother] and tells them about his idea, upbraiding and condemning them for their meekness, even though Makar Ivanov has left a strong impression on him. As for his father, he speaks of him with contempt, suggesting to them that they should leave Him.

~~After this, a meeting between Him and the Princess at which the Youth is present. Sarcastic statements about Liza.~~ The Youth is so confused he wants to stay away from them all. But there's the letter. *He* again mentions the letter to him after that meeting—again, since he had mentioned it before. The Youth disgustedly insults Him. ~~He~~

Yet the letter is beginning to preoccupy the Youth, and worries him greatly. He is roaming the streets at night!

Offers his hand to <Makar's> wife. Chops up those icons. A nocturnal encounter with him. Again about the letter. The Youth shows Him the door and ~~calls him a scoundrel~~ heaps ridicule on him. [He remains silent (that night).] Encounter with Lambert. Quick influence. The latter surprises the Youth by telling him that he has passed on to Him a forged promissory note of the <young> Prince's.

[Admission of the existence of those letters, but to whom?]

Furthermore, the Youth is present at a meeting between Him and the Princess on the occasion when He hands over the document to her. The Princess heaps sarcasms on Him. She also insults both Liza and the Youth. Both leave. He is in a frenzy. So is Lambert. But Lambert mentions the letter. His advice, etc. On the following day He reveals everything to the old Prince, in a fit of impotent fury. The Prince shows Him the door.

The Youth is convinced that He won't be present at the meeting on account of the letter, but there He suddenly emerges, having killed Lambert;* the Youth runs away, to his own home. As for the Princess, she had come to the meeting because He had made the young Prince believe that the Princess would not be getting much.

In the meantime Liza's romance had taken its course ~~and she drowns herself~~. Liza turns down her suitor. On the following day the Princess sees the Youth.

Lambert recovers.

He suffers a moral breakdown.

Liza drowns herself. She had been insulted by the Princess the day before.

He has a moral breakdown, etc.

I.e., cynicism and all almost to the very end. He both loves and corrupts the Youth. The Youth is beginning to shun society; at one time he is consumed by an urge to break with society altogether, after having humiliated the Princess to his heart's content, <but> he cannot make himself go through with it.

The young man mentions several times, both to the Youth and to Liza, that He is to all appearances about to become a member of a not quite respectable [clean] family. [Meetings with the Princess.]

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* Though this is the literal translation, it may well be that "emerges and kills Lambert" is what is really meant.

The Princess won't marry the young Prince. "That passive creature."

"Who needs the good; the good is of no use to anybody," He corrupts the Youth after <the scene with> the icons.

He was greatly pained by falsities and failures: i.e., having handed over that 200,000 promissory note, his false position within the family, the refusal of <Makar's> wife to marry him, the icons, the release of the document. [Meetings with the Princess.] <Also,> the challenge to a duel, as well as his last, mad sally when He lets the old Prince know that the letter exists.

"Where then, is that letter?"

"This letter has been purloined by this person" (i.e., the Youth).

But the Youth denies it. (Though Lambert had already admitted it.) N.B. The young Prince needs a personality. Liza has a personality.

The young Prince is also a sickly person, but charming; he would like to rise above his present condition. The Youth sees that he, too, has got *his own idea* and, while hating him, loves him.

"I am a coward," says the Prince to him. The Prince is challenged to a duel. At the duel <he retains his composure> with difficulty. The Princess is stunned.

? All Questions
- About Dolgushin.
- The Fool.
- Andrieux.
- The old Prince.
- The Fool and the Youth are sharing a flat.
- The Liar-Windbag is their landlord.

The Youth, in spite of his gloomy airs and tragic moods, is still an adolescent: he loves, he laughs with the old Prince, and later he sympathizes with Liza.

The old Prince suddenly decides to pay a visit to the Youth. Vasin. N.B. *A table.* N.B.!

THE SPIRIT OF THE YOUTH. Vacillation. He seeks a solution from Vasin. Vasin causes him to waver, but his thought does not coincide with his idea [(he cannot comprehend man without property).] He becomes a devotee of his father's (morally) and is tormented by the fact that He is not a good man. Incomprehensible episodes with Makar and his family. The mood he is in prevents him from seeing Liza. Pride, and insults from the Princess and the young Prince. Rivalry with the young Prince. They are arrested. He is quite stunned and withdraws into himself. Wants to kill himself. "No, it is better

to live by being base. [People aren't worth a Vasin. How about Christ? When I become powerful, I'll be doing good."] The power of that letter. Ungern-Shternberg.[9] The icons, and <His> whole weakness. Liza's grief, and the family's. Lambert. Fascinates him. The passion to start a conflagration. He comes to his senses. Destruction, is seized along with Lambert, who has told on <Him>. The Princess, who has not married the young Prince, intervenes on <his> behalf. He is released. His little brother and He. He is saved by a strong feeling, and by his aunt.

He is writing his notes in order to send them abroad, to the Princess, who suddenly starts giving him encouragement. (Think this through. About the Princess.)

His own idea. Get an education, but his own idea. His own idea still stands.

The old Prince: ["If I should marry,] of course I wouldn't have any children."

His daughter: "Quite the contrary, ~~you will~~ it's you precisely who is going to have children, if you get married."

The old Prince: "Tiens, c'est un bon mot.[10] ~~And malicious~~ And inasmuch as there is very little wit around these days and wit is in fact shunned, I forgive you your [malicious] *bon mot* from the bottom of my heart, in spite of the biting remark directed against me, which it contained. I was ~~seven~~ two months premature, we were twins and the two of us would have fit on one plate. My brother died when he was two weeks old, while I've been living for better than fifty years now, and ~~even~~ going strong, so it seems."

He was living a reverent life (Makar Ivanov).*

"They are all downtrodden and meek, yet firm as saints."

~~No~~ *Idle atheism* all over.

Olia, frightened: "I love you too," and she put her hand on his elbow.

Frightened by Him.

Later, the Swiss governess. Two years (N.B. He hired the governess because He had frightened her.) Makar. He was living a reverent life. Sanctified by his bonds (that's why he stayed at the flat). Praying

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* *Zhil pochtitel'no,* literally, "he was living respectfully, he was living reverently," a solecism from the viewpoint of the literary idiom.

[9] See note 3 of Part II.

[10] French: "Say, that's a clever word."

for the atonement of their sins. Knows everybody by his first name. He would give <alms> all over to help people.*

Mother to Olia: "Bear it!"

In the railway carriage ~~the aunt~~: "I am proud to be a bastard."

The aunt: "Forget the color. You don't have to be proud, nor do you have to feel humiliated."

In the railway carriage: "Eat a bite." The fact that she was a relative had its effect, but he was gloomy and even embarrassed, the more so the closer they were getting to Petersburg.

They are there: "Should I go and see Him, or shouldn't I? Better if he'll come to see me." He tells <the cabman> to take him to His place.

In the railway carriage. The aunt has fallen asleep. The Youth recalls his childhood, his mother and the new hospital; at Andreev's, his stern aunt who was also kind, and now he puts a pillow under her head... [In *the first person.*]

"What are you doing, dear?" She's asleep, a good face, good wrinkles.

"Auntie, I'm just giving you a pillow."

"Thank you, Vasia, thank you."

"Auntie, it isn't that I don't respect *your* Christ" (I couldn't help saying that,) "I respect him very much as a historical figure."

"Well, all right. But watch out, you can't <speak in this way> against the <Holy> Ghost."**

"So why won't you let me sleep."

About Lambert, firm (they've thought up a plan). <His> mother comes <. . .>

He asks his aunt at dawn: "Is that so?" By the time they get to Liuban' he is overcome by mixed emotions.

[April, head, soldier.] Of course, if I were to write down all of these anecdotes I'd get a whole Code of Law.

I am not going to make any more such comments.

In the railway carriage he says to the aunt, after some silence: "I saw my father the last time when <he said> *'il faut le rosser.'* "[11]

"So don't be angry." I was really going to say that to my aunt, but I didn't (when all of a sudden she began to talk to me peaceably and kindly). "So what, it's a good name," said my aunt.

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* Unclear in the original.

** Allusion to Matt. 12: 31–32.

[11] French: "You have to beat him."

"Makar Ivan<ov>, why has he got that resounding name Dolgoruky? I don't know it, nor do I want to know it." "I understand that you used to like Russian history."

The fact that she was a relative did have an effect.

Father: *"Il faut le rosser."*[12]

At Vasin's. After telling <him> about his dreams.

"It is already three years since I have given this any thought at all."

"I understand, you must have thought up some plan of your own."

~~He was getting ready to be a future citizen~~

~~"You know what, you're telling me this, too, just to make fun of me."~~

~~"Is that what you think? You are being most suspicious <?> with people. However, even if you feel that I am making fun of you, believe me, it isn't so."~~

The Youth, who during his last few years in high school had been rooming with a German, a teacher, gloomily and in alienation from the soil. "They have their own life, in which I did not participate on purpose; I really was glad, for I had my own idea. [And the more you become alienated, the better." This he says to the young Prince's valet.]

Finale of the novel: "That's nothing," says the aunt (i.e., about everything that has happened), "let this be a lesson to you. Why, you still have a long life ahead of you."

But that's exactly how things turned out. Makar Dolgoruky, letters, "tall and upright."[13]

[I was born.] In the railway carriage. In my daydreams about how I was going to deal with people, I would always do the clever thing, whereas in practice it would always come out stupid, for I would invariably give myself away while talking, and was always too much in a hurry. Perhaps I am exactly the same even now, and altogether this self-control is a very bad thing; in fact, sometimes it deserves unqualified contempt.

Makar Ivanov tells about vespers and vigils, take it from Parthenios.

He. The Youth to a lackey. "We haven't got a nobility, and perhaps we never had one."

"Perhaps you actually couldn't have acted otherwise," says Olia to the young Prince when she learns that he is engaged to the Princess.

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[12] *Ibid.*

[13] Quotation from Nekrasov's "Vlas."

A valuable observation of the Youth's in the middle of the novel, after his landlord has fried his wife: "I could not write about all these things [many things] at all. They are all so secondary! But I was so very much excited by all this!"

(In the first person, or not?)

They say *He* cried terribly on his wife's grave. Yet he calls it "a mausoleum" when talking to the Youth.

The Youth forgives everybody. "My idea."

He is attending the university. "You know what," says his aunt, "they need medical help, and so they need you. And it's also a good thing to get an education. Why won't you stay in Petersburg? And, my dear, what a long life you've still got ahead of you!"

Though I am no "youth," for I was already 19 at the time, I am calling <this novel> "The Youth" because I was being called by that name by quite a few people then (last year). I am writing this manuscript as notes for myself. Here, in this godforsaken place, I have nothing else to do. [It goes without saying that I am writing this after a year's lapse so that I have really outgrown my childhood.] (Exiled by administrative decree.) [I'll be writing down everything, i.e., only what is relevant. If I should slip up here and there, it won't matter, for I am no littérateur.]

Beginning of the novel.

We were buying our tickets at the ticket office. My aunt insulted me by not paying any attention to me. I for my part was displeased with myself in a vague way. With students on a boulevard. Later, after ~~aunt~~ my conversations with my aunt on the train, I got to thinking about frou-frou, trying to find an excuse for myself in my conscience.

Life is great, own idea.

[The aunt. *He* is not very rich.

20 thousand—yes, 20,000.

The Youth: "If I leave, it means that I have a reason why I'm not going to obey you; we are Makar Ivanov's children."

"We are nothing but the children of Makar Ivanov."]

Then, having taken a seat, about the lost bag and about his aunt, etc.

Without *the first person,* a good many subtle and naïve remarks will get lost.

1st aunt: "You'll complete your education, and then you'll see what you'll do."

2d aunt, a silent (character): "And there you'll see what you'll do."

In the railway carriage, his aunt: "You'd be better off continuing your education (at the university)."

The Youth: "I wasn't studying on purpose."

N.B. If the narrative is to be in the third person, there might be some explanation of the Youth's condition and state of mind, such as: "Indeed, a daydreaming idealist, he was suddenly caught in a whirl of *all* the different elements of Russian society" (*all* the elements).

If in the third person, then only the Youth should be presented in a primary role; everyone else in secondary roles.

N.B. The aunt is pestering him throughout the novel about "continuing his education."

And, regarding what has happened: "That's nothing, it is good for seasoning" (in the finale).

Everything has a limit, even our All-Russian stupidity which, [however,] is nevertheless in a way boundless [on <his> own part.]

IMPORTANT N.B. While discussing Ungern-Shternberg,[14] at Vasin's, the Youth suddenly interrupts himself: "I don't remember how I got to explain this to Vasin, or what exactly I was explaining to him, but it is a fact that this used to happen to me during all of those three years; in fact, it is happening to me even now. My daydreams had taken such a hold on me that I could no longer live without my daydream; as a matter of fact, I can't understand how people can survive without daydreaming. I suppose that all people do some daydreaming. And whoever thinks that daydreaming interferes with business just doesn't know business. When I was only 11 years old I used to jump up and smite the Tartars. I never took vengeance on Souchard in my daydreams, but I did become Ungern-Shternberg.[15] Later, a learned academician, an unrecognized professor. When I had finished (I had told Vasin all about my daydreams without being ashamed), he said to me: 'I notice two things—withdrawal and always being first, never being second.' "

The very same thing, but mockingly and skeptically, in a somber sort of way, more genteel. His character.

The Youth: "Why didn't you at least use your influence to dispel some of Mother's prejudices? I, of course, am not saying a word, for I do not pretend I can raise a person from the dead. But there must have been a time when she was alive."

He: "My friend, she never was. You won't believe it... Here—I even don't know what I should say. Here, there was from the very beginning, humility, meekness, gentleness, and at the same time, firm-

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[14] See note 3 of Part II.
[15] *Ibid.*

ness, power, real power, [my friend.] For I have seen how she has been nurtured by that power. [To be sure, it isn't worth much.] <But> there where it comes to—I won't say convictions, for there can't be any talk of true convictions in this case—those things that are considered sacred [by those people,] there she is simply ready to stand any torture <in their defense>. [Consequently, what could I have done, if a tormentor couldn't have accomplished a thing?] Decide for yourself if I look like a tormentor. [I preferred to remain silent, and did the right thing.] I have always been humane and liberal, and she has been trembling before me all her life, yet at the same time she has positively refused to succumb to any form of culture. How she has managed to do that, I just don't know. She just won't say a word. ~~What's most important~~ She doesn't say a word all the time, [that's what is most important,] and then, [perhaps, when really pressed for an answer;]—well ~~I must admit~~, you'll see for yourself that there's no sense in even talking about it! Besides, <her> rejoinders will be of an entirely unexpected nature. You are smiling at my saying that I am humane and liberal, for you are thinking of Makar. God is my witness that the whole thing was conducted in a most humane and liberal manner. I summoned Makar, even before having sinned <with his wife> and put it to him squarely, offering a compensation of 3,000. He said nothing. Here I offered, in case he wasn't satisfied with these conditions, to let him state his own wishes without any fear, and to give him his freedom, together with hers, and *they could go anywhere they wanted.* And keep the money, too. We were all such enthusiasts in those days, and in such a mood, all burning with zeal to do some good, to serve our country, great ideas, "everything that was lofty and beautiful," as they used to say in those days. I'm telling you, I had just finished reading "Anton Goremyka" and "Polinka Saks"[16] when I arrived at my country estate. Have you read these books?"

"I don't remember."

"You should have. I admit that I was actually crying when I was

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[16] D. V. Grigorovich's *Anton Goremyka* appeared in 1847 and had a great influence on the attitudes of Russian liberals toward the lot of the Russian peasant. A. V. Druzhinin's *Polinka Saks,* published in 1847, concerned the "woman question" and treated it in a sentimental manner. The novel shows the influence of George Sand. When the wife of Polinka Saks tells her husband that she is in love with another man, he gives her his blessing. This work undoubtedly influenced Dostoevsky in *The Possessed,* when Virginsky gives his blessing to his wife when she falls in love with Captain Lebiadkin.

saying these things, for I was afraid I might lose her, I loved her so much—*elle était très belle.*[17] Makar just waved his hand and left. ~~I to him~~ [Altogether, it is worst of all when these people say nothing. He is a somber character.] And I had little hope that he would cooperate. Now."

"And you hadn't sinned yet?"

"That is, you see, *mon ami,*[18] there hadn't been any sin between us, but there was love; that is, my friend, this is all relative; in a word, there was love." [the appearance of a gardener.]

"~~and~~ Did he take the money?"—"He left his wife with me ~~and on the third day,~~ a week later and without too many words, or rather, almost without any words at all,* [asking only that she be given her freedom,] just waved his hand. And he himself became a traveling man. [went traveling]. And so, <your> mamma and I did the same . . . we, too, went traveling.** As for the money, it is, maybe, really a strange story. He took 1,000 rubles in cash and gave it all to a monastery; 2,000 on a promissory note. Nine years ago he collected the money from me practically through the courts, because I didn't have any at the time . . . I don't know about this money; perhaps he gave it to the monastery also, and perhaps he is carrying it on his person, though he is walking around in rags and in bast shoes, wandering all over the country and collecting money to build churches. [A very strange character.]

"An did she love you?"

"*Mon cher,*[19] I've spent all my life trying to find out, but in vain. ~~He~~ If she did indeed, then in an exceedingly hushed manner. I only know that she loves me now—and perhaps she is the only one who does in the whole wide world. I don't know what for, that is, perhaps precisely because I am not worthy of her love. [However, if this were so,] she is only following the example of all women."

[With this elegant quip he closed the discussion.]

"Also, she somehow secretly respects Makar Ivanovich. They write each other about every other year, and most reverently. Sending each

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* Untranslatable: the Russian *bez dal'nikh slov* means, literally, "without long words," but has the meaning "without further ado."

** The Russian verb *stranstvovat',* used here, has a connotation of "pilgrimage."

[17] French: "She was very beautiful."

[18] French: "My friend."

[19] French: "My dear."

other their respects. He has been around once or twice—[but I wasn't there at the time.]

At their ~~1st~~ meeting at night at the flat, when his father comes to see him, and as he is already saying good-bye: "My dear, I am vilely sentimental, but this is because I'm ill."

N.B. *Most important.* Emphasize His preaching of Christianity and make it clear that *It* is actually serious with *Him.*

The old Prince to the Youth: "My friend, you will allow me to call you by your first name, won't you?"*

"Oh, you're so welcome."

"Fits of youth or what, but even though I shouldn't have been in a mood for such things, I used to be naughty with the Prince, told him about the stones, took him over to <Mme> Andrieux."

He: "If there is consciousness, there is also <free> will."

The Youth: "That's not one and the same thing."

He: "On the contrary, it is literally one and the same thing..."

"He is unfamiliar with the progress of science," Vasin says later. The Youth stands up for Him with great ardor: "Oh yes, He is familiar."

"I am surprised not by the fact that you are preaching (that there is no such thing as an individual will), but rather by the cheerful way in which you people are preaching it. If this is so, what are you going to do with freedom, equality, brotherhood? What kind of freedom can you have, if there is no such thing as individual will, what kind of equality without free [will], what kind of brotherhood without either?"

N.B. It is apparent that He is under compulsion. He has torn himself loose from all his grief to talk about these things, even if it be only to spite somebody. Yet by so doing He shows that all these questions have been disturbing and tormenting him, that He is interested in more than just his own self, and that *nihil humanum mi alienum puto.*[20]

In the railway carriage: "I admit that I was traveling (to Petersburg, the Youth) with hidden anger in my heart."

Liza says: "If I hadn't taken that ~~money~~ money (promissory note)

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* In the original, he is asking for the Youth's permission to say *ty* ("thou"), to him *(tutoyer).*

[20] Latin: "I do not consider anything human foreign to me." From Terence's "Heau ton ti morou menos," Act I, Scene I, line 77.

then, it would have been all the same as if I were reproaching them ~~with it~~ a great deal."

And when she drowned herself, she had those 10,000 sent to the Prince. Or didn't give it any thought at all.

When about to drown herself, she was wandering around aimlessly: she was also at the Youth's.

The young Prince wants to marry her off to a respectable young man. She is bitter about it.

The Liar is telling about the French in 1812, a peasant woman has a goat, "Ah, cossack!"*

"I didn't like her (the Princess) at all; I couldn't understand why I had started that... game."

Vasin to the Youth: "There you are, I have noticed that you like general topics (i.e., generalizations). Imagine then, *a machine* which," etc. (see earlier <note>).

"You little fool, you—you aren't going to make any money," says Makar Ivanov. "You aren't an enterprising man," says Makar Ivanov [Makar].

In the railway carriage, the Youth strikes up a conversation with a lackey. A young man later says to him: "You started a conversation with a lackey."

In the railway carriage. After Christ and the Holy Ghost. "I knew that you are a good boy." Toward morning: "Mad again."

He to him, in part one, in his confession: "Your idea is very good; there is much that is frightening about it. Yet..."

He makes up <with the Youth>, and then: "If you want to, you can quit your job with the old Prince, but do as you please," as a result of which the young man decided to take the job with the Prince. And later, when saying good-bye: "Well, forgive me," and tears; then I cried, and cried.

"Why is it you love me so much," says He. "My dear friend, my situation was so very difficult, but now I'm going to have a new friend."

Last little page.

In his biography, a statement on wealth. About Vasin's opinion, and the entire development *of his own idea,* absolutely from the very beginning.

I, during an exchange with Him: "I want to be rich. I know in

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* Untranslatable pun: *koza* "goat"; *kozak* "cossack."

what way shares were being underwritten only recently. I know how Rothschild made 50 million in connection with the assassination of the Duc de Berry.[21] I wasn't studying for I was seeking mediocrity."

Write in the right order, more briefly, à la Pushkin.

In the railway carriage: "You are <talking> to a lackey."

The Youth: "I am a democrat." (I was lying. I had a passionate hatred for democracy.)

Vasin tells the Youth about the immorality of the ultimate goal of *his own idea,* gratification of animal drives, etc.
SPb. vedomosti, No. 263.*

"No, no, in my case it isn't gratification of animal drives," writes the Youth.

"He couldn't possibly marry (the Prince, that is, couldn't) that Dolgoruky girl," they are saying about the Prince (during a drinking bout) in the Youth's presence.

"How come? Why couldn't he marry that Dolgoruky girl?" Some people put up an argument. . .

"That document (about those 300,000) has no legal meaning whatever."

"Oh yes, it does, but not enough so, and the Princes S. could of course do nothing at all, even if they had it in their hands; yet, holding that document in my hands, I was morally convinced that they were in the right. . ."

He, about the Princess: "That woman worries me. Once she is in my way, she must follow me.** Nobody stands in my way unpunished."

[February, 3rd and 4th part.] ["That woman has made me *hate* her. Previously, I merely loved no one, now she (i.e., the Princess) has made me hate her."]

He about Christ: "It is impossible to love people the way they are. And yet one *must* love them, for this is what we are ordered to do (by Christianity). And therefore, do good to them, in spite of your feelings, and in particular, holding your nose and, almost always, keeping your eyes closed, and suffer the evil which they do to you, without getting angry at them. Of course, it is your duty to be stern with them. If you feel that yours is the vocation of a pastor, you must be stern. People are base, they like to love and to adore from fear. So they

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* *St. Petersburg News,* No. 263.

** The statement is just as illogical in the original.

[21] See note 10 of Part II.

will adore you, too. Do not give way to their adulation, do not prove to be petty, but continue to despise people even when they are good, for most often it is precisely then and there that they are wicked, too. Without any doubt, Christ could not have loved them; he suffered them, he forgave them; but of course he also despised them. At least, I, for my part, cannot comprehend his personality otherwise. Love for mankind must be understood as love for a perfected mankind, one that exists so far only as an ideal, and God only knows if it will ever become reality."[22]

Once, a tirade about Christ, an enthusiastic one; but He is taking Christ so seriously that he is even afraid to talk about him.

Only twice in the course of the novel does He speak about religion: once about the rocks, and another time about temptation by the Devil. The first time, unwillingly and skeptically, while it is He himself who comes to see the Youth and tells him about temptation by the Devil, in a separate chapter.

The Youth: "How is it that you, a Christian, have praised *my own idea* for the hatred which it contains, thus encouraging me to persevere in my hatred?"

He: "My friend, you shall learn about my goals later. I am only praising you for having had the strength, in that jelly-like age of ours, to develop a powerful feeling, and besides, to nurture that feeling, to develop it, and to stick to it."

[*I:* "Is this what you call a feeling?"]

"I am glad to have met a man who is deeper than all this dust, <all these> rats and mice. 'To persevere in hatred,' you say; but, my dear, you don't know yet that a good deal of love is hidden in your hatred (just as some people's love is nothing but hidden hatred). You are now in a certain phase of your development; wait a little, you'll enter a different phase, and you'll see things more clearly. I don't want to stop you solely on the basis of the principle: 'Live and work yourself.' But you will not perish, you will find your way, and that's enough. In the meantime, your idea is keeping you occupied; life won't be too boring with it. And, at any rate, I'm not your nursemaid: live as you please, do as you want."

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[22] In the "Pro and Contra" section of *The Brothers Karamazov* Ivan Karamazov argues against the possibility of loving one's fellowmen as Christ had commanded in terms similar to those used here. Ivan tells Alyosha: "In my opinion Christ's love for humanity is by its nature an impossible miracle on earth." Part II, Chapter 5:4.

A LAST, VALUABLE OBSERVATION.

Prior to the plot, He suddenly drops in on the Youth and says to him: "If you've got the letter, hand it over directly, without any schemes, try to raise yourself above these mice."

My own idea got me all confused; I quit reading in an orderly and sensible fashion.

After their first conversation they (He and the Princess) parted hating each other. I don't know who hated whom, but this passionate thought persevered in my father's mind: that she was continuing to love Him, even adore Him, and that it had all been only a game, coquetry, *la haine dans l'amour*.[23] Incidentally, there will be a lot more said about this later.

He is a misogynist, he hates women. "Women? One must be as polite with them as possible, and show one's affection to them as best one can, and that's all."

Regarding his passionate longing for a meeting with Him, he won't admit it in his notes about his childhood, but <admits it> to Him, during a showdown, with tears.

The Youth: "Would you pronounce yourself infallible?"

He: "Your crude joke has a certain meaning of which you aren't even aware. Let me tell you that I don't fear infallibility, nor would I be ashamed to apply it to myself. I have sinned only in the eyes of my own conscience, and this stays with me and inside me. But as for ~~the fact that~~ the opinion of you people, or of society, I am ready to claim infallibility in many a point, even in everything, though really only on the grounds that none of you will know how to even accuse me. What do you people know of good and of evil? I'll convince any one of you tomorrow, that it is most virtuous, indeed, to become a Rothschild, and that, conversely, it is a great sin to turn the other cheek, and you are all going to believe me."

As he is having that showdown with his father in the final scene of the first part, he almost tearfully declares that he loves him. In <his> convulsive manner, he *inadvertently reveals* that he has been dreaming of this meeting day after day, and then, angry about having let out this secret, starts rapping his father's hand.

"Come on, beat me up, beat me up!" says He.

MOST IMPORTANT. The Youth is particularly surprised by the fact that He is sometimes furious at the Princess for some sally of hers, but would, on some other occasion, be almost delighted about practi-

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[23] French: "Hate in love."

cally the same words, calling them "the insolence of the enamored." Sometimes he would start by being delighted and end up being mad, or vice versa. His theory about submission to women.

October 2.

MOST IMPORTANT.

1) The Youth notices, however (gradually, in the course of the entire novel), that his father—in spite of the fact that there has been a *reconciliation* between them, and even though He has himself told the Youth that He is more clever and better than all the others—still does not treat him on equal terms with *His own* children, but that He, on the contrary, sacrifices him and all of Makar's <children> (Liza) to His own. Hurt pride (noticed by his father with a smile), and cynicism.

2) Abandoning his duties as a human being, the Youth, in his bitterness and confusion, not only becomes a cynic, but actually preaches *to himself,* in connection with each *adventure* of his, that depravity, even baseness, even banality, even cowardice, are all to the good, and really better for his own idea. Not enough: "A thief is an improvident person." This is true of pickpockets only, whereas the big thieves enjoy the support of all society, and are never caught. *"The golden mean"* is best of all. I.e., *regarding his own idea,* though he still likes the role of the lonely avenger, he is also getting reconciled to all kinds of degradation. And ~~for~~ because of this he forgets about Makar's family, about Liza, and about the child. His cynicism has taken him to the point from which he can see only one aspect of Liza's story, i.e., contempt for the concepts, beliefs, and views of their environment. (N.B. Though Makar Ivanov leaves him stunned and has, apparently, left a *strange* impression on him, the corrupting influence of his environment gains the upper hand.) When the predatory designs on the Princess are about to be realized, he seems to be making a forced effort to rid himself of all positive impressions, though there were those impressions left by his rare (yet remarkable) meetings with Liza, like rays of light, as well as with the child (whom he suddenly gives some candy, right before the *plot*). To be sure, even when surrounded by the full stench <of corruption>, when he was about to shoot himself, he would get to thinking of his responsibilities toward Liza, for example. But: "What can I do about it?" he thought, reassuring himself with this perfectly rational question. But after the *morning with the Princess* he suddenly has a *longing* for home: Liza, the little boy! This is why he is so thunderstruck by Liza's death... [Here]

N.B. Vasin is arrested toward the middle of the novel, during the

period of the diamonds, and though he is stunned he says: "It serves him right!" But then, later . . .

After <the incident with> *the diamonds* he is roaming the streets of the city: "I'm responsible for my own humiliation," and there, at night, he meets a fallen woman.

The last. The Princess must absolutely marry the young Prince; she must be passionately, terribly in love with him.

N.B. How can the combination involving the young Prince's marriage proposal be coordinated with the lawful daughter?* Answer: By various phases of love. She loved the Prince, but her pride made her leave him. He ~~in his frivolous way, was her slave~~ did love her, yet *was* also *afraid* of her. But now, after her return, she again attracts him (besides, the young Prince is positively convinced that she is having a liaison with Him). <His> *daughter* immediately sees through this. He could not well reject ~~initially~~ the combination involving marriage. The Princess is a little ashamed even to admit to herself that she loves the Prince.

On a university education.

He: "You don't mean our specialist-professors who are merely becoming stultified from their specialties?"

"Must a professor be an educated person? In Russia, we don't even ask this question; as long as he is a specialist."

He. On environment. *Moskovskie vedomosti,* 74, No. 244, October 1.**

Editorial. Opinion of that fool A. K——rov, to the effect that there are no good and no evil people, only *environment.*

"Lady teacher prepares children for educational institutions, and gives lessons in arithmetic."

He went to see her and wanted to give her *a hundred rubles.* He gave her the money and she hangs herself, or something of this sort. *An episode.* Might also attach Perchatkin to him. ["Oh, I am not blaming her at all," He says.]

He is vain Russian average man, uprooted from everything, and possessed by the idea that He is an undiscovered genius, and not at all average. Christ would save Him owing to the fact that He always imagined ~~in his future Catholicism~~ Him <Christ> as his support. But He turns out to be an atheist.

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* Unclear in the original.

***Moscow News.*

After having chopped up those icons He comes to see the Youth: "For 8 whole years I imagined that I was a believer," He says.

"How did you suddenly lose your faith?"

"My friend, I always suspected that I wasn't believing in anything." ~~But at least now I can live thinking of nothing but my own arse.~~

"So from now on you'll be living to your own a<rse>."

"No, my friend, but according to my ideal of nobility, which I have myself set up ~~and nothing is going to stop me~~.

"Who then is forcing you?"

"I am forcing myself."

VALUABLE OBSERVATION. When leaving Makar's family, He would sometimes make the sign of the cross over the little boy; if he were asleep, He'd let him sleep; but after having made the sign of the cross, He would never ask him to kiss Him, either His face or His hand—with distaste (and irritation)—not wanting to violate the child's feelings, since it (He sees that) continues to be afraid of Him, the longer, the more.

N.B. *Unsolved question:* How can the Youth, *suspecting* finally, after the proposal, that He is in love with the Princess, join a plot to dishonor her?

N.B. When the Princess learns that it is the Youth who has brought the document concerning those 300,000 (he bragged about it to the old Prince), she makes an attempt to make up to him: hasn't he also got her letter to Andreev? She is trying to charm him. He refuses.

October 5.

?SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM. CHANGE OF PLAN.

All the time, step by step, and the longer he thinks of it the more so, the Youth becomes convinced that He is a victim, persecuted by a Messalina. ~~At the time of his arrival.~~ Even before his arrival, the old Prince had severed his intimate relations with Him on account of a slanderous statement to the effect that his daughter was a whore who would serve the first comer. He is assuring the Youth with ardor that He is being persecuted and a sufferer. Since <his marriage> to "that passive creature" had been planned before this rupture and His ejection from the old Prince's house, the old Prince, seeing that "the passive creature" wants to marry Him anyway, does not veto the marriage, in spite of the rupture. Besides, the rupture is a rather delicate one. Moreover, the Prince does not want to relinquish his idea of a marriage between the young Prince and his lawful daughter (the Prince's ward) either.

But when He obtains 100,000 for the old Prince, in the form of

his daughter's dowry, the old Prince heartily approves of it, but still fails to go along. He makes an effort to reconcile Him with the Princess, but she disdainfully rejects his overtures. In a word, by the time of the Youth's arrival, the Princess has gained the upper hand with the old Prince, while the father is in disfavor.

Having gotten together with the Youth, the young Prince tells him (*in a friendly way*) that the Princess is in love with him, that she is after him again, and that he is afraid of that, particularly since she has a liaison going with Him. And that she is having liaisons with God knows whom. When the Youth asks him; *With whom, then?* the young Prince can't give him an answer. There are many facts which make the Youth believe that this thought has been suggested to the young Prince by Him, and that he has been and still is under His influence. Meanwhile the young Prince speaks admiringly of His wisdom and *justice,* and also shows some fear of Him. In his opinion, He can't have told a lie. The Youth is surprised by such frankness and in turn tells the Prince that there isn't any liaison, but that she is a Messalina who wanted to seduce his father.

In the meantime, return of the 300,000. Reconciliation between the old Prince and Him. [The Princess suddenly insults Liza.] Liza's romance is revealed (for the first time, for everybody; nobody knew about it). Meanwhile the Youth has already informed his father that the Princess is after the young Prince again. His challenge to the latter, immediately withdrawn. The young Prince learns through the Youth that the Princess has no dowry. Also, that there is this letter.

In a *first-person* narrative, the Youth has this to say, in one chapter:

"He didn't like to discuss Christianity and, as I noticed, avoided such discussions in a strange manner. Perhaps He wanted to let me experience these things myself. However, when I kept insisting, I remember especially those days following so-and-so and so-and-so, he would sometimes let himself be persuaded to talk about this subject. ~~Thus~~ I recall that we discussed these matters twice or so (once in connection with Vasin, the other time upon my persistent questioning), and here is, more or less, what I have retained in my memory from these discussions:

"Here, about the rocks. On the eternity and relativity of virtue. On <being a> man for two weeks, on virtue for two weeks (the rocks).*

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* The allusion is apparently to the notion, repeatedly mentioned before, of the Earth's becoming "an ice-covered piece of rock" like other planets.

On the relationship between socialism and Christianity; about the fact that socialism is trying to conceal, by putting forward a series of Genevan ideas, that its ideal is, in spite of everything, nothing else but material prosperity; on environment, etc. (*Moskovskie vedomosti,** No. 245, from Wiesbaden), etc."

He expresses sympathy with Kraft: "Only, that's a strange idea, for did he really assume that things are better in Europe? However, he may be right in his own way: there really is something about Russia that can make you shoot yourself."

N.B. Absolutely. In the course of the novel the Youth is wondering: "How could this tolerant man, so firm and possessing such a high ideal of generosity (N.B. His indulgence toward those who had insulted him, the lady school teacher, etc.), rip open the child's mouth?" And so he learns from His own mouth that the child had not been simply irritating Him, but rather, that he child was one of those who refused to worship Him, "and *never will worship* me," (He adds). This is why a temporary fit of frenzy followed. He also hates the Princess because she refuses to worship Him. His passion <for her> was ignited by <her> contrariousness.

Without Lambert. Everything that happened to Lambert happened to the Father. But what could replace Lambert? (N.B. In Lambert's presence, but without him. And, at the very last moment, he goes to <his> father).

N.B. Couldn't it be so that the Youth does not give the letter to Lambert and shows him the door? Then, Lambert again seeks the company of the young Prince, giving him money and encouraging him to take <money> from her. He lets the young Prince know that they've got that letter and that the old Prince won't be giving <her> any money. The Princess quarrels with the young Prince and chases him out of her house. Here, the Youth plans his scheme all by himself, letting his father know about it on the eve <of its execution>. Meanwhile the young Prince has robbed Perchatkin. The plot. Liza. The young Prince shoots himself—suicide note, sympathy. Before his death, the young Prince is with Liza again. Liza shoots herself, having learned of his death.

During a drinking party, the Princess tries to go after the Youth, hoping "Maybe he's got the letter." The Youth is rude to her, refuses,

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* *Moscow News.*

but falls in love with her. The diamonds, and that feeling of Ungern-Shternbergian[24] intoxication, "so I can really do you (the Princess) in, if I want." *He* begins to suspect that the Youth might be in love with the Princess, makes fun of him, torturing him as well as Himself. Messalina makes a hint regarding the letter. He finds out that the Youth has been seeing the Princess. The Youth does not realize that He is jealous, and confides everything to Him, except the letter.

"Is it true that you haven't had her? Listen, there is a certain letter! Whoever has that letter could fuck her if he wanted." The Youth is excited—was it intentional on his part, or was it unintentional; does he know, or doesn't He, that the letter is <in the Youth's hands>? ~~Suddenly the Princess insults Liza.~~

Liza insulted by the Princess for the second time. As a result of this, the "lawful daughter" pretends to have heard only just now that the young Prince had anything to do with Liza. Impossible, though they be Dolgorukys, but mainly because the insult inflicted upon Liza by the Princess confirms that the Princess loves the Prince, and that he loves her. "I don't want to." [October 14?]

Yet <she> surprises <her> father with this question: "Does He intend to propose to the Princess?" In that case, she is offering to marry the old Prince... Won't give away those 100,000. ~~When~~ Suddenly ~~refusal~~ a letter from "that passive creature," under the pretext that He loves the Princess. Lambert makes his first appearance. Infuriated by the passion attributed to Him, He demands a showdown with the Princess (she accedes, under the pressure of His threats). He makes her a present of the young Prince's documents, sarcastically remarking that it was for her love of Him, but demands that she dare not seduce the Youth and debauche him, like a Messalina (that's what He is calling her, a Messalina). [February, for part four.] She slaps His face. The old Prince summons Him: He affirms that she had been trying to seduce the Youth, in order to wheedle that letter out of him. The Prince is stunned by <the news about> the letter, calls in the Youth, who refuses to say that such a letter exists. [Here] The Prince calls him a scoundrel. "The passive creature" refuses <to marry him>. A formal proposal to the Princess. Everybody is screaming: "He is out of his mind!" Chopping up those icons, proposal <. . .>

[He says to the Youth: "I really got it for you, you *scoundrel,* but

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[24] See note 3 of Part II.

you did right] in not giving up the letter." The Youth is furious about His complaining to the Prince that she was corrupting him (the Youth). He meekly admits that he was carried away by His anger and contempt for her, and, "My boy, if you do have that document, be generous and hand it over." Such magnanimous confession leaves the Youth perfectly convinced that He does not love her, [and is suffering an injustice, and a giant among people.] But the Youth is sneered at by her, and by everybody, including the young Prince and the old Prince (try it without Lambert).

At this point, Lambert. Dishonor her. Both agree. The Youth is convinced of his father's absolute hatred for her. On the very eve of the attempt, when he is wavering, Lambert suddenly stuns him with the admission that He knows about the plot also and is approving of it. ["He has just proposed to the Princess."] Upon his repeated questions Lambert does, however, retract what he has just said about Him. He agrees that he hasn't understood him right, but still leaves a lingering suspicion in the Youth's mind. The Youth is convinced that he hates her. (N.B. He never did admit to his father that he was in love; on the contrary, he was always angry that everybody was teasing him about his being in love. He knows himself that he is in love, but is trying to persuade himself that he hates her on account of being in love with her.) [But Lambert, who does not believe the Youth, calls on his father. The latter jumps out <from his hiding place> at the moment when the Youth kills Lambert.]

N.B. *Most important.* ~~The first time he admits his passion for the Princess is when he has already sent her the letter. He comes to see Him and confesses. He says sarcastically: "All right then, rape her." But he is asking for help. *He* shows up and goes mad.~~

The Youth never admits, not even to himself, that he is in love with the Princess, not even when he has found himself kissing her tracks ("How can they be so depraved! so materialistic!"). He begins to hate her for having kissed her tracks. He comes to see his father, telling him that he hates her. Don't want to rape her. "I am afraid to rape her!"

October 6.

Besides catholic narrow-mindedness, despotism, and intolerance, besides contempt for one's own land, there is also present <in his character> such thing as a stubborn, almost enthusiastic pursuit of an idea, of a world view, etc. Besides extreme and diabolic pride ("no one can be my judge") there also are present extraordinary, harsh demands directed at <him>self, "though under the condition

that I be responsible to no one." A most elegant, polished exterior: an apparent ingenuousness, affability, an apparent tolerance, an absence of any purely personal ambition. And yet all this is only the result of a haughty view of the world, an incredibly exalted position which He has arbitrarily assumed opposite the whole world. The essence of which is, for example, this: "No one can insult me, for they are all mice <compared to me>. I am guilty, and they've found me guilty, so let them, and may God give them wisdom, at least for a time, for they are so paltry, so very paltry!" [February, for part four.]

"I hate her, yet I am afraid to rape her," says the Youth as he comes to see his father for the last time, and asks him to join the conspiracy.

"Do it, do it," says the Father.

"How?"

"A young man of your age can hardly avoid getting soiled by some woman. So it really does not matter whether it be her, or some streetwalker. But you will see that she will be worse than a streetwalker. You will see tears, and vileness, and deceit. Use her, and throw her pay to her, get even with all of them, son of a whore, Dolgoruky."

The Youth remains silent.

"I knew that you hated her," he says.

"What about you?"

"I hate her more than you do!"

"Listen: simply give it to her, give it to her generously—give it to her without any words, if you can. This will be best of all, and fairest of all. Then, turn your back to her, without asking for a remuneration."

"Would you care to be present?"

["Are you truly ready to hand it over just like that?" "I am and I was actually expecting such advice from you. You hate her so much you surely would have simply handed it to her, crushing her with your magnanimity."]

"You want me to talk to her?"

"No, stay in the next room."

"What for? So I could hear your beautiful speech to her?"

"I am telling you, I fear that I might fail; I am afraid of raping her."

"I'll go." There is hatred written on his face.

(And that's how they decide to act.) (N.B. "I have already sent a letter.")

The young Prince has been behaving badly; he is no longer admitted to society. The Princess has chased him out of her house; he did make a move to win the hand of "that passive creature," but the old Prince, learning of his dishonest action (theft) [a duel], also shows him the door. Then the Prince and Lambert kill and rob Perchatkin. N.B. Lambert is hoping all the time that the young Prince is going to get a lot of money, and has been giving him money himself. Lambert was hoping that he might get money from the Princess, from the old Prince, from "that passive creature." Lambert is thinking that the young Prince failed to get any money from the Princess because, as a result of that letter, she hadn't got and was never going to have any money. And that's why he keeps pestering the Youth: Isn't there a letter somewhere, for she would give a lot for that letter (because the old Prince is furious at Him, and tactfully, in view of the fact that he is getting married himself, has promised to provide her with another dowry). Then, in his opinion, the young Prince and the Princess would make up again and pay him. He has made the young Prince give him a promissory note, which the young Prince promises to honor as soon as he gets 20,000, if only he gets that letter from the Youth. But Lambert has another idea: "I'll make the little Prince pay up on the promissory note, as soon as they make up," he thinks, "but I can still shake her down for 20,000 with that letter." And this is why he is furiously trying to talk the Youth into becoming his partner in the deal, "We'll split the money, and you can fuck her, too." And, strangely enough, though the Youth does not capitulate before Lambert, the latter's passion-laden words—"Let's shake her down, revenge; let's fuck her; it's all a moment's work; one must take advantage"—in spite of their crudeness, have an intoxicating effect on him. "Or don't they?" he asks himself. Finally he decides to go it alone. (While Lambert and the Prince, together, kill Perchatkin.) But at the last moment, two hours or so before the act, he goes to see Him, inviting him <to join the plot>.

As He is rushing about the room, like a beast, the half-dead Princess in his arms, He suddenly and with all his might, after having dropped her on a bed, strikes her face (after kisses) with his fist (he had bared her leg). This is where the Youth kills him.

In the plan for part one.

As the Youth is entering the Brusilov residence, a lady school teacher forces her way in, carrying a letter (and 100 rubles). "Tell this scoundrel," etc. The Youth takes it upon himself to convey <the letter and the money>. He returns <the letter and the money> with

some rude and caustic remarks. "That passive creature." Rips open <the little boy's> mouth. The school teacher hangs herself. ~~Her mother.~~ The next day the Youth pays a visit to the school teacher. He is there, too. But the Youth does not exchange a single word wih Him, while they are at the dead school teacher's. <Her> mother exonerates Him. The Youth leaves embarrassed Then, his father comes to see him at his new flat. Among other things, he also mentions the school teacher, but in a quiet, delicate way. (N.B. When the Youth comes <to the aunts' place> to write a letter (and also to pick up his belongings), he makes mention of Andreev's letter which he might hand over to Him; which he does when they become reconciled).

N.B. Important. The aunt, who is the godmother and a very distant relative of the young Prince's, is a ~~very close~~ closer relative of the old Prince's. She is living in Luga, is poor, and the Prince had stayed at her house for some time, while in exile; furthermore, Makar's family was also under her wing.

It was this aunt who had a lawsuit with Him, for 300,000. Having won the 300,000 He promises to return 100,000. But ~~the family~~ the old Prince, to show his tact, since he has suddenly decided to get remarried, promises to take care of the dowry himself. Then, He will give away 100,000 with his daughter, and he deposits <that amount>.

"However, you are not visiting me too often, are you?" says the Youth to Him.

"I haven't time, my friend; I just haven't the time, forgive me; please, don't feel hurt."

He, about Bismarck: "It is bad when a man, or a cause, are easy to understand: it's the first sign that they are worthless. He has united <Germany> mechanically, with iron and sword, while disuniting it morally, as he is sowing the seeds of future religious hatred. Isn't he counting on atheism?"

Nothing durable was ever created by iron and sword.

Prince Bismarck is one of those men who are quickly understood by their environment (there are such poets, public figures, publicists). Theirs is an ephemeral and a foolish fame. [To the lackey, on the train.]

The old Prince: "Imagine, He is jealous of Bismarck's fame; nor will he recognize that he is a great man."

He, about the Princess: "She is modest."

"If she's modest, how can she be a Messalina?"

"You can't understand it."

A letter by the Youth, from Moscow to Petersburg, addressed to

a certain unknown "dear Sir," and asking to be left alone; but his aunt appears on the scene and turns everything the other way.

When I let this German know that I didn't intend to enroll in the university, this (Russian) German made a slight effort to make me change my mind, presenting to me the advantages <of a university education>, but I cut him short quickly (my own idea). Then, he let me know that he had informed my family in Petersburg that, in his opinion, everything would of course go the way I wanted it, for though I was still a minor, I already had certain rights (acquired by graduating from high school) and nobody would, of course, force me, except that I would have to bear the unpleasant consequences myself. Let me note that it was the German who was in touch with my "relatives." I never wrote a single letter. Those "relatives" were the Andreevs. But I knew that Andreev had died in Petersburg two months earlier, and that his wife, two of my aunts, and his two unmarried daughters were then in Petersburg. Somehow, my German, through all this time, had shrunk from discussing my relatives with me. But I never wrote them a line, nor did I ever talk about them, though I knew a lot about them. Here's exactly what I knew at the time. This is essential in the presentation of my arrival in Petersburg. I knew it from some German women, from servants.

First, about my father. My father... all the information—with the old Prince. (N.B. What a romantic effect every bit of news about my father had on me!) And here, Father, the old Prince, the Princess ..., etc.

[<My> father's marriage, for <?> the German.

I: "I couldn't care less."]

Most of all, I was worried about the news of my father's marriage, and about Makar's family then staying with him in Petersburg. Then, the aunt shows up. They've found a job for me in Petersburg. I don't have to leave right away. I had a talk with the German—<my job will be> to entertain the old Prince. Then, frou-frou. The university student, and the trip. N.B. Toward the end <of the year> I was in the seventh grade. The story of the little Prince, then a quick encounter with Lambert.

Something remarkable. Or thus: the day before I was going to leave for Moscow,* the German, his wife, and I sat down together in the evening, and here is what I learned. Then, a package of Andreev's

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* An obvious slip of the pen; should be "Petersburg."

letters. The German: "I have decided to let you have them." Or else, the German dies and his wife lets me have them. ~~The letter <to> the Youth~~

(October 9.)

"A man of undoubted intellect, but not a very clever man."*

"Listen, Prince, where do you get these things?"

"Mon cher, je sais tout, mais je ne sais rien de bon."[25]

The Prince was happy that I was admiring his wit. But I swear that I had been sincere, not just flattering him. *On the contrary,* I'd been rather laughing at him, being quite sure that he said it without thinking, just by accident. Then the Prince immediately came up with another bon mot, but that second one didn't come off.

Je sais tout, mais je ne sais rien de bon (Faust).[26]

I know everything, but I know nothing right (I have learned everything, but I haven't learned anything right).

[February.] It is the same anxiety which entices a soul thirsting for faith and carries it off to the heavens, ~~the same~~ that also induces the realist to reject faith. Realism and atheism present a tranquillity which is deceptive (for never does atheism capture an indifferent soul). A soul which is trying to calm itself through complete negation may thirst, more than any other, for complete affirmation (for the positive), for complete faith.

But there is "average man," who is glad to have acquired the right to be dishonorable. Our youth doesn't even suspect his existence, or that it is mixing with this dirty mass.

People know nothing about socialism in this country, yet socialist ideas are present everywhere.

We have become Europeans under the absolute condition of losing our self-respect.

[February.] Many things will age before they mature, but society does contain <some> undeniable evil. This is true.

[Worn to rags.] He: "Your mother is the exact contrary to certain Petersburg newspapers in which, 'what's new is bound to be good.' "

"To repent would mean, in my case, to immediately attack some-

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* The bon mot is more effective in Russian, since *um* ("intellect") and *umnyi* ("clever") are derived from the same root.

[25] French: "My dear, I know everything, but I don't know anything good."

body with some accusation." (N.B. He: "Well, so much we know: to repent means, in our country, to immediately attack somebody with some accusation.") Comparison of nihilism to the appearance of the poet Benediktov (He).[27] The old Prince on Versilov's action: "How it cheers one's heart to rejoice at somebody's noble deed!"

Versilov: "The idea of a nobility and of 'better people.' "

Versilov: "The nobles freed the people, while the government officials merely stole their idea."

Versilov: "If we only had enough of that Russian spirit, i.e., of the spirit of Christ, and all this chronological determinism of evil, which you have in Europe, would be unthinkable in Russia (factory-owners, the people <?>), no one would want to abuse his lesser brethren, for *life's happiness,* life's *joy* would be found in something else, i.e., not in gold, but in self-denial."

"Could such a country be for real?"

"If not so, at least its ideal and the striving for it are always possible. If only Christ would not die in the hearts of the Russian people, then, even though there were night ~~all~~ around us, it would still be possible to strive for that bright dot <of light> with everything one has got. That is, it would be a joy to be alive, provided the idea does not die. You see, if the idea itself should die, and the European idea become accepted, <an idea> of mechanical, and not of inner equality, everything would be lost."

Versilov: "We Russians haven't got any honorable memories, and those which we used to have we have lovingly dishonored and rejected."

Versilov: "I am not assuming or allowing that there might be any freely thinking or freely acting people in Russia: everybody is a lackey, you hear, a lackey, not a slave. Russian boldness, if it should show up anywhere, is nothing but a lackey's insolence, and invariably accompanied by a cowardly concern for oneself: 'Watch your step, <careful with> what you're doing.' "

"Those nihilasters have grown old; they've lost their teeth."*

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* *Nigiliashki,* derived from *nigilist* ("nihilist") with a Russian suffix which suggests contempt.

[27] V. G. Benediktov's first book of poetry was enthusiastically received in 1835 and was praised by Pushkin, Dostoevsky, and Turgenev, among others. Belinsky alone criticized his poetry as empty music and composed of a series of commonplaces. Time quickly showed that Belinsky was right. When his third collection of poetry was published in 1842, the reading public ignored him.

[26] *Ibid.*

Versilov: "Russia is just about getting ready to start living."

"And these preparations will take her a thousand years?"

"A big ship takes more time to get clear. It will take less time to build a Neva river boat of 4 <horse> powers than the frigate *Minin*."

Makar is glad to hear these words.

Political discussions (about China).

"Not only don't we have well-informed people, we don't even have any honest people. There is almost no such thing in Russia as an honest man."

Our clergy has given us, for the most part, atheists and nihilists (dreamers, as a result of not knowing the world, and practicing discrimination, as a result of their forming a separate estate). In their academies they continue to represent *a separate estate;* one really ought to break it up and make it a part of our universities.

They haven't been participating in our general progress, but have for those past 20 years reacted to every reform with nothing but contemptuous sneers and sullen sniffs.

"My friend, these are all very painful questions, and I am making every effort to avoid them."

To the socialists: "You are hoping to lure people with promises of their own advantage, with rational calculations of their own advantage, and you think that in view of their own "indubitable" advantage they will all join you (so thought Chernyshevsky and Dobroliubov:[28] 'Let me talk to the people through the window for a quarter of an hour, and they'll follow us.') My God, what a miscalculation on your part: when did man ever do what was to his advantage? On the contrary, hasn't man always done what he liked to do, rather than what was to his advantage, and not infrequently knowing full well that it was to his disadvantage? For man has an innate tendency to consider

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[28] Nikolay Gavrilovich Chernyshevsky (1828–89) was one of the most influential critics and political activists in the nineteenth century. His most important critical work is *Esteticheskie otnosheniia iskusstva k deistvitel'nosti* (1855) (*Aesthetic Relations of Art to Reality*). His novel *Chto delat'* (*What is to Be Done?*) (1862–63) inspired generations of young Russians to revolutionary zeal. Dostoevsky satirized this novel, as well as some of Chernyshevsky's views of man expressed in various essays, in *Notes from the Underground.* Nikolay Alexandrovich Dobrolyubov (1836–61) was an idealogical and political contemporary and a follower of Chernyshevsky. With Chernyshevsky and Pisarev he forms the triad of important and influential radical critics. His most important article is *Chto takoe Oblomovshchina* (*What is Oblomovism?*) (1859).

as *advantageous to himself,* in almost any calculation that he may undertake, that which pleases him, and nothing else. You have forgotten that."[29]

"It isn't your special privilege to be lovers of mankind. On the contrary, quite often you are nothing but petty egoists, thirsting for fame. Socialism means hatred."

Versilov: "<The image of> this planet with a God is contiguous with totality and immortality (the family is being destroyed, and with it one's forebears, and the individual. Only mankind remains; and so, <life> is limited to earthly existence, whereas if <we believe in> resurrection, there is reunion, and revelation)."

The Youth: "It was with this kind of passion-laden words (abrupt, disconnected, yet poetic) that he was stirring my imagination and irresistibly attracting me (I am mentioning these items just to show what kind of phantasies were dwelling in this man's soul)."

Christianity and socialism. Anger and struggle (forward!). Advantage instead of any moral principle. They've gotten their hatred mixed up with love of mankind. The burning down of the Tuileries. Personal responsibility, and there is no such thing as crime (i.e., individuality). They'll surely win. In the end, Christ will be victorious.

"Lord, have mercy, give me some money."

"Lord, have mercy on all men who have no one who will pray for them."

"Lord, make a move."

Lambert is urging the little Prince to collect the 30,000 which He had spent and failed to pay him, and also the 100,000 which the <Prince's> daughter is absolutely refusing to surrender.

The Youth makes up his mind to go through with his scheme all by himself, but learns, on the eve <of its execution>, that He, *after all that has happened,* has proposed to the Princess. The Youth is stunned by this bit of news: "So He is in love!" He goes to see Him, and never before has he heard more insults hurled at "that Messalina" than on this occasion, when He has <just> proposed marriage to her. "I proposed to her out of contempt for her."

He is cited before a Justice of the Peace in connection with his having given 100 rubles to that governess.

A lawsuit on account of the money he has paid short.

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[29] The Underground Man makes similar points in his argument against the Crystal Palace.

The Youth has just arrived, <and> He hastens to ask him questions: "Did the young Prince have a good trip?"

October 14.

The Princess is the old Prince's daughter. The Youth is in love <with her>, though he won't believe that he is in love, and thinks that he hates <her>. However, he *instinctively* hides his feelings for the Princess from Him and everybody else, as he fears to be *shamed* for it. How great then, are his embarrassment and his anger when He takes the liberty to tell the Princess that she is corrupting the Youth by making him fall in love with her, so that he has completely lost his head! The main thing is really that the Youth has been trying, throughout the course of the novel, to conceal his feelings from Him: suspecting, in spite of himself, that He may be in love, even though he has been believing Him when he was saying that He has had nothing but hatred for her in a long time. *His feeling of tact* has prevented him from becoming his father's rival. He is seized by cynicism, a loathing for Him, and even more so, for the Princess. He finally gets to believe that He hates her. It is He himself who suggests that he rape her. Yet he is working on his scheme all by himself, and in deep secrecy. And then, suddenly, practically *the night before,* he learns (from Lambert) that He has proposed to her. [The Youth] goes to see Him.

"How then, could you say that you didn't love her?"

He replies: "My life isn't worth a thing. I can save her."*

"But if she hates you?"

"No, she adores me, though I do not love her."

"But she won't admit it."

"Perhaps she'll be wise enough to admit it."

The result is that the Youth is struggling with himself and, finally, *an hour before* <the act> invites Him over.

October 14.

Absolutely stick to these two rules, throughout the course of the novel.

1st rule. Avoid the mistake, made in *The Idiot* and in *The Possessed,* of describing (many of the) secondary events in a fragmentary, insinuated, romance-like manner, and dragging them out over a lengthy extension <of the novel>, both in the narrated action as well as in individual scenes, yet without giving any explanations at all,

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* Or: "I can save it." Since *zhizn'* ("life") is a feminine noun in Russian the phrase is ambiguous.

just guesses and hints, instead of *explaining the truth directly*. Being mere secondary episodes, they weren't worth such concentrated attention on the part of the reader; on the contrary, they actually tended to obscure, rather than to clarify, the principal objective, precisely because the reader, diverted to a side road, could very well lose the main road and get all confused in his attention.

Try to avoid secondary details and seek to assign an insignificant place to those <that you do introduce>; present them much more briefly, concentrating the action exclusively around the hero.

The 2d rule lies in the fact that the Youth is the hero of the novel. Everything else is secondary, even He is secondary. The poem is about the Youth and his idea, or better, about the Youth, solely as the bearer and inventor of *his idea*.

The Youth sets out from Moscow, all *imbued* with his idea, and loyal *to it*. He is armed with his idea as he is riding out to battle, and he knows it. He already has sacrificed a few things to his idea: to be precise, three years of alienation, <a good deal of hard work> to strengthen his character, saving money and declining a chance to get a higher education, explicitly on account of his idea. In Petersburg, *his idea* suffers some damage and is shaken by a number of things, to be precise:

1) Meeting people, and the fact that he cannot restrain himself but reveals his idea to other people: *being ashamed of it*.

2) His faith is shaken by socialism: he wants to retain his idea and yet remain a noble human being.

3) His condescending attitude toward the idea: He does approve of it, yet the Youth has the feeling that His idea is higher, more proud and noble ~~than his own~~ than his own. What then is His idea? The Youth is trying to guess it through the entire course of the novel.

4) His clash with life, voluptuousness, ambition, uncongenial company, the young Prince. Cynicism as well as other avenues to brilliance make their appearance. Everything collapses as a result of insults, which return him to his idea—no longer theoretically, but as a genuinely embittered man who is out to take his revenge. Cynicism and daring, Lambert, the young Prince. The plot, money. It is during this period that he has an *attitude of contempt* for Him, having lost his respect and his love for Him, and a desire to get even with Him for what He has meant to him in his life, so decisively and for such a long time. At the same time, a lack of respect for his family. So much more is he <then> affected by his meeting with Liza, the child, etc.

5) His relationship with the Princess, ambition, passion, and the plot. In the very end, it becomes clear what He is. [N.B. However, he decides to join the plot certainly not on account of his idea, but because of his passion <for the Princess>.]

6) Makar Ivanov, and those others. A shattering impact which does not, however, destroy his idea.

3d rule: ~~the young Prince.~~

October 15.

After Souchard, conclude it quickly. [Mother, a meeting.] He withdraws into himself; later, in high school, daydreaming, about his father, about meeting him, his idea, his social position; it actually had an influence upon his decision not to enroll in the university. But do not say that this is so, later, at Vasin's. Then, living with the German, and facts about his father. Andreev's letters, "I've deciphered them, I've learned a few things from these letters;" so he travels <to Petersburg> armed <with these letters>. The aunt shows up: "<You are going> to Petersburg, <where you have a job> with the Prince." The trip, etc. An auction, 10 rubles.

["The German said that 'you like to economize.' "

"Why won't you say, 'a tightwad'?"]

["Why are you doing it?"

I, with a guffaw: "I want to become a Rothschild," etc.]

It is He who tells Vasin about the Youth's *very own idea,* and Vasin unexpectedly comes to see him (right before being arrested) and has a talk with him. He causes the Youth to waver. Question to the Youth: "So he is concerned about me?" And, again because of his pride, he is not too fond of the notion that Vasin knows about <his idea>. But Vasin is arrested. The Youth is stunned.

[October 14.] N.B. Absolutely. Carousing with the young Prince, in good company (hussars), to which the Youth is admitted (he can see, though, that he doesn't belong there). Later, the young Prince's duel. The Prince shows himself a coward at the duel. The Princess summons the Youth and asks him questions about it. The Youth turns away—but after <some affairs with> women, <Mme> Andrieux, the old Prince, playing a hoax on the Fool, etc. He* suddenly withdraws into himself, cynicism, a mad rage at the Princess, "take revenge on them all," the letter, which irritates him, quarrels with his father, of

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* "He" is capitalized in the Russian text.

whom he demands an awful lot, and Lambert. ("Alas! The mood I was in didn't let me see Liza." Their romance, separately.)

The day after the attempt <on her honor> the Princess says: "He is honest, noble, ~~but all this affected, bookish, artificial and <a sense of> honor (as in all of our society), I knew it.~~ He was always capable of believing that I would get frightened by that letter. I always, always felt that this might happen. He lacks a great idea."

In his introduction to the Princess: "If I were to explain my idea to you, I would never succeed, nor bring my undertaking to an end, but here is my story. Though it may not have been written for you, it will be completely frank: I thought that some day you might want to read it."

With every line.

Why did I think, not in the least expecting this letter from you?* <. . .>

Here, I want to severely <. . .>

I am not even rereading it, yet I am sending it to you.

Though He has incited everyone else to go ahead with their plot, He is still wavering and ~~almost wanted to~~ would like to make a noble gesture and send the letter. It is with this idea in mind that he takes the final step of trying to filch the letter from them. *But they won't let him*. He comes to see the Youth and, in allegorical language, advises against going through with it ("father's noble feelings flared up for the last time"). But the Youth takes it for a ruse to get the letter from him. Then, He waves his hand and, with a guffaw, decides <to go along with them>.

"I didn't love her (the Princess) at all. I don't know what game I've been playing."

N.B. Carousing with the young Prince. Women. The Youth feels that ~~he is being accepted~~ he *isn't on equal terms* with them, but already he is beginning to be corrupted, already he is getting fond of sweet luxury (Petersburg is having a physical effect on him). Women. ~~He tries it in the streets~~ He is arrested in a secret gambling house, <since> some money <has disappeared> from the table. The little Prince betrays the Youth, when he is under suspicion of having stolen the money. He leaves, night, a wench, he throws himself at the Prince in a mad rage. "I have straightened out that business," says ~~the~~

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* Unclear in the original.

~~Youth~~ the young Prince to the Youth. "The money has been found." But he has already withdrawn into himself; he is full of hatred.

To Liza, to his mother, to them, about his idea; *they understand nothing*. Dolgushin is arrested. Liza's farewell with the Prince takes place in the Youth's presence. <Her> fiancé reproaches <her>. Liza thanks him. He apologizes. That same night, at home, the scene between Liza and her mother: "Bear it!" ~~The next day she turns down the young man.~~ Here, He and the Youth are also present. As they leave, the Youth says to Him: "Scoundrel!" Yes, that's where <he calls Him?> a scoundrel. Whereupon they meet again as co-conspirators. And then, later that night, the Youth is with his mother. Liza is not at home. Suddenly his mother throws up her hands: "Oh! I feel sick!" She runs out to look for Liza and comes across the people who are bringing her <body>. It is the fiancé who brings her. Immediately following, this description: the mother, back home, dying. He, just barely suppressing his sobs; the little boy, crying for Liza and not letting the Youth go away. Lambert with his <injured> leg. Arrest.

Write more briefly. (Imitate Pushkin.)

The young Prince's proposed marriage to the Princess is far from being official. Nothing has been said in public, and the Princess is *free*. But throughout the novel there are many instances when rumors of an official announcement of the marriage are afloat, and on each of these occasions He gets terribly excited. When the Prince arrives together with the Youth, this is already enough cause for him to get excited. Here, the challenge after <the return of those> 200,000 also takes place. He wonders why the old Prince has become involved in the young Prince's promissory note to Liza, etc., *on this subject*.

[Most important.] N.B. After his arrival, the Prince is seeking to meet Liza, which is why Liza is all smiles (even though she has a suitor). They actually have a rendezvous. The young Prince suggests that the Youth be present, so he can see how *innocent* this all is. And so the Youth is there. This is in part two.

In part one.

The Youth tells Him that, though he hasn't seen Him since his childhood, he has <always> loved Him, 'I don't know <why>' and that he has been always daydreaming about how he was going to tell and show Him all in a general showdown, after which he would be either rejected or forgiven, and that now he was having a hard time, really, realizing that He was no longer quite the fine fellow

and dandy, no longer quite so ideally handsome, as He had been when he had visited <his son> at Souchard's.

What is absolutely necessary is a conversation between the old Prince and the Youth about Liza, a conversation which makes certain things considerably clearer to the Youth (i.e., to the reader), specifically, why the old Prince has been helping to provide Liza with a *dowry ("cher enfant, enfin c'est juste").*[30]

It is Makar Ivanov who says "Bear it!" when Liza's mother tells him about it.

When, in the scene of the conspiracy, the Youth has killed Lambert, he says to the Princess: "Do you really think that I would have been afraid to take advantage of you? No, solely in order to show you that I am not afraid of you and how much I despise everything, beginning with you and down to the penalty that is awaiting me, I am telling you this: go, leave, out!" Whereupon the Princess steps closer, opens the door, sees his father who has been hiding there and says, with a smile: "I'm not in the least surprised."

"Go, we are all guilty."

Makar Ivanovich on Peter the Great.

N.B. Makar Ivanov is preaching continence, fasting, pursued with methodical rigor (monasticism), i.e., the exact contrary of the Youth's <own> idea. He overwhelms him with his Christian ways. But he is too busy with other things at the time. Versilov also discusses Christianity.

There is a certain solidity (of intellect, of knowledge, of erudition) about him.

"He is neither this nor that..."*

"He is like a babe: whatever he sees he wants to grab."

"Breathing down my neck."

"Unexpectedly."

"Failed to get a hold on her (his) throat."

"As yet, he couldn't bring himself to do it; he hadn't the heart (to kill <him> with his knife)."

"So as to subject himself to such eternal torments."**

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* For the next several pages we seem to be dealing mostly with Makar Ivanovich Dolgoruky's stories and words of wisdom. The language is "substandard," which cannot always be rendered in the translation.

** In the original the phrase contains distorted forms of literary phraseology.

[30] French: "Dear child, at last it's just."

"I have lived reverently."

"Little kids will give you small trouble, once they're ready to reap, they'll knock ol' dad off his feet."*

"She helped herself <?> to an egg (a mouse stole it)."

"Our trouble (our grief)."

"Ah, he is in such a bad shape (the sick man), it's just his soul is barely [still] hanging on; he ought to have died a long time ago."

"Live off you for a while."

"One does not take offense at everybody."

"He is like the new moon at this place: he'll just barely show himself, and be gone again."

This is one of those many Russian writers who ~~all~~ don't know why they are writing.

"A soldier is a muzhik turned rotten."

~~Scare Scare over~~ "Render him an example, scare him a bit. Set a good example through him." [for him]

"He used to order even other people's <children> to be flogged in this fashion."

"You are a youth."**

Makar Ivanov: (Peter the Great.) "So you go ahead and get an education, ~~all~~ and don't waste any time. Get to know everything, so that when you run into some ~~mischievous person~~ godless or mischievous person, you can ~~tell him~~ answer him so that he can't smother you with his words. And so that he can't confuse your immature mind."

"I have a backache as bad as if some dogs were chewing it."

"You're a fussy one; you never think ahead."

"It's not for you, fool that you are, to get rich."***

"You ought to be flogged, though you may have risen to officer's rank; yet somebody ought to take off your pants and punish ~~you~~ for an example." ("Makar Ivanovich! I am taking a generous view of your words, and so I am willing to forgive you.")

"And so he is sitting in that tavern, stark naked."

"He is going to give you a lot of trouble (he'll put you into a lot of trouble)."****

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* Free translation of a doggerel "epigram." The Russian edition has *Detki malen'kie, tak i vedki malen'kie,* where *vedki* is apparently a misprint for *bedki.*

** This sentence and preceding two paragraphs contain distorted forms of literary phraseology in the original.

*** Literally, "to make a kopek."

**** This paragraph and preceding five paragraphs contain distorted forms of literary phraseology in the original.

"But all this is to no avail, there'll be just so many more rumors afloat."

"You'll put it (i.e., a good word of advice) to good use also, if there's anything at all in your soul you can get a solid grip on."

"He's grown up, but still has no sense."

"Look what our degrees are doing" (i.e., how cold it is).

"A man-turned-dog, turned-animal."

"A lawyer is a hired conscience."

"Here, they'll find out everything, down to the last little thing."

"<He> was waiting for him, like a raven for blood."

"Listen, my friend, couldn't ~~you~~ quit this thing?" (in the sense: quit a bad thing one has started).

"In no time he extracted me by the collar, tearing my collar" ("extracted" in the sense: seized and pushed away).*

"They immediately tore off our hands, mine and his" (i.e., stopped them from doing what they were about to do).

"You've lost your measure. Don't ever lose your measure. A man who has lost his measure is in trouble. Such a man is lost."

"So you were thinking."

"You made bold to him."

"You are a captive of your mind, instead of being its master."

"You were thinking! What good is it you were thinking, if you didn't think it through to the end!"

"What do you think you're worth once you have broken your oath?" (i.e., violated).**

"You haven't handed out enough lickings (i.e., beatings). Gave him a good licking (a good beating)."

"Crying bitter tears. Taking out what little he owns (what little is his own)."

~~"Everywhere~~ the little man is shedding tears, shedding tears day and night, shedding tears all over, <for> he's got no bread, he's got no shoes and no clothes to wear, while the big man is eating and drinking more than his fill. And that's how it is going to be all over the world, right till the advent of Christ, always growing and multiplying."

"And they beat her up that time, so badly she almost died."

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* *Ibid.*

** In the original the phrase contains distorted forms of literary phraseology.

"What does she say? I love her. What, me not love her? I love her day and night—that's how much I love her."

"Straighten out a warped kopek piece."

"Why, you ought to shape up first, and give some shape to all you're doing. Give it an effort; as is, you're all spread out, nor do you see what your job really is; [nor do you really have a job in front of you] you don't know what you want, and you're no longer aware of yourself (or you've quit being aware of yourself)."

"In the first place, work (on yourself), [for yourself] and just by doing that you'll also work for other people; and start a great feat with<in> yourself, and if God won't forsake you, you'll end up working on a great cause. Each and every one should work on himself, and no one else—no state, and no rule, and no law. You can remain a righteous man even in Sodom, if only you will never cease viewing yourself, and judging yourself with your mental gaze [eye]. Never abandon yourself—this is the first rule. But what about you: not only are you out of hand, but you won't give in to a word either" (i.e., he does not even want to listen when somebody is talking about him).

"I'll make you see the stars."

"He blew into her ear" (whispered into her ear, gave her an earful, taught her).

"A daily day."

"Though money may not be God, it is half a god."

"A soldier is a muzhik turned rotten."

"As was said by you to be your pleasure."

"It is not for you, little fool that you are, to get rich. You're a fussy one, and business likes a cool man."

"Remember throne-and-fatherland."*

"One must also remember throne-and-fatherland" (ex abrupto).

Stinking Lizaveta.

["How Lizaveta, a beggar-woman and a servant <of the Lord>, was elevated—and she had a dream: on the day of judgment Christ calls her, 'there hasn't been anyone more wretched, more evil-smelling than you—so if you'll forgive, I will.' And Lizaveta says: 'They burnt me, and they whipped me—I did not complain, as if I never felt it, nor did I take notice of the insults I was suffering; but now as the time has come where all the guilty are judged, here's what I say: no,

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* This paragraph and preceding two paragraphs contain distorted forms of literary phraseology in the original.

I am not forgiving them, many times a sinner that I am <myself>,' and they all perished. And the merchants heard about it, and gave her cotton material, and kvass to drink, and plied her with pies, offered her as much as five rubles in cash—Lizaveta wouldn't take it. Then they gave her a beating and chased her away. She rolled off the stairs, and screamed, screamed for a long time, cursing them."]

Drunken men out in the streets. Nobody wants to work. A high school student killed himself finding studying too hard. A flabby, vile generation. No sense of duty or responsibility.

The aunt, in the railway carriage: "You are acting as if somebody had insulted you, my dear."

"...Here I realized that I was taking a conventional line."

In the provincial town, intimate-polite-commonplace-familiar discussions, in a tone considered best as well as proper:

"Listen, doctor, you've really told us some tall stories in connection with this affair."

The doctor: "Not at all, and to begin with, I'd ask you to address me in a more polite tone."

"I..." etc. (N.B. Yet they don't continue their discussion any more politely, but continue in exactly the same tone.)

In the railway carriage: "I promised myself to never tell Father, or anyone else, about the persecutions I suffered at Souchard's in my childhood—*they aren't worth it.*"

October 15.

Or leave it as before, without shortening the part about his daydreaming, and then at Vasin's about Ungern-Shternberg[31] as well as, in passing, about his own idea—in a mysterious form.

October 23.

"Seeing myself at the height of such power (as a Rothschild), I decidedly fell in love with myself."

October 26.

It isn't that I was a coward, but I was imagining that I was a flunky; well, and if I was a flunky, then I had to be a coward as well, and a thief (I did steal), and so I was taking pleasure in wallowing in this stinking filth. At the same time, another world, the world of books, Walter Scott, daydreaming. Light up (a dream). (N.B. Besides, think up another daydream for this spot.) Think up some noble action. And so, he feels the torture of the noble deed which he has done.

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[31] See note 3 of Part II.

A visit by his mother.* The aunt, moving to the German's place. Both <of his> lives continue and develop further. A description of his daydreams, and what exactly he dreams. (N.B. Without fail, his father in each of these dreams.) Then, reality, a description of the German, life with him, high school, yet an arid, wretched life. Finally, he has shut himself up in a well-ordered way of life, as in a shell (every single item has its own proper place. A terribly small life, and the smaller, the better). Once, he is torn away from this life by Lambert. After <the episode with> Lambert he withdraws into himself completely. News about his father. He is eagerly gathering them. His heart is palpitating every time he gets such a bit of news. The first signs of sex. Kuznetsky Bridge. A ray <of light>. Suddenly, his own idea. It takes him three years to get his idea organized. Through with high school, a quick change, a letter to Petersburg (he wasn't even told to whom the German had written the letter). The German dies. The package. Information about his relatives. The aunt. Frou-frou and an encounter. With the aunt. The trip.

In the meantime, he had some miserable teachers in high school (examples). "Amazing how little I cared." Examples, anecdotes. It might have seemed that he was all engrossed in that life (a high school student's), yet *this wasn't true at all,* on the contrary, he was just *going through the motions.*

The German used to talk about the boat that went to England, the trial of Christ, etc.

[Cope with this material.] Daydreams. The prophet. <The cap> that makes you invisible. An arrow into Napoleon's eye. A merry tale about a head cut off. How he told it very well. I am telling it at the Countess's. The rout near Moscow, and Ungern-Shternberg.[32] I am describing it step by step, how it all started and how it kept going.

N.B. *He,* to the Youth, at their first showdown: "If you think that I am doing the wrong thing in marrying this woman, tell me—I'll break the engagement; there is still time. To be sure, she is almost officially my fiancée, but there is still time. I have also told your mother what I am telling you now."

"And *your* children?"

"No, I haven't told them: I do not intend to ask them."

In the first person.

His life during his childhood is to be distributed between the

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* Or: "to his mother." The Russian sentence is ambiguous.

[32] *Ibid.*

various parts of the novel thusly: In the railway carriage—Chatsky; also on the train, about the Prince's lawsuit. At Vasin's, his mother's visit, daydreams, etc. About Lambert, while he is drinking with the Prince. (A word or so can be be dropped earlier.) But it is the Prince himself who tells him about Lambert.

In the railway carriage. "I would ask him about Lambert." "Do you know Mr. Lambert?" The drinking bout should have this scene—he is trying to kiss <him?>, and <he?> grabs <him?> by the hair.

"Drive me to the Princess's, too. She is a rotten one."

October 27.

[February.] He is thrown out of a sled while it is traveling at full speed, and he bears it. Gambling. "I want this man to leave, either he or I will leave." Stolen money. After he has been led out <of the gambling place> he returns and says that it was the Prince who stole the money.

N.B. <The Youth's> story at Vasin's is interrupted either by episodes with the child, or at night, by the episode with the girl who has hanged herself, and who should be living in the same house.

"I didn't have enough character to stand a little suffering, but I could have withstood great suffering; I knew that I could."

Before his departure he talks to N. A., who says to the Youth: "Do you know that there's a wedding coming up between the Prince and your sister?"

"I know even more, there's also my father's wedding."

He once more?

A landowner, a despot, strong intellect, critical enough not to become either a Slavophile or a Westernizer. He becomes a profound egoist. An egoist from despotism. He is, though, a despot to the bone; a true despot must place himself so highly that he actually treats people unctuously, without anger, for to him they are mice, moles. They must be given help and encouragement. The fact that everybody is in love with Him he must accept as something necessary. And this is why he cannot understand how the Princess *is not in love* with him. He refuses to believe that he is in love, and is embarrassed when he must finally prove it to himself, and he gets to thinking. He thinks that he only wants to save the Princess. Everything is solved by his passion. This passion ~~crushes~~, his admission that he is capable of *sinking* to the level of passion leaves him completely crushed. A despot to the bone. He admits himself that he is an atheist—ruins the Youth, is running the risk of ruining him, changes his mind and comes to talk him out of going along with the plot.

N.B. He views Vasin with extreme condescension (i.e., benignly

to the point of unctuousness). N.B. The only person he is not treating benignly is the sickly little boy.

"He is really something to look at, so perfect the type of a despot," says Vasin.

Suffering in his egoistic way, He can stand the death of his wife and Liza's suicide. Then he takes the boy away himself and *leaves him out in the street.* Later, when the Youth returns he begins to scream that he has abandoned the child. [Ran away from him.]

Or: The child ran away by himself. Even though he had been taking care of it, entertaining it, and playing with it (the aunt wasn't around), but the child ran away from him, which delivered the final crushing blow to his pride.

October 28.

When the old Prince had shown Him the door for having denounced his daughter (regarding that letter in which she was taking steps to have him declared insane), He went home and wrote a letter to the old Prince, in which He said that he had slandered the Princess under the influence of his own passion for her, etc. ("What if this is the truth?" He says to the Youth, but mockingly.)

His lectures to the Youth concerning depraved creatures, the depravity which reigns in society (in connection with the Princess). He is taking advantage of the Youth's fanatic hatred of the aristocracy, and thus excites him (to play the game). The Youth blindly believes Him to *the last moment.* His game consists of making the Youth fall in love with Him, subject him to His will, take complete possession of him, all with the idea of later abandoning him.

The question regarding his *mother* He presents to the Youth in such a manner that the latter believes that He actually had no chance to act in any other way.

The Youth is outraged by the fact that He pays no attention to Liza's fate. Also, he is having a slight suspicion that He may be too egoistic even with him. But at the last moment when He comes to see the Youth asking him to quit the plot, He is noble and shows him how to give up <his plan> proudly. It is on this occasion, too, that He gives <the Youth> an exalted judgment of <the latter's idea to become a> Rothschild. He invites him to become an ascetic.* The Youth begs Him to come along with him as he hands over the letter.

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* *na verigi,* literally, "to <wear> chains <worn by ascetics as an act of penance.>"

The Youth to the aunt, in the railway carriage: Information about the story of his father's life, about the old Prince, etc.

"You are quite wrong there," says the aunt.

The Youth likes the way his aunt isn't at all embarrassed by what had happened the day before, but rather adjusts skillfully to everything.

He, to the student: "You are mediocrity itself, you are going to graduate and become the most respectable citizen; even now, as you were shouting obscenities <at that woman>, you were entirely lacking in *any kind of idea of your own*. You don't even understand what I am saying."

"The devil take you, you're a swine, you're the one who forced himself on me."

"And you are what kind of ———"

"And you, you—so much for you, I know."

October 29.

Absolutely. The Youth also reveals his idea to Vasin.

But when Versilov comes to see him at his flat in order to ask his forgiveness, he tells the Youth that now he ought to be in a mood hostile to the whole world, for he had just revealed *his own idea to a stranger* for the first time in his life, and so he actually ought to hate Vasin. The Youth is amazed at His knowledge of people.

"I beg you to never discuss this matter with me."

"Naturally, and I also ascribe your letter asking to be left alone to this very mood of yours."

[Versilov adds: "I am not enticing you with any kind of bourgeois virtue to replace <your> ideals, nor am I saying that happiness is superior to heroism, because, my dear, heroism is superior to any kind of happiness, and I am respecting you for having conceived an idea."]

Versilov tells him a few other things. Touchard is kinder <than you might think>, and there are only few villains <in this world>. People are a lot kinder and more "average" than you might think. You thought that you had found a villain in me, but here now, we've had a heart-to-heart talk and you can see that I am no villain at all, but just <an average person>, and you are angry and even ashamed, seeing that the world is turning out to be different from what you thought it to be like. [Either he or I? You're a fool, she is going to trade you in for him.]

"Right now you'd like very much to set fire to something, smash something to pieces, rise above all of Russia, sweep past like a thunderstorm leaving everybody behind, and then, having thus manifested

yourself, disappear in a desert, or in the United States of America, where you'll make another meteoric appearance."

Absolutely. After the Youth had been beaten up (when he was with the young Prince), he did think of fleeing to America.

"A soldier is a muzhik gone rotten."

"That republican chicken, Michelet;[33] hebephrenia in his old age."

[Here] The husband says to his wife who has been away from home: "Don't you know where you have been?"

(To our liberals:) "You are romantics, you are dreamers, you are minor poets."

To strong and *undisputed* recognition of certain writers as being important or even great is in part evidence of the shallowness of these writers, of the fact that they are well within the range of the golden mean. Turgenev.

About Sherstobitov (Putilin).[34] Looks stern, has got canaries singing at his house, plays the guitar himself. Owns a brick house.

They've expressed their affection for God.

N.B. (A marvellous artist. About Turgenev.)

"So that I have decided to conclude the debut of my life" (from a letter left by a nihilist girl who had shot herself).

"Cocklets."*

Don Basilio, chain smokes. Boundless impudence.

"Note that this gentleman is giving himself very portly airs."

"Kind of strange."

The word "abroad" (write it as one noun throughout).**

He is like the new moon (etc.).

Live off you for a while.

It isn't so everybody (every man) can insult one.

Man, ~~from~~ in his higher exemplars and his higher manifestations, does nothing *simply;* and so he won't shoot himself *simply* either, but religiously (even though he be an atheist). But the run-of-the-mill

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* *Koklety,* apparently a colloquial allomorph of *Kotlety,* "cutlets."

** Russian *zagranitsa* is really *za granitsei,* "across the border."

33 Jules Michelet (1798–1874). Dostoevsky does not refer to him in any of his works nor in any of his letters; yet it seems clear that he was familiar with Michelet's works, especially with his arguments with Hertsen. Dostoevsky probably knew his *Pologne et Russie* (1852) and his *La Pologne martyre* (1863). Hertsen's famous article "The Russian People and Socialism" was addressed to Michelet. Dostoevsky is probably thinking in this note of his sentimental and rather trite sketches *L'Amour* (1858) and *La Femme* (1860).

34 The first note of a story that Makar Dolgoruky narrates in Part III, Chapter 3:4 of the final version.

and the ordinary [people,] they are the ones who even shoot themselves in a banal way and without being fully aware of what they're doing, simply ~~but~~ and stupidly. Simple and *simpler,* but more stupid, too.

This turmoil.

Markus, telling how the merchants on that boat gave word to England in three days.[35]

About how they reenacted Christ's trial in England and decided that he was guilty.

About the vision of that Swedish King.

(N.B. They tell the old Prince about *the boat,* and he laughs, then himself tells about Christ's trial in England.)

N.B. "I'd like to have a nice chat; in our country, people always find lofty subjects entertaining. Yet I would also like to communicate it to you to make my audience happy, and moreover, to be myself worthy of all that is beautiful and sublime."*

The hole under the rock (see plan).

And postpones his decision, waving his hand <in a gesture of resignation>.

Whatever he could not understand or value he would sneer at insolently, in particular if he'd ~~see~~ notice that it might be of importance to high-minded people.

With our entire progressive movement of the past 17–18 years we have proved, more than anything else, that we are terribly uneducated.

They were laughing at my better feelings, in those rare moments when I was really ~~entirely~~ sincere. Well, I am glad that I cannot forget this; at least they have rid me of the misfortune to love them.

"You, a future Rothschild," (He says to the Youth). "Of course you are an idealist—and there you have a [new] and unexpected consequence of positivism and nihilistics."**

Having chopped up the icons:

"Haven't I believed in all this [all my life,]" *He* said suddenly, pointing at the fragments, as he was leaving the room together with the Youth.

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* Purposely awkward in the original.

***Nigiliatina,* formed from *nigilizm* ("nihilism") with the pejorative suffix *-iatina.*

[35] Fyodor Antonovich Markus was a steward in the hospital where Dostoevsky's father worked as a surgeon. He lived above the Dostoevskys and visited them often.

"That is, [all your life] you have not believed in all this," said the Youth.

"All right, I haven't believed in it all my life," he repeated, ~~hesitating for a moment~~ breaking off the conversation (with that intonation of his, so well known to the Youth, with which *He* habitually interrupted <their> conversations).

God sends us misfortune. Misfortunes are useful, too, and how! Without misfortunes there wouldn't be any happiness. Without misfortunes, life wouldn't be worth living.

N.B. The tale of St. Paul's conversion, on the road, after the murder of <St.> Stephen. About the temptation in the desert. About the essence of asceticism in monasteries. The freedom of Christ even in communism, the freedom of Christ even in <17>93. All these tales both delight and puzzle the Youth.

He shook the dust off his feet at Dolgushin's, and kissed the threshold.

[Here] Any time your wife is getting too affectionate with you, assume that she is about to take a lover.

[The lackey in the railway carriage] We fools (i.e., husbands) can be always deceived, and how simply and easily at that."

"The reforms launched during the present reign have caused any common idea as well as any common bond to disappear. Previously, there was at least something; now there is nothing at all. Everything has fallen apart. The order that existed before was foul and wretched, but it was order. What we've got now is complete disorder in everything." This is one of His cynical phrases. ~~"Why is this? asks the Youth.~~

"Why is this?" the Youth asks Him.

"The devil only knows, must be because of the reforms. As far as I am concerned, it may all go to hell."

The Youth: "You know what, father, you are a terrible reactionary."

He: ~~Well, I~~ "I don't give a damn, really."

About how the notion of good and evil has become lost.

He: "For goodness's sake, here's what it says, right there, a District Commissioner stated outright: 'I'll take the money, but I won't serve,' and there's that other one who'd simply have the peasants flogged if they bothered him with any official business. (*Golos,** early

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* *The Voice.*

August.) Well then, how can we in Petersburg decide if it's good or bad?"

The Youth: "Of course it's a low-down <attitude>."

He: "Hardly. These people will be screaming and writing that it is a low-down <action>, but secretly they'll be glad, for it can only mean that the reforms aren't working, that they aren't taking root, so that things are getting closer to a complete collapse, and thus, to the advent of a new social order. If these people were put in the place of those District Commissioners, they'd certainly act exactly as those did. And so, we really don't know what's good and what's bad."

"These are paradoxes, father."

"Hardly so. For these things have been bothering me all my life."

"I think that all this will happen most simply. People will just refuse to pay their debts in order to get a new deal through universal and solidaristic bankruptcy. I've only presented a tiny part of the whole situation, but isn't this tiny part connected with all the rest, and, so-to-speak, with indissoluble ties?"

"What then, are we to do?"

"What to do? Be honest. In a word, read the ten commandments."

"But this is old, and besides, what am I going to accomplish all by myself?"

"Look, all these questions notwithstanding, do follow the ten commandments, and you'll be a great man. [If you're going to do it in a serious way, then once you are engaged in some serious business, you'll naturally quit asking questions. ~~I have postponed.~~"]

"Unknown to all."

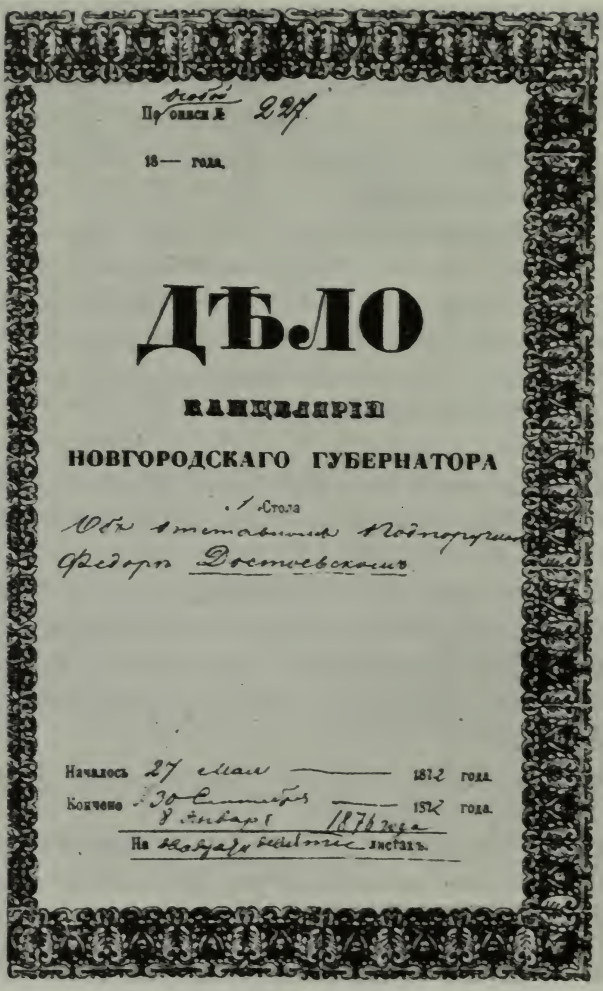
"There is no secret that won't be revealed <some day>."

"You're laughing <at me>?"

That's right, sometimes it would seem to me that he was definitely laughing <at me>, and it made me sad, ~~but~~ sad, for all my life. On the other hand, it still made me think.

[The 10 commandments and, in addition to that, love somebody or something, and you will be <a great man>, and best of all, become a specialist in some field.

I postponed telling him about my idea. It wasn't the proper time. I saw this... Besides, it wasn't the proper time for me either. God knows what kind of a time it was—a time of both exaltation and disgrace.]


Пр. оявся № 224

18— года.

ДѢЛО

КАНЦЕЛЯРІИ

НОВГОРОДСКАГО ГУБЕРНАТОРА

1 Стола

Объ отставномъ Подпоручикѣ Ѳедорѣ Достоевскомъ

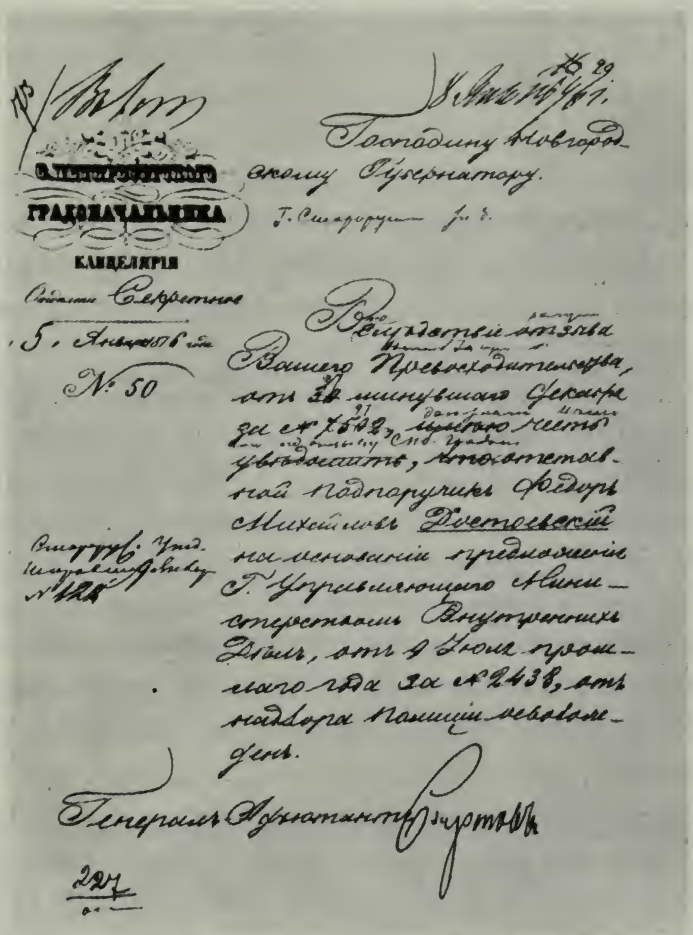
Началось 27 мая 1872 года.

Кончено 30 Сентября 1872 года.

8 Января 1876 года

На 1 листахъ.

File on surveillance of Dostoevsky in Staraia Russia. The dossier is dated January 8, 1876, and covers the period from May 27, 1872, to September 30, 1872.



Notice of abolishment of police surveillance of Dostoevsky. The notice is from the St. Petersburg head to the governor of Novgorod and is dated January 5, 1876. Dostoevsky was under police surveillance from the time of his release from prison to this date.

IV

Notes to the First Part of the Novel

These notes for the first part of the novel have something of a miscellaneous character, because Dostoevsky ranges over many of the subjects and situations of the first part of the novel, often without transition and often in very abbreviated form. In effect, the writer seems to be grouping elements in summary fashion, and checking out what has been decided and what still needs to be decided. What Dostoevsky still finds unsatisfactory is signaled by his return again and again to the same situations and by his analysis at length of certain scenes and character portraits. From these notes one can see that Dostoevsky is still very much at work attempting to fathom the relations of the Youth to his father, still very much intrigued and challenged by the character of Versilov, vacillating and unsure about the Princess (now called occasionally Akhmakova) character, and in a quandary about how to present the relations between the Princess and Prince Sokolsky.

As before, the Youth's attitude toward his father is one of hate and love, but a hate that is itself a form of love. Dostoevsky says, perhaps more directly and more extremely than before: "And all in all, the whole novel is a poem of the Youth's love for Him." And the Youth himself says, "I was feeling that I could not live without Him, I was full of spite, I was acting like a woman in love." The relations between the two, as well as those of both to the Princess, are still being experimented with. In one version the Youth attempts to kill the Princess with a revolver, and it is Versilov who wrestles the revolver from him and shoots her. In one version Versilov "unmercifully lures him into debauchery and moral degradation" in order to get the document from him.

Such actions are, of course, at odds with the Versilov who moves with sublety and mystery and achieves his effects without direct pressures. Much of the fascination of Versilov in the novel comes from the force he exerts on others without exerting force, and it is something of a surprise to find Dostoevsky still picturing Versilov in some of these notes as coaxing, luring, conniving, antagonizing, and demonstrating. In the novel Versilov is something of a still point in a vortex of action: he "permits" things to happen and they often happen in a way that seems to accord with his intention. Near the end of this section of notes Dostoevsky gives us a long analysis of Versilov's character that is fairly close to the core of Versilov's character as portrayed in the novel. Yet the effect of the analysis is quite different from the effect we receive in the novel:

> In spite of his self-adulation, he is restless, since he is often dissatisfied with himself. He wants the feats of a superior man; He wants chains and sacrifices, but his *attitude of considering people no better than mice* as well as his pride justify Him to His own conscience every time. It is impossible to love people. The idea that he may be in love with the Princess is humiliating to Him [and eventually leads to his ruin.]... Furthermore, he cannot exist without a circle of admirers, starting with poor Sofia. He likes to be adored even in the most petty ways and would be unhappy in a trivial way even if a Tatiana Pavlovna turned away from Him; yet it would never make him lose heart.

The tone of the analysis is too sharp, too critical, and even debasing. Versilov comes out something of a moral scoundrel in such an analysis, and one may legitimately wonder why he is worshipped by all about him, and why the Youth should seek his love so forcefully. It is possible that this consideration leads Dostoevsky to say the following:

> N.B.! In order to elevate the tone of the Youth's worrying and suffering as he is following His every move with deep emotion, tortured by His very person, it is absolutely necessary to also *raise to a more tragic level* the very tone of the events and accusations weighing upon Him on the part of society. Many legends and Catholicism are being

> charged to Him; *but it is necessary:* to also elevate the person of the Princess. Make her proud and fantastic, too.

The pride and self-love that Versilov represents must not prevent, artistically, a belief on the part of the reader in the love and attachment that he provokes. The task is delicate and Dostoevsky seems to sense the difficulty, but he will not resolve it in this sections of the notes. Versilov is, in the final analysis morally corrupt; yet he must be, as he is in the novel, someone who commands admiration, respect, and fanatical devotion. He is corrupt, but he must be able to seduce those about him into believing in the sincerity of his "sufferings," in the seriousness of his goals, and in the importance of his gestures. Perhaps more important, he must seduce the reader into believing in these things.

At this point in the elaboration of Versilov's character, Dostoevsky sees the solution to the expression of corruption and admiration in making more tragic Versilov's exclusion from society. In the novel itself the reasons for Versilov's exclusion from society are shrouded in rumor and mystery, and we are given scanty facts and vague speculations. But a good part of these notes, perhaps the major part, are devoted to variations of those events at Ems that led to Versilov's complicated relations with the Princess, the slap in the face that Versilov endures from Prince Sokolsky, and his consequent exclusion from society. At least for a while Dostoevsky evidently contemplated giving these events a much larger part than they have in the final version. The events, as in the novel, concern Prince Sokolsky's fathering of a child by Lidiia, the stepdaughter of Katerina Nikolaevna Akhmakova; Versilov's love affair and proposal to Lidiia; Lidiia's death under ambiguous circumstances. But the relations between Prince Sokolsky and the Princess in these notes are substantially different, for in some of the versions there has been a passionate love affair between the two. It is this love affair that provides the motives for Versilov to attempt in various ways to discredit the Prince in the Princess's eyes and the Prince in Lidiia's eyes.

In the novel the passionate love affair between the Princess and the Prince is reduced to a flirtation, and Versilov's intrigues against

Lidiia, the Prince, and the Princess are either eliminated or clothed in rumor and mystery. Despite Dostoevsky's intention in these notes to elevate the tone of the circumstances of Versilov's exclusion from society, he succeeds only in placing more emphasis on Versilov's intriguing and ruthless character. For in all the versions of the romantic complication Versilov fathers complications and crises by revelations and plots, the whole point of which seems to be to break up the love affair between the Prince and the Princess and, it seems, Lidiia's attachment to the Prince. Dostoevsky understood quite rightly that Versilov needed a stature and a tone that he did not have as a predatory type to explain the silent obeisance of those about him, and to explain also the furious tenderness of his son's love. But he was wrong in believing that an elaboration of the circumstances of Ems would do this.

In the notes up to now Dostoevsky's portraiture of the Princess has taken a course similar to Versilov's development. She has been pictured largely as passionate and in many respects cruel, and in these notes she is spoken of as "a depraved woman-of-the-world." She insults the Youth, plays with him, in some versions seduces him; indeed she abuses the Youth in ways that are similar to those that the father uses. Her portrait has far less body and less coherence than Versilov's, but Dostoevsky seems to have had in mind—to judge from these notes—the idea of creating a woman who in many respects was to be Versilov's female counterpart. In the following note he expresses this directly: "What is going on between Him and the Princess is not passion, but a duel of pride. Yes, the Princess is that kind of person herself."

The subtilizing of Versilov's predatory nature in the course of these notes results in a character of chilling and ambiguous evil, and a certain charm, sincerity, and suffering raise him almost to the tragic tone which Dostoevsky speaks of here as necessary to his character. Whereas the final portrait of Versilov is a monumental achievement, Dostoevsky will not be as successful in his portrait of Katerina Nikolaevna Akhmakova. The same concealment and ambiguity will result in a woman of society who strikes us as inadequate to the passions she provokes. She is in many respects an empty and

shallow woman, and yet these notes make it clear that Dostoevsky intended to make her as complex, mysterious, and tragic as he was making Versilov. In the last interview with Versilov she conveys the impression of a passionless, frightened woman looking for peace and security of the most mundane sort.

One must note finally that "the Rothschild motive," which floats idly in the final version, with little connection to other events, receives in these notes substantial elaboration. In one paragraph of notes the Youth describes in some detail his program of privation and hermit-like existence and the happiness they have brought him. Immediately following the description of the program, he asks himself the following: "This was my poem on independence. Why then, that Akhmakov woman, why the document, why did I want to save Versilov from his enemies—by doing all this, I was only betraying my idea." In this quotation the Youth provides us with a motive for connecting the Rothschild theme and the Youth's relations with Versilov. It is love of a particularly brusing and mixed variety that deflects the Youth from the pride, isolation and superiority that he is tempted to practice; but it is love, too, that deflects Versilov from his superior self-sufficiency. Both father and son are challenged by love and love is a contradiction to the ideas of both. Whereas Versilov reacts with rage and frustration against love, the Youth reacts with agony and pain and finally with acceptance.

October 29, 1874.

After <the scene> at Mother's <involving> *"either he or I,"* he throws 100 rubles to the young girl, stamps his foot, and leaves, because: he had felt that he was in the right, and had felt serious and exalted, while it came out stupid and humiliating.

[Either at Vasin's or at Dolgushin's.]

"Under socialism, I lose my property; in a commune I must be together with everyone else, but I don't want to be with everyone else."

"Let's forget it, Vasin, let's forget it."

"Let's forget it..."

Program (in *the first person*) [IN A SPECIAL STYLE, AND MORE

BRIEFLY.] Touchard <?>, Chatsky,[1] Drouchard <?> has a lackey ~~mother~~. Lambert and the young Prince, books, daydreams. ~~Drouchard's death.~~ He cried and cried. Mother. At N. S., high school, in the beginning like everyone else, ~~daydreams~~ Lambert, gets involved in Touchard's prose. Everything was so mean, I was considered a traitor, and I withdrew, and I was having friends. Daydreams, books, garden, ray <of light>, life, daydreaming devoured everything. Daydreams: robbers, a general, a prophet, a scientist who publishes his works in Paris, bow and arrow, Ungern-Shternberg.[2] I am not talking about religion. I am not talking about women, frou-frou. Two ladies. Said it outright. ~~On the boulevard, with the student~~... Later, he once met <a> girl, withdrew into himself even more. For a while, the lady whom he had seen step out of her carriage was exciting his imagination. They'll all be mine: leader of a band of robbers, etc. "But how am I going to get my revenge?" Daydreams about him, news about him. Communicating with Mother, a letter. Suddenly, *his own idea,* it wholly captures him—he'd even be a scoundrel. He quits studying. The money he got for his name-day gift. An encounter with his brother, 25 rubles. <Time> goes by without a word. The last two years without a word from his mother, who had been taken abroad, then to Luga. Rumors about 300,000. Later, about the marriage of the young Prince. The young Prince's story. He knows about his preaching Catholicism. In <illegible> Andreev's death. They send him a letter. 23. He travels there to find out about the job. He returns, his aunt has been there in the meantime, orders to come to Petersburg. He decides to go. Andreev's package. On the train—<meeting> with the young Prince. They arrive, <the Youth> in a most wretched mood as a result of his first clash with reality. He decides to break with everybody, to leave everybody, even to go to America. He meets his mother, brief and forceful <scene>. "Either he or I." He leaves, etc. [At this point, the university student.]

Versilov: "I've brought 100 rubles, why did I do it? I never give anybody a thing."

The Prutkov woman. "Mother, why won't you come closer?"

"Oh, I'm afraid I might do something wrong." (N.B. "Forgive me, Sir, if I'm guilty before you.")

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[1] Chatsky is one of the protagonists of Griboedov's play *Gore ot uma (Woe from Wit)* (1822–25).

[2] See note 3 of Part II.

He, to Him (in the presence of their family): "Because you are a scamp and a scoundrel!"

Marriage to "that passive creature." "What's the cause of it?" the Youth initially exclaims at N.S.'s, later when he is on the train with the Prutkov woman, and finally, at his mother's. During a showdown with the Youth, He says: "If you want me to, I'll break <the engagement>. But the cause of it will still remain unclarified."

He goes to Moscow to see N. S. and inquire if *that letter* might not be there. But N. S. won't tell him. Yet he told the Youth.

IMPORTANT. Before leaving Moscow. About the fact that Versilov is an extraordinary man. Even when he was only 16, when he got those letters from his mother, and 15 rubles.

In connection with the statement of *his own idea* (general), a tirade on *indefatigability*.

A letter to her, a preface, "an illegitimate son in the highest degree." "I'm in the service, I've got my salary."

"It just so happened that my General had given me a surprise on that very day." Three stories by Lambert—the picture and the student, his own idea.

Relics, Catholicism, about his salary and his official duties, about the fact that he has never had a woman. His attitude toward women, frou-frou, "I hate them, they stir up a lot of dust."

"~~You are idolizing your father, you are dissatisfied with something.~~ I'm glad that you are talking to me so seriously, as If I were a friend. ~~One must be more serious~~ (I am wary of the Princess.) *Entrefilet*.[3] He was a madman. One must be more serious. "I notice that you are amusing yourself and ~~as if~~ as if you were reproaching yourself for something. You idolize your father, you are dissatisfied with something." ~~One must~~ "Why did you show my father the door? I am not staying with you, <I have> my own idea."

[Or "your father" (with tact)] He has broken with everybody, has withdrawn <into> Catholicism—~~the Princess~~ **I** Suddenly the Versilov woman and "the passive creature" come to see us. [I got up.] [Arrival of the Prince.] Salary, Tatiana, about <my> job—I got it. At that moment, the Princess, Dolgoruky, a lorgnette. I heard it.

[Get some witticisms for the General.]

"Forgive me, my dearest General, it may be that I have to quit your service." I said this quite inadvertently because I had seen that

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[3] French: "Newspaper item."

Princess (and it is with this day that I am beginning my notes). But this is how it was. Finished, I must break <with him>. My weakness for this man was quite inexcusable. I thought of writing a letter, otherwise it wouldn't have worked out, <but would have been turned> into a joke, or into irony. I am much more serious than I am <*sic*>.

An auction. To Vitia—about Kraft. Dolgushin, Vasin, sister, *quae medicamenta,*[4] conversations, arguments, Lambert. Somebody asks: "Prince Dolgoruky?"—taking my measure. Not my idea, Vasin—a machine, Kraft—Russia, to Kraft. (The latter asks me very urgently to come and see him right away.) Opinion about my father—about Russia. Three lives. Kraft on the Princess's little stepdaughter. The Youth asks the question himself. [Kraft answers politely and readily, yet as if it were costing him an effort.] [He tells him how he attended that auction.]

Back home, at home before father is back, "I said that you had given 117 rubles. Forgive me."* (A tender, and the best, scene with his mother, with his sister about Vasin.) He is terribly rude. He comes home, "we've won <the lawsuit>," money, Tatiana Pavlovna, he is rude about yesterday's announcement, today <he is rude?> to the Princess, a Catholic (he was dreaming). "You've been chased out everywhere, I don't want that job. I bought and resold something *at an auction.*"

Clothes to the tailor. About Touchard. Two lives. "I hate," he has stirred my pity. "I'd give them a whipping."

Motives of the 1st part.

Vitia says that Vasin knows <the Youth's> sister. *Everybody* is telling the Youth that he is somber and secretive. The old Prince used to say it, also Vitia, the people at Dolgushin's, and He. He says: "It looks as if he had something important in mind, two lives, and besides, something else: I've got it, he'd like to become a Rothschild." "All right, so I'll be a Rothschild." I stamped my foot and went upstairs. "He finds that all these words, and steps, are much too petty, relatively speaking, and is actually ashamed of it." The Youth thinks: "It annoys me that everything around here is so lacking in seriousness, <all> this *blague,*[5] and humor. I'd better write Him a letter.

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* The gender of the verb suggests that this is a woman speaking.

[4] Latin: "What medicine . . ." See note 36 of Part II.

[5] French: "Joke."

Otherwise, if I do it orally, He'll turn it all around, so it will come out as nothing serious."

"You've got your own idea. I'm sure of that, it has something to do with buying and selling." "I know, he wants to become a Rothschild." I got up and left. I decided to leave, so I sat down to write Him a letter. Suddenly He entered my room. A discussion. Rebellion, "I don't want to, I want to leave. I would like you to be more serious, I have nothing to hide before you." *"Mon enfant,* your mother," discussion about Makar Ivanov. "You are still laughing."*—"You are more clever than I thought" (here, he'll add something) (on flattery) —about Rothschild, in passing, then He left. I was left with the thought that it was my last night there. This is what I was thinking: "I have a serious idea, and I don't want to sacrifice anything to anyone." And at this point, to the reader: "This is what that letter had to say" (I reread it). "But I must say that this letter had been bothering me for three hours already. I got to thinking, 'Really, they'll take over that property, not knowing that...' Eh, to hell with it."

Next morning: Things look a bit different, not "to hell with it"; I went to see the Prince so He wouldn't think that I had really deserted him. But I left early and went to see a lawyer. At the Prince's—politeness, to Vasin, who wasn't home—next door, ~~"I've delivered it"~~ behind the partition: "I've delivered it." I went to Tatiana Pavlovna's place. There, the eavesdropping scene. "You rogue!"—"I couldn't come out." *"Le petit espion."*[6] I left. "Surely she is referring to the letter Kraft was mentioning. To hell with all their intrigues. I'll send it over to her right tomorrow, and as for myself, I'll withdraw into my shell, where I have spent three years of solitude."

[Finish it more spectacularly.]

Returning home I ran into that roomer. She had brought a letter and 50 rubles. Threw them to me. She was ashamed to do it in front of the family. On account of this, an argument: "It is your fault." [Recently, the old Prince had been talking about little girls.] ~~A letter~~ An abandoned infant. Argument. "You're a rich man." "Take one half, and the other half, 40 rubles, for the child. To the orphanage." "You are absolutely right: here is a letter for you. Of course, you are a rich man, and I am going home as my conscience bids me. What do I care? I am sorry that I have to leave Mother. I'll be

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* Or: "You are laughing all the time."

[6] French: "The little spy."

seeing you, mamma, *but it is either you or I,* we are the children of Makar Ivanov, so why are you here?" Tatiana Pavlovna jumped up: "Yes, I am a swine."

I went to Vasin's. "Yesterday Kraft shot himself." Vasin's story about the young girl and the 50 rubles. Told him everything. Asking to stay the night. Telling him all kinds of things, about my daydreams, really got going, and still more, and more. "I can see that you have pride, and *your own idea.*" "Don't ask what idea." ~~You know, Vasin, but there, screams, she has hanged herself—that <girl> of ours~~ A tirade about how everything serious came out unserious, about character. " 'I am serious about big things and unserious about little things.' (Been dreaming for a long time, that's why such a character)." Vasin has a few words to say about my sister. The package. Vasin's prediction that I wouldn't want to run away from <all those> Counts and Princes. "You'll want to take your revenge."

In the morning, screams, she has hanged herself, Father is dumbfounded, not a word to the Youth. ~~Meets Tatiana~~ Encounter with <my> sister. "Come and apologize." ~~I've come~~ "I was on my way. I am going to make up with everybody, but I'll get my stuff." Returned the money. I was sitting at the ~~Prince's~~ General's when the Prince came in; "imagine, *c'est si noble,*"[7] the young Prince. I came home. Tatiana Pavlovna: "Why, why? You're a righteous man." A scene, a confession, I had decided to break <with them>, that's why I am saying this. Statement of my idea. ~~About the Princess~~ I cried, and cried. [About the Princess as the misfortune of ~~my~~ His life]. That's an idea! And there I am, tied up with them again. There will be a day when I'll be able to prove it—they don't need it, excitement, Kraft, and this death. Ahead, ahead, there is still a lot of time ahead. I am lacking stability.

[?Told <Him?> about the scene at Tatiana Pavlovna's, <as I was listening> behind the door.]

Motives of the 1st part.

Kraft: "Stay around a bit, you are perhaps the last person I'll ever see."

With the Prince, about nakedness, and ~~later, after the boulevard~~ about the foul language used by the punks and by the officers he has been with. "This is true! (I) You are my only friend, my dear boy, my son!"

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[7] French: "It's so noble."

During the confession upstairs: "The Prince fears nothing so much as to be considered insane. Kraft also used to say that this is why he liked his bons mots so much."

The Prince to him: "You know what, I started in the Guards, and I am now, by appointment of the Czar, a Full Privy Councilor."

"*A propos:* you are probably going to have children *(mais c'est charmant)*[8]."

"You know literature." "I know nothing."

"I can see many strange things about your childhood, you were so lonely. Yes, there are those unhappy children! You aren't angry with me for my calling you by your first name?"*

Initially I had planned to be rude with them, but later <. . .> I was ashamed to ask for money. "Now we're in trouble! We are no longer going to have those discussions."

Order: At first, at the Prince's, about his father, the relics and, after a long conversation: an *entrefilet*[9] about his being deranged. And then, after a lot more talking, take the money. *Entrefilet,* "Tatiana Pavlovna has gotten me this job."

It is necessary <to insert>, as soon as he is leaving with Vasin, or so: "Why not the university?"—"Nineteen years old, I have my own idea." And at night, with his father, again: "You quit the university even though your tuition was being paid, Andreev."

"You have been living off all those people, and still they all adore you. <Like> a Japanese deity."

The old Prince: "I raised the question in my club: Why is it that a soldier is a muzhik gone rotten?"

With the old Prince. About the lawsuit—"they are going to win it." "Is it true that He is in love with your daughter?" "Yes, he has been having influence on women," and later: "She is my brother's stepdaughter, and take note of this phenomenon: she loves Versilov." N.B. *She has somehow* got involved with Versilov.

At the old Prince's. About the Princess. "Why did she quarrel <with Him>?" "Here, *mon cher,*[10] something happened here—there was love..."

I (with my eyes flashing): "But I know for certain that nothing of

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* Literally: ". . . for my saying *thou* to you?"

[8] French: "But this is charming."

[9] French: "Newspaper item."

[10] French: "My dear."

the kind ever happened, and that she has been the cause of all his suffering!"

"How do you know?"

"And so, my dear, I beg you to leave this. [There are certain limits, don't take it as if I were lecturing to you, but don't get angry with an old man.] You are on his side. I have noticed that he fascinates you. Yes, yes, he fascinates me also, I'll admit that," etc.

["I noticed this trait about the Prince, that he liked <to talk> about girls."]

General.

In the 1st part the Youth is stunned by and interested in the Princess (and show *it in the 1st part*), and it isn't an accident either, but rather, he was so inclined even in Moscow, *in a preparatory way,* as it were. Besides, WOMAN. This feeling for her as a woman is to be expressed in an unnatural and excessive hastiness with which he turns hostile toward her from the very first step. Further along in the novel, let him insult her, which insult he takes for an insult to himself, during a drinking bout, still during his happy period; <then,> precisely when he is about to break with his father, let him clash with the Princess (and the Princess, also, on account of the letter). She has lost her shawl, he takes it, kissing her tracks, he wins 800 rubles, brings home the gold, lies down—passion. He wakes up in the middle of the night, furious at himself, and on the very next day finds a pretext to insult the Princess stupidly and rudely. (In a letter?)* He even has a clash with his father on account of that. Later, during those unhappy days of his carousing, it is already the Princess who insults him —terribly, boundlessly, crushingly. Dreams of revenge (Lambert), arson, dreams in different forms, endless dreams that last for several days (N.B. he thus remains true to his principal character trait, that of a dreamer), finally, even to kill her in the end, with <his> revolver. (N.B. The revolver is taken away from him *on the spot* by Him, who then fires at her also, when their plot is carried out.) (N.B. N.B. About shooting a woman who keeps being recalcitrant, Suvorin's feuilleton, November 3, No. 303).

Motives of part one.

The Youth, at his father's: "I know that the old Prince may, in one of his foolish moods, decide to get married, and that everybody is afraid of that, which is why they are carrying on these intrigues."

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* Or: "Through that letter?"

The Youth: "I admit, *I was scared* and sitting there, cowering. It didn't seem so terrible to me. I've got my own idea—I just want to be left alone. Society—I want to quit society, I want to use everything and quit. I'll be paying enough, and that's it. [Gentlemen, it takes a long time to present a serious idea. I do not see the slightest reason why I should do anything for others.]"

! Most valuable. The suicide's mother, telling about Versilov's visit, says "*She* said that she took it because Versilov didn't smile even once and was terribly serious, even cool." And later, *Versilov* to the Youth: "It seems to me that I was laughing and looked frivolous, which later affected and irritated her."

Even more valuable. At the old Prince's. "When the Princess appeared I grew pale and wanted to leave without a word of explanation. Later, leaving the auction, I saw a lady and recalled the impression left on me by the Princess. And later that night, at Kraft's, again about the Princess, and then, while going home: "The devil take you all! <Back> into <my> shell!"

The old Prince owns a huge male cat. "My friend, *j'aime le bon dieu*"[11] (and he begins to cry). This is already on the next day, or after the news of the Princess's arrival.

The old Prince liked to arrange matches for young girls; all his life he had been marrying them off.

N.B. Make it so that Kraft, as he is talking to the Youth, would look like a man preparing for suicide.

He said: "This is semi-idea, half-education, half-life, half-health, half-knowledge."

Vasin says that he has read Kraft's manuscript.

The Youth to the old Prince: "But why is he living with our family? Our name is Dolgoruky."

The Prince asks about his sister.

MOST IMPORTANT GENERAL NOTE.

This whole thing is a story about why I got rid of my idea. Because I got carried away by the idea, by a passionate duty to rehabilitate *Him,* being in possession of the document. This, toward the end of part one. (As for the feeling, see that torn sheet). And this is why, in the first part, he is desperate, and in tears, wanting to break off everything. To be sure, he is defending Him with his eyes flashing, but Kraft is pressing him hard with facts, and he returns home as if he were intoxicated.

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[11] French: "I love the good lord."

Quarrels, but he is blaming himself for those quarrels. To Vasin: "What bothers me most is this: Couldn't it be that I am myself guilty, while accusing others?"

Cynicism and mockery cause the Youth to feel aversion and antagonism, especially in connection with His account of Makar Ivanov.

He breaks <with his father>, but the news of how He has acted in connection with the inheritance, and all the rest, win him back and attract him again <to his father>, then the confession.

The final words of part one: "Why, after He had left, after 'and I cried, and cried,' did I have this thought: 'Are we completely reconciled? Wasn't he acting a role?' and, secondly, 'Probably it was just regret on my part, regret about having revealed *my idea* to him.' And then, these words: 'Rehabilitate Him through the document.' These words: 'The whole story is nothing but an account of how,' " etc.

Motives of part one.

The Youth is at Dolgushin's. "And then, I pay enough to society ~~for~~ in the form of money and taxes for seeing to it that I won't be robbed, or beaten up, or killed, though I want you to note this: Society is taking money from me for this, and a lot of money, too, yet it doesn't guarantee my [absolute] safety at all; it just protects me as best it can. But inasmuch as there is no other order which would allow me to live in safety, nor can there be, I am in favor of the ~~society~~ state, i.e., of society, but this is all the state can expect of me, and not that I go running around embracing everybody, feeling neighborly love and being consumed by tears of tender emotion. No, just leave me alone; it's enough I'm paying my money. [You've been talking of the mankind of the future; what good is it to me?] [and probably stupidity] I had said this nervously and angrily, [but I] I had been silent for three years already, after having come up with this thought, and I had never expressed it to anybody before, which is why I uttered it so angrily, expecting to be contradicted and fearing to be refuted by my audience."

Through the entire novel, develop the notion that the Youth, though emotionally involved in all of these events, isn't seriously affected by them, but just temporarily, just so. He keeps repeating that after every event which leaves him with another failure, or deeply entangled. Even *in his preface* he says: "Let me note that I came to Petersburg a year ago (this is the time at which I begin my notes) while already in possession of *my own idea;* and that, even if I did take part in the life into which I had been [suddenly] thrown ~~and altogether~~ after having emerged from my shell, in which I had been liv-

ing practically since my childhood, and if I was an active participant in all of the events which I am describing in these notes, I was never serious about it and was doing it 'just so.' I was considering myself a temporary newcomer who due to certain circumstances could not immediately sever his connections entirely, or escape [from them] altogether. The idea was in my mind, and I was awaiting the time when I could turn everything over to someone else, and leave. This impression, which continually accompanied every step of mine during all of last year, was in all probability the cause of many of my imprudent actions; it was certainly the cause of the nasty things, and most likely of the stupidities which I committed in the course of that one year. However, even though I am willing to admit that this was indeed so, I do not feel obliged to either answer or repent it before anyone save myself."

Then, after part one, he is His devoted slave (the feeling on that torn sheet).

He challenges the young Prince to a duel, but, having learned about His challenge and the Prince's refusal to meet it, forgives the young Prince (he and the young Prince have become friends by accident).

Then, "that passive creature": the Youth flushes, but He says to him: "If you don't want me to, I shan't marry her." As a result of which the Youth actually encourages Him.

Then, throughout the novel, the passionate excitement of love. He follows His every step, His meeting with her, etc., demands an explanation, is infinitely sad because He, though boundlessly sincere, still seems to be lying and making fun of him.*

Profound, pure sadness and despair. This feeling is actually one of the reasons why he becomes involved in the game. Each noble, <or> apparently <noble>, step on the part of his father enraptures him, and he is singing his praises to everybody (Makar Ivanov, the introductory episode. The Youth is embarrassed by the fact that his father apparently does not understand him at all).**

Then, after a hellish night, the terrible thought that his father may not have been helping him and that he may have actually turned his back on him. [Roaming the streets that night, an encounter with

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* Ungrammatical in the original.

** Ambiguous in the original: "him" could be either the Youth or Makar Ivanov or the episode.

a whore.] Liza. Then, a desire to take revenge and to break <with him>. Satanic despair at the realization that his father is corrupting him, that he has apparently gotten wind of the document, and is pushing him into committing a crime.

The crime. Arson, but he can't stand it and in utter despair goes to see his father. And suddenly, the latter: "Forgive, return <the letter> proudly." "You are saving me!" the Youth shouts.

[Lofty and electrifying words about socialism, about Christ, and immediately thereafter, about the fact that these are only ideals, and that one ought to despise people. "And I'm starting right with my own person."] Dénouement.

Liza's death. He and her mother are *at his side,* as he has gone out of his mind. "I am thinking about my idea ~~idea~~."

The last chapter *presents the theory* of the entire idea.

Motives of the 1st part.

The old Prince tells the Youth this about Him: "He is after little girls all the time, unfledged young girls.* There's one instance I know about him, in which..."

N.B! In order to elevate the tone of the Youth's worrying and suffering as he is following His every move with deep emotion, tortured by His very person, it is absolutely necessary to also *raise to a more tragic level* the very tone of the events and accusations weighing upon Him on the part of society. Many legends and Catholicism are being charged to Him; *but it is necessary:* to also elevate the person of the Princess. Make her proud and fantastic, too.** The legend, of which the Youth is already aware, is that He has done something base, ~~from~~ as a result of which society has renounced Him, so that he has been forced to live in seclusion. Another segment of society (Tatiana Pavlovna) is for Him.

There was the following legend: Abroad, there were living the Princess and her late husband, a washed-up General who had gambled away her fortune and was feeling guilty before his wife on account of that. He <Versilov>, too, was then living abroad, being a friend of the family and having an extraordinary influence on the General. He was trying to insinuate to the General that the Princess had become involved with the young Prince, who was there also, but

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* I am translating *devochka* once with "little girl," and once with "young girl," since it could mean both and is ambiguous here.

** The whole paragraph is quite awkward in the original.

that it was not, however, a serious affair and that, much rather, they had some secret between them. But *what is most important,* He had an extraordinary influence on the General's 16-year old *daughter,* the Princess's stepdaughter. The legend has it that this stepdaughter apparently fell in love with Him. Then, the Princess, being opposed <to this match>, raised a fuss over it, trying to prevent this marriage by strongly advising both the General and her stepdaughter against it. Then, He made the stepdaughter believe (and what he said to her also reached the General's ears) that the Princess was a Messalina, that she was in love with Him, and that the Prince was merely a dummy who, little fool that he was, would take her coquetry for actual encouragement. The stepdaughter became very excited, wanted to drown herself, got jealous, charging that, on the contrary, He was in love with the Princess, and that the whole thing was merely a clash between two strong characters, *la haine dans l'amour,*[12] whereupon she fell ill and died of a brain fever.

[Now, Maria Ivanovna had told the Youth quite a different story, i.e., that the Princess actually had been in love with him and that she was taking her revenge on him for having been scorned.]

The General, unhappy and ill, who had adored the stepdaughter, couldn't bear her loss, nor his wife's infidelity (in which he did not believe)*, fled, and also died. [A motive for part one.] Whereupon He started to embroil the Princess with her father and with the Prince. This whole story became public knowledge and besides, suddenly, the Prince slapped His face (abroad). He did not challenge him to a duel. Everybody turned his back on Him. His affairs went into a decline, etc., etc.

When the Youth arrived he, too, had heard this legend; it is also explained to him by Kraft, by the old Prince, by Tatiana Pavlovna, and by [the young Prince] (all in part one).

And suddenly dies. Fifty rubles. Thereafter, later, "that passive creature," etc. All this is having a continuous effect on the Youth; *however,* the Princess, too, has a shattering impact upon his curiosity. Already when en route from Moscow he had been thinking of her, thinking of her for a long time. However, she becomes an enemy of his in the course of the novel. It is also against her that the Youth directs his ultimate scheme, thus realizing his ultimate revenge on society.

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* Ambiguous in the original. Could also mean: "whom he did not believe."

[12] French: "Hate in love."

This is why the search for the Princess's letter to Andreev, i.e., possession of this letter, has such a shattering impact on the Youth.

Having left <the family room> at the end of part one, and gone *upstairs,* just before his father comes to his room and prior to his confession, the Youth reads the letter: "Well, well, we shall see!" He is deeply shaken by the content of the letter, for he sees that the Princess is in his hands and that he is ~~his~~ <her> master. In the meantime, he had already decided to quit everything and withdraw into his shell. He had actually been thinking of giving the letter to Him, and so to put an end to it all; but there He comes in, the confession begins, and when He has left (having told the Youth about the Princess), the Youth is overcome by mixed emotions: he has revealed his idea; he has revealed the secret of his love for Him; he has postponed his withdrawal into his shell and, "still, I didn't give Him that letter! Can it be that I'm involved with them already?" He falls asleep with mixed emotions.

[He read it at Vasin's on the next day, as he was waiting, and overheard <a conversation> behind the wall.]

[D. February.] After Makar Ivanov's death, the Youth says: "... I haven't as yet organized my thoughts and, regarding many things, I am still at a loss for a set opinion. I have left many facts pending; right now I'll just put them down and remember them, and only later on I may, perhaps, learn to judge them. Yet the death of this man, my nominal father, left a very strong impression on me, which I shall in all sincerity admit."

OF FUNDAMENTAL IMPORTANCE. Versilov has returned the money—this has a terrific impact on the Youth, and he decides: "Never, under no circumstances, shall I take advantage of the document against the Princess. THAT WOULD BE BASE!" Also, Makar Ivanov's influence stops him.

This was right at the height of his gambling spree. A sadness that he was gambling, and a desire to win his money back. He didn't even go to the funeral. A momentary winning streak. Get to know Versilov through this document. But there is one temptation—to simply return it to the Princess, without telling Versilov, and thus set her mind at rest.

However, the Princess goes on to insult him, Liza. Night—a temptation to take revenge! Take an honest revenge and then withdraw into his shell. But Versilov corrupts him by pointing out to him that these people aren't deserving of any such good deeds ("Why then, are you *doing* them?"), and then Lambert turns up.

VERSILOV TO THE YOUTH: "I am the same as you, I am the image of you." (Except for his generosity, for it is only pride and a senseless desire to be first.)

THE PRINCE, ABOUT TO MARRY THE VERSILOV WOMAN, intends to make an allotment for his daughter. And this then, would be the fateful moment at which the document would have to be presented.

November 2.

The Youth is hiding the old Prince at his flat, after he has fled there, crazed with fear: "*Mon cher, she* wants to have me declared insane; she wants to have me certified." This develops into a scandal, *new* relations with the Princess for the Youth, and A CHANGE IN THE PLOT OF THE NOVEL.

Motives of part one.

The father's official record.

During the confession, and if possible even earlier, Versilov is surprised that the Youth is so excited about the Princess and speaks of her with such hyperbolic ardor.

Again, this problem—how to account for the possession of the Princess's letter in part one?

Couldn't it be accounted for in the following way: The letter isn't even mentioned in part one, and Kraft hands over only a document pertaining to the lawsuit and some other worthless papers. However, he does mention that such a letter of hers exists, that she is looking for it and actually went to Moscow on account of it.

"So she did go to Moscow?" the Youth asks eagerly, etc.

Then, in his confession, he tells his father about the letter. After the confession, the Youth says these final words: "I had that letter, sewn into my jacket. I got it from N. S."

To his sister Liza, on the first night: "You were mentioned three times today: by the old Prince, by the Princess, and by Vasin." ~~and the Prince~~

The Youth to Kraft, before leaving: on humaneness, wittily.

"I would only like to love one person, no matter whom, and enough." "Why, you do love!" ~~Him~~ I didn't follow it up. Kraft didn't finish his phrase, politeness. With Kraft, on nobility. A booklet of <?>.*

When he learns from the old Prince that *He* has returned the

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* *St. Knizhku.* The abbreviation "St." could stand for a number of different things.

money and *c'est si noble* <. . .>[13] He starts the chapter *without saying* that he was depressed: "I had decided to break <with my father> anyway. I entered the flat," etc.

After the confession, when the Youth tells Him about the scene behind the door at Tatiana Pavlovna's (about the letter), He says, having listened with rapt attention: "My friend, you are charging me with frivolity, cynicism, and frankness. Do you want me to show you how absolutely frank I am with you: tell me, why are you taking such an interest in the Princess?" (too much, that is).

Bring out the fact that the Youth is an enemy of socialism. He was aware of their ideas; "and though I said those things at Dergachev's merely in order to shine with my wit, I did know it from hearsay, as well as from my discussions with Nikolai Semenovich."

The character of the Princess ought to be set forth more simply, <in a> better <light> (a woman after the straightforward Russian fashion, that's why she could never get together with Versilov). It is necessary that the Youth get to know her from this brighter and more just point of view, and fall to thinking about it. He also must have several clashes with her, in the course of the novel, one of these being a major one. Prince S. also imagines that she is in love with him, and he actually chats about it with the Youth (but even this is not true). *He* once sends the Youth to her on an errand, yet all of the clashes between the Youth and the Princess are in his disfavor, and merely upset him and irritate him, as he gets to thinking that she is looking down on him with disdain. *La haine dans l'amour.*[14] Invent some special details for these scenes in which the Youth clashes with the Princess.

Motives of part one:

During his confession the Youth asks Him if He believes in God?

[See] Vasin says to the Youth: "I have heard of Him. He is a man who may make tremendous demands on himself, yet be accountable to no one," etc. "What about Catholicism?" ~~I've got~~ "I (i.e., Vasin) have got information to the effect that he actually is a Catholic, and a devout one. Yet it is unlikely that he believes in God."

Vasin: "This is a very proud man. You know, very proud. People like to believe in God, especially people who have great contempt for mankind. It is something of a need to bow before someone, yet...

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[13] French: "It is so noble."
[14] French: "Hate in love."

These people ~~often~~ are deceiving themselves and [in reality] they don't believe at all."

"What a clever man you are, Vasin!"

Important. The moment the Princess shows up: "So there she is! ~~I~~ about whom I've been thinking for a full year, even when still in Moscow."

The old Prince about "that passive creature": "She, [that girl], is not very... brilliantly endowed with qualities of the intellect, though she is an extraordinarily ~~nice~~ kindhearted girl."

The old Prince has the habit of saying about everybody: "Well, he is no genius." About Versilov: "A very witty man, but that wit of his, is it quite regular?" At this point the Youth immediately <inserts a remark> on the Prince's derangement.

Occasionally the Youth <tells> about himself, about his secluded life while in high school, i.e., about details of his surroundings, for of course he could not withdraw from everything at once.

He leaves the auction and decides: "Enough of this for the time being."

The Youth makes a remark concerning the old Prince's wit. Later that night, at home, Versilov observes, regarding "those little girls": "After his illness he has grown very fond of bons mots, and keeps saying that other people are fools." The Youth: "Yes, today he said that your wit is 'an irregular wit.' "

Having learned that the letter concerning the inheritance was produced by the Youth, the Princess falls to thinking: "Maybe he's got the document, too?" (Maria Ivanovna.)

Part one. In the first part, specify more exactly the nature of His exclusion from society. ~~What.~~ What were the actual reasons? What did he actually lose? His official record. (A stockholders' meeting.)

In the meantime, the Daughter is with the old Prince. The Daughter has heard that the Youth has got the document. She is making up to the Youth. But he refuses to talk. Makar Ivanov. Meanwhile the Prince is not too attracted by the Princess. The younger Prince goes on a drinking spree.

[And really, in the end everybody is convinced that He is blindly in love with the Princess. It is the Youth who convinces them of this, while He remains proudly and contemptuously silent.]

There is no young Prince.

November 2–3, at night.

LAST TRANSFORMATION. *Fabula.*

The Lawyer had actually told the truth when he said that the

Prince had met his family in Luga. The Prince had returned to Petersburg shortly before the Princess. At the moment when he receives the money, he asks Him this question: "Weren't you the Princess's lover 1½ <years> ago?" And the other man almost answers "Yes." The Prince tells Him that he is lying. He calls him out. The challenge is, however, quickly retracted. The Prince believes <Him>. Here, this psychological angle: the Prince was almost looking for a pretext to break with the Princess, for he had again met Liza, whom he had spared in Luga, and <now> again. [It was He who issued the challenge, the Prince was very glad to reject the challenge, on account of the fact that He is Liza's father.] He finds occasion to make friends with the Youth, introduces him in society. The Youth yields to his influence, drinking bouts and honor. Meanwhile He has moved in with <his> children (after having become engaged), and the Youth has joined his family. Here, arrival of Makar Ivanovich, and his death. Yet the Prince finds occasion to see her: at the family home as well as at the Youth's. Finally, she agrees to a rendezvous with him. He had approached the subject of Liza several times in conversation with the Youth, and had gathered from the latter's words that he was ready to sell <his sister> and to further his designs. But the Youth, though he did have a notion, still didn't quite understand what was going on. At that time, he was befogged by his drinking, and by his pride, continually put on edge and continually insulted, and also by the insults of the Princess who was taking him for a pandering brother. Meanwhile the Princess insults Liza. The Youth is gambling at the time. He is suffering from the awareness that he has betrayed his idea and is making money the wrong way. He is losing, takes some money from the Prince, who actually encourages him with a sneer: "Take it, take it, that's the only way to get your money back. You'll pay it back later and, besides, have some capital on which to withdraw from society." (The Youth's favorite dream is about that bootblack who later becomes a Lord, etc.) The Prince even suggests to him that the money is really his, the Youth's, for it was he who presented the document. The Youth can clearly see where the error and the falsehood lie, yet he persists, as the game has gotten the better of him. In the meantime he is being rude with the Prince, and also with <some other?> gentlemen. He loses altogether nearly 80,000, and the Prince finally asks him to quit. He walks out into the fresh air, his head burning: to America, or kill himself. He returns, and suddenly some money has disappeared from the gaming table. He is under suspicion, he hits somebody, and is hit back. He is ejected. Night. Vasin has

been arrested. Lambert. Turned down at the old Prince's. The Princess is triumphant. Yet He shows complete indifference. Previously, he used to go and see Him, when he was on his drinking spree, when Makar was there, and when he was having <trouble?> with the Princess. *Both the Prince and his father* have been gathering information concerning the Princess from him. The Prince kicks him out. A duel, but where is the money? etc. "You've been pandering your sister for me." The Youth is indignant. Meanwhile the Prince himself has left Liza and in the meantime received once again from the Youth (in some way) a firm statement to the effect that He is lying and that She was not with his father.*

In the meantime, "that passive creature" has turned <Him> down, which proves that she is *pas si bête,*[15] while He has had a rendezvous with the Princess and has proposed marriage to her. Then, he tells the old Prince that she wanted to place him in an insane asylum. He asks for a proof. He writes a letter in which he says that everything he had said was a lie, and he also writes to the Prince that what he had said about <their> affair was a lie also. "That passive creature" turns him down. He moves in with the family, quarrels with the children, especially with <his> daughter. <Then,> he proposes marriage to <Makar's> wife, chops up those icons. He had told the Youth that the Princess was forever in love with him. Boundless pride. But that very night the Youth meets Lambert. Lambert is pushing him to extort some money and flee. The Youth—put the document to work. Conflagration. Set fire. Gain possession (for it would be a terrible thing for the Princess to lose the Prince's favor at this time). He, however, suspecting that the Youth may have the document, has been telling him a 1,000 times that she'd submit to him** immediately, and actually <had repeated this> the night before. The Youth comes, all consumed with passion,*** and ~~calls Him~~ makes a confession to Him. He implores him to be generous and return the document, to remain proud without having said a word. She doesn't want to be saved; let her perish and be happy as before. And suddenly, in a frenzy. But Liza perishes.

Break down the plot into individual parts and collate it with this

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* Unclear and not quite grammatical in the original.
** The Russian expression is vulgar.
*** Literally, "on fire."
[15] French: "Not so foolish."

plan. N.B. Think up some mysterious, yet striking action for Him, committed during the Youth's drinking spree, which is also the time when *he* is courting "that passive creature." That action must be connected with the Princess. That action must *stun the Youth* and make him think, and (2) all the time the Youth is on his drinking spree and in a frenzy, not knowing at all what he is doing, he must be watching his father passionately and excitedly, get reconciled to him, despair <of him>, live in <with> his character and his perturbations. For his father has captured his imagination once and forever. Meanwhile He is exploiting the Youth, but when the latter has lost all that money gambling, he suddenly begins to preach to him, partly with a wry smile, which always leaves a deep impression on the Youth, his theory of proud solitude, mentioning that people are mice, etc.,* and again scores a strong emotional effect on the Youth. He mentions the girl who hanged herself, saying: "There you have another case of my intervention. I wanted to save the Princess, too. Now I want to make her happy."

Liza *won't submit* to the Prince, begging him not to do it, because it would be blamed on her mother. A simple Russian girl of inexpressible loftiness. There is this particularly spectacular moment when she raises her arms and falls down before him, surrendering herself to him with a smile on her face, and when the Prince (certainly no ideal) acts like a hero, stepping away from her. The Prince is in a frenzy, thinking: "I haven't the strength to marry this perfection for the sole reason that she is a *nobody* by birth." He proposes to her. Liza says: "How could that be possible?" After Liza's death he breaks with the Princess. The Prince, when conversing with the Youth and with Vasin, likes to bring up certain independent and nihilistic ideas. Maybe Liza comes running to Vasin.

An important and decisive N.B. If the novel is to be written in *the first person,* the Youth must describe all the scenes between Liza and the Prince as if this were a third person narrative: "Liza came, Liza left," etc. "She stretched out her hands," and then add: "I knew nothing about it at the time." N.B. Later, he could have heard about it from the despairing Prince, after it is all over.

Do not explain what is going on in his mind when he chops up the icons, or <when he challenges the Prince to a> duel.

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* As far as I can see, this is not an idiom. Therefore, a literal translation seems to be in order.

?Question: couldn't there be a third boy? One must create one.

Early in the 1st part, when the Youth hasn't gotten to be close to Him as yet, but is about to become close to Him, <there is a scene> where they are joking with each other and the Youth suddenly stops and says: "I don't want any jokes!" He was hesitating whether he shouldn't quit everything and leave, and was finding Him unworthy. His capricious behavior would amaze him time and again. But sometimes, when walking along the boulevard, he would say: "I was feeling that I could not live without Him, I was full of spite, I was acting like a woman in love." And through the whole course of the novel the Youth is tormented by His reserve, His pride, His secretiveness, and His *inhumanity,* His lack of love for people, and for him. The Youth, on one occasion, defines His feelings for himself thus: He may, in a fit of remorse, wish to love ~~and toward this~~ him and is straining all his powers toward this, but he can't, for he is an egoist and a proud man, who loves no one. At the same time *it is quite possible* that he imagines that He has already done a lot and that he has fulfilled his duty, having made some effort to conquer his own nature and force himself to be more attentive and more tender toward the Youth. What is going on between Him and the Princess is not passion, but a duel of pride. Yes, the Princess is that kind of a person herself.

Tone! [Tone!]

[tomorrow] Think over and overcome the difficulty connected with the circumstance that the Youth, being in possession of the document, must feel that he is the master of the Princess's fate. He was exploring the situation and waiting for an opportune moment to give the document to his father, or should he give it to him?* Having it in his hands, he was satisfied just to be holding her fate in his hands. AT NIGHT he would know that he could ruin her, and he would find solace in the fact that he wasn't doing it, this being a feat of his unbeknown to anyone. He spent several nights roaming the streets in this fashion, finally confessed to his father. But then, temptation, and even lust for the woman. Set fire. (Despair about Liza, taking revenge on the Prince).

A reference sheet.

The Youth. Kraft has got the documents.

"Thank you, Kraft. I like you for being a polite person."

"Oh yes?"

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* Not quite grammatical in the original.

"If I were in your place, having this kind of Russia in my mind, I'd send everybody to the devil: beat it, carry on your intrigues, keep wrangling, or beslobbering each other as you wish, but leave me alone!"

"You've met so few polite people. I have, for a long time—"

"No, it is because I know how to be polite myself, on occasion, and this is why I like polite people. Good-bye, Kraft, may God give you to live to 90, rather than shooting yourself on account of such nonsense."

"If I had three lives, I'd be vary happy to shoot myself three times, if only you would be able to prove to me, with mathematical certainty, that my sadness is all nonsense."

"I can't prove a thing, I merely know that you can give me three lives to live, and it still won't be enough for me; I want to live so much.'"

"And so much material."

"An awful lot of material."

"Your own idea."

"That's right, my own idea."

"You know what, I don't regret that I don't know what it is, for I don't believe in it. Au revoir—may it be a happy one."

Kraft has shot himself.

"It can't be true! You know what, I must have been thinking myself that he was going to shoot himself; I've been dreaming about it all night!"

[The father of the family, suddenly: "He'll live two lives.]"

[The Lawyer: "The Prince used to know your family in Luga. This is irrelevant to our case.]

Points. Look into the documents, hide them at Vasin's. The Prince continues as before. His sister stuns him. Suddenly, the strange news that He is marrying the Stepdaughter. Makar Ivanovich, a frank talk about Liza, the younger Prince.

The old Prince: "She is a stepdaughter of my late brother's deceased wife, and I am responsible for her. She owns a fortune."

As soon as He ~~found it~~ considered <it opportune>, he moved in with his children, having gotten reconciled to them, and "that passive creature" comes visiting in order to get acquainted with his devout family.

A reference sheet.

Points. The Youth is being exploited. ~~Points.~~ He gets his salary. The auction. He goes to see Vitia, the Dolgushins, and Vasin, comes home late. *At home, a quarrel and* <the day> *ends* upstairs with the

conversation about Makar. On the following day, at Kraft's. He gets the documents. Meanwhile, the news about the lawsuit. 500 rubles. But the Youth has got that document. At home, scenes again. ~~The Youth~~ His sister. The Princess arrives. The Youth goes to see a lawyer. The Prince. A meeting. A quarrel about the Princess. The Prince, condescendingly. [The Princess is at the aunt's, and something about Liza.] The Youth comes. A quarrel at home. "I don't want that job anymore." Tells Him off about everything, wants to make Him leave, "either He or I." He takes the little boy away with him, shows Him the document. At Vasin's. Death of the young girl, caused by Him. ~~The Youth shows Him the document.~~ The Youth suddenly finds out that He has returned the document. The young girl's death is explained. ~~Confession~~ Reconciliation and the Youth's confession before Him. His own idea. *He* tells him about the Princess. "They are all depraved." *He* appears before him as an ideal. "Why aren't you rich? why are you weak?" The old Prince. [*He,* to the Youth in the course of the confession: "You are everybody's equal."]

[Kraft has shot himself.]

N.B. He is in the old Prince's service since his very arrival. He had gotten the job through the influence of Tatiana Pavlovna, a person highly respected by the whole family. The old Prince is not concealing from him the circumstance that he is afraid of the Princess's arrival, on account of having hired him. The Princess arrives and calls him *le petit espion.*[16] A quarrel with the Princess. Later, at Tatiana Pavlovna's, he learns that the Princess is afraid of that letter. The Youth, having received the money, comes home (for the first time) and says that he is quitting his job, and that he is going to look for a <different> job. But when *le petit espion* <is brought up>, he makes a scene at home, too, insisting that his father leave the house. But after they have made up again he tells Him that the Princess is afraid of that document.

[He has hidden the documents at Vasin's.]

An exception <?> With the Youth about women and the fact that they are all depraved. "Yes, yes! All." And the Youth, excitedly at night, in a hell <of conflicting emotions>, recalling that it isn't she whom he is about to ruin, is true to himself since his very childhood,

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[16] French: "The little spy."

when he was suffering those beatings at Touchard's hands and withdrew into himself.*

Right from the 1st part, a passionate attitude on the part of the Youth toward this creature. The latter, on the other hand, proud man and formidable reader of the human heart that he is, satisfied with his own pride in silence and *without glory,* and <feeling> that people are all mice, has understood from the very first moment that the Youth is in love with Him, accepts this as his *due,* and is merely playing his condescending game with ~~Him~~ him. He also tells him during his confession that He has been reading his feelings for a long time, but has remained silent, just studying him. There was one trait about this proud man (and a proud man he really was), however, which terribly impressed the Youth: that He was a great master of flattery, and that he dearly loved to flatter people. When he told Him about it, He said: "One must handle them, without respecting them (like mice)." Christian love is beyond his understanding.

The time of the Youth's drinking spree coincides with the time of the Youth's disenchantment with Him (because he is about to marry "that passive creature," because he is beginning to suspect <that He is> lying to the Princess). Also Makar, etc., enter the picture. An extremely egoistic attitude on his part toward the *hellish* situation the Youth finds himself in. And all in all, the whole novel is a poem of the Youth's love for Him.

N.B. What is needed is another character who is as strong as the Princess. (There is Liza.)

Perhaps the Princess does not love the Prince, but likewise because of her pride wants to dare him not to love her. In the finale she may admit this before the Youth.

The old Prince has a dream and dies quickly.

Shouldn't Lambert be introduced in connection with the old Prince; at [Mme] Andrieux's it was He who frightened the old Prince.

About how Chernyshev,[17] a Minister of the Czar, was eternally young, how did he do it?

About how, at the wedding, a certain Notary hadn't ever heard

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* Ungrammatical and unclear in the original.

[17] Aleksandr Ivanovich Chernyshev (1786–1857) participated in the wars of 1805, 1807, and 1812. He was war minister from 1832 to 1852.

of either Victor Hugo or Dumas, and how one of the writers called himself "a proprietor," whereupon the other man began to treat him with a good deal of respect.

In the Senate, he went down on his knees.

Motives of the 2d part of the program of November 1 (in *the first person*). *Autant de gagné.*[18]

[November 2.] He enters the old Prince's <study>. At the very first step he is insulted by both the Princess and the Prince. But suddenly the 2d Prince appears *(Le captif de Luga).*[19] He is the terror of the family, and especially of his older brother, who is poor but trying to restore the family honor, and boundlessly proud. The 2d Prince is pointedly seeking the Youth's favor. In the beginning debauchery stings his pride. He distinguishes himself in the company of high society playboys, his success being due to the 2d Prince's efforts. (The 2d Prince is making up to the Youth because of Liza. But with that inheritance, toward which he has succeeded in obtaining some money, he has totally fallen for materialism, and that easy Petersburg life, from restaurant to restaurant.) His brother is desperate. A disgrace to the family. The Princess is also desperate (because the older brother is desperate), and they both hate the Youth. Whereupon he makes a point of carousing with even more vigor, to make both of them angry.

At this point, perhaps an *entrefilet,*[20] he couldn't go through with it and discovered that he was the Princess's master. But not quite. *He,* too, was quick to grasp the situation. N.B. *He* hardly tries to stop the Youth, for he is busy with *his own affairs:* a challenge ~~to the Prince~~ to the o<lder> Prince, and the Princess. The Princess insults Liza. The Youth still doesn't know a thing about Liza, and suddenly finds out by himself. He tells the young Prince. The latter promises to marry her. Lambert, a forged promissory note. *He* makes a present of it to the Princess. ~~Meanwhile the Prince has lost all his money gambling and credit~~ (He thinks, as a consequence of a stupid letter which the Youth has sent him, concerning the fact that he has got the document.)* The Princess is indifferent, but has a meeting with the Youth.

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* Ungrammatical and unclear in the original.

18 French: "So much gained." (The sense is that of being grateful for what one has gained even though it is less than one may have wanted. Perhaps "Better than nothing.")

19 French: "The captive of Luga."

20 French: "Newspaper item."

He restrains himself, she makes fun of him, showing that she isn't afraid of anything, and crushes him terribly with her haughtiness. He has a desire to get some money quickly, to win some money, some money *of his own.* (About the fact that he has departed from *his* idea a long way.) At this point, arrival of Makar Ivanov, and his death. The young Prince has lost all his money gambling and, in his anger, starts insulting the Youth, "for costing him so much." The Youth would like to have some money of his own, so he could win some. The young Prince steals some diamonds. They think that the Youth has done it. The Youth gets a beating. An exchange of vituperations between him and the Princess. The Youth wants to kill himself. Vasin is arrested. ~~He~~ But somehow it comes to light that it is the young Prince who has stolen the diamonds. (N.B. In the meantime, the Youth's relationship with Liza.) At this point, also, the episode when Versilov's daughter wants to marry the old Prince. In one word, when the Youth is *in trouble,* everybody turns his back on him, including Him. Encounter with Lambert. Lambert's ideas. The Youth both rejects them, and is tempted to start a *conflagration.** Meanwhile Liza is insulted again. After a period of mutual coolness, the Youth again gets to be on closer terms with his father. The father proposes marriage; He denounces <the Princess?> to the old Prince. The Youth is surprised. Destroy the Princess, and end it all! A meeting. He. Liza's death. The young Prince and Lambert kill <. . .>. The young Prince shoots himself. The old Prince dies after his engagement <to Versilov's daughter?>. The Princess marries her fiancè. The mother dies. The Youth stands for *his own idea.* (N.B. A scene between the Princess and Him, in which he charges that she is corrupting the Youth.)

But the plot must never deviate from the main idea: the Youth's urge to start a *conflagration,* as a perversion of his idea, and his first unsuccessful step in life. He is fascinated by his father, and He, in his immeasurable pride toward people, is really convinced that they are all "mice" (including the Youth, and everybody—they are all but the pawns of his desires). And so is also convinced that the Princess has been in love with him for three years, while he is merely her brother in Christ, and this until his ultimate state of frenzy in the plot. His indifference toward Liza, and toward the Youth.

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* Could also be: "and is tempting him to start a *conflagration.*" Ambiguous in the original.

In *autant de gagné*.[21] The Youth, on the other hand, arrives with all those documents, and is crushed by his responsibility. He wants to go to America.

Liza, too, loves the elder Prince, and not the younger.

He went to see Vitia, he also went to see Versilov. At the auction, at Dolgushin's. Again at Versilov's, the young girl and the 100 rubles. He goes home. "That passive creature." He hands over the letter and the 100 rubles in the presence of "that passive creature," knowing full well that it is a mean thing to do. The ripping of <the little boy's> mouth. The quarrel. He takes the child away. At Vasin's. That night, she hangs herself. Morning. The mother; He is present at the suicides' suicide's <flat>. The Youth rents himself a flat. He goes to pick up his belongings. The letter. The Princess, he leaves. He goes home. At home, Versilov. He is sad about his sister, and about everybody, to America, and suddenly, Versilov. A reconciliation. An agreement. Mixed emotions. He is fascinated and depressed by Versilov. The Youth tells him everything. He wants to challenge the Prince, with whom he had quarreled on the train. He goes to see the Prince, meets his sister <there>. He hands over the letter.

The story of how he can't restrain himself and falls into debauchery. Lambert, besides, about his father. (A task: compose it in a more lively way; He discovers that he is the Princess's master.)

Motives of part one.

Most important (the solution).

"My dear, your admission of your innocence has always remained a surprise to me."

The Youth: "That morning I tried to be particularly gentle to him, as I had come with the intention of definitely quitting my job. I knew that it would chagrin him. He liked to talk with me about frou-frou."

Most important. "I saw the Princess. Never in my life shall I forget that moment. I drank in the features of her face."

"I almost took that letter for a joke, since I know that people make jokes in such cases."

The Prince: "*Cher,* I feel sorry for you."

Hatred, frou-frou!

Advice <?>. The story about <the episode on> the boulevard.

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[21] French: "So much gained." See note 18 of this section.

"*Mais, mon cher,*[22] you've got a sister."

["Imagine, my brother's stepdaughter finds him fascinating and handsome, I wonder where he may have seen her?"]

He appeared fidgety to me, as he was awaiting the Princess, his daughter, whom he feared.

I was getting some money from the old Prince since the very beginning, hence then <our> conversation about my family, about him, and about the Princess. ~~I was feeling that I should better change the subject~~

The relics. "An irregular wit." On the deranged condition of the old man.

On the day I was going to tell him that I was quitting I had planned not to stay long, but he was keeping me there. "*Cher,*" he said to me, "when the Princess comes, *j'aime le bon dieu.*"[23] Change the subject —about how Versilov <likes to be> with young girls. "My fault! I can't talk to you about that, because you don't like to talk about young girls." F<rou>.

<His?> sister and "that passive creature," the Princess has arrived and enters the room. "Good bye, my dear Prince. I'll never come back to you."

He certainly discusses the lawsuit with the old Prince. A N.B. by the Youth: "And imagine, I didn't even know that the case was in court that very day. This is how talkative he was when it came to trivia, and how secretive with regard to things he knew. Everybody would have shared his concern. No heart. And, later that night: 'You concealed the lawsuit.' "

MOTIVES OF PART ONE.

MOST IMPORTANT. During the confession, his father says terribly seriously: "My dear friend, I saw <in you>, from the very beginning, [a whole month] a creature that had come to love me to the point of a sort of passion, though I don't know for what... [And you were thinking that I was laughing at you.] You, my poor boy, dreaming of Ungern,[24] still at Touchard's or later <. . .>."

"How do you know?"

"I went to see Vasin on purpose, to talk to him after you had left, and he passed everything on to me ~~the scoundrel~~. No, he did it, be-

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[22] French: "But, my dear."
[23] French: "I like the good lord."
[24] See note 3 of Part II.

cause he had taken a strong liking for you. Don't worry, he doesn't trust me either, and values you more highly."

The old Prince. "I am there to entertain him, rheumatism and what not... Besides, I know that many people have deserted him. What with that change in his influence in the line of service, and with his illness, many of his friends, well, it isn't exactly that they have deserted him, but their attitude toward him has changed, and he has been noticing it: they're polite with an ambiguous smile. I wouldn't have been able to stand it: I'd have smashed something, told them to go to hell, and left. But I'll note the most important thing: his fear for his sanity, hypochondria; this old man might fall seriously ill or even die; ~~He~~ incidentally, this proved to be true, but about that, later."

The old Prince about Versilov: "*Cette histoire infâme,*[25] I don't believe it. I never did believe it, but I'm being forced to believe it, I'm being pressured: believe me, believe me!"

The old Prince. He was afraid of the Princess.

This Lambert, who plays a certain role in his notes in his own words.

The document, does it ~~not~~ have any importance? It has no importance, inasmuch as no direct legal application is involved, but it has some indirect importance—which might be great, since it might influence the opinions of the court.

Motives of part one.

The first night at home, upstairs, after his first conversation with his father, about Makar Ivanovich, etc. When he is left alone:

"Why is this man so dear to me? Why am I forcing my love on him? So what if I have been seeing him in my dreams for those past 9 years? I'll leave them all, and be independent. Yet what about the letter concerning the inheritance, which Kraft gave me, what should I do with it? Let me solve this last question, and then good-bye! I am finding him repulsive! Away with everything! Just my idea, and nothing else!"

At Vasin's. The Youth is complaining about Petersburg, says that solitude is much better, <also mentions> his own idea, queer and nasty. Vasin says: "The fact that such minor events have caused you so much excitement indicates that they are too big for you, and that there must be quite a secret here. Secondly, you aren't content with

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[25] French: "That base story."

solitude; on the contrary, you want to be right in the whirl of things, though on condition of being on top, having your revenge, and dominating. That idea of yours, which you say can be a substitute for everything else, must be very powerful indeed, [if it is to be a substitute for all these passionate impulses of yours."]

He says the same thing after having heard about the Youth's "own idea" during the latter's confession. The difference lies in the circumstance that Vasin immediately begins to discuss the matter pathetically, while He has up to this point approached it in a humorous vein. "I could understand this very well, my friend," He says, "and I could see that you needed the pathetic. How could your ideal behave in such a vaudeville-like and insolent manner, refusing to accept your love, and your friendly assistance! I could see all those things, but I wanted to wait and... to take a closer look at you."

After having eavesdropped at Tatiana Pavlovna's place, the Youth decides to sever relations and rents himself a room; a conversation behind the partition, tragic and terrible, Versilov's name. The mother begins to scream and runs out after her, on the stairs, the Youth <runs into her>. The mother says: "She is going to drown herself." But then, having looked him over attentively, she leaves and locks herself up in her room. In the meantime, the girl went to see her girl friend, at whose place she wrote a letter to Versilov and a note to her mother. The girl, with her letter, and the Youth meet on the stairway of Versilov's house. "Let's go in together."

IMPORTANT SOLUTION OF A PROBLEM. After having seen the lawyer (think up something), the Youth gladly agrees to go and see the Prince. Most important to find out from him personally what his opinion of Versilov might be, and whether or not he had slapped His face. He admits that this is true, and the Youth almost challenges him to a duel. (The Versilovs have been robbed.) It does not come off. And only then, that scene behind the door at Tatiana Pavlovna's and all that follows. Already the night before, having gotten that letter from Kraft, the Youth knew that he was going to meet the Prince on the following day (having met the young Prince on the stairs of the old Prince's house recently one morning, he said to himself: he didn't know we were going to meet the next day). [Motives for part one.] But, having met and challenged him, he becomes even more confused about what he is to do: ~~turn over~~ should he present the letter, or shouldn't he? Present it. And if Versilov is going to hand it over, it will look like his revenge on the Prince, etc.

Versilov denied that the Prince was deranged, and so was I—except,

perhaps, for his one strange idea: to remarry after having been a widower for such a long time, and incidentally, rather as a joke.

"For Ivan An——ch has already let me know what he thinks of this matter, as a preventive measure, and anticipating the general contingency of such an event, [as a preventive measure, and foreseeing a certain contingency] and if he were to learn about this letter, I'd really get it <from him>, and perhaps something worse than that could happen."

"I cannot lose my happiness. In particular, I am begging you, in this widowed state <. . .>"

The very first night Versilov asks him about the Stepdaughter ("that passive creature"), whether he hasn't seen "that passive creature"? [In the beginning, at the Prince's.]

I am now writing soberly and rather ~~partly~~ as an outsider. But how could I describe my melancholy mood of those days, so firmly entrenched in my heart, [which I remember] and most of all my excitement which, at times, would reach so confused and feverish a state that I couldn't sleep nights, from so much vexation and so many unsolved riddles, [from my own impatience at the riddles which I had posed for myself.] which then surrounded me and which I was unable to solve. I must note that on September 19 I almost decided to break with them. [That first month was really doing me in. One thing I could not stand was his pride.] "Do what you want, but do it without me! Solve your own problems, I won't be in your way." [waiting for that person]

Absolutely, after the first [introductory] words about the Prince, <tell> how I used to entertain him, even before that, frou-frou and a tirade against women, and only after this: that morning, the money, about Versilov, etc. N.B. Some cute sayings for the Prince.

It (the Prince's marriage) was a threat to his older daughter, the Princess.

"Finally, I have put down this fateful name!"

Here, a chapter.

Used to have to pawn that icon, that's why the salary <. . .>

About the sadness which I carried with me when I joined the old Prince.

I decided to entertain the old man and to forgive him many a thing. I do not think that by making this decision I betrayed my honor in any way.

Catholicism. Heard about it still in Moscow. An idea which I then laughed at, not taking it seriously at all.

At Dolgushin's: "That is, mercy. Satisfying one's own emotions. Whereas this other thing is demanded of you as a duty and a responsibility. I owe nothing and am under no obligation to anyone."

"Only, he's trying to scare you too much when he speaks of the kingdom of heaven, and he likes it."

"And believe me that I wouldn't have taken Mlle Sapozhkov with me to Italy. My attitude was of the holiest."

The Youth to the old Prince: "You know what, it sometimes appears to me that I am a conglomerate of all vanities." Develop paternal relationships. [But I don't want to ask anyone's forgiveness. No one's.]

The old Prince: "*C'est moi, qui connaît les femmes.*[26] The life of a woman is a constant search for someone she could submit to."

An atheist.

The night he won he sent for champagne.

"The idea that is bothering me most is this: Couldn't it be my fault?—When I am accusing others." (Say that in the first person, at the end of some chapter.)

The very first conversation was, of course, about women (with the old Prince).

He is religious, and used to pray, but then all of a sudden he would say something like this: "But what if nothing of this ~~spirit~~ really exists?" ["The spirit has been poured out."]

The Youth, an *entrefilet*[27] to himself: "What amazed me most, looking at him (the old Prince) at times, was that he had at one time sat in conference somewhere, and acted as a councilor, and it is said in one assignment had displayed much wisdom and done an important service."

The old Prince: "One shouldn't make women into an ideal (<they need> someone they can obey)." The Youth on Othello: "You know, the reason why he killed Desdemona was that he had lost his ideal." And suddenly the Youth looks at the Prince: "You know what, I am partly in the position of an Othello, because I am afraid I might lose an ideal."

"My friend, have you really been in love?"

He hadn't understood a thing, I was speaking of Him. However, I told him about my love. I found it pleasurable myself to let myself be

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[26] French: "It's I who know women."
[27] French: "Newspaper item."

carried away by funny recollections. Here, ~~he~~ a description of my love, I was entertaining him. He got very interested.

In the beginning, a discussion: pawn the icon. "That she,* the Princess, is the cause of all <our> misfortunes; just listen to the old man." He is a Catholic, God, relics. An atheist. I was looking at him, <thinking that this man had been a member of> the State Council. ~~at women in~~ around young girls. First bits of information about "that passive creature," *c'est moi, qui connaît,*[28] looking for someone she might obey, can't make <them your> ideal. Othello. <About> love, I was entertaining him. Affectionate gesture, "You are my only one. She is coming, oh, she is coming today." And I didn't even know, trouble, a visit. She—I got up and left the room.

COLLATE THIS PROGRAM WITH THE MOTIVES, AND COMPLETE IT.

When <he starts> about women and nakedness, the Prince stops him. About Lambert, "*mon enfant,*[29] yours was a terrible fate! These dear little children, when they grow up," etc.

N.B. To the young Prince, [then] he went to consult the lawyer, to find out a thing or two about that slap in the face.

N.B.2. LAMBERT ABSOLUTELY. He saw Lambert in his dreams (he was frightening a child in that dream).

N.B. VASIN AND <the Youth's> SISTER. That night at Vasin's, the Youth notices that he knows his sister, and that he actually seems to have already discussed some things with her. It seems that Vasin is giving him a hint, that he is reproaching him and advising him to take more interest in his sister.

A precious item. When the Youth is ardently begging Vasin not to ask him about his idea, Vasin agrees too *easily.* This hurts the Youth (secretly).

The Prince has a tendency for fits of limpness.

To start crying. *Je sais tout, mais je ne sais rien de bon.*[30]

"Why, it is Faust who says this."

"Is that so? And yet imagine, it is I who said it."

"But you do know literature."

In the street—an idea—new people.

At Dolgushin's, the Youth meets Kraft.

[Kraft] Take our railroads, every station master <uses> filthy lan-

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* Literally, "they," but it is apparently a polite plural.

[28] French: "It's I who know."

[29] French: "My child."

[30] French: "I know all, but I don't know anything good."

guage, Columbus's *(columbarum timilorum).*[31] Clean out the railway carriage because, to tell the truth, Europe and the railroads have caught us without people <who are able to respond to these things>; we are incapable of being people. Some vain nonentity who is sitting in the Petersburg-bound baggage receiving office—that scoundrel can stop the train for a half hour and does so with absolute impunity. And a Justice of the Peace who doesn't know the law gets up, puts on his robe in front of the public, and goes on to "serve mass," fining a poor peasant woman 25 rubles—there you have him, your master, despot, the lord of your fate. Why are people fleeing abroad? It is physically impossible to stay. Absolutely no justice. I am not defending serfage, but before, there existed, *if a bad* <order>, *still an order;* now there is no order at all. District judges do as they please, in a drunken craze—so now there isn't any <order> at all. Things have never been worse than they are now. Yet this would mean absolutely nothing if things could only be straightened out in, say, a hundred years. But the situation is irreparable. Russians are second-rate material. I can't live without being sad."

[Kraft:]" I would like to be an average man."

He and Vasin, in passing, an exchange of words regarding Kraft, by the corpse of the girl who has hanged herself. About Kraft: He had recently made a trip all over Russia.

On the chosen nobility.

~~Tomorrow: Read the copied text and correct whatever is written of the 2d chapter, to get it ready for writing at night.~~

On the boulevard, *c'était ignoble;*[32] I actually told it to start <my> punishment.

"You probably suffered a good deal later." "No, I almost didn't suffer at all. I suffer later. Incidentally, I had a different idea at the time. You know what," I said suddenly, casting a glance at him, "when you are altogether possessed by another idea, your whole life seems to be just so—and many of your actions and many events leave no impression on you. Even your own abominations, of which later."

How badly this fits logically! I had been waiting for a whole month for this door to open and for a certain person to enter the room. And this is why I began to talk about my hatred of women with great frankness and power.

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[31] Latin: It should read *columbarum timidarum* or *columborum timidorum* (genitive plural of "timid doves").

[32] French: "It was ignoble."

Versilov about Makar: "That is, he was a house serf, but a house serf who was after a certain kind of glory."

Portefeuille: *"Merci, monsieur"* (I was well dressed).

When I had revealed my idea to Versilov: "Now I no longer have an idea of my own; now I am somehow on the same level as the rest of them. I have no fortress to which I can retire."

"Vasin, why should I be honest?" And later, after hearing <his> arguments: "But I still don't know why I should be honest."

Vasin: "There is something here that you can't express, while I am incapable of understanding you."

Versilov's daughter, whispering something to the Prince, while the latter was smiling. I knew for a fact that he was greatly concerned about providing her with a proper and brilliant match.

~~"I know that you would like to marry her off."~~ After Versilov's gesture of returning the money, and after Versilov and the young Prince had become reconciled (after the challenge), the old Prince suddenly conceives the idea to match up Versilov's elder daughter with Prince Sokolsky (so much does he ignore the liaison between the Prince and the Princess).

Vasin, about Versilov: "A proud man."

"What a clever person you are, Vasin."

"Tell me, did I do wrong in telling that I was illegitimate?" I couldn't restrain myself, I melted, I embraced him, I couldn't restrain myself, "my own corner."

"How do you know?"

"Don't think that I am a fool, I was just talking a lot of nonsense, for three years I have <. . .> I thought that they were going to defeat me, and I was afraid; I've got my own idea."

Vasin smiled: "All right, you may come, but I am warning you, I have very little time, good-bye."

"Why are you..."

"Running after me?... Go ahead, say it."

I was walking along with Kraft.

"It is true, I'm going to hang myself. I ought to be more somber. No—people, no matter who they are, I find hard to take."

... and so he chooses God, or rather, it is <his> nature that does the choosing, for his intellect sometimes has no part in it. That isn't so bad at all. These people sometimes have a tremendous amount of faith, i.e., they haven't any faith, but they want to have faith and take that desire for faith itself.

"It seems to me that I can't stay with people and it also seems to

me that you were the only one who didn't make fun of me," I suddenly said to Vasin, as I left.

Make an effort to live according to the laws of nature and of justice.

Kraft, an assistant and private secretary. Through court action by Andronikov.

"They're cutting down Russia's forests," i.e., "I am stern, yet I feel sorry for them, too, and I would like to finish things off with a mutual embrace."

I believed, I was being carried away, but <feeling> a secret shame; "I ought to be more somber, while actually I'm squealing, I, who was going to crush them all." But they were remaining silent and were smiling.

... you just follow the course of the people. Don't worry, even while living in Russia you can be of some use to the common cause. You don't absolutely have to go to Germany for that.

[February.] The Prince: "In our days, a new breed of people can be seen walking around, all bearded, and all with that same thought, so that one can judge from their physiognomies: Are they or aren't they readers of 'The Pickwick Club'?"[33]

At Dolgushin's: "Sit down and don't worry; nobody is going to come in here who shouldn't be here."

Still his own idea. Precisely his own idea. "Explain your idea. Any explanation of things is useful." "Join the people."[34] "Why should I be honest?" "Why, this is my main point."

"In that case, mustn't we all be watching our handkerchiefs?"

"Oh, don't worry, I don't pick pockets."

"That's precisely the point, for it means that you, theoreticians, don't transform your ~~cause~~ idea into action, and that all you do is dream. Well Sir, we are men of action."

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[33] Reference to Dickens's *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. Dostoevsky had great admiration for Dickens. In a letter to S. A. Ivanova on January 1, 1868, when he was beginning to work on *The Idiot,* he compared Pickwick to Don Quixote—he considered them both positive types—and wrote: "There arises sympathy for the ridiculed hero who does not know his own value—and consequently sympathy in the reader."

[34] A reference to the mass social movement in the spring of 1874, nurtured by the Russian populists, when more than 3,000 young intellectuals left their homes to propagate a vague doctrine of socialism and progress among the peasants. The unofficial leader of this movement was Nikolay Konstantinovich Mikhaylovsky (1842–1904), whose ideas and journal *The Fatherland Notes* created the atmosphere from which the movement arose.

Of such a well-fed cow. Vasin. Kraft's idea is <not> magnanimity, it's just perplexity. He definitely has a quarrel with Vasin.

Kraft to the Youth about Dolgushin: "No, I'd like here <. . .> for the last time."

"You won't be going there anymore?"

"No, I won't."

He to the Youth: "But if this is so, the Prince can reward you in his will."

[Very important] If I am describing this in such detail, it is actually <because it is> necessary. In the beginning it may have seemed that this wasn't so, but <those missing items> would be felt in their proper place.

This, after his first sale: "I took this step for a trial, and I am postponing ~~the rest~~ for the time being."

What kind of a "youth" am I? People don't grow any more at nineteen, or do they?

He is leaving the Prince's house, asking himself: "What, *she* has insulted me? No, she hasn't. I almost loved... I'm really glad." A triumphant impression.

Kraft: "Well, good-bye now, I'll be alone from here on. No, from now on I'm not going to see any more people."

Vitia to be his second. "The devil take you. I may agree to load your pistol for you. But I'm not going to go and talk to him. You're such a lofty one."

[February.] Where's the beginning, and where's the end of Versilov? This is not permissible. Versilov is before you, and that's enough. Any critique is unthinkable.

"I don't understand," says Kraft, "how a person who is under the influence of some overwhelming thought, to which his mind and his heart have fully surrendered, how such a person can still live for something else, for something that is beyond this thought. If you believe in God and in the Church, why wouldn't you immediately become a monk; if you live in the 10th century and you are convinced that the Holy Tomb should be freed, quit everything and take the cross."[35]

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[35] Compare these words to those about Alyosha in *The Brothers Karamazov:* "As soon as he thought seriously about it, he was struck with the conviction that God and immortality exist, and at once he said simply to himself: 'I want to live for immortality, and I will not accept any compromise.' " Part I, Chapter 1:5.

"Do you believe that a person who believes with his whole heart must absolutely become a monk? I heard that thought only today."

"Why do you find it so strange if I, having become convinced of the correctness of my findings, decide to shoot myself?"

"To take the cross or to become a monk are positive ideas, while this thing—why, it isn't even an idea."

"True, but a [full] conviction is a feeling." [And if I've got that feeling, even if it be a feeling of despair <. . .>]

"That's it; that's exactly it! Conviction is a feeling. You know what, today, when I was at Dolgushin's, I was terribly afraid that they might shake me with their sophisms, for I, too, have [my own] conviction, a certain *idea of my own*. But I didn't know nor did I realize that a feeling cannot be shaken by reason, but that one must rather first eradicate the idea which has ensconced itself in one's heart in the form of a feeling, and replace it by a new, by a different feeling—only then might one be shaken. Anyway, what could they ever offer me in a positive way with their stupid little idea of 'joining the people'? Join them with what?"

"So what, I just bought a thing and nothing more. Yet, what this step, this thought, this experiment meant for <me>! But about this, later."

N.B. N.B. N.B. "I'll return it to Versilov. I'll return it to her."

"That is, you'll keep it and think for a long time if you should, and... *you will return it, if* <. . .>"

I blushed and said nothing.

~~"If I'm going to return it, believe me, it will be for nothing."~~

"Well, I don't care."

Kraft: "From a legal point of view, this document, (this letter) isn't worth much. But there is a chance. I haven't been involved in this case; of course, the lawyer of the other party would know what he might do with this kind of a document, whether a lot or a little, or nothing at all."

"What then, should I do?"

"As you please."

Still, it was terribly difficult to make a decision. If I gave it to Versilov, his conscience would bother him. If I gave it to the lawyer, this would mean that Versilov and my mother would be at <his> mercy. If I didn't give it to anyone, but kept it myself—I hadn't even known that this could be so hard."

In the last chapter of part one, Versilov says, in response to the Youth's question, casually and while he is already about to leave:

"I've got that letter!" After <an initial> pathetic shock, this affects the Youth as if someone had thrown cold water on him. However, after his despair, the Youth decides to *forgive* Versilov this trick <illegible>. He just makes up his mind to watch Him and to study Him from here on.

VERSILOV TO THE YOUTH: "It was quite unnecessary for you to present yourself as 'illegitimate' all around; you are perfectly 'legitimate,' and you have quite needlessly smeared your mother's honor. Or did you, perhaps, find it unpleasant to admit that you were the son of a petit bourgeois, thinking that to be the illegitimate son of a nobleman was still superior [and more beautiful] than <to be the son> of a petit bourgeois?"

(N.B. I had been aware of all this for a long time myself, and had long been bothered by it.) "Why are you thrusting such a dishonorable thought on me?"

"No, forget it, really, ~~to be~~ to be the offspring of a nobleman, even illegitimately, is more beautiful than to be a petit bourgeois. It is really a matter of taste. It depends on a man's inclinations."

"Why, I am not suffering from it in the least," Versilov tells him in reply to his remark concerning being persecuted by the Princess.

The Youth says: "I don't know how to tell ~~him~~ about my idea; it keeps coming out funny."

"I'll tell it for you," said Versilov and went on to explain to him his very own idea, <its> glitter, <its> tearful nights.

"Yes, yes!" exclaims the Youth, "I am yours."

IMPORTANT. The rupture, when he left for Vasin's, was a consequence of the fact that he was called a spy—by her, also that he was fussing over the letter for days on end, furthermore, as a result of having met the Prince, as well as of a case of <bad> conscience, and, finally, on account of the governess and her letter.* After his father's action <when He> returns the money, he becomes purified and rises in stature (N.B. also, after <meeting> Vasin), and does not want to take advantage of the Princess's letter. "This was the purest minute of my life!" he exclaims on the last line of part one.

He has just entered his mother's <room>. "Did he tell you about that thing?" Versilov: "He has got his own idea, and he is going to surprise us."

I sadly said good bye to Kraft. "What I have learned from you

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* The sentence is awkward and barely grammatical in the original.

<. . .> I am no believer yet, but I feel that I'm going to make a break. One must start a new life. I'm not going to join Vasin." ~~Blessed he who~~

"So you are hoping to live. Blessed he who has an idea."

"If you only knew what you've just said there. Kraft, I've got my own idea."

I came home in a sad state of mind, and felt irritable.

The Youth, at the end of his first showdown with Versilov: "No, this man must not know that I have suffered so much longing for him. He is not worth my tears."

Versilov counted on stunning him with his coolness and irony. He isn't trying to justify himself (regarding the Princess, regarding the slap in the face), finding it to be below his dignity to make excuses to the Youth. The Youth is indignant, decides to leave.

The Youth ~~argues~~ quarrels with Vasin.

The Youth to Versilov: "Why am I surprised; would it be possible for you to talk other than wittily?"

After the first showdown: A thirst of something higher, dissatisfaction, "I'll break <with them>, take a flat. I'm not going to join Vasin," regarding the document—a sad smile.

A precious item. Suddenly, as he is about to go to bed: "Why is it that I love Vasin less than before? Because I humbled myself too much before him the other day. 'I'm just a punk, and nothing else.' "

The day after his first conversation with Versilov: Finish that thing with the letter. Reasoning thus: *impossible* to go and see a lawyer. To the Prince, to cnallenge him to a duel—no one to act as a second. Won't go. However... He goes to see Vasin for advice. Vasin in a rooming house. Next door, the governess with her letter. To Tatiana. With the Princess. She insults him terribly (tears). The document in his pocket. "I'll tear it up!" Runs into the governess at the house: away.

THE CHARM OF A DESCRIPTION. More lively and more concise.

"As pertains to generals and such, I was routing [HERE] <. . .>

HERE IS MY IDEA, THE WAY IT APPEARED TO ME THEN.

He fascinated me when I was still a child. Since then, <I'd be dreaming of Him> covering my head with my blanket. It wasn't my illegitimate birth that was torturing me. Yes, it was this man [appeared in my dreams] who was torturing me. The fact that I had been left alone tortured me. I was dreaming of building a new nest. But in all probability I was that kind of a person myself. I was myself a Versilov. My dreams: <to become a> farmer. I am shining shoes.

Then, a wealthy friend. But I wanted something immeasurably larger—pride.

First place—but mysteriously. A professor. Ungern-Shternberg.[36] Finally, Rothschild. Save—not acquire it unnaturally! Finally, the triumph of lack of talent and mediocrity. That's what I arrived with. Don't tell that. Don't tell that under any circumstances.

I entered my mother's room. Sunset. Description of the evening. [I had come in with the notion that I was going to break <with them> that day, or the next. Guilty all the same... Versilov not in.]

["What has this day given me? Vasin—I'm not going to join him." I was on my way <to Petersburg>: that document of the Princess's was with me. He entered; mother's gentle eyes. Versilov entered.]

[There they have banks, business offices, playing the stock market; I knew nothing of that. Of course, one does run into people; eventually I would have worked out something.]

I was imagining that proud creature of high society, the Akhmakov woman, and there, myself, taking the side of Versilov. I am the possessor of the document. Not just a help to Versilov: her tears, high society. Now everything appeared so childish.

I remembered how I had shuddered during our recent meeting.

[About how I clashed at Dergachev's. For me, it was important. I was timid, I feared for my idea: "They are thinking that I am a misanthrope. I know their ideas concerning private property."]

[The idea was calling me.]

Versilov's first talk.

"My friend, it seems that your birth is bothering you. I am very sorry that you love me so much, considering that I haven't been able to do anything for you."

"You are so sure that I love you."

"Didn't you say yourself that you were fascinated by me, and that ever since that time, your dreams were wandering around me?"

I remained silent, clenching my teeth. (How could he have guessed?) "Tell me, what kind of a person is my father?" (About Makar). "Tell me, what kind of a person is my father! What kind of a person is Makar Ivanovich?" Versilov's story. (Chases him out.)

"You must have suffered a lot from the Princess. I saw her today."

He: "I have noticed that you are taking an interest in many things and that you are worrying too much."

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[36] See note 3 of Part II.

I was looking at his face. "Tell me, what kind of a person was my father? Leave me alone."

Having left Kraft <. . .> I didn't want to go to Vasin. The terrible document was in my hands. Sewn into my clothes. "Nobody can love me."

And suddenly, as I entered the house—the gentle eyes of my mother.

At my mother's, after Versilov has come: "If I dream a lot, if I'm a dreamer, who has made me one? It is he who has made me become what I am."

I, at Touchard's, but Touchard is an honest man.

N.B. And generally, make that scene at mother's shorter, straight on to Touchard, which would correspond to that mood of desperation and "break with them," in which he returned from Kraft's.

Order. Very important. When meeting the Princess for the second time, at Tatiana's <. . .> I was seeing her for the second time; circumstances and the events of the preceding day had erased her image in my mind. (A strong impression this second time.)

And later, he is *too insistently questioning Versilov* to find out: does He, or doesn't He love the Princess, in order to learn whether he can love her. Avenge his father.

My own idea, the way I understood it at the time.

Let there be envy, let me be worst of all <morally>, but to make up for it, I'll be superior to everybody. The moment somebody in Moscow got to be superior to me, I immediately quit speaking to him. Just the other day with Vasin, and there I am, already I'm beginning to love him less. Good or bad—that wasn't my worry. There was nothing but a feeling there. I needed power, with arguments of "right" and "wrong." I wasn't even embarrassed; on the contrary, I saw an indescribable beauty about it, and I still feel, even today, that nobody could have defeated my arguments. I am not crude, I knew what the ideals of good and of light were. Yet my own ideal seemed best of all to me. Was it simply that of a saver and moneymaker? I saw here only the brilliance of power and a guarantee of my own will, and that I'd be better than everybody else. How I would direct my will and my personality, whether I would take my vengeance on people or become their benefactor—all this would be within my powers. Though I was afraid of books, I knew the social arguments against my idea—about private property, and about capital, and that private property was nothing but organized fraud. Yet <their> paradoxical nature was obvious to me, and altogether I hated these new

teachings, had a deep contempt for them on account of their erroneous premises concerning basic and primary ideas, their faulty interpretation of the same, their theoreticalism, and the impurity of their ideal. "However, the devil take this all," I was thinking. "What matters isn't theory, but beauty; what really matters is power, power is the whole thing. The most important thing is *I*."

Still, at Dergachev's I didn't have a chance to express myself. But could their views, their laughter, ever make me join them?—never! Insofar as I would always be inferior to somebody as far as talent is concerned, I'm not even going to make a try in that direction. I'll have the money. Even better, to get even with them, let me be a nonentity. I am not regretting <to have thought so> even today.

I am putting this down not to beg anyone's forgiveness; it may well be that I haven't changed at all. Just that my idea has grown up.

If I am going to fail, I am not going to join their association so that I can lean on all of mankind. I'll simply shoot myself, and let that be the end of it. I won't even be a beggar. But it would be in vain if I tried to explain all this graphically, in words. This is the weak side of my *idea*. What could I express in words? What I've got here is a feeling.

I am convinced that I couldn't tell anyone about it: nobody would ~~understand~~ understand. I am convinced that even now, as I have written it down, no one will understand me. Words are nothing but nonsense. The real thing is left in those unsaid words, because they couldn't be expressed. Words are nothing but nonsense, the real thing is in what remained unsaid; that's the way it is, always, always!

[*My own idea,* the way I understood it then.]

I've got an assurance here, yet subject to all the chances of the card table, and still an assurance.

Live some. To spend it is something of no consequence. Not money, but pleasure. Earthly blessings, a hotel, a wife, ~~aristocracy~~ an elegant circle of friends, all this ~~isn't exactly~~ is actually base, that is, it isn't exactly base, but rather something petty, small. Some sort of exceeding narrowness of life. That is not the thing, it's better to sew it up in your clothes.

No matter how educated I might be, there will always be people in the world who are more educated.

"Vanity?" you're going to say. "Oh, my God, I am not seeking to justify myself, I'm begging no one's, but no one's forgiveness."

What if eventually I were suddenly to give everything to orphanages, to education, to schools, to almshouses, to foundling hospitals?

The case of the abandoned infant.

I could not stand those gentle eyes.

Why was I running after this man who wanted no part of me?

A gorgeous lady. I was stung by my recent impression, that document <. . .> Sewn into <my clothes>. I only smiled. Why should I go there? Why, she is going to extend her hand to me, if I return it to her first. But if I give it to Versilov, he is going to embrace me, and tie me <to himself>, but will it be for long? Everybody thinks that I am just a youth. I'll forget about all of them, and I'll forget about the document, too—having left it on my person, sewn up in my clothes.

I am not going to Vasin's. I am quitting loving him. Why should I be reproaching myself for it? For my own vanity? No, it is much better not to beg anyone's forgiveness. If there is something wrong with this, let it stay right here, with me. I'll go after my freedom, my will, into my shell, into my idea.

Here, too, I kept seeing the eyes of my mother before me. Since my childhood. I once met her. Yes, that impenetrable environment. But I was feeling sorry. Sometimes I would come and be nasty and rude. Even this time they stopped their conversation as I entered (Tatiana Pavlovna). I sat down more cheerily. I had given my word that I wasn't going to be rude. <She'd like> to stroke my head, but she won't dare. She would address me as she would her squire's son. My own kind words. Tatiana Pavlovna turned her back to me; she quickly kissed my head, as if she felt guilty. Then, Versilov came in.

My own idea, the way I understood it then.

Most important: STUBBORNNESS and moderation, but this you can't explain to anyone, ~~it's not money that matters here~~ it is a feeling.

Having attained power, all these Kokorevs,[37] etc. I'll be reselling—what exactly, I don't know, but I'll swindle them.

In trying to make a profit, people are after a maximum profit, [while you] are shooting for the minimum. I've bought some shares, bought my way into a company. The shares may go bust, or they may yield 50, 60 on a hundred. But there's a big capitalist who regrets

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[37] Vasily Aleksandrovich Kokorev was a financial power in the middle of the nineteenth century. He started from nothing and amassed a great fortune. He is in some sense the prototype of the Youth's Rothschildian motives. In the fifties and sixties he published articles on financial subjects and it is possible that Dostoevsky was acquainted with him. There is a reference to him as a type in the final version, Part I, Chapter 5:2.

that he isn't a shareholder, and the business has just started to move. He'd give 10 percent. I paid 100 thousand, and I sell him my shares for 110. People tear into me, shouting that I could have taken so-and-so-much. "All right, gentlemen, my 10 percent is already in my pocket, while your 60 percent is still a question mark." This is how I imagined it. And if not exactly like that, then certainly something of that kind.

Order. Farmer. General. Scholar. Ungern.[38]

They'll say: So he has saved a lot. Why not live like everybody else? A hotel, a family, social connections, etc. But here you have people who are stronger than I, more clever than I, and I am a second-rate figure; no—better *untouched* power, even a beggar with his money sewn up <in his clothes>—that is somehow more chaste.

[Here] *Socialism*. Don't worry, though I haven't read any books, I used to know a thing or two, and besides, I had sometimes talked ~~to N.~~ to Nikolai Semenovich, and it is hard to be better educated than he is.

Why did Maria Ivanovna hand it over to me? It is her free will, her opinion.

And so Jove is surely pretty tired of his thunderbolts, and he hardly thunders with them, except perhaps around St. Elias's day, but if some wretched little clerk were put up there, or some newspaper correspondent, or some shyster lawyer, or some stupid peasant woman—we'd sure have [it will turn out] a lot of thunder, a lot of thunder.

I can see that this whole thing—<being> a farmer, etc.—is turning out so embarrassing in writing that... ~~a man may invent all kinds of stories and it would come out both beautiful and interesting~~ [It is easy to invent <a story> so that it will be beautiful and interesting: all you have to do is sit down and start lying; no, better write down the truth!] [Why, I can't even write, I am writing these notes with disgust, for I know that I have now entered the circle of *littérateurs,* and there, everybody writes better than I, for they're writing to show off their elegant style, and not to tell you the truth.]

Start off with "Woe from Wit" and the story of <my> defeat. If I'm going to describe what happened at Touchard's, then immediately after Touchard a curse to all writers who describe the years of child-

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[38] See note 3 of Part II.

hood in their works. (Copperfield.) And then about how ~~to flog~~ I'd flog them, those orphans.

I bought a rose for that little girl, Arinochka, when she was lying in her coffin, and put it into her little hands.

She didn't cost me even as much as 25 rubles. I returned this money from the money I got from Versilov; he had sent me 30 rubles [at the time] for my trip from Moscow.

It was my idea to become a Rothschild. I am asking the reader to remain serious.

The Youth is stunned by Kraft's death, when he is eavesdropping at Tatiana Ivanovna's. He let "the spy" go, but when Kraft was mentioned, he came out: "Is it true that Kraft has shot himself?" She is puzzled. "I am going to return the document to you." Runs off. Later, having learned that the letter concerning the inheritance had been produced by the Youth, the Princess falls to thinking: "Could it be that he has got the document also?" (Maria Ivanovna.)

[*My own idea.*] What I needed wasn't money; what I needed was property.

I <had to be> in the forefront everywhere, first everywhere.

In the 1st chapter of the first half of part two.

Do not forget that, having arrived from Moscow and entering the house, he meets his mother rather coolly. That "I cried, and cried" of his childhood years has become effaced.

In my dreams everything goes marvellously and under great power, so long as I remain alone. But the moment I get rich, and get married, or return to my father, i.e., the moment I am back among people, I somehow become weak and confused, because there, quite naturally, I lost my superiority. I found myself in the general rut and, consequently, immediately met people who were superior to me in beauty, wit, talent, wealth, and physical strength, whereas I couldn't imagine myself being anything but first.

My own idea.

I started trying to have just a piece of bread for my meals, to wear my clothes for three years, shoes—difficult, bad as our pavements are, a brush! How happy I was in those days of privation and a hermit-like existence! Though my idea hadn't as yet started <to be transformed into action>, and wasn't going to start for a long time yet, I still wanted to try it out, I was dying to try it out.

This was my poem on independence. Why then, that Akhmakov woman, why the document, why did I want to save Versilov from his enemies—by doing all this, I was only betraying my idea.

... [Besides,] there wasn't a chance to learn the banking business [before finishing] <illegible> Besides, it isn't necessary, I'll start by <working> right in ~~the street~~ the street, ~~and~~ and one can learn how to work the streets only from experience. Having a corner to sleep in, a few kopeks for food, and 100 rubles operating capital—no, that way I couldn't fail. And as for high finance, there would be time to learn it in between.

There is nothing immoral about it, I am no crook and no ~~thief~~ thief. And besides, everything is in my own hands, etc.

I do realize that, having become a Rothschild, I have excluded myself from society, no matter how much I might be giving to hospitals and institutions.

People are not nearly so fine as to justify doing something for them. Why don't they, on their own part, approach me directly and openly? I am a grateful creature—I would become sincere myself right away, and would begin to love them; yet each time this happened to me, I immediately found that I had been mistaken. But they went on to cheat me right away, and <thus> immediately shut me up again. Only Lambert, who beat me more than anyone else, was always sincere with me ~~though for~~.

Introduction. The 19th day. Various people and I. At Kraft's. "My own idea."

Most important. When he is spending the night at Vasin's he explains a part of the essence of his idea to him (Sancho Panza).[39] Vasin responds from the socialist point of view. He counters with bitterness. Suddenly he gets up:

"Vasin, I can't stay here, I've come here by mistake, we are two different bodies (our differences are not limited to ideas)."

Vasin makes his bed for him.

"Are you really going along with these muddle-headed people?" (Dergachev).

Vasin replies by <expounding his theory of> *The Machine*. At this point, about Liza and the Prince. A hint. And suddenly, the poisoning.

[Here] On the second day thereafter, when the Youth breaks with Versilov in connection with the-girl-and-the-letter, he hands him the letter telling him that Kraft, who had shot himself the day before,

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[39] Sancho Panza's dream that he would become the ruler of a Baltic island bears some resemblance to the Youth's fervent belief that he will become wealthy.

had given him that letter three hours before he shot himself. The thought immediately occurs to Versilov: couldn't he have also handed him that most important document, the one which concerns the Princess? *Versilov's visit to him on the following day* is later ascribed by the Youth to that very circumstance, namely that Kraft might have handed him that document.

At the tavern, Touchard simply <. . .>

To keep me separate from the Counts and Princes Touchard actually considered to be his sacred duty.

I cannot understand how a person could not be moved by a boy who was eager to kiss his hands, and I was eager to kiss his hands.

I had a feeling of surprise and cheerful forgiveness. I was not as yet familiar with shame. I would have liked to say: "Of course this is so, and we shall be playing together happily again, just as we did then."

It was Lambert who explained to me what a "son-of-a-whore" was.

Still during my period of innocence—run away.

After my mother had left he pinched my cheek.

I was dreaming all the time that one day, suddenly, somebody would come and take me away.

I don't want <to make any "David> Copperfield<" out of this>.

"I'd be flogging <them>."

But I only want to tell about my idea.

Now that I am advancing deeper into my novel, I want to tell about my idea.

The finale. Leave it. Mother's eyes, holding the door handle.

[Here] My own idea—the way I saw it at the time.

This man is, [maybe,] himself, a Moscow gossip, just in a little bit different form.

He is an unworthy person, break outright. What good is it, to that Akhmakov woman, the devil take him, <I'm withdrawing> [into my own idea.]

He: "I'm beginning to think that everything that bears the imprint of common sense in this country is designated by the general term of 'Slavophilism.' "

BECAUSE WOMAN IS A GREAT POWER.

THE YOUTH IS FASCINATED BY THE LEGEND OF "ALEXIS, MAN OF GOD," WHICH HE HAS NEVER HEARD BEFORE.

[February] "I'm not too venerable as yet," says the old Prince.

He: "One must learn how to love people. In Russia, no one has ever made a strong effort to cultivate himself. Without a conscious effort there won't be any love, if there hasn't been any in the first

place. Nobody is born a ready-made person. It is only natural that you have no respect for people. It is very difficult to love them."

It is He who talks about socialism.

People must be treated without respect.

Vasin, about his group: "Yes, they are moved by a live force. They are needed to give uninterrupted proof of the fact that there is real life (force) away from the center. Let them be weak, and insignificant; yet they are needed (necessary) for the continuity of their example. They never stop and they never run dry. ~~And later~~ Don't be disturbed by their insignificance: later, when we get to the real thing, both wisdom and knowledge will make their appearance. These are only the vanguard of the crusaders, all of whom perished, too, and before they ever got as far as Asia, and it is said that they perished disgracefully, wretchedly. [The law of the demand of live force is apparently the same everywhere."]

"Look how successful the Shtundists are,[40] yet doesn't it appear to you that they stand for something that is quite contrary to the Russian national spirit?"

November 25.

The rude and insolent tone which the Youth displays in the early part of his notes must ~~be~~ change in the last few parts. "It wasn't in vain that I sat down to write this; I have seen my spirit brighten, and presently I feel things more vividly and more truthfully..." Warmth, and an admission to his father. An admission that he loves the Princess: "If I should ever manage that she might hear of me." By what means and how could this be done?

These are the concluding words of the novel. "Forgive them (such simple-heartedness). Fooled me. Forgive me that I am talking about myself all the time. I'm not going to plant a tree. Oh yes, I forgot."

We haven't got any men of action. There's no one around who can get things done.

"~~I~~ Best of all, leave everything as it is, and withdraw to your own place."*

"Where to? To America?"

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* *Uiti k sebe* is ambiguous, meaning, literally, "to go away to oneself," but normally simply "to go home, to go to one's own place."

[40] A sect that had its origin in the south of Russia in the 1870's. The Shtundists denied the dogmas of the Orthodox Church and believed in the efficacy of individual prayer.

"That would mean to go see someone else, wouldn't it? To my own place, simply to my own place!"

"Have you got such a place?"

"Oh yes."

ABOUT THE DOCUMENT.

I replied nothing to Kraft's words. This was a complete secret.

The Youth did not believe Kraft's story.

"But if this document does exist?"

"It exists, right here in this room."

"~~But how could that be?~~ Really? Then what should I do?"

"Do as you please; I'll be glad."

"Have you seen the document?"

I submitted, for the time being.

Oh, for a tree again, and like everyone else.

As I have already mentioned—eleven years; and this was the stimulus.

I would like to present a few traits from my biography, just a few traits.

[Here, November 26] I hate the biography of <David> Copperfield, but I want to put down in writing, at long last, my idea, which could not be understood without the circumstances under which it was conceived. I wouldn't understand it myself, though everything about it is so simple. I think, when Columbus—I'm not in the least comparing myself to Columbus, really, it would be embarrassing to me if people thought so. <I was drawing> this comparison because there isn't any. I was merely talking about simple ideas. Nothing is more difficult than to understand a simple idea. The simplest one; the simpler, the more difficult.

Until he was transferred, as far as I am informed, by one of the newly appointed Ministers <. . . >

My heart, too, was breaking, to say good-bye to Versilov. But my mother's tear <. . .>

I was thinking very hard.

I was waiting constantly for somebody to come and take me away. And there, a certain event took place the meaning of which I later made clear to myself.

Eh, do they really think that I <am telling this> to stir their pity? No, much rather I shall, as I am advancing deeper into my novel, give an account of my idea.

It was night already, past seven o'clock. As I approached the house, I remembered that ~~still the other day~~ the Princess had arrived from

Moscow. I decided not to go to Vasin's. Part now. Why go and make inquiries with that Akhmakov woman, I had thought when still in Moscow. The letter is sewn into <my jacket>, but... I'll quit everything. I'm not going to Vasin's. When I touched the door handle I strongly wished that Versilov might not be in. Well, and what could I expect from Kraft, what new information could there be? Now, as I am about to embark upon my Petersburg adventure, I'd better tell you about my idea. Besides, it will be easier to tell the story.

An official record.

Touchard. Frighten the child; I have many perverted fancies.

Who was sending him money to pay for me? I didn't dare to ask any such question.

I became a lackey.

There was a bookcase full of books.

However, I am not describing my childhood here. That time, as I had left Kraft, I was carried away by my memories.

I entered a tavern. I sat down and fell to thinking. Eh, I'll tell you about my idea!

"Even without it, we're being fed well here."

Hadn't seen <her?> in 5 years. *Alone.*

"Are you angry?"—making a timid advance.

She became embarrassed and stole a glance.

"Are you really ashamed of me?"

I remained silent.

My Lord! She kissed my head.

She began crossing herself, facing the church.

"Stop it, they may see it," I said.

"Are you really ashamed of me?"

I said nothing.

I can see him as if he were here now, in the flower of his prime, handsome. *"Il faut le rosser."*[41]

And this is all. This is the only appearance of this man in the course of my entire childhood; this is how often I saw him. But then, a certain event took place.

If he'd shown up now, I'd have stood in a corner and tried not to take any notice of him until he'd stepped up to me himself. Then, then too, I'd not have started to cry and to complain, but instead, I'd have started to laugh most ingenuously, as if we had parted only the day before. To be sure, I would have been cool, or so it would have

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[41] French: "You have to beat him."

appeared—cheerful, but cool. I'd be talking wittily, of course, but about trifles only, and I'd not be bringing up any subject myself, but would merely be answering his questions. And only later he would have gotten the idea: "Ah, for goodness' sake, what have I done!" All this I was dreaming up, dreaming up, dreaming up.

He was short of stature, an insufferable boaster and braggart.

When Touchard died of a stroke, Tatiana Pavlovna suddenly appeared out of nowhere and relocated me with Nikolai Semenovich, under whose tutelage I began to attend high school—where, in the beginning, I used to beat the smaller boys myself. There, things went differently.

"All right, so I am a lackey, ~~all right~~." That is to say, I wasn't agreeing with it at all, but was doing it out of spite only: "There you are, I can be a lackey, too." Incidentally, it is unlikely that I could really understand what I was trying to say. This was just a feeling, but it was growing all the time, growing and accumulating.

It was a fateful moment. I had to make up my mind, finally. "All right, can you make up your mind, or can't you? What is it, what is it that you feel sorry for? Or are you afraid to go out into this dark night?"

He had been slandered and disgraced; all these wretched people weren't worth the sole of his foot.

The thought that I'd be at his side, that we'd be walking along hand in hand, and, most recently, the thought that I'd be coming there to defend him.

And so this is the man for whom my heart had so long been beating.

Ate at a tavern.

It is a long way from the Petersburg side to Semenovsky Barracks. I just kept walking, lost in thought, without paying any attention to the way. I had also forgotten that I hadn't eaten. I entered a tavern and sat down by the window.

He flashed by me 10 years ago.

By the way, here is his official record.

Having finished with Touchard (would flog orphans).

I made my way to <his> study and saw <him> in front of a mirror.

I can't stand talking about <my> childhood—I'd better tell you about my idea, ~~embarking about my novel~~ as I'm embarking upon my Petersburg adventure.*

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* *Peterburgsky roman*. Could also be "my Petersburg novel."

Eh, here I'd better tell you about my idea.

I was not bothered by the fact that I had not finished. (See.)

I liked none <of> those who were ahead of me in school, I didn't even like Vasin, and I even disliked Kraft a bit, for his having steered me to the door the other day. ~~Strange, though I did know that he~~

An idea.

A small child.

In brief, what ~~about him~~ do I care about him, the document ~~is on my person~~ is sewn into my pocket.

To be sure, I did want to find out about my father from her, that's right, just go there and find out, but there was something about that document, something that reminded me of an island in the Baltic Sea—Ungern[42]—something that filled me with an irresistible longing. I smiled sadly at this stupidity of mine. I couldn't remain a daydreaming ass forever!

No, not 20 nor 5, but rather, he wants—and why shouldn't he want —to be a man of property, and if this is indeed so he is unlikely to be capable of stubborn saving.

Not so very eager to become a beggar, if that were absolutely necessary, and certainly he would not resist the temptation to eat a piece of bread, or to give a piece of bread to someone else.

I got the idea to run away. Oh, how my heart was beating when the sun set!

Run away, but not to him.

This simple line of thought dawned upon me when I was still 17; there, perhaps, rests my whole tale.

As briefly as possible. Show your conciseness in the Touchard episode.

Directly and simply: He flashed by and fascinated <me> by his theatrical *"il faut le rosser."*[43] But aloud, a different reminiscence, ~~a long way to the tavern, sunset.~~ Unfolding the roll <of memories>, all about Touchard and my "lackeyism."*

I wasn't beaten.

I'd be beating them.

Copperfield.

I entered a tavern, sunset, ~~mother and dinners~~ and sat down to

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* *Lakeizm,* as much of a neologism in Russian as "lackeyism" is in English.

[42] See note 3 of Part II.

[43] French: "You have to beat him."

think. I was perturbed... ~~No~~—crushed and blown to bits, like that canary, into a hundred little feathers.

I don't want to develop my thought (my idea).

Illegitimate.

Used to stand aside.

I don't like either Vasin or Kraft.

He took <over> all of my thoughts, but my dreams were somehow revengeful. Dreams about <becoming> a farmer, etc. <Then,> came my own idea.

As I embark upon my novel, in the course of which I actually did get to know this man, and perhaps myself as well, I want to tell you about my idea.

November 26.

In the latter part of part one introduce the sister, and an encounter with the young Prince.

(If necessary, even Lambert.)

In the 1st chapter of part one, the Youth gets angry at his mother for having told <him> about the money. The chapter is based entirely on this <circumstance>.

Upstairs, he does not become reconciled to him; they part enemies.

2d chapter. Howéver, I did not deliver Kraft's letter.

At Vasin's, new and final variant.

At first, the Youth *is seeking to elicit* from him, whom he knows to be a socialist, some information concerning the weak points of <his> idea; but later, since their opinions differ so much, he would like to leave. He stays and tells him about the things he loves, as well as about his daydreams (one can "live by romances, like that timid farmer," Ungern).[44]*

But after the turmoil in connection with the girl who had hanged herself, he begs his forgiveness.

The night before, at Versilov's, he tells his mother about Touchard and everything. ("I disgraced you.") And announces that he is leaving. He comes upstairs. Conversation about <his> father.

"I don't love you. Go away. I've always been dreaming of how you would come. Of how I would run away." He: "This is terribly serious." "No, this is nonsense—but then, that story about how I became a lackey is more serious. A lackey." Then about my mother, then

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* Ungrammatical in the original.

[44] See note 3 of Part II.

upstairs, to Versilov, in vain, illegitimacy. "Go away, I do not love you," etc.

"In the main, this is the cheapest trash that could possibly exist," he says about Dergachev's group, but only *toward the end.*

"Oh, we have here a lot of people," says Vasin, "who are quite crude and who have no convictions whatsoever, and who are merely exploiting our ardent and pure youth for financial profit—in literature for example; yet all this is useful and therefore to the good."

Occasionally, the young Prince would exclaim: "Oh, how uneducated I am!"

He is frankly convinced that the independence of Russia as a nation, and of each Russian as an individual, is quite impossible, and that this is a proved fact.

Vasin's weakness is to think of himself as a statesman and administrator; he has become a captive of glory, which he ostensibly detests.

He is the personification of a broken-down feeling of absolute humility, based upon constant intoxication with his own superiority.

Once, at sunset, Liza and the Youth, in an inspired state of mind: "Let us swear that we shall always be kind and good." Locked in an embrace. "Well, good-bye, good-bye. Did you want to say something else? All right, leave it to yourself, and Christ be with you."

A Trait. Never present him other than in words which carry a deep irony.

"You can't live without accepting any ~~responsibility~~ responsibility," says the Prince.

He. He gives his opinion on contemporary literature—that the types created by it are rather crude; Chatsky, Pechorin, Oblomov,[45] etc. Many fine nuances have passed unnoticed. There was too little understanding.

When the Youth has been accused of theft, He straightens out the matter, i.e., really brings back the news that the real thief has been apprehended, but the Youth embraces him impetuously and fervently thanks him, as if he were his savior.

A shabby little fellow had stolen the money, then had quarreled with his partner, who then turned him in on the following day.

But when the young Prince apologizes (with reserve) to the Youth

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[45] Chatsky is one of the protagonists of Griboedov's *Woe from Wit* (1822–25); Pechorin is the hero of Lermontov's *The Hero of Our Time* (1840); and Oblomov is the hero of Goncharov's novel of the same name (1859).

for having, himself, suspected him, the Youth replies: "No, I won't forgive you," And says that, actually, he *is not* glad the thief has been found, and that he wouldn't have cared if they had kept him in suspicion.

SHOULDN'T WE LET THE YOUTH'S LANDLORD HAVE A LITTLE BOY? THE LITTLE BOY AND VERSILOV.

In his last showdown with the Youth, at the end of part one, Versilov discusses that slap in the face in connection with the subject of *mice*. "I have become ashamed of my challenge of yesterday," he said ~~as~~.

During their last showdown, the Youth to Versilov: "Would you believe that I have had to regret a thousand times that I am not vindictive?—sometimes it is so annoying to be kind." (Just as it is to keep running after somebody.)

The Youth at Tatiana Pavlovna's, eavesdropping.

"Why have you been eavesdropping?"

"I'll show you, 'eavesdropping!' "

Tatiana Pavlovna, to him: "What document? what letter?"

He, to the Princess: "You shameless woman, you!"

"You are all without shame, men and women alike!"

Vasin to the Youth about Versilov, after the latter has refused to accept the money: "Such things aren't done to show off, but rather they conform to something basic, something inward."

"No, Vasin, you are wrong."

The Youth at Vasin's about Kolosov,[46] a characterization, "if they're crooks," etc. Asked about Dergachev.

December 7.

He. He has a high ideal of beauty; the chains <worn by ascetics as an act of penance> needed in his feat are easy to come by, for <His> ideal is humility, and all humility is based on pride. In agreement with the Youth's "idea." For example, the most shameful and the most terrible memories mean *nothing* to Him, nor do they cause Him any feeling of remorse, because He has got "His own idea," i.e., an ideal. It is an impure ideal. Self-deification. People are, for Him, no more than mice. (The character of the Princess is of the essence):

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[46] The real-life prototype of Stebelkov. He was convicted, along with others, of counterfeiting shares for the Tambovsko-Kozlovsky railway. Dostoevsky followed his trial in 1874 very closely, and many of the real-life characteristics of Kolosov are preserved in the portrait of Stebelkov.

<He> undertakes terrible feats, of a kind that frequently goes beyond the common sense of practical life. On one occasion He makes a full confession before the Youth. And all in all, He casts his spell upon the Youth who, lonely as He is, ~~and all~~ keeps breaking with Him, only to make up and become friends again (i.e., according to how much he is disenchanted or fascinated by Him). No disgraceful fall would ever stop Him: time and again He would get new comfort and new hope from the idea that, in spite of everything, people were still as good as mice, so that tomorrow He would again stand above everybody. This last fall shocks Him deeply. This woman is killing Him. If He had not gone out of his mind, He would have shot himself. [A born gossip.]

The Landlord with his theory that woman is a *carnal* creature.*

A dreamer.

The wife who is going to be fried.

And the high school student who makes three attempts to shoot himself.

And the young Prince.—All still in part one, find a place for him.

A visit by the old Prince

At Vitia's regarding a challenge to the young Prince.

Something about his sister.

Give an outline of the characters of the young Prince and of Vasin.

The young Prince is a fop, disorganized, the last of his family and a degenerate; a spendthrift and a gambler; secretly, a coward. At times sincere, at other moments he turns up his nose in the vilest fashion. "I can't behave when I lose." Shoot himself. Exalted and sincere dreams. About the essence of being a nobleman, and a nobleman's calling, also about how he is going to marry Liza. Scenes with Liza during one of which the Youth is present, allowing this to happen. In the beginning he gives the Youth some money, but when the latter loses it gambling and asks for more, he quarrels with him. When some money has disappeared from the gaming table, he shamefully *deserts* the Youth. Back home he tells him to his face that he has been *selling* his sister to him. Dreams about starting his own roulette; in a word, all kinds of contradictions simultaneously. Fragments of thoughts and emotions, a quickness of wit and of understanding, as well as a lack of character. He does, however, spare Liza. The old Prince at

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* *Sushchestvo miasistoe,* literally, "a fleshy creature."

one time had the idea of getting him married to Anna Versilov, but things took a different turn (N.B. Anna comes to find out from Versilov if he is in love with the Akhmakov woman). The young Prince alternately brags that the Akhmakov woman is in love with him and is afraid of her. He had been expelled from his regiment and was living in Luga, under terrible conditions. Vasin knows him. The Akhmakov woman patronizes him and would like to save him, unfortunate man that he is, but she does not love him. Interested in Liza. ("Bear it!") The Prince perishes together with Lambert. (Everything more concisely.)

Vasin and the Princess are both needed. The Princess *loves* Versilov. Vasin, who has such a strong mind, is stupidly caught as the author of a proclamation.

A detailed plan.

But in the first part there can't be any particular delay.

December 12/13.

[February] New program of characters, December 13/14.

The young Prince is a somber creature, almost narrow-minded (?), always sincere, proud, short-tempered, in whom high society has awakened a sense of indignation and ambition (he and the Youth are of a kind, which is why they become friends), unbearably proud, pure in his intentions and in his ideals.

He loses <at cards> on account of his pride, quits in anger, and sends the Youth to hell (though he later receives proof of the latter's innocence). He has a terrible temper, picks fights ("an outrage"), but in his narrow-minded way is pure and firm. For example, he admits that he is uneducated, yet at the same time he is immeasurably proud of his noble birth.

[Liza alone can mollify him.]

He had fallen in love with Liza by accident, in Luga, where he was then living after having been injustly cashiered from his regiment. She is the sunshine of his life, and only in her presence does he have a feeling of light and of peace. Having met her in Petersburg by accident, he takes possession of her. Initially he had no intention of marrying her, but after those gambling losses, and seeing that he was going down the drain,* he decided to do the honorable thing. Liza awakens even more feelings in him. The General's widow is in love

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* *Ogovnialsia,* literally, "turning to shit."

with him, and they are practically engaged. He turns down the General's widow. Finally, he decides that he can't be without Liza, marries her, transfers to the Army* and goes to Tashkent.

He ~~tells~~ prophesies to Liza that her husband is going to be her ruin.

A scene at her parents', her mother and Makar Ivanov, when the Prince comes to ask for their daughter's hand. [At first, Liza refuses, and ~~he~~ the Prince says farewell to her. ("Bear it!") But suddenly the Prince comes back and takes her with him.]

N.B. At first, *He,* who has cast quite a spell on the Prince, makes the latter jealous of the Youth, who, in turn, is the object of the Princess's advances, and the Youth knows why, but the Prince chases them all away. ~~The Princess, in her turn, is enamored, to the last degree, of the young Prince. She feels insulted when he abandons her.~~

~~She is compassionate (a comic trait of her character). She married the General out of compassion, out of compassion <she loves> Him, and, finally, out of compassion, the Prince.~~

N.B. When the Prince arrives in Petersburg, he has already been "moved" by an urge for regeneration; the ferment is present in him. A new attempt to restore his name—it becomes repugnant to him. The WRONG way! And he takes Liza, *not to atone for his guilt,* but because "she is my sunshine." ~~CHRIST~~

A somber and hypochondriac person, at one time he wanted to become a monk. ?(*C'est le mal qui anoblit*)?[47]

A perennial, hidden anger at the outrages and established ways of the world, as well as at his own. He starts changing this by <beginning to change> himself. "Then I shall be a true Prince."

IN OUR society there exists a thirst for regeneration, for new and righteous ways, and for resurrection, something that K——v has failed to observe. "This is enthusiasm," says He; "They even reject God religiously."

He says this to the young Prince and to the Youth, while placing himself (inside) magnificently above all this. But in a direct sense, a thirst for regeneration.

This is the idea of the novel.

"Cher," He *finally* says to the Youth, "this whole idea of yours is: 'I am retiring to the desert.' "

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* *Armiia,* "Army," here in juxtaposition to *gvardiia,* "the Guards."

[47] French: "It is misfortune that ennobles one."

"I would like to change many things in the early portion of my manuscript," writes the Youth.

A spirit of regeneration, of searching for the right way...

[An idea.] The Princess is cheerful in a graceful way, and outwardly frivolous. She likes a good joke. She can be passionately bewitching. The Prince finds that she lacks seriousness; but she is uncommonly clever and can see right through Him.

~~The Youth~~ is passionately enthralled by her graceful image. He is in love with her, but makes himself believe that he hates her.

The Youth He The novel ends, and the reader can see that he is in love and wounded, and that he escapes into ~~daydreaming~~ his idea out of spite.

The Youth's finale.

The dream to distinguish himself somehow, so she would hear about it ~~and~~, and, angry at himself for this dream, he escapes into his "idea," about which he is having awful doubts. For the time being, however, he takes a job so that he may support his father.

It is necessary that the Princess make fun of him throughout the entire novel, most gracefully so, but it makes him angry. But later she begins to despise him. This makes him even more bitter.

"This was such a dark moment in my life," says the Princess to Tatiana Pavlovna, "I am not afraid to lose the money, but I'm afraid to lose his respect", i.e., her father's, the old Prince's.

December 14.

THE NEWEST.

An idea.

The Princess has an important suitor, so that the young Prince, whom He has made believe that he might have a chance, is making a fool of himself.

The young Prince, who has been carrying on disgracefully, definitely marries Liza.

The Princess has had a rendezvous with the Youth.

He suspects that the Youth may have the document. He is jealous of him, and also makes him jealous of the young Prince (or just so he detests him).

The Youth is disgraced, since he is suspected of theft: ~~this idea~~ The suspicion must be growing stronger (for a month or so).

The Princess and everybody else all sever all relations with him, as the Youth withdraws into his corner (his flat—details).

Meanwhile the young Prince was greatly impressed by Makar Ivanov. (He met Liza at Vasin's.)

He proposes marriage to the Princess (a scandal).

The important suitor summons Him and threatens him, telling him not to make any more slanderous statements affecting the Princess.

Vasin is arrested, and He is also arrested.

The Youth gets quite mad at Him.

Catching the Princess, together with Lambert.

Meanwhile the old Prince is practically in open rebellion. He is at the Youth's flat, being afraid that his family will put him in ward.

He is released from custody.

The arson scene.

The old Prince dies and leaves everything to her.

He <lives on> as an idiot.

The Prince takes Liza with him.

The Princess marries the important personage. She keeps seeing the Youth, etc.

And all in all, He is corrupting the Youth. When the latter is in the Princess's good graces, He suspects that the Princess, by being kind to the Youth, is actually trying to establish a liaison with him; yet He is also jealous.

Later, when the Youth has fallen into disgrace, He is actually in contact with Lambert, after having found out the whereabouts of the document.

~~See in the old book~~ The young Prince is under Versilov's spell, but his pure heart allows him *to see through* Versilov's unhealthiness and impurity. He does not believe that the Princess is engaged in debauchery with the Youth, but he despises the Youth for his *foppishness*. [(In <the latter's> reports about the Princess),] he does not like him. The Prince *would rarely forgive anything at all.* He is a hypochondriac who feels oppressed by the world. At one time he wanted to become a monk. He fell in love with Liza because she brought light into his life. The idea of marrying her seems terrible to him. He seeks the Princess's advice (with whom he has a relationship resembling my own with E. P. while her husband was still alive).[48] But he, with

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[48] The initials stand for Elena Pavlovna Ivanova, Dostoevsky's sister-in-law (the sister of the husband of Dostoevsky's sister Vera Mikhaylovna). Dostoevsky's relations with her were friendly, and it was thought at the time her ailing husband died that Dostoevsky would marry her. She bears some characteristics of Anna Akhmakova and may be considered a life prototype of her.

comical seriousness, assumed that this was true; and suddenly the Princess tells him that she is going to marry Lanskoi. He is glad; a little hurt. He is sad that the Princess is so frivolous on the surface, but he knows that she is clever and admires her very much. He discusses Him with her quite openly, and receives some strange comments. He is completely overwhelmed by Makar Ivanov. A need for regeneration and renewal. He takes Liza and leaves with her.

In the beginning there is something like a liaison between the Youth and the Princess, that is, when he used to be with the old Prince every day. Their conversations. The Youth would threaten her with the document, *letting her know*. She would allow herself to be amused by him, just for fun. Princess Kitty's gracefulness. Later she contemptuously abandons the Youth.

[This is necessary] Her scenes with Him. She is the only person who completely understands Him.

He is a gossip. He corrupts the Youth and incites him against her.

Vasin—a desire to become a Field Marshal. At the time of his arrest the Youth is with Lambert. He learns from Lambert that He had the idea to rape the Princess, together with Lambert, and that he had praised <. . .>

The Youth, who had had the very same idea, is indignant at Him: "How did He dare to want the same thing?"

In the meantime, the Prince refuses to take Liza's innocence, though she offers herself to him. A scene of struggle.

Do not leave the Youth out of sight for a single moment. The Youth is *the hero*. Make his personality more attractive.

It is absolutely necessary that the Youth, while seeing the Princess almost daily for a whole *month*, fall deeply in love with her, and that he tell her everything, including the story of his past... Later, the Princess hurts him deeply by making fun of him.

EXPRESSIONS.

The novel: *Disorganized forces.*

[February] "Resting, so-to-speak, with my own capital."

"Exceptions, if repeated time and again, eventually become the general rule."

"I want to learn all about this high society" (so he hires a dancing instructor.)

The young man on the train (an animal) takes out his money and counts it, while the Fool is looking on: "Money?" [ABOUT.] The other man answers: "Money."

This stinking soul.

"A youth grown old, a toothless youth."

"So what, I have enemies! That's why I'm talking (that's why I've started talking), so I would make some enemies."

"To shut oneself in, to snort, and to take out one's own insignificance on others (that's it, that's it, clever, very clever)."

At Vasin's.

"There is a good deal of ~~proud~~ some sort of a proud challenge in your present fit of sincerity" (about Ungern).[49]

"And you are a Field Marshal. I am sincere because I am breaking with everybody as of tomorrow."

[At Vasin's, the Youth discusses the scene at Dergachev's place: "The more so, since I was absolutely right."]

Belle idée! N.B. Versilov had come to see him solely because he thought that the Youth might have the document. His lie had been a sly maneuver—would the facial expression of the Youth change, or would his behavior?

The young Prince says: "The plain people are given to frightful depravity, they care for nothing but themselves and debauchery—bestial, terrible debauchery; they are given to it without regrets, given to it consciously. Given to it irretrievably. Ours are terrible times." (This he tells Liza.)

But to emerge from a woman's bedchamber appeared as something so monstrous to me (in Tatiana Pavlovna's bedroom, while the Princess was there) <. . .>

Liza: "Mother said: Think about the thing I wouldn't dare to beg of you."

Versilov about Vasin: "Yes... he is a decent fellow."

"Is that really all?" (I would have died if somebody had said that of me.)

"No, that's all."

Vasin: "Have you ever had command of a Russian army?"

"Been down on <my> knees in the Senate."

"Or, when like a shyster lawyer he ~~is going to~~ is going to get rude with me."

He went to see Vitia, on account of the duel.

"Why, you're too little for that."

"Of course I am."

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[49] See note 3 of Part II.

["You're growing." "No, you'll grow some yet." "You are tall and such a puffy one."

"No, I won't go, I'm afraid they'll kick me out."

"So you're afraid."

"I sure am."

"He'll tell his lackey to kick me out. What am I going to do then?"

"How dare he kick out a second?"

"Come on, I'm still a boy, how could I be his equal?"]

And here a scene took place which had so much real-life truth in it that it was positively repugnant.

"I am already nineteen, I have my rights as a citizen."

"Still you are too little."

"It's a full year since I am allowed to get married."

"Go ahead and get married, you'll still be a green kid."*

Sullen and serious, like a caged bird that has ruffled up its feathers, and to top it—a mocking expression. People who haven't the right to display a mocking expression and who don't know it are revolting.

Belinsky was a precocious man, and nothing more.

During the final showdown: "My friend, I've come to get reconciled to you. I knew that you wanted to come and see me yourself, wanted to do it all day, but I also knew that your pride overcame your generosity, and so I have come myself."

When Versilov has returned the fortune, the Youth is gravely affected by the circumstance that Versilov had, for a whole month, heartlessly displayed before him nothing but his bad, foppish traits, never thinking of deigning to show his deeper features as well. "A careless and indifferent attitude toward my opinion. Can it be true that I was such a stranger, and so unimportant, to him?" N.B. The Youth states this in his conversation with Versilov.

Finale of part one. He was doing it because, in his scheming and far-seeing mind, he was suspecting that I might possibly have that other document as well. For my part, I suspected nothing of the kind for the time being (it became clear to me later).

In the morning, after <the episode of> Versilov and the girl who hanged herself, Vasin asks, having explained the matter involving the return of the money to the Prince, as well as the Prince himself (a hussar, etc.): "Are you very close to your sister?" That same morning,

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* *Shibzdik,* a word which I don't find in the dictionaries, but the meaning is obvious from the context.

the Youth meets Liza, talks ("a ray of sunshine") about Luga, and suddenly about Vasin: "Why did Vasin get to talking about you immediately after he'd been discussing the Prince?" (The Prince had been in Luga also.) And it is at this point that Liza says: "Let us always be wonderful people, let us always be honest, let us always remember this morning." Etc.

Finale. "People are ~~mice~~ mice..."

"Perhaps now you're going to change your opinion, but now we're together, together; you never had a friend before."

Vasin's action irked me.

Having learned that Versilov was innocent, the Youth is delighted, rents a flat and fixes up his room. (Not telling the reader that Versilov is going to visit him.)

Finale. *Versilov:* "I've come to make up with you," etc.

The Youth: "I've been waiting for you."

Versilov: "Thank you for having waited."

His CHARACTER (in the final version).

In order to gain possession of the document and to take advantage of the Youth, he unmercifully lures him into debauchery and moral degradation. He takes advantage of his love for the Princess; he takes advantage of his thirst for a conflagration, his vanity—which he kindles into a terrible flame—his vices, and his pride. Having sensed a superior nature in him, he would, occasionally but casually, throw him a crumb of some superior thought (socialism, Christianity). However, this deceit, this coaxing the document out of him, all this does not proceed in any Jesuitical or systematic manner, for His very intentions are undefined.

First, He does not know himself what he wants to do with the Princess, and therefore, much to the Youth's surprise, he would suddenly become very casual with him, antagonize <him with his?> cynicism, as if he had lost sight of <the> goal, and all in all, begin to pursue *his own goal* in the novel, and <then again?> cast it <off?> *convulsively* many a time.* At times he would say flattering things about the Youth's "idea" of <becoming a> Rothschild and proud solitude, then again he would suddenly speak of it with casual skepticism, and <treat> the Youth's soul with cynicism. In spite of his self-adulation, he is restless, for he is often dissatisfied with himself. He wants the feats of a superior man, he wants chains and sacrifices, but his *attitude*

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* Ungrammatical and very unclear in the original.

*of considering people as being no better than mice** as well as his pride justify Him to His own conscience every time. It is impossible to love people. The idea that he may be in love with the Princess is humiliating to Him, [and eventually leads to his ruin.] His restlessness makes him a gossip. He has failed to gain a real insight into Vasin's soul, for he sees in him nothing but a narrow-minded Field-Marshal. Furthermore, he cannot exist without a circle of admirers, starting with poor Sofia. He likes to be adored even in the most petty ways and would be unhappy in a trivial way even if a Tatiana Pavlovna turned away from Him; yet it would never make him lose heart. A passion for the Princess. This is what he has to say about Vasin's stepfather: "A scoundrel, a liberal of the 1850's (Kolosov),[50] then there's Lambert, still less complicated, finally, the Youth—and there you have all the types of this generation." But his love for the hunchbacked child of the Youth's landlord and his relationship with ~~the young girl, when the young girl~~ Kolosov's wife, [or with the girl whom Kolosov wants to marry] whom the latter had sold to be the kept woman of the Aide-de-Camp's father, are strange phenomena about His character. He watches the Prince and Liza skeptically.

[Vasin is a little Field-Marshal. Lambert and Kolosov had been forging stock certificates together, and Lambert had demanded his share, whereupon Kolosov denounced Dergachev to the police.]

Makar Ivanov is an Orthodox Christian, the highest contrast to Him.

N.B. Kolosov's wife, who loves Kolosov, but has been sold to the Aide-de-Camp's father and is seeking Vasin's protection.

(Couldn't it be Andrieux?)

Sketches of December 15.

The Princess is a depraved woman-of-the-world. *He* didn't "have" her even once; rather, she chased Him away. (Wanted to save <her>.) He also wanted to save that young girl. She sent the young Prince on his way having made sure that he had been unfaithful to her. Versilov strongly supported her in taking this step. Meanwhile the Prince became infatuated with the Princess. He left for Paris, not knowing that she was pregnant. Versilov offered to marry the young girl. The Princess was against that. Meanwhile no one was aware of the fact that she was pregnant. Suddenly the young girl dies in childbed (phos-

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* In the original, simply *myshinyi vzgliad,* "murine attitude."

[50] See note 46 of this section.

phoric matches). Versilov is being accused of having made her pregnant. Versilov *says nothing,* but he has a document and the child (i.e., the girl's letter).* The Prince can't have any doubts on that score. The Prince remains in bondage as the Princess's lover. He breaks with her, wanting to be honest. Versilov attacks him vehemently. Having learned the secret of the child from Versilov, and also how the Princess has deceived him, making him believe that Versilov was the young girl's lover—the Prince is quite beside himself, and in spite of the fact that he loves Liza he insults the Princess. The Aide-de-Camp. (The Aide-de-Camp is under <her> spell, but figures on her dowry.) The Aide-de-Camp knows about that compromising letter and wants to threaten Versilov so that He will hand it over.

Or. The Princess isn't guilty of anything at all. It is Versilov who has (out of sincere conviction, though the Princess thinks that it was with an ulterior motive) *made* the young girl *believe* that the Prince has been unfaithful to her with the Princess. The Princess had actually been opposed to Versilov's marrying the young girl, hoping that the Prince would marry her. But the Prince was chased away by the young girl, nor did he know that she was pregnant. He can never forgive Versilov that. Versilov, on the other hand, being fully convinced that the Prince has been and still is the Princess's lover, unveils the story of the child before him and tries to incite him against the Aide-de-Camp. The Prince can see Versilov's spiteful jealousy and despises him for it. But as if to make up for it, he fully succeeds in making the Youth believe every detail of this story, including that the Prince has always been her lover, and that he, Versilov, has always found her repulsive, for didn't He sever his friendship with her when he noticed that she was beginning to run after him? Then, the letter and the Aide-de-Camp just as before. He motivates <his actions with regard to> the young girl by his desire to save her.

However, after this story with Lidiia, the Prince's conscience kept bothering him, and even though he was courting ~~the daughter~~ the wife of Kolosov (~~having been~~ he was in Luga), etc., he finally took up the search for the child. Troubles in the service. Finally, having received the inheritance, he made an attempt to stifle his conscience by debauchery. It is at this point that Versilov shocks him (showing him the letter and the child) and turns him into the Princess's enemy.

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* *Dokument i rebenok,* "a document and the child," may be a hendiadys meaning "a document proving who the father of the child is."

? In the end, the Prince begins to realize that Versilov is jealous of him, thinking that he has had a liaison with the Princess. But Liza. He quits everything and leaves for Tashkent. He had completely submitted to Versilov's will.

[Think it over here] Kolosov knows about the child ~~and is convinced that it is Versilov's~~ that it is the Prince's, and that Versilov might get a large sum of money if he wanted. [But that he had a different scheme, that is, <to marry?> the Princess. That even if he got nowhere with the Princess himself, He could at least spoil things between her and the Prince, by letting <her> know about the child.]

But absolutely the time in the first scene.*

?Kolosov is one of the Princess's temporary advisors, during her stay in Germany, in the matter concerning putting <her> old man in ward. It was also he who delivered the letter to Andronikov.

Versilov had already proposed marriage to the Youth's mother when he suddenly, and on the eve of the wedding, asked for the Princess's hand.

N.B. The Prince would like to break with Versilov, but he won't dare, because he loves Liza, although to make up for it he kicks out the Youth.

The Youth, having been kicked out, gets together with Lambert to set a fire. After the fire, the Youth gets in touch with the Princess. She explains the truth to him, as does the Prince. It turns out that Versilov is out to save <her>. But it is quite clear to the Youth that he is in love. Then, on the eve of his wedding with his wife,** he proposes marriage to her, fully convinced that she is in love with Him. N.B. N.B. (Here, the dénouement requires something stronger than a fire.) (The old Prince goes out of his mind.)

Or thus:

The fire comes in the end. ~~But~~ And it is only the Youth who, in the course of the entire novel, has full faith in him and who has the <same> attitude regarding the depravity of this whole society, the Princess, the Prince, etc. Versilov *does not reject* him after he has disgraced himself but, on the contrary, takes him under his wing. *He* teaches him selflessness, contempt for people, and how to save others. The youth has the idea to disgrace the Princess. (They take the old Prince over to their place.) [?] The Youth becomes involved in all of

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* Incomplete and unclear in the original.

** Really Makar Ivanovich's widow.

his schemes. It is the Youth, and not He, who lets the Prince know that they want to put him in a lunatic asylum. Versilov also entrusts the child to the Youth, after it had been with the blind woman, Tatiana Pavlovna, who keeps repeating: "What a saintly man he is, Andrei Petrovich." The Youth finally decides that he is a saint. <Somebody> insults Versilov. The Aide-de-Camp. He is arrested for three days. All of which incites the Youth to take final action. WHAT IS MOST IMPORTANT, he is incensed by the fact that he had been feeling guilty of a crime against his father, having been at one time in love with the Princess, as a result of which she becomes doubly odious to him. Finally, Versilov comes back to marry <the Youth's> mother but at the decisive moment he chops up those icons and disappears. Then, he makes his last proposal to the Princess. THIS gives the Youth the idea that perhaps He loves the Princess. The Youth then decides to let Him have the document, and it is then that the catastrophe of the conflagration takes place.

"Forgive her!"

After the fire the Princess explains everything to the Youth.

He gets the Aide-de-Camp confused by letting him know about the Princess's liaison with the young Prince, and also that while she is running after him He, Versilov, has rejected her. The proposal to the Princess is made in scandalous fashion, which is why the Aide-de-Camp intercedes. <Her> father. He tells her father that she wants to put him in an insane asylum. The old Prince flees. The Aide-de-Camp, embarrassed by the scandal and by public opinion, demands an explanation from Him. Versilov says, in his explanation, that she has always been in love with Him, and that, by proposing to her, he merely wanted to rescue her from herself. (He also points out her immoral liaison with the young Prince.) Everything turns out to have been a lot of nonsense. The Aide-de-Camp could be reconciled to the Princess, except for the document. At the crucial moment, when the old Prince is in <their> hands and the document could accomplish everything (N.B. The Aide-de-Camp and the Princess return the old Prince from the Youth and Lambert's to his own home, thanks to Tatiana Pavlovna). It isn't the money the Aide-de-Camp needs; yet he understands, in particular, the fact that it might be dangerous to show the Prince the document in his present condition. It is at this juncture that the Youth shows Him the document. "Forgive her."

An idea: The Youth is constantly under His influence and is fanatically devoted to Him. Versilov, in the full meaning of that word, controls his ideal and gives it any direction he may choose; <at times> he would show him the edge of a new horizon.

Memento: The ideal. Field-Marshal General. Scandal-mongering at the flat of the Youth's landlord.

A romance—invent a romance between the Youth and the Princess, and how He saves her, everything invisibly and inaudibly.

December 24.

Vasin's ~~father~~ stepfather, someone like Kolosov, has launched some forged stock certificates (Lambert), a liberal of the 1850's, conceited and very sure of himself. A blockhead, respected by Vasin, even though the latter has been working as a clerk at his savings and loan association. A businessman, uncomplicated; to protect himself, he reports Lambert and his other associates to the police, for the forgery, as well as Dergachev <for political conspiracy>. He wants to marry the Aide-de-Camp's mistress for some money. With a capital of 50,000. He was once mixed up in some affair, had "suffered" (a month in prison), and drawn all possible advantages from it. On account of this, he has access to good society. He is making up to the Youth in order to use him for his own ends, etc.

December 25.

Kolosov, the editorial office. Vasin's stepfather, something like Zhemchuzhnikov, has the reputation of a capitalist, knows the old Prince through his business. At one time he toys with the idea of paying court to Anna Andreevna (meanwhile he is just an ephemeral fraud, and forges stock-certificates). However, Anna Andreevna sees through him and sends him on his way (he was expecting a dowry from the old Prince and was giving advice to Anna Andreevna) and, herself, makes the Prince marry <her?>.

But the old Prince, having heard of the document and about the threat of being taken to an insane asylum, flees to the Youth. At this point, Kolosov and Lambert demand that Anna Andreevna give them 50,000, for which they promise to arrange her wedding. Meanwhile, Kolosov is suddenly arrested (he had himself informed the police), and so forth (Vasin warns the Princess). (The young Prince *severs* all ties.)

Plot, January 13.

Lidiia is a madwoman. The Prince has made her pregnant, then regrets it, and, in very mean fashion, rejoices when Lidiia herself chases him away. Meanwhile he has started to run after the Akhmakov woman and, since she is off to Paris, he's off to Paris also. N.B. He is passionate, disorganized; yet, by that time, he has already experienced fits of an urge to become honest. In Paris, the Princess flirted some with him, but there was no liaison. Meanwhile, his conscience is starting to bother him. He makes a clean breast of it to the Princess.

She initially demands that he marry the girl, but then, how could he marry a madwoman? The Princess quickly returns to Ems, where everybody has gathered coming from ~~Italy~~ Switzerland. She finds the young girl still in love with Versilov. The Princess is opposed to a marriage to Versilov, writes a letter to the Prince, the latter having, however, suddenly become infatuated with Kolosov's wife. No answer. Finally, a date is set for the wedding, but Lidiia suddenly bears her baby two months prematurely and suddenly dies. The wedding with Versilov didn't come off because everything turned out differently than expected. The Prince returned; Versilov called him "a heel." The Prince challenged him. Versilov didn't want to fight a duel. The Prince slapped his face in public (disorder). Thereafter, the Prince was in Luga, with a female relative of his, at first, looking for <his> daughter, found Liza. Having returned his inheritance to him, Versilov challenged him to a duel, but then withdrew his challenge. Versilov became firmly convinced that the young Prince had been the Princess's lover (the young Prince was not aware of the pregnancy). He found out about it from the young girl's letter, shown him by Versilov, ~~Meanwhile the Princess is convinced that it was Versilov who made crazy Lidiia pregnant~~ only toward the end of the novel.

The romantic intrigue lies in the fact that the young girl had chased the Prince because Versilov had made her believe that the Prince had a liaison with the Princess.

But when the Princess, upon her return from Paris, insists on Lidiia's marrying the Prince (she also had been writing him to Paris), Versilov tells her, while Lidiia, the old Prince, and <her?> husband are present, that she has had a liaison with the Prince all along, which is also why she is carrying on this intrigue (the letters to Paris notwithstanding) to prevent the Prince from marrying Lidiia. Thereupon Lidiia dies unexpectedly, at a time when nobody had been able to reach any decision.

THE VERY LAST VARIANT. January 13/14.

The young Prince (disorder) has made Lidiia pregnant. But she is mad. He conceals it, which is possible, since Lidiia is fantastically deranged. He had her by accident, without love. However, he does not know that she is pregnant. But he does conceal the fact that he has had her. This is also what he tells the Youth, in all sincerity, in a few pages. And suddenly, for the first time in his life, he meets the Princess; they are all in Switzerland at the time, whereas the Princess just passed by en route to Paris. He immediately falls passionately in love. The Princess was accompanied by her father. He follows the Princess

and the old Prince to Paris. (N.B. Since that time, the old Prince takes a liking to him, and begins to need him.) Also there, the Princess, sensing her husband's imminent death, does some flirting with him. Finally, she falls in love. She understands that the old Prince will give her another dowry. (N.B. While still in Switzerland, she had been imprudent enough to write, together with Kolosov, that letter to Andronikov.) In her flirting with him, she drives him to a frenzy, but *does not submit to him.* In the meantime, Kolosov has returned from Russia. He <is?> a doctor, ~~Versilov~~ an obstetrician. Versilov was seeking his advice (it is also from him that he learned about the letter to Andronikov which, incidentally, was actually sent, in part, upon his own instigation). Versilov, ~~with K~~ through Kolosov, lets the Princess, who is now in Paris, know what kind of a person the young Prince is, and what he has done (all this, out of jealousy). In the meantime, in Paris, the young Prince, though he is very much in love, is also thinking of the young girl. He is thinking various somber thoughts, and is full of remorse. Suddenly, Kolosov arrives. The Princess learns everything, questions the young Prince, demands that he marry the girl, travels to Ems. From Ems, <she?> writes to Paris, for <she?> does not want Versilov to marry. The young Prince is procrastinating, he is in ill health (he has lost some money gambling, a bad incident in his regiment), fails to reply <to her letters>. She dies. The Prince shows up. Finds out from the Princess that Versilov has been carrying on an intrigue against him, with Lidiia; but he also learns from Kolosov that it was Versilov, too, who had dispatched that same Kolosov to break up his liaison with the Princess, having revealed his true nature to him. *What is most important:* though the young Prince, during his stay in Paris, had fallen to thinking a lot (gloomily, fits of honesty), he still wanted to conceal his liaison with Lidiia from the Princess, and at any cost. When he arrives in Ems, the Princess receives him most ungraciously. This is where he attacks Versilov. Versilov sees that the Prince is so passionately and so blindly in love that he actually shows no human feeling for the deceased Lidiia or his daughter. He does not deliver the letter, and keeps the child with himself. For this, he has his face slapped. Later, the more time goes by the more he starts grieving for Lidiia. Luga and Liza are having an effect on him. Then, the lawsuit and a trip abroad, back in the service. An important mission to Berlin. Having returned to Petersburg <to attend> to the lawsuit, he suddenly gets the inheritance and a challenge from Versilov. But he has already changed his opinion of Versilov, and also knows himself that the Princess is

<now going> with the Aide-de-Camp. He makes friends with the Youth, meets Liza. Versilov hands him the letter and his daughter. Everything would be fine, but suddenly he runs into the Princess again. He takes to carousing, out of vanity and jealousy, so that he might encounter [and meet] the Aide-de-Camp, to whom he has previously lost some money gambling. The Princess has completely overwhelmed him. At this point Versilov suddenly gets complete control of him, assuring him that he has never been in love with the Princess, but that, quite to the contrary, she with him; right there in Paris, the Princess had been mentioning Versilov very frequently and had tortured the Prince by making him jealous of Versilov. Versilov incites him against the Princess and the Aide-de-Camp. She treats the young Prince with contempt, insults Liza. N.B.? Perhaps still while Lidiia was alive, the Princess either told or wrote the Prince that Lidiia was, perhaps, bearing Versilov's child. And he did not know for sure: whose child? etc. (to Andronikov). As for Kolosov, he knows about the letter both because the Princess was later looking for it with him, and because Versilov was questioning him about it. N.B. *Most important.* Kolosov could know (as an obstetrician) only about Liza's pregnancy; but from whom?—This he did not know. Versilov, on the other hand, when he wrote to Paris, ~~said~~ wrote nothing but this: "Make inquiries about Kolosov, only about the facts."

V

Notes to the Second Part of the Novel

The notes for the second part of the novel refer at some length to the following events and situations: Arkady's meeting with Katerina Nikolaevna (the Princess), Versilov's character and his conversations with the Youth, the ambivalence of the Youth toward Katerina Nikolaevna and toward his father, the Youth's gambling sprees, an account of Katerina Nikolaevna's and Versilov's early relations and an account of Versilov's motives toward her, and, at considerable length, Prince Sokolsky's relationships with Katerina Nikolaevna, the Youth, Liza, Anna Andreevna, and Stebelkov. Near the end of this section of notes Dostoevsky defends himself and his place in Russian literature and insists on the universal importance of his discovery of the "underground" type.

These situations correspond roughly to those in the novel itself, but there are substantial differences in treatment and emphasis. By and large we find less mystery and obscurity in the notes that we do in the novel. Some of the ambivalence and obscurity of Versilov's motives and reactions toward Katerina Nikolaevna are eliminated by an account Dostoevsky gives us of the hostility which arises in their first meetings. Dostoevsky tells us the following of their early friendship: "Two years earlier, he had fallen in love with the Akhmakov woman —and, terribly naïvely, told her about his strivings. N.B. Price: 'Since she has learned about my thoughts and I have revealed my soul to her, she should have appreciated that. But she...' She was stunned, but only laughed at his sinfulness." He leaves the Akhmakov woman—filled with shame and anger—for Lidiia, who, however, dies—perhaps from remorse—when she learns about the other woman. His hostility, as well as his attraction, seems to have been motivated by her lack of appreciation of him, so that "He is dreaming of saving her, and of

punishing her, and of forgiving her, etc." Versilov burns on the hate of spurned love and on the humiliation of ridiculed confession. Like so many of Dostoevsky's characters, Versilov is motivated by spite and revenge, but the Predatory Type of the early notes has been progressively transformed into a charming type with "moral predatoriness," which has been systematically obscured and made ambiguous. This process is clear if one contrasts the account we receive here of his early relations with Katerina Nikolaevna and the account that we receive in the final version of the novel.

Versilov's character receives fuller treatment in this sections of notes than it has up to this point, and what we learn about Versilov lends light to crevices of his personality that are never illuminated in the published version. Much of the obscurity of his motives, for example, is dispelled by the following quotation:

> 1) Versilov is convinced of the loss and of the stupidity of every ideal, as well as of the curse of stagnation that has hit the whole moral world.
>
> 2) For a while he forced himself to believe in Christ.
>
> 3) But his whole faith went to pieces. There remained only a moral feeling of duty ~~as such~~ telling him to strive for self-perfection and good <deeds> *under any circumstances* (i.e., regardless of any loss of faith, or any kind of moral despair), owing to his own conscious will, a certain uncompromising desire. "Though my ideal may be lost and I may not know good from evil, still, I shall follow my conscience and, gropingly, seek to perfect myself—and I shall somewhere." Having lost his faith he decides, instead of succumbing to despair, to start straight from himself, and he believes that he will get somewhere, and that something will be revealed to him along the way (the chains).

Up to this point in the notes, Dostoevsky, and the Youth, had been unable to determine whether Versilov's faith was sincere or not. We must remind ourselves that Versilov's preaching of Christianity and his wearing of chains (apparently as acts of penance) are repeated refrains in the notes. The same ambivalence is present in the novel, and more than one critic has taken Versilov's Christianity as true

coin. This passage makes it clear that Versilov is neither a hypocrite nor a believer. The situation is more subtle, for Versilov is both sincere and an unbeliever. He wants to believe but he cannot. He thinks like a believer, acts like one, but does not *feel* like one. His is a forced faith, and as such not faith at all. It is from this delicate situation that the frustration, rage, and inconsequent actions of Versilov arise.

Versilov's motives in the quotation above are "explained" in the way that they are not in the novel. In the notes Dostoevsky analyzes Versilov's character directly and permits him to analyze himself. In the novel he gives the point of view to the Youth, and with the point of view come all the ignorance, confused emotions, and willing blindness of the son toward the father. The Versilov the Youth sees and Dostoevsky conveys to us in the novel is enigmatic, contradictory, and ambivalent. Dostoevsky apparently wanted him that way, but we have, at least in part, in these notes an unenigmatic and unmysterious Versilov. Between the notes and the novel intervene all the "techniques" by which Dostoevsky accommodates himself to his audience and to the demands of the novelistic art of stirring interest and holding attention. But more than rhetorical effects engage the reader's attention and more than interest is gained by the mystery and ambiguity. To some extent the technique mirrors the actual ambiguity present in a faith that is striven for and desired but is incapable of realization because it is "forced" faith.

Despite the fact that Versilov comes to occupy the center of the stage, both in these notes and in the novel, Dostoevsky continues to assert that the Youth is the hero of the novel and that all other characters have reference to him. Dostoevsky says:

> N.B. And so, the whole *project* consists of three main and major sections (aside from the minor ones, *all* of which must be remembered).
>
> N.B. 1) regarding the relationship between the Youth and Him,
>
> 2) between the Youth and the Prince (Liza),
>
> 3) between the Youth and the Akhmakov woman.

The Youth vacillates greatly from paragraph to paragraph in his intentions concerning Katerina Nikolaevna. He loves and he hates her, and wants to save and to ruin her. His feelings toward her are not unlike those of Versilov, although more open and direct. The question of sexual rivalry, which was put forth boldly and even coarsely in the very early notes, continues to present itself to the Youth's attention and consternation. There are repeated displacements and sublimations of the Youth's sexual feelings for the Princess in the notes and in the novel, but one of the most curious, if not the most revealing, is to be found in the following statement by the Youth to the Princess: "You are now like a mother to me." The Youth is tempted repeatedly to make coarse use of the document to gain power over the Princess, and Versilov has the same temptation. There is even a structural parallel to support the analogy of father and son in their relations toward the same woman. The climactic scene of Part II may be said to be the rendezvous between Katerina Nikolaevna and the Youth, and the climactic scene of Part III may be said to be the meeting between Versilov and Katerina Nikolaevna. The disorder that Versilov embodies on a moral level is the disorder that is acted on by the Youth in his reckless gambling and his high living. Dostoevsky seems to have contemplated a similar analogy between Prince Sokolsky and Versilov. This is not surprising since the notes, and the novel, make clear that Versilov was supposed to embody in some form all the disorder of society. Dostoevsky explicitly reinforces the analogy between Versilov and the Prince in the following note: "Versilov and the Prince have some points of contact: refusal to accept the estate, Lidiia, the child; both hate the Akhmakov woman, and <their> nobility." The inner disorder of Versilov is compared to the "outer" disorder of the Prince. Versilov represents on the level of consciousness a moral disorder that the Prince represents on the level of action. It is perhaps significant that the Youth falls into disorder because he loses faith in his father and lives with the Prince when he gambles and carouses. Dostoevsky says: "N.B. Versilov's cynicism was in part the cause of <the Youth's> passion for gambling."

The tie between the young Prince and the Youth as double reflections of Versilov's inner disorder is found confirmed in the attitude

of each to Liza. The Prince "dishonors" Liza in act, and in the notes the Youth "dishonors" her in attitude. In the novel the Youth does not suspect that his sister has had an affair with the young Prince, but in the notes he hypocritically blinks at the affair and in one marginal note he cynically approves of it:

> For instance, he already suspects that Liza may have something with the Prince, but in his depravity he remains silent, lets it go, closes his eyes to it—only once does he make Liza an angry, unfair scene (that happens right before her *disgrace;*) and on the very last day <before> her disgrace he catches her, and is almost a witness of a scene between the Prince and Liza. [Or, he even pretends that he has become shamefully "civilized," and suggests, by various jocular and cynically vile hints, that there might be some *very light sort of* relationship between her and the Prince.]

The object of the Youth's and Versilov's passion, the Princess (Katerina Nikolaevna) figures importantly in these notes, but little light is thrown on those qualities of her character that so violently provoke father and son. Neither here nor in the novel does Katerina Nikolaevna fit the role Dostoevsky gives her. Versilov's entire program of moral improvement without faith comes to shoal on the mysterious attraction that she exercises on him. And the Youth's idealism is wrecked in part by the emotions she generates in him. Yet the reader will search in vain, both in the notes and in the novel, for qualities that seem of sufficient importance to provoke such effects. She is mystery without substance, and some of Versilov's condemnations of her as a shallow and worthless woman seem justified. The Youth in these notes during his rendezvous with her calls her a saint, but we are not told what her saintliness consists of. At best she is a woman who had once callously suggested sending her father to an insane asylum, and who during the course of the novel is intent upon retrieving those rash words in order to safeguard her position and legacy. Her ambition seems to be to assure herself the calm and the dignity of social eminence that marriage to Baron Bioring will bring her, and the financial security that retrieving the letter will bring her. She is most decidedly not a sufficient "objective correlative" for the emotions and conflicts she arouses in the Youth and in Versilov.

Her portrait in these notes is closer to that of the final version than that of the early notes. Like Versilov she has lost something of her predatoriness, although there is a passage in the notes in which she contemplates seducing the Youth. Parenthetically, however, she explains that she does not know how to seduce a man. Versilov's early coarseness is softened to subtleties and ambiguities, but her early coarseness evaporates and only a kind of vague innocuousness remains.

Finally one must draw attention to several pages of biographical reflections by Dostoevsky on the nature of his art, near the end of this section of notes. Dostoevsky defends his portrayal of the "underground type" against his critics as the true representative of Russian society. He has in mind, in contrast, the "normal" lives of Russians as portrayed by Tolstoy and Goncharov: "Tolstoy and Goncharov thought that they were describing the life of the majority; in my opinion, what they were describing were the lives of some exceptions. Quite to the contrary, their life is the life of exceptions, while mine is the life of the general rule. Future generations will find that out, because they will be more objective, and the truth will be on my side. In this I believe." To this he adds his comprehension of what the "underground type" consists of: "I am proud to have presented, for the first time, the real image of the *Russian majority,* and to have exposed, for the first time, its misshapen and tragic aspects. The tragic lies in one's awareness of being misshapen." A few lines later in the notes he continues: "I have been the only one to bring out the tragedy of the underground, which consists of suffering, self-laceration, an awareness of a better <life> coupled with the impossibility of attaining it, and, most important of all, a strong conviction on the part of these unfortunate people that everybody else is like them and that it is, therefore, not worthwhile to improve oneself: ~~What~~ What can sustain those who do try to improve themselves? A reward, faith? Nobody is offering any reward, and in whom could one have faith? Another step from this position, and you have extreme depravity, crime (murder). A mystery."

Dostoevsky, in his self-justification, has Tolstoy in mind, and he feels aggrieved that Tolstoy's reputation is greater than his, since he has seen more fully into the depths of reality. He adds, and not with-

out some credibility, that "Bolkonsky reforms as he sees Anatole's leg being cut off, and we've all been shedding tears over it, but a genuine underground man wouldn't have reformed."

January 20

The Prince had been seeking Lidiia's hand, but was diverted by the General's widow, and Lidiia chased him away. In the meantime, Lidiia gave birth to his child.

(N.B. The General's widow did not know, as she was enticing him, that he had a liaison going with Lidiia, but <thought> that he was merely wooing her.) On his return, the Prince finds Lidiia dead and learns that there had been a child (this, a long time after). He is stunned by all these developments, and already in the beginning of the novel, he has broken both with the Princess and with Liza. But then Versilov either brings them together again, so as to tear them apart later, or directly incites the Prince against her. Or brings them together again. As for himself, he proposes marriage to his "wife," after Makar Ivanov's death, and chops up those icons. She turns him down. At this point the Youth turns up with the document. (Liza, "Bear it!")

January 20. Second variant.

The Prince is pursuing the General's widow. He is in love with her to the point of *idea fixa*. Now, he has come to town in connection with the inheritance and has sworn that he won't let her (the General's widow) marry the Aide-de-Camp. Having received the money, he flings himself into all the social gatherings at which the Aide-de-Camp is present. Versilov makes friends with him and encourages him. Then she surrenders herself to the protection and guidance of Versilov, hoping that he might save her from the Prince. [Or else, he saves her of his own accord, without her having asked him.] Versilov takes up the matter, gets everything arranged, then, at the crucial moment, smashes everything to bits.

Liza?

Vasin's wife. She does know what to do with him, constant arguments. Vasin's smugness. Stebelkov, scurrying around near Vasin, for he ~~has gotten wind~~ has gotten wind of his marriage. (But Vasin won't tell him anything about it.) Stebelkov is compromised in connection with the <forged> shares, but he isn't at all scared, but actually

expects to celebrate a triumph; Vasin, though, is hardly compromised at all. She is complaining to the Youth about Vasin, and makes fun of him. And only in the end it becomes apparent that she is Vasin's wife. Vasin goes out of his mind, and then the scene of the conflagration.

N.B. He won't live up to his duties as a husband. About a divorce.

January 24.

The Prince has gotten mixed up with Kolosov. His character is such that he is perfectly capable of making Lidiia pregnant. He was drummed out of his regiment by the other officers. Now he wants to try his hand at everything. Hatred for the General's <widow>, love for Liza. Kolosov is his ruin. Versilov puts him back on his feet again. The General's widow seeks Versilov's protection. But the ~~Princess~~ General's widow loves Vasin; the latter is *impossible.* The Youth is convinced, through the entire novel, that there is no love between Him and her. He finally learns about her love for Vasin. And, toward the very end, about His love for her (after He has unexpectedly proposed to her). Besides, he had made the proposal virtually on the eve of her wedding to the Adjutant-General. Then the Youth gives the letter to Versilov. N.B. The letter, in the meantime, is becoming more and more important as her wedding to the Adjutant-General is approaching. (If Vasin is to be made into a madman, oughtn't Versilov, in that case, have guessed long ago that this was so?)

[Here] Vasin's idea. You can live happily only if the people who were there before you are good. But people are good only when they are happy. And therefore, everybody ought to be applying all his efforts to the end that everybody be happy. Consequently, <society> should be organized as a company of shareholders. A shareholder will be a lover of mankind whether he wants it or not, for if he won't, people will treat him badly, and he will be unhappy.

Vasin: "I need nothing, not a single ruble more. What's the difference between Vasin in a suit of gold and Vasin as he is?"

"Tasty morsels do not tempt me, neither do honors. What is the pleasure received from a tasty morsel in comparison with mine? Can any honor be compared to the position which I am now deserving of?"

[February] "I am never bored. There are certain thoughts which will never allow you to get bored."

"I know of nothing in the world that I wouldn't be familiar with. [Are there any ideas with which I am not acquainted?] I do not know of any. Of course I don't mean, in any special field: I couldn't be familiar with such-and-such invention in the field of railroading, but this isn't higher knowledge, of course."

The governess has hanged herself. Vasin says: "This will go on forever."

He has words of praise for Versilov, but just a tiny bit, just barely. "Yes, but everything ought to be in one piece. And this thing is too particular, and it is quite likely that he is motivated by considerations of personal advantage."

The Youth is surprised that Vasin is so kind to him and talks to him as if he were his equal.

"This isn't so, nor is it because of this," says Vasin. "It is because I see absolutely no difference between you and everyone else. I certainly don't consider you to be more stupid than the clever ones, more wicked than the good ones, or even younger than the old ones."

"How could that be? Don't you really see any difference?"

"Oh yes, of course, everybody differs from everybody else in something, but those differences do not exist for me. In my eyes everything becomes level with everything else."

"But what about yourself?"

"So far I have not entirely determined ~~my own~~ my position in this changing world.* I don't know. I am always satisfied with myself."

"And you are never bored?"

"No, because there is a lot left to desire. There are many things to be achieved yet."

"People like Christ, Mahomet, Moses..."

Expressions.

Surnames: Miss Comforting, a young girl;** Mrs. Perchatkin,*** a widow; Assafetidov,**** a divinity student.

The chatterbox: About how the English were going to give Zavialov five million for his firm.

About Chernyshev,[1] the Minister, and about Victor Hugo and Dumas on the marriage contract.

"She isn't what you'd call 'well scrubbed,' she is 'well laundered.' "

"He has as many virtues as he's got shortcomings."

"Ah, you are flattering him too much."

A delicate handwriting.

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* *V mirovorote,* literally, "in the whirl of the world."

** *Uteshaiushchaia,* participle of *uteshat',* "to comfort." The verb is used with an obscene connotation.

*** Literally, "Mrs. Glove," but apparently not suggestive of anything.

**** From *as(s)afetida,* "asafetida," an evil-smelling resin.

[1] See note 17 of Part IV.

"And he is sitting at the most important spot in the world of learning?" (i.e., in the Academy, speaking of Str<akhov>).

Nothing dies. On the contrary, everything continues to live organically; it just is reincarnated in different forms.

"Everything is falling apart in this country. What we need is for educated people again to be at the head of our society."

Rossen: "Isn't it true that educated men are even now at the head of our society?"

Versilov: "Yes, if you see it that way, perhaps..."

"It is necessary that mankind be given justice; then it will remain at peace."

"But what about freedom, equality, brotherhood...?"

"These are all no more than very fine wishes, nothing that has been realized. They lack authority."

"What about science?"

"Contemporary science hasn't even started to make any moral conclusions to make, and if you want to know the whole secret, it is none of its business either. Science knows this very well itself, and this is why so far it has played merely a negative role relatively as regards the past; it has created nothing, only destroyed. Science does not create, it destroys. What it can create and build are railroads, and nothing more."

"Isn't that a great deal?"

"The point is not that it is too little; the point is that it isn't enough. The point is that it is really not nearly enough, which I can prove to you right now. Would you be satisfied with having railroads and nothing else, or would you like to have something else, too?"

"Surely I shall want something else, absolutely."

"And this is precisely what science will never be able to give you."

"Do you really think so, do you really?"

"I'm not trying to find fault with science at all: it won't give you <"that something else"> because that isn't any of its concern—that's all there is to it."

"This is really the heart of the matter, as I see it."

A good-natured person, but not a good man, as are most shallow people.

Tatiana Pavlovna to the Youth: "I am convinced that you are thinking that he is doing all this just for your sake—I mean, decline the inheritance, and challenge the other man to a duel—all this solely to become worthy of Arkady Makarovich."

—She was beating me terribly, but I was kissing her.

They served a mass for Olia.

On February 22, after his arrival in Petersburg, the Youth says: "I cannot understand how I could then, in my mother's presence, tell about Touchard! I never even thought that I ought to be ashamed of her!"

"In a word, he has as many virtues as he has shortcomings."

"My God, how you are flattering him! How could anyone have so many virtues?"

The Youth to Versilov: "I always knew that we should never part. That time, when I was telling about Touchard, I was merely having a good time of it, even though I was feeling that I had broken with something: [absolutely.] Broken, yes, but not with you, I knew that we two would get together again. That time when I insulted you by chasing you from my room, my heart really sank <after I'd done it>. To be sure, I was terribly mad at you that time."

"Acquire then, a feeling of shame, and at least a little bit of restraint in your anger."

The Liar, a General on the railroad, they'll wait, and <in the meantime> the train would be gone. (Vasin's father, who sold his wife.)

(*Memento*. Turgenev, in his opinion of <this> murder, called <him> "a Marquis"—while, in this case, the murderer displays nothing but his dullness of imagination as well as of reasoning.)

February 25.

After Petersburg.

1) Versilov is convinced of the loss and of the stupidity of every ideal, as well as of the curse of stagnation that has hit the whole moral world.

2) For a while he forced himself to believe in Christ.

3) But his whole faith went to pieces. There remained only a moral feeling of duty ~~as such~~ telling him to strive for self-perfection and good <deeds> *under any circumstances* (i.e., regardless of any loss of faith, or any kind of moral despair), owing to his own conscious will, a certain uncompromising desire. "Though my ideal may be lost and I may not know good from evil, still, I shall follow my conscience and, gropingly, seek to perfect myself—and I shall get somewhere." Having lost his faith he decides, instead of succumbing to despair, to start straight from himself, and he believes that he will get somewhere, and that something will be revealed to him along the way (the chains).

4) Two years earlier, he had fallen in love with the Akhmakov woman—and, terribly naïvely, told her about his strivings. N.B.

Pride: "Since she has learned about my thoughts and I have revealed my soul to her, she should have appreciated that. But she..." She was stunned, but only laughed at his sinfulness. For there are two types combined in him—the idealist and, time and again, his former self, a most sinful and petty person. Yet Versilov was more right <than she was>: realizing his own sinfulness and his <many> falls, he did not become confused, but admitted these to himself and, thus, lifted himself up.

5) Then he left <the Akhmakov woman> for Lidiia, while jealously accusing the Akhmakov woman of sensuality and narrow-mindedness. Besides, he was terribly ashamed that he had bared himself so completely before the Akhmakov woman (about self-perfection, "You've taken off your chains, haven't you?"). [Lidiia, on the other hand, accepted him in an entirely different way, fool in Christ that she was, and followed him rapturously, and bowed before Him, as before a prophet.]

6) But Lidiia died. ["She died because she realized that I still loved that other woman."] Full of shame, and continuing his <program of> self-perfection, he lived another year and a half (he refused to challenge <the Prince> to a duel, for instance, after having had his face slapped, and did so to show his willpower, did it as a moral feat).

7) At this point, the Akhmakov woman makes another appearance and the romance takes its course. (He is dreaming of saving her, and of punishing her, and of forgiving her, etc.) He has made himself believe that he does not love her, but that he, rather, has a tremendous amount of compassion for her, etc. In his pursuit of her, and in his love for *her* He sees his own weakness and his own fall; but in self-control, and in suffering her insults, he sees—salvation. He has expressed his task in these two points, altogether too naïvely, almost childishly—and therein lies the beauty and truth of it.

And so, *Nota bene:*

In the 2d part he does nothing but bare himself quite unexpectedly and in a most disorganized way, [but most of all, quite unexpectedly,] thus surprising the Youth by his unsuspected and ideal aspects.

[His action with regard to the Akhmakov woman comes entirely unexpectedly. A letter to her, or an insult to the Aide-de-Camp.] In the third <chapter?> when the Youth has fallen (that same night), he bares himself completely before him; [their friendship, and] here, suddenly, his terrible fall; his exceedingly mean action (denunciation) against the Akhmakov woman. ~~A letter to her and something with~~

~~the Aide de Camp.~~ The Youth leaves him, and he abandons him (perhaps, marriage to <the Youth's> mother?). He chops up those icons and leaves. A marriage proposal to the Akhmakov woman and, finally, in the 4th <chapter>, the Youth and Lambert, and all the dénouements, arrests, Stebelkov, the Prince, Liza, etc. [Here, too, the Prince's marriage.] The old Prince's wedding, and his death, and the affair with the Akhmakov woman, and the document.

[Meanwhile, the Youth with the Princess, the Prince, Makar, and gambling. Makar in the third <chapter>?]

In the 3d part, when He has undertaken to save the Youth and wholly bares himself before him—and besides, there is also Makar Ivanov—the Youth, *though he is saved, still retains a certain amount of hidden, revengeful anger and spite,* and though he has sincerely *surrendered himself* to the ideals of Makar and Versilov, Versilov's fall (proposing marriage to the Akhmakov woman, and the icons) distresses him greatly and awakens in him a boundless bitterness, and at this point—Lambert. But it isn't just the fall that has such an impact on him; it is precisely while overcome by the tenderest of emotions, after having heard his offer to set out on their pilgrimage into the desert, that he suddenly joins Lambert. (He also meets Alphonsine, and is glad he does.)

He merely answers all of the Youth's questions most genially, while saying nothing on his own part (Speshnev).[2] Yet he visits him frequently and is affectionate and *responsive,* which moves and delights the Youth.

N.B. In a very rapid narrative à la pushkin.

Notabene's. Versilov is firmly convinced that the young Prince used to be the Princess's lover.

February 25. Create <the image of> *the Princess!*

February 26. *The role of the young Prince.* (Beside everything else, beside his sufferings which are due to his sense of duty and his insignificance.) He is terribly inclined to yield to his evil instincts. (The money which is his as a result of the successful lawsuit.) And, again, he is jealous of the Princess, on account of the Aide-de-Camp. The slander he has spread (under Versilov's hidden influence) about the Princess. The Youth, in his meetings with the Princess, wants to set all of this straight *for her,* and be of some service, and so he develops, if not an outright hostility, at least an antagonism toward the

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[2] See note 23 of Part II.

young Prince. But somebody talks some sense into the Prince. He admits that he was lying (this is already in the third part) ~~Here, with Liza and~~, when caught together with Stebelkov. This is where Liza enters the picture. Tashkent. And so on.

In the end of the 2d part, only a quarrel, involving *the despotism of love,* between the Youth and Versilov. (Besides, Versilov suddenly writes a letter to the Princess, asking her not to corrupt that adolescent.) A terminal quarrel, *that is, a quarrel which the Youth thinks is terminal.* But when, in part three, He comes to the Youth's rescue, soothes and revives him, new ties are established, which are now complete as well as sincere. Versilov bares himself *down to his chains;* and yet the whole thing ends in his proposing marriage to the Princess, and exactly after Versilov has been insulted by the Aide-de-Camp.

And so.

In the 2d part, Versilov has merely become *inexplicably* attached to the Youth, but does not bare himself completely. A good deal of mystery is still left. The Youth would like very much to find out more about the Princess, but he does not get the whole information from Him, but rather gets it from the young Prince, from the Princess, and from Anna Versilov.

In the end of part two, Versilov suddenly comes up with a *mean* trick, stunning the Youth. Besides, Versilov leaves his *wife,* nor *does he pay any attention* to the way the Youth is living and gambling. The latter fact greatly affects the Youth, so that he quarrels with him out of "a despotism of love." (In fact, Versilov disappears for a time.)

The story with the card game, night (absolutely, the encounter with Lambert).

2d part.

Versilov's letter to the Akhmakov woman, asking her not to corrupt the Youth. A threat to tell the Aide-de-Camp. *She* complains to the Aide-de-Camp herself. The latter clashes with Versilov. Versilov is disgraced and disappears from the house. The Youth feels indignant. Cynicism gains a hold on his soul, debauchery, cards.

Then, in PART three. In part three, the Prince's remorse and despair, and in the end he gets involved in that affair with Kolosov and Lambert. Versilov saves him, and here, now, everything becomes clear, and they join forces against the Princess, etc. Also, Makar Ivanych, and all those stories with the old Prince (Lambert and Kolosov), and the young one. But then, the chopping of the icons and part four.

The Youth is embittered, and all of the dénouements, he joins Versilov only at the very end. Conflagration.

N.B. Lambert, in vile fashion, entices the old Prince to come to <Mme> Andrieux's place (he wants to make him marry her). The old Prince escapes, rescued by the Youth and Anna Versilov, and—already in *part four*—the Prince flees to the Youth's place (here, again, Lambert, and Kolosov, and the Youth, and Anna. But the Aide-de-Camp and the Akhmakov woman take the Prince away. But he still wants to get married, and dies suddenly).

[In part four.] On one occasion Lambert says to him: "Why won't you fuck <Mme> Andrieux?" He agrees and stays with Andrieux; however, they both start crying, nothing comes of it. That is already in part four.

About how to set the city on fire, become a thief (a hellish night).

Composition of the whole novel, already a definitive one, general *summarium, assigning their respective places* to all the personages and stories in the novel, *according to parts* of the novel. (In general, but not in detail.)

An embryo.

1st chapter of part two. The flat (a month later). Versilov's visit.

The story of how he came to see him for the first time. Characteristic discussions, arguments, and lectures. "I made a point of not mentioning the Princess or the Prince, nor did He say a word <about> what we'd be living on. Nothing about me and my affairs: I found it both reassuring and irritating (it worried me). Out of pride, I said nothing." The story with "that passive creature." Found that child. Versilov and his family. A small quarrel on account of "that passive creature" and the family. The Youth suddenly realizes that he is still very remote from Versilov.

2d chapter (or 3d). Meanwhile, a liaison <has developed> between the young Prince and the Youth's sister. "I found out that there was something new going on between Versilov and the ~~young~~ Prince. Connections. The Prince is delighted. Getting to be close with the Prince. A night—suddenly the Youth wins <a lot of money>. The devil take it all!

3d chapter (or 4th). Meanwhile, about the Princess, ~~relations~~ an anecdote about how he established contact with the Princess. It was a secret—both on Versilov's part, and the Prince's. The Princess suddenly takes him into her confidence, seduction. "You are seducing me." Quarrels, young love. (Introduce Vasin, Stebelkov, the child, and the rest.) [About Liza.]

5th chapter. Playing cards with the Prince—life is really in full

swing. A big quarrel with the Princess. The Aide-de-Camp. Some sally on the part of Versilov, in connection with a document, or something. The Youth treats him condescendingly. Anna Andreevna, the Prince—"I'm getting married." (Stebelkov.) ~~(Perhaps, an encounter with Lambert.)~~

6th chapter. Reconciliation with the Princess, and her betrayal <of his confidence>. ~~Versilov~~ Full of hatred, he gives Versilov a strong hint about the document. Here, suddenly, he meets Lambert. The money. Meanwhile the Youth has lost a lot of money gambling, and the Prince is beginning to sniff. A quarrel with the Prince, the last word about Liza, prior to that terrible night. Lambert has got money. The scene involving his loss. The terrible night. ~~Meet~~ Lambert. Meeting with Versilov—i.e., the plot stays the same all the way.

Part three. Solitude. "My idea." Versilov, friends again, but in a higher sense. Makar Ivanov, his death. Everybody is arrested (including the Prince). Liza. Marriage. Versilov. Proposal to the Princess. Versilov and the Aide-de-Camp. Versilov's sudden fall, after <a period of> ideal magnanimity.

Part four. Goes directly to Lambert. ["No, evil is better!" Cynicism.] Meanwhile he has got everything worked out with the Prince. (The old Prince is, in effect, frightened by Versilov's revelation concerning the document.) [More about the old Prince in part three, save him.] Lambert *et al.* drive the Prince into a panic. He flees to the Youth's place. The Aide-de-Camp and the Princess save him. (Meanwhile, the story of the young Prince and Liza is coming to its end. Tashkent.) (N.B. The young Prince (out of stupidity) says disgraceful things about the Princess.) Suddenly the Youth, after all that has happened, decides upon the conflagration. He breaks with Lambert, arranging everything by himself. At the last moment he goes to Versilov. Both of them together. The conflagration. Explanation, and general dénouement.

February 27.

Detailed composition of part two. (A big job.)

(At first a general, but detailed, idea of part two, and later according to chapters. Then, the composition of the separate chapters, and most of all, *the first*. Separate and detailed reading of *the material,* with distinct marking of the selected passages.)

N.B. N.B. ~~M. St.~~ The contacts between the Youth and the Princess in part two are kept secret *from everybody*. Think up a story about how the Youth was able to take up these contacts, and the first rendezvous. Just as with Anna Versilov.

[Find out about Rudin] N.B. And so, the whole *project* consists

of three main and major sections (aside from the minor ones, *all* of which must be remembered).

N.B. 1) regarding the relationship between the Youth and Him,

2) between the Youth and the Prince (Liza),

3) between the Youth and the Akhmakov woman.

For instance, he already suspects that Liza may have something with the Prince, but in his depravity he remains silent, lets it go, closes his eyes to it—only once does he make Liza an angry, unfair scene (that happens right before her *disgrace*); and on the very last day <before> her disgrace he catches her, and is almost a witness of a scene between the Prince and Liza. [Or, he even pretends that he has become shamefully "civilized," and suggests, by various jocular and cynically vile hints, that there might be some *very light sort of* relationship between her and the Prince.]

(N.B. By the way, he is mad at the Prince because the latter is telling him things about the Akhmakov woman, because he is after the Akhmakov woman, and because he wants to spoil her relationship with the Aide-de-Camp.) The Akhmakov woman suddenly shows him the door and disgraces him (after Versilov's <outrageous> sally, when he writes her a letter asking her not to corrupt the Youth). It is after this incident that the Youth, quite beside himself, goes gambling (the disgrace). (N.B. The Prince, also, disgraces himself with the Aide-de-Camp. The Prince is angry (on the last day <before> the disgrace), and breaks both with the Youth and with Versilov.) At this point, a brief, but mean, conversation about Liza.

(N.B. In the last scene, *at night,* Lambert *lets him know* that he has been with the young Prince for a long time already.)

The role of Olia's mother. (And that of Vasin, the Dergachevs, etc.) (N.B. Start with this in part two, but the main dénouement is in part three, i.e., as far as Vasin and the Dergachev group are concerned.)

Stebelkov is at Anna Andreevna's and is involved with the Prince as <his> money-lender.

In part three: A full, childlike confession and Christianity on the part of Versilov, until the chopping <of the icons>. Yet, already in part two, some hints. For, though he is playful and cynical, or very deeply melancholy, as far as the Youth can see, his urge for those childlike, tender revelations, which come up in part three, comes through here and there in part two.

N.B. Absolutely essential:

It is absolutely necessary to compose only *one* learned discussion between Versilov, the Prince, and the Youth, and besides, thousands

of questions and answers between the Youth and Versilov: *most difficult.*

N.B. *Very important.* Throughout part two.

A whole series of contacts with <his> mother, with Liza, and with Tatiana Pavlovna, all of them quite abstract. Just as with Versilov, not a word ~~about~~ reality, but merely about various memories, jokes —in a word, about all perfectly *happy* relations, which must be also *explained to the reader* (i.e., that strange alienation from reality, and flight into the abstract). And so, continue in this fashion right up to the last scene with Liza (which is real, acrid, terrible).

But finally, Liza, his mother, and Tatiana Pavlovna get worried about his carousing and gambling, and this in spite of the fact that things have gotten right up to Spinoza;[3] and so, when it happens, already toward the end of part two (~~when~~ at a trying moment, when his heart is overflowing with pity), that Liza—replying to his reproachful question, ~~why~~ uttered while they are alone, why she was disturbing their mother by telling her about his carousing—suddenly starts talking to him quite seriously about his conduct, he responds, with a cynical and bitter laugh, that he isn't interfering with her freedom <in carrying on> with the Prince either, leaving her much embarrassed. And in an even more <climactic?> scene that follows,* on the last day, he suddenly attacks her, bringing up the subject of her shamelessness and depravity; he acts as if he feels hurt and leaves, but later makes up with her, so that Liza still talks to him, though in a casual way only.**

N.B. Important task. It is absolutely necessary to specify the participants in the drinking spree, and the officers.

Another task: About the flat, description of the flat and its occupants. He makes <the Youth's> sister and mother laugh at his stories.

N.B. (Tuck Olia's mother away somewhere.)

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* *A v eshche bolee posleduiushchei stsene, literally,* "in a still more following scene," where obviously one or two words have been left out.

** The whole sentence is very awkward in the original, just barely grammatical.

[3] Dostoevsky became acquainted with Spinoza most likely from an article published in Dostoevsky's magazine *Vremia,* by N. N. Strakhov, "Spinoza's Teaching About God," in the September issue of 1861. During the writing of *A Raw Youth* four volumes of Strakhov's translation of Spinoza appeared and Dostoevsky may have had firsthand knowledge of Spinoza. There is something of a parody of Spinoza to be found in the words of the old Prince in Part I, Chapter 2:3. The old Prince says: "If there is a higher being," I said to him, "and he exists as a person and not as some kind of diffused creative spirit, as some kind of fluid (because that is even more difficult to understand), then where does he live?"

N.B. *Important.* The young Prince abandons him and rides over to Vasin's place to get some advice, or, in his presence, honors Vasin outrageously, thus terribly hurting the Youth.

N.B. The Akhmakov woman also has something to do with Vasin—jealousy.

N.B. *February 28.*

In part two, when the Youth discusses his relationship with the Akhmakov woman, he says: "And now I am getting to the most secret and confidential part of my story, which is in fact still confidential: *that morning I had an appointment with...*" and so on.

N.B. *The most important and the main thing, absolutely.*

In part two, Versilov says this to the Youth:

[On one occasion he said this to me, and I've completely forgotten in what connection:]

"My friend, you do remember, don't you, how you were asking questions of me, in that *coffin* <of yours>, concerning your mother and Makar Ivanych—remember, then, how free and easy you were on that occasion? Was it proper for a son to speak of his mother in such terms, to show such curiosity regarding his mother? Nor were you blushing: I was looking at you, watching you on purpose, and I saw no color in your face... Why, now you are blushing..."

[For part three, for <his> generation.] "But what about you, yourself—weren't you rather casual in your story about Makar Ivanovich, too [that time?"]

"I ~~purposely wanted~~ was out to embarrass you, [You ought to be chasing me out right now] I was feeling you out, I was expecting you to blush..."

"And so you merely deceived me, making the pure spring of my soul even more turbid than before. Yes, I am a wretched youth who does not know, from moment to moment, what is evil, and what is good. Had you then done even the least bit to show me the right direction, I would have taken your hint and jumped on the right path right away. But you merely got me confused and angry. ~~But~~ I swear to you, all the time you were telling me this, I was suffering and blushing deep inside; particularly since I had my cue: you were speaking with affectation, you were being witty in an unnatural way. I saw this and instead of blushing ended up by getting rather angry at you, and terribly angry at myself. But this was precisely ~~instead of~~ what substituted for my blushing. This was precisely <what you just called> *the color in my face.* Now, of course, it is something else again, now it is all different again!" (for part three).

"I saw all this perfectly well, I had noticed it, and fully understood you, and it is for this sole reason that I even then, immediately, [and with all my heart] forgave you the terrible thing you did to me on that occasion: for you literally showed me the door then, didn't you? But I was perfectly aware of the fact that you weren't angry with me, but with yourself, and precisely *instead of blushing*. ~~This is why~~ I was actually glad for you, and ~~on the next~~ regained my composure... I knew that, somehow or other, we would get together again..."*

"We got a lot of things straightened out," (the Youth remarks,) "in those days we were incessantly and eagerly trying to communicate with each other."

February 28.

Final task: Distribute the whole content of part two among 10 chapters.

About Spinoza, he to Versilov, in desperation [and despotically:]

"Why then were you just sitting there and not telling me that I was a fool?"

"If I had done that, you would have cursed me forever. As it happened, you were able to speak your mind, to cuss me, but good, and to return <to me> right away. And it all came out marvelously, and with grace. As for your coming back to me, I never doubted that for a moment... You are acting like a despot with me."

March 1/2.

Solution of a problem.

Start part two with a single event, rather than splitting it up into four acts. Express everything that is of importance through artistic action, <that is> the words and actions of the characters. As for the historical part of the whole thing (i.e., how things happened to take this course), insert it, too, wherever necessary, in sections and fragments. There must be a unifying plot (the search for the child, for instance, as far as the Akhmakov woman is concerned)~~or~~ (the Akhmakov woman is trying to find out from him what Anna Versilov wants of the child, and he is both trying to dodge her prying, and yielding to it). As the action begins to unfold in part two, it should be apparent that he is already, in spite of all his successes and joys, beginning to have his doubts and to feel very depressed at times (he is in debt, the Prince is being rude and equivocal with him, Versilov). *Later,*

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* There is some indication that this paragraph was meant to be crossed out. Ambiguous in the text.

<show> through scenes as well as the narrative, how such a scene could come about. A major quarrel, with the Aide-de-Camp involved in it, on account of Versilov's letter in which he warns against corrupting the Youth. The Aide-de-Camp had been threatening the Prince even before. The Prince tried to communicate this to the Youth, but then quarreled with no one but the Youth himself. In passing, a scene between the Prince and Liza, witnessed by the Youth —and he remains silent on account of the money (screams of remorse directed at the reader). After Versilov's letter, the young Prince, having discovered that ~~the latter~~ the Youth has been in contact with the Akhmakov woman, almost attacks him—sneers and anger and contempt for him—after he has been a witness of that business with Liza. (N.B. The young Prince had been laughing most heartily even the other night, when the Youth had been thrown off a sleigh.) Lambert, etc. "His own idea" emerges toward the end of part two.

Suddenly, one night, in the street, to Versilov: "Dad, father. Why, you are my father, and I haven't ever called you father yet!" (this, right after Spinoza.)[4]

N.B. (Important.) This man Versilov does everything in spurts: at one time the Prince's family wouldn't have a chance, then again he relinquishes the inheritance of his own accord; he would challenge his man to a duel, then withdraw his challenge. He would be silent for a while; then suddenly, that insolent, insulting letter to the Akhmakov woman, which violates all the rules of decency and is altogether immoderate (Heeckeren). "I cannot understand how such capers could occur to such a composed, even-tempered, calm, and firm gentleman as Versilov" (remarks the Youth).

"His own idea" comes altogether to the fore *in its entirety** *during that hellish night,* while it had hardly been mentioned in the 2d part. (Only, perhaps, a thing or two while he is gambling, but otherwise he *simply had no time for it.*)—<Start part two?> *with a single event* in order to have the time to prepare the dénouement involving the gambling incident, and that whole episode.

Regarding *Lidiia* Akhmakov, let something *flash by* in part two, through the young Prince and, perhaps, through Versilov, *where it is understood* that it is precisely Versilov's account of Lidiia's story ~~the~~

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* "In its entirety" is underlined twice.

[4] See note 3 of Part II.

~~Prince~~ that shocks the Prince so much, and *immediately* wins him over. That this is how it actually happened, the Youth learns from the deeply shaken Prince, but he does not as yet, in the 2d part, that is, know the very *plot* of Lidiia Akhmakov's story (he merely lets the reader know that there probably must have happened something terribly shocking, but that he learned about it only later (in part three) and would communicate it to his reader at the proper juncture). And so he learns the whole graceful and fantastic story of Lidiia only in part three, already from Versilov (who is in an exalted frame of mind at the time), and Versilov's raptures leave the heart of the Youth deeply shaken. Right here, in part three, we also have Versilov's confession, to the Youth, about the Akhmakov woman, though it is not a true confession but rather presents things the way Versilov himself wanted to understand them, including remorse, etc. On this occasion the Youth concludes *definitively* that He does not love the Akhmakov woman (and suddenly, in part three, He proposes marriage to the Akhmakov woman), and so on.

At dawn, after that hellish night, the Youth has a mass served for Olia (his last ruble). Without explaining to the reader to what end, or why. After mass, he runs into Versilov: "He took me up to his place" (last line of part two).

The Stolbeev woman has left for her country estate: so the Prince is alone at the apartment.

At first, the Youth won some money at faro. At one time they were considering pooling their accounts, the Prince and he, that is.

There is one scene where the Youth and the Prince get to be quite close—that's <during their discussion> *about the spirit* of the nobility. It was the Youth who was doing the talking. All of a sudden the Prince began to treat him with extraordinary respect (and then, later, accounts).

Anna Andreevna asks Versilov if he is in love with the Akhmakov woman, even in part two. [Especially toward the end, after the row with the Aide-de-Camp in the Youth's presence].

In part two, the old Prince has fallen ill. Anna Versilov is in attendance, while the Youth chooses to neglect him. He had been thinking of borrowing some money from him, but was ashamed to ask him. Prior to that, he had consulted with Anna Andreevna, who apparently approved of it. Something like friendship between the Youth and Anna Andreevna (Varia).

In part two, Versilov sometimes actually doesn't seem to notice

the *insults* and the *tyranny* which he suffers at the hands of the Youth, and comes to see him meekly, in childlike fashion, which surprises and delights the Youth.

??? A vital task: the Youth's flat.

! A PRECIOUS scene. Practically on the last day (of part two), his mother suddenly pays a visit to the Youth at his flat, something she had never done before.

! In the course of part two the Youth tells his mother about how he had met her at Touchard's.

In the final scene, Liza makes a confession to him, but only casually so.

In part two, Liza is jealous of the Prince on account of the Akhmakov woman. Humiliations, but also tenderness, on his part.

March 1/2. Compose chapter one in detail, the rest, what with the material already on hand, *will come by itself.*

The point, the pivot from which to start, the point of departure, the essence of the plot!

!Reading the material!

March 2—reading the material,

March 3—composing the pivot,

and March 4—start <writing>!

N.B. He has been thrown from a sleigh, snow... If this is all to be developed, the Youth's drinking spree must start *at the very beginning of part two.*

Part two in 4 stories.

1) The story of the Youth and Versilov (the flat, Liza, mother).

2) About the Youth and the Prince (the Prince's relationship with the Akhmakov woman, the beginning of the drinking spree, the Aide-de-Camp), etc.

3) About the Youth and the Akhmakov woman.

4) About the drinking spree and his quarrel with his father.

?? Here, this question: How much should be given in the form of a narrative, and how much as outright action? Should one start with outright action immediately (introducing the preceding in the form of narrative passages within the action), or would it be better to have <a series of> narratives?

In part two, the Youth suddenly says: "I am now writing the book of my disgrace."

N.B. Perhaps one shouldn't bring out Versilov's opinions and theories *too much* in this second part.

March 1/2.

[So] ~~He~~ or the Youth arranges for some intimacy between the Prince and Versilov, or of their own accord, they—that is, the Prince and Versilov—get together even before the Youth <is around>, through the child (the infant child). An encounter with Anna Andreevna and the beginning of her schemes <connected> with the infant child. On the occasion of that encounter, Anna Andreevna suddenly invites the Youth to her place. Olimpiada is at her place. A conversation concerning the possibility of Olimpiada <. . .> The Youth strikes a tone. Tableaux vivants.* Junior Chamberlain Versilov.

(N.B. Junior Chamberlain Versilov is a silent and disdainful witness of the Youth's *disgrace*.) Prior to this, the Youth complains to Versilov about his brother.

N.B. Perhaps a scene such as the following should be inserted. Once the young Prince has become fascinated by Versilov and is giving out shrieks of remorse, saying that he, the Prince, is an ignoramus and the unworthy scion of a great family, the Youth begins to preach to the Prince, and they become awfully close friends. Then, very quickly, comes the scene about the accounts and <mutual> loathing. Also, about the Princess...

As for "about the Princess," that's because I...—and this is where the story of his romance with the Princess begins.

N.B. His conversations with the Princess frequently approach the topic of the *document,* but the Youth keeps dodging her questions, nor does he explain this thing to his reader, not in part two. The same holds true for Versilov as well, as the latter, too, is out to get the document, without any explanation on the part of the Youth (except for these sudden words to the reader: "Inasmuch as I was seeing that he was after the document"). He is also confused by the fact that Versilov is apparently encouraging the Prince to pay court to the Akhmakov woman.

N.B. Once, during a drinking bout, somebody says to the Youth: "Listen, Prince," but it is said naïvely and in a friendly way, and he does not take it up.

?A fantasy: He has been teaching Liza and his mother philosophy (also, Tatiana Pavlovna), and then quarrels with them about philos-

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* *Zhivye stseny,* literally, "living scenes," "lively scenes," but here apparently in the meaning of *zhivye kartiny*. However, "some lively scenes," is a likely alternative.

ophy (the absolute, Spinoza). He screams at Liza: "You are no longer my sister!" ~~and later~~ And to his mother: "I curse the day I was born." Later he admits that he knows nothing, even though he wanted to enlighten them (N.B. This might come out quite graceful.)

And later, to the reader: "I am putting in this lowly, humiliating scene, etc. It is very precious to me, but if the reader does not want to, he must not read it, let him throw it out, and enough of it."

N.B. *Important.* Characterizes the Youth.

For some reason, the Youth avoids, throughout part two, approaching or questioning Versilov regarding those real essentials (or secrets), i.e., the Akhmakov woman, the infant child—even his intentions so far as his mother is concerned—but rather tries to make his own guesses, or to find out about these things by roundabout ways (the child, for instance). "Was this because I was ashamed? Or out of my adolescent stupidity... I believe that the latter was the case, for any shame was sheer stupidity <under the circumstances>. It would have been quite possible to skip over <to any of these topics>." Yet he discusses nothing but abstract themes with Versilov... All this he then admits to his reader, adding a detailed explanation of this foolishness, and of its consequences. (For instance, that it depressed and angered Versilov. In connection with this, mention Versilov's humility.) [So. March 1–2]

?N.B. He sees Stebelkov at Anna Andreevna's and learns that Stebelkov has been in contact with the young Prince. He assumes that as a moneylender. On one occasion he goes to see Stebelkov himself, to borrow some money. [*Arseniev.*][5] Stebelkov, by way of repeated hints, suggests to him a project to sell Dergachev <to the police>, but seeing that the Youth is growing furious, adroitly changes the subject (dissuading the Youth by putting on an innocent expression, and also by *pretending* not to understand why the Youth is getting so angry) and lets him know that one might take advantage of the old Prince (something like <Mme> Andrieux).

Lambert, then, as he runs into the Youth in the final scene, after the latter's disgrace, makes some strong hints regarding la Andrieux, the old Prince, the young Prince, etc. But he explains nothing, just strikes terror into the Youth's heart. 2,000, took them and lost them.

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[5] A possible prototype of Stebelkov. Il'ia Aleksandrovich Arseniev was a journalist, owner of several newspapers, agent for the third section, and a thoroughly disreputable person.

N.B. The Prince has just rudely refused to give the Youth any <more> money, and has rudely spat at him with 100 rubles, (the latter accepting them) as Lambert shows up, 2,000. He ~~loses~~ rides *to the gambling house,* returns the Prince his 100 rubles, loses 2,000, and—night, flee to America. "His own idea." (Or, the other way around, Lambert after his disgrace, that night, 2,000, but the Youth refuses the money and runs away.) Mass, Versilov. (N.B. But the earlier program is better. He loses 2,000, and Versilov somehow rescues him.) [Here.]

Anna Andreevna's plan involving the old Prince, i.e., making <him> marry <her>, in part three, but in part two only some mysterious preparations and one scene with Versilov.

N.B. Important. In part three, Anna Andreevna takes her step *fully.* Though the Youth is *isolated* at Versilov's (Makar's death also plays a role), he is, in a remote way, held in servitude by Lambert and in the beginning willy-nilly participates in the project (negatively, freeing the Prince); but later, Lambert, having learned about the project involving Anna Andreevna from Stebelkov (which Stebelkov has been keeping to himself), cooks up the whole crazy scheme according to which the old Prince is to flee to the Youth's, greatly frightening the old Prince (to which Versilov contributed [by his denunciation] of the Akhmakov woman), which, incidentally, is also embarrassing to Anna Andreevna—and demands that the Youth help him.* But the Aide-de-Camp and the Princess rescue the Prince. On this occasion there is a scene between the Aide-de-Camp, on the one side, and Versilov and the Youth, on the other, the latter being, on the contrary, innocent, and after all this, Versilov's *proposal* to the Akhmakov woman and the chopping up of those icons. But the chopping up of those icons makes the Youth waver. The Youth now surrenders himself to Lambert, and at this point Lambert explains everything to him.

The most characteristic feature of part three is that Versilov has the Youth definitely convinced that he never did love the Akhmakov woman, but merely wanted to save her.

Part four, all the dénouements, the plot involving the fire, the final scene, the young Prince with Liza and on trial, the old Prince dies, etc.

March 2/3.

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* The sentence is ungrammatical in the original.

I, all dressed up. 1½ months later. Let the reader try to imagine. I was overjoyed, but never again was there to be such shame. What's right is right.

"He has rejected that conscientious and talented Frenchman, Charmeur, <he has> thousands, what thousands? Even Versilov hasn't told me a thing."

Why so silent, why didn't he say anything—why didn't he guide <me>, abstract topics?

I was staying at that flat—a small one—I was hardly ever there. [Here] Versilov used to sit around there.

This happened one evening. He came in. ~~I [expected] you~~

[Take it from the material] "I expected you." He remained standing in the middle of the room.

"So you expected me? Really? Well, thank you, thank you very much for that."

A conversation about everything (just as with Shatov), about God... Changed to the landlord. The landlord.

I went out to see him off. Went out to finish that conversation. Was ashamed to ask, about this and that.

(In the same chapter.) "But I have stopped at what happened 1½ months later. I was on my way to the Prince's"—etc. (will be continued later).

At the Prince's, I ran into Versilov, about how they got together through the child. (A pathetic scene. Versilov is the winner), about the nobility. The Youth has a discussion with the Prince; they are both delighted. Immediately thereafter, settling accounts on gambling. As if somebody had thrown cold water <on me>.

N.B. Important: In part two, the Youth casts an inquisitorial glance: Is there, or isn't there anything going on between Versilov and the Akhmakov woman? Getting carried away himself.* Lets Versilov know. Conveys to the reader that it was then that he finally became convinced that there had been nothing... and suddenly—Versilov's crazy sally!

An account of how it all happened (gambling) and what was going on in his soul—any breadth, or none, etc. A hint about Liza. Used to pay visits to Tatiana Pavlovna. Two meetings, at the child's, with Anna Versilov.

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* Or: "Becoming infatuated himself."

At first, a scene with the Akhmakov woman, and then a description of how they got together. (The old Prince, etc., sick.)

And one mysterious thing about the Akhmakov woman.

At night, at his mother's. ~~A quarrel with her.~~ Spinoza.[6] Kissed her hand. Versilov, "dad." An accidental win, etc.

N.B. His relations with the Akhmakov woman are of a mysterious nature, but the Youth finds it *necessary* to let Versilov know about them. *And so from the very beginning of part two.* Versilov had had a presentiment about it, and had foreseen it. Their mutual relations and their *opinions of each other* after this revelation.

N.B. *And altogether,* in part two, the Youth is *bossing everybody around.** (Everything works well for him, and there is no holding him.) He even *exuberantly cracks jokes* in society <and> at cards, tells anecdotes, comes up with witticisms, disgracing himself (in bad taste)—about Chernyshev[7] and other things. [He even tells lies, and is caught.] He also bosses the Akhmakov woman around, as if she were accountable to him. She asks him a number of questions about the young Prince, while he tells her about Versilov. He is pouting about her becoming involved with the Aide-de-Camp. Won't keep an appointment. Does some eavesdropping. Follows her to a masked ball.

[On one occasion,] Versilov can't stand it anymore and gives him a lecture about Chernyshev, the rock, etc. Very sharp and caustic.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" the Youth asks. "You kept saying nothing (failed to give me any guidance)." "This was a stretch of time when I got carried away by the game and got entangled in my own lies," says the Youth, "and altogether, it was a period of disgrace."

(N.B. But these trifles concerning Chernyshev, etc., He definitely considers on a par with the most serious and the most tragic events.)

I discovered that some tales about the cossacks of 1812 were still alive at the time, *The Goat,* etc.

This all originates from the milieu of petty government clerks, yet such tales are the height of dishonorableness.

The young Prince had spread some kind of slander about the Akhmakov woman. The slander made its rounds. (The Aide-de-Camp.) On account of this, the Youth quarreled with the Prince and called him a slanderer. The Youth feels sad as he sees that Versi-

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* *Despotiruet,* "is acting the despot," a neologism as far as I can see.

[6] See note 3 of Part II.

[7] See note 17 of Part IV.

lov is apparently inciting the Prince to make these slanderous statements... This happens in the very beginning of part two. This, precisely, is the plot.

~~Versilov~~ The Youth would like to brag some about knowing such a charming lady (the Akhmakov woman). Even if it be just to Tatiana Pavlovna. To Liza.

Versilov and the Prince have some points of contact: refusal to accept the estate, Lidiia, the child, hate for the Akhmakov woman, and <their> nobility.

[This is the last page of the first half of part two.] At one time the Youth made an attempt to discuss Liza with Versilov, but he saw that the latter did not want to listen to him.

This is Versilov's second disappointment, and the beginning of his doubts, in the Youth:*

1st. His taciturnity.

2d. There is a suspicion of <his> hatred for the Akhmakov woman (though not of love). The Youth is convinced that he loved Lidiia, and has heard about it from the Prince. "It is impossible to speak of Lidiia with such warmth of feeling without having loved her," thinks the Youth.

3d. That Versilov is inciting the Prince to a frantic sally against the Akhmakov woman (secretly, Versilov is jealous of the Prince).

4th. That when the Youth has admitted to Versilov that he is in contact with the Akhmakov woman, something quite inexplicable begins, as if he had stroked him the wrong way.

5th. That Versilov does not want to hear anything about Liza.

6th. That he *definitely* is trying to approach the subject of the document.

In spite of all this, the Youth stands up for him every time and breaks lances for him as if he were his most devoted servant. And so it goes, right until Versilov's crazy sally, his letter to the Akhmakov woman in which he asks her not to corrupt <the Youth>.

The Akhmakov woman finds out everything from the Youth (about Anna Versilov, for instance). The Youth, though he is giving in to her and telling her things, owing to his weakness <of character>, is also taking note of everything, and is merely angry at his own weakness: *Why is he yielding?*

Versilov has been telling the Prince a lot about the nobility, but

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* Apparently a *lapsus calami:* It ought to be the other way around.

the Youth clearly realizes, on that very same day, when he meets Versilov alone, that the latter does not believe in what he is saying, and proceeds to let the Prince know about it in a half-facetious way just to tease him a little.

Stebelkov is paying court to Anna Andreevna; he is having hopes, is expecting a dowry from the old Prince, and is instructing Anna Andreevna how to wheedle it out of him. But Anna Andreevna has kept him around just to find out everything about the Akhmakov woman and about Versilov, has given the appearance of being his willing pupil (and then some), and then she suddenly makes a fool of Stebelkov and all his hopes by picking the old Prince for her fiancé. Versilov is worried during the entire time of Anna Andreevna's intimacy with Stebelkov. This is in part two.

N.B. Even a long time before that, the old Prince would on occasion say words of praise about Anna Andreevna.

The Prince is toying with the idea of setting up his own roulette.

The old Prince is aware of the fact that Stebelkov is wooing Anna Andreevna. He is quite interested in this circumstance, but won't stand for it, figuring, rather, on Prince Serezha as <her> suitor. Conversation between the old Prince and the Youth about Stebelkov.

Absolutely, about "that passive creature."

?! Important N.B. A remark to the effect that the Prince is not accepted in the highest society. "At the Sportsmen's Club, what a game you can have there!" His application was turned down. The Prince is having some visitors. A retired officer, a member of fashionable society, is running a roulette. The Prince is outrageously flattering and fawning on persons belonging to fashionable society. This bothers the Youth a great deal.

The old Prince: "I see a new type of people in the streets, all bearded; it would be interesting to walk down the street just with the idea of reading from people's faces whether they have read *The Pickwick Papers,*[8] or not."

"I am not too... venerable as yet," says the old Prince.

Sometimes the young Prince would exclaim: "Oh, how uneducated I am!"

Tatiana Pavlovna says: "I am convinced that you think He did it all for you, and no one else—challenged <the Prince> to a duel, and

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[8] See note 33 of Part IV.

turned down that inheritance—solely to become worthy of Arkady Makarovich."

"A brilliant idea!" exclaims the Youth, "but... so help me God, I wasn't thinking that! And yet, absurd as it may sound, by God, it may be true!"

The Youth to Versilov, about the Prince: "In a word, there are as many virtues in him, as there are shortcomings."

Versilov: "But my dear friend, you are flattering him immeasurably; if he really has so many virtues ~~as he has shortcomings~~, he is the most righteous man or else the Apollo of Belvedere."

"Or a general on the railroad: they'll wait, and meanwhile the train is gone."

The young Prince was originally thinking <of wooing> the Princess, but then he met the Aide-de-Camp and, through Stebelkov, Anna Andreevna (hoping to get a salaried position) (this, in the Youth's narrative); thus, he betrays Liza.

See February, December 13/14, character sketch of the Prince.

The Youth was always wondering why Stebelkov was moving in good society, why he was received by decent people. What had happened was that he had "suffered" at one time, spent a month in prison; that's why some decent people would receive him, and he knew how to turn it to his advantage.

The young Prince is *honest,* but his judgment is most irregular, as are his impressions. His relationship with the Princess resembles my own with E<lena P<avlovna>.[9]

About the young Prince, see *February,* toward the end of the book!

Various cute expressions in the beginning of the book. See February.

"I've come to make up."

"I've been expecting you."

"Well, I thank you for that."

Initially, the young Prince was counting on the Akhmakov woman (El<ena> Pav<lovna>). Then, on Anna Andreevna, which makes the Youth suspect that he apologized for the slap he gave <Versilov>, because he saw an advantage in it, but this is not true. The Prince begins to hate the Aide-de-Camp. Whereas the news that the Youth is also in the picture makes the young Prince very angry, as he is dreaming of Anna Andreevna. And what about Liza?

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[9] See note 48 of Part IV.

VERY IMPORTANT. Not so firmly and radically about gambling in the 1st half of part two. There haven't been any scenes yet, nor have there been any scenes involving gamblers (or gambling), or any details. Everything concerning gambling enters its mold only in the 2d half of part two. [About gambling]

The young Prince. He suddenly starts reading Belinsky.

Lambert relates how he was living in the provinces and how he "had" Viktoriia (a Kirghiz).*

March 3/4.

*Versilov in part two. (Words and cute expressions.)***

Versilov is worried about Anna Andreevna. Having heard about her from the Youth, he asks him many further questions. He is worried about Anna Andreevna being on such intimate terms with Stebelkov. The old Prince also praises Anna Andreevna to him.

He tells the Prince about the nobility. Deprived of everything, the nobility has even less than the other estates. And it would appear *incomprehensible* why it should still be an estate. But all of a sudden it is addressed <by destiny> and handed the guardianship of the spirit of the Russian nation, put at the head of <its> education.[10] And so, the banner which it is bearing remains a spiritual one. Now, after the abolition of serfage, this has become even more evident. I am in favor of the abolition of serfdom, a condition which the nation*** could have blamed on the nobility. What remains now is the pure banner of <our> spirit. The nobility has been entrusted with Russian honor, a sense of responsibility. The banner is now more readily visible. Let it be an ideal, let just one in a million <hold it up>, but that is enough for it not to die. In order for the nobility to be regenerated, the gates to it are wide open. The nobility is the inelligentsia. The only ones who are laughing at the idea are those who are glad to have acquired the right to be dishonorable. The merchant and the scribe.

The Prince remarks that this is all ideal and won't last without having any material roots. Versilov replies that it might be precisely the peculiar quality of the Russian race to be able to sustain an ideal without any material roots.

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* "A Kirghiz" is in the masculine gender.

** *Slova i slovechki,* where the latter means literally "little words."

*** *Narod* is ambiguous here; it could also mean "the people."

[10] See note 26 of Part I.

"You are descended from Riurik. Set up yourself as an example. Self-perfection. Even a limited field of activity will do. These small efforts will not remain without recognition. The banner, etc., are important. This may be just the breadth of our Russian nature," Versilov says jokingly. "At the present time, though, this breadth (i.e., ardent faith and, at the same time, cynicism) is getting somehow more narrow: the Krafts are shooting themselves on account of the idea that Russia is second-rate. Whereas we only used to *grow more handsome* from such ideas," Versilov adds. After Versilov, the Youth, friendship, accounts.

That night, Versilov says the same things to the Youth, this time with open cynicism. The Youth is surprised and angry.

"One must have no respect for people. And I'm starting it with myself."

Conversations about how he expected the Youth to blush while Makar was telling his story.*

N.B. Versilov's cynicism was in part the cause of <the Youth's> passion for gambling ("had he taken me firmly into his hands that time," etc.). But on the other hand, Versilov's tender treatment of the Youth, his visits, etc.

Discussion during the first showdown.

Discussion about Chernyshev.[11]

Versilov definitely approaches the subject of the document. An unpleasant impression on the Youth.

"A man of indubitable mental faculties, yet... still not a very clever person."

"A witty, but not a clever man."

Versilov: "One must learn how to love people."

"No one among us has ever tried to cultivate himself by force."

"No one is born a ready person."

"In our country, what they like is precisely to have things ready for them."

"Lots of things in Russian life, and among them some of the most important, are sustained precisely and only by this quality of the Russian people."

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* Though this is what seems to be the only possible translation, the real meaning ought to be: "While listening to <Versilov's> story of Makar <and his family>."

[11] See note 17 of Part IV.

"It is natural for one not to respect people. It is very difficult to love them."

Regarding contemporary literature, Versilov says that the types presented by it (Chatsky, Pechorin, Oblomov)[12] are rather crude, and that many fine nuances and much that was undoubtedly real has slipped away from it; immeasurably more has slipped away than was actually captured by literature. For we have failed to understand ourselves all along, and the moment some light was cast on one tiny bit <of our life>, it suddenly turned out that there was even more darkness than before (during the past twenty years).

Mice.

"As many virtues as shortcomings" (see).

Versilov says: "We have, in our society, on the one hand despair and purulent decay, and on the other, a thirst of regeneration, and enthusiasm. They are even rejecting God religiously."

[Here.] For other statements by Versilov, see *February,* toward the end of the book.

"Fight with words. [Ideas] Children fight precisely when [because] they haven't learned to express their thoughts yet."

Or, they will insist on telling you in a whisper how an extremely important personage was, at one time, kneeling in the Senate before the Senators...

The trial of Christ in England.

"I have come to make up with you."

"I've been expecting you."

"Well, thank you for that."

~~The young Prince~~ "I have in me all the depths of degradation. But, to make up for it, I also possess all the sensations of 'exalted thought.' "

The Youth is <at> the old Prince's, a learned conversation about how rocks will be flying <through space>.

The old Prince: "Oh, my dear friend, why should you be worried about that, let them fly."

~~the young Prince began to read~~

He, to the Youth: "My friend, I am generally afraid of formulating. You see: suddenly, I believe in nothing and yet, at the same time, know firmly and at all times that 'I believe in a great idea.' My position is of course untenable, for the whole trouble lies precisely in the

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[12] See note 45 of Part IV.

question: 'What then, does your great idea consist of?' What's both funny and absurd is that it never has been formulated: the moment I would formulate it, I would be the first to ridicule it myself. And that's the way it always happens."

The Youth: "It seems to me that there's nothing to worry about here: a great feeling will appear as an impression—well, and that's enough. You go along, meet a certain fact, and say—'this is good!'..."

He: "That's precisely what is wrong with it."

The Youth: "You mean, it is too little, it's not enough to have just the impression... Listen" (at this point, about something else, about the Prince, for instance).

He: "There's an excess of happiness boiling inside you, and I'd certainly hate to cool you off. That's why I am not even touching you."

He, to the Youth: "My friend, I've been frequently telling my wife, your mother ~~here, I will~~, at the beginning of our union, incidentally, in the beginning as well as in the middle, and in the end: 'My dear, I'm torturing you, and I shall torture you to death, nor am I feeling sorry for you, not as long as I have you before me. But if you should die, I do know for sure that I would [torture myself] to death, for having caused your death.' "

He: "If at least I were a weak-willed nonentity, and could suffer from my awareness of that! But no, for I know that I am infinitely strong, and through what, would you think? Well, precisely through that immediate power of vitality and adaptability, so characteristic of all clever Russian people of our past generation. Nothing can destroy me, nothing can kill me, nothing can do me in. I have the vitality of a watchdog. I can most conveniently experience two contrary feelings simultaneously—nor would it happen of my own volition, I can assure you. It is dishonorable—and precisely because it suggests that, in certain instances, the kinds of me can be exceedingly prudent. But just imagine, I have lived to the age of 50, and [to this day] I don't know myself if I have lived well, or badly. Of course I love life, which really follows from the rest of it. Yet, it is base for a man such as I to love life. Lately, there has been a new trend, and the Krafts <no longer> adapt themselves to things, but shoot themselves. But [it is obvious that] the Krafts are foolish, ~~well~~ whereas we are clever, [on the other hand] and consequently, it is once more impossible to say ~~whether it is good or bad~~ anything. ~~But if~~ Could it be really true that the world exists only for ~~clever~~ people such as myself? Most likely so, but this is really much too dismal a notion, for, if the Krafts are stupid,

then, [on the other hand,] we, the clever ones, are dishonorable to the marrow of our bones, and what is even viler, we are glad that this is so." ~~We are shameless, depraved people, and nothing else.~~

Versilov, on education: "I was almost glad that, during the past 15 years or so, our whole intelligentsia, stimulated by Russia's needs, began to specialize in a variety of branches, and, so help me God, I was honestly glad about it, and I am, in this respect, really an enemy of any other kind of 'educational reform' as well as of any kind of external 'raising of the level'...: for, in our dear fatherland, to raise the level of education invariably means to also raise the level of suffering...—at least this is how it has been up to now... ~~but~~"

"Listen," I interrupted him, "I've always suspected that you are saying these things merely out of spite, or suffering, and that secretly, in your own mind, you are perhaps the fanatical devotee of some higher idea, which you are simply concealing, for some reason, or are ashamed to admit..."

"Do you think so?"

On that occasion I went on to bombard him with a variety of questions [too much so], and I remember he answered all of them readily and straightforwardly, though somehow much too briefly and abstractly, [and the world] veering off into the most commonplace aphorisms toward the end of each statement. I don't know whether or not he was just chatting with me, for he really didn't have anyone else to chat with. But it seemed to me that this was not the case. And yet ~~really~~ all of these questions had been bothering me all my life and, let me admit this much, while still in Moscow I had been postponing their solution precisely until we would meet in Petersburg. I told him so directly, and he didn't laugh at me at all, but on the contrary, I remember, actually shook hands with me. Regarding general politics and social ideas, I was able to ~~extract~~ elicit next to nothing from him, and yet precisely those questions were, in view of my "idea," bothering me almost more than anything else. Regarding the likes of Dergachev I once wrested a "they're below criticism" from him; yet right there he added that he would "retain the right to consider his opinion utterly devoid of significance." [~~well~~, and we are so clever] Then, concerning the eventual end of the state and the world as we know it, and the future regeneration of ~~Europe~~ the world, he dodged my questions for a long time, until I finally wrung a few words from him. "I think that all this will happen most simply and ordinarily," he once said, "very simply, all these different states will one day, in spite of all these balances and budgets, in spite of the

absence of any deficit and the presence of perfect controls, get all tangled up in their finances *un beau matin,*[13] i.e., every single one of them, and I mean every single one, will decide that he is no longer willing to pay his debts, so that a general regeneration by way of general [and solidary] bankruptcy will be in order and so... a new and regenerate life may start—[i.e.,] with new loans, new budgets, and a new bankruptcy. Meanwhile the conservative element in the whole world will be opposed to this, for it is they who'll be the shareholders and the creditors who won't like to allow this bankruptcy to happen —even if it promises to regenerate the whole world. Then, naturally, there will start what you may call a general oxidation; there is going to be some forced oxidation, accompanied by a perfect awareness of one's own turning sour, whereupon all those who never have possessed any shares, who in fact have possessed nothing at all, i.e., the paupers, naturally will refuse to participate in such oxidation, for they won't have anything to lose. A struggle will start, and after thirty or 70 defeats the paupers will destroy the shareholders, will take their places, and... maybe they're going to say something new, and maybe they won't... More likely than not, they, too, will go bankrupt. Further than that, [For the time being] my dear friend, I find it impossible to foresee anything at all in the fortunes ~~of Europe and the world~~, which the face of this Earth has yet to see. [Incidentally,] you may look it up in the Apocalypse."

"Is all this really so material, is the world as we know it really going to come to an end because of its finances?"

"Of course not, I was merely taking one hundredth of the total picture, just one section of the whole business. But that small section, too, is connected with all the rest of it and, one might say, connected by indissoluble ties."

"What then, is there to be done?"

"What are you to do, my dear? Be honest, never say a falsehood, do not covet your neighbor's house; in a word, read the ten commandments; that's where it has been written down forever. ~~And if life turns out to be just too boring, then over and above that try to love somebody or something.~~

"Eh, come on, this is all so old, and besides, these are only words."

"Well, if things turn out to be too boring, then over and above that try to love somebody or something..."

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[13] French: "One beautiful morning."

"Eh, of course, you're right, but that isn't the real thing either! What is of the essence is something to do, something to be done, and what is there to be done?"

Versilov: "Ah, my friend, it is better not to do anything; at least you'll have a clear conscience knowing that you are not a party to anything."

"And besides, what am I alone going to do with your ten commandments? That's nothing but a joke."

"Well, you just go ahead and fulfill them, in spite of all your questions and doubts, and you shall be a great man."

"Unknown to the world."

"There is nothing <so> secret that it will not be made manifest."

"Why, you are making fun of me!"

"Well, if you are taking things so much to heart, it might be best if you'd try to find a specialty as fast as possible. Become a building contractor, or a lawyer, [or start making money]...and then, being busy with ~~a serious~~ a real and a serious activity, you will naturally calm down and forget ~~all this nonsense, and quit~~ <about> asking abstract questions."

I remained silent. Really, it appeared to me at the time that he was sometimes laughing <at me>, [which] made me sad. And yet, perhaps he wasn't after all, because after each such discussion I would fall to thinking and would get very excited. I saw that he was still guarding some kind of a secret: and it was that secret that was attracting me to him. I was becoming more and more attached to him. And this even in spite of the fact that I was beginning to have my serious doubts about him. About that, later, and separately. I was postponing my telling him about "my idea"; it wasn't the proper time for it, I could see that, and besides, I was hardly capable of making up my mind to go through with it: to reveal it to him meant to deprive myself of everything, no matter what the outcome. But what was most important, it wasn't the proper time. God knows what kind of time it was, a time of enthusiasm and of disgrace all at once.

"I swear to you that I felt no anger after he had slapped my face. I can remember how I told myself: 'Surely, I am feeling no anger because I actually deserved to have my face slapped.' But this was merely a pun: actually that slap in the face was undeserved; I really wasn't guilty."

Once, in anger, the young Prince says ~~about Versilov~~ to the Youth: ~~He~~ "You simply haven't done anything to deserve anyone's attention, and this is why you are envious of everybody, that's all there is to it."

The Youth asks: "Once you mentioned certain 'Genevan ideas,' and I failed to get it."

" 'Genevan ideas,' that's virtue without Christ, the French ideas of today or, rather, of today's entire civilization...In a word, this is one of those long stories which it is so boring to start <explaining>, my friend, ~~nor is it really worth~~ so let's rather talk of something else."

Versilov: "My friend, being the youth you are, you are dreaming of a resounding life, you desire to pick too conspicuous a lot—that of Napoleon the First, for example. But, you know these dreams are really something very primitive; and besides, that lot as such is ~~a fussy one~~ none too tempting, really: you are too much in the public eye, you must grimace and act, and pretend too much. Well, there are different tastes; simple freedom is certainly to be considered also."

"And mystery."

"What?"

"Mystery. Besides freedom, I also love mystery."

"Ahem. It may be that you've just said something very profound... Though on second thought, I may be wrong. By the way, you really do have some sort of an 'idea,' don't you?"

"Oh yes, but we'll discuss that later."

"That's right, later, let's do it later," [he agreed, apparently] very glad <to stop it right there>, "and you know what, I do happen to be in a great hurry, good-bye then."

The Youth asks: "What are you going to live on, having given away the inheritance?"

He didn't even ask that either.

Versilov: "I am one of the old, and I don't see any new men; and what I do see isn't serious."

About Dergachev: "These are the fruits of the bankruptcy of the old generation. We haven't passed on a single edifying thought, not even a single solid thought, to the new generation. Yet, all our lives, we were suffering from a thirst for great ideas. Well, what could I, for instance, pass on? I have nothing at all to pass on to you. I am a beggar myself. All my life I believed that I was rich, that I would never come to grief, and there, on the threshold of old age—I must beg my bread ~~beg my bread, beg my bread~~."

"The fools are many, but the wise men are few. The wise [always] go away, while the fools [always] stay behind."

Versilov: "It isn't that he is immoral, he's just an all-around scoundrel, though that is really a good thing."

"Why is it a good thing?"

"It fits him better...~~It won't disturb~~ For harmony."

"Ah, my friend, we haven't got a nobility, and perhaps we never did have one."

"Yes, he is acting the role of a very solid citizen."

"In our society this is far from clear."

"I know only that I suddenly looked around, and found nothing."

"Did you look around only when you got to be forty?"

"*Le temps n'y fait rien.*[14] But, never mind, 40 years of age."

And besides, an insatiable appetite for life, for everything in life.

"He even talks in a taciturn manner."

"How's that—'talks in a taciturn manner'?"

"Well, there are some people whose talking is as good as silence."

"Yes, it is a felicitous expression."

"Really, to talk the way we've been talking is just as good as remaining silent."

"Ever since the moment when I realized that I would never become a serious person, I have been determined..." etc.

"All this nervousness... Better let's be silent about something."

"My friend, remember that it is incomparably more advantageous to be silent, than to talk. And this is true in every single instance, without an exception. To be silent is good, safe, and beautiful—what more do you want?"

"Beautiful?"

"Of course. Silence is always beautiful, and a taciturn person is always beautiful; but more than anything else, it is to one's advantage."

"[Well,] that 'these stones be made bread'* ~~this~~ is a great idea."

"No, my friend, there's more to this idea than you might think.** It is a great idea, I won't argue that, but it is a secondary idea, and great only at a given moment. ["No, my friend, there's more to this idea than you might think. It is a great idea, I won't argue that."] ["But of course, all this is quite abstract."] A man will eat his fill and not think of it anymore; ~~what is~~ on the contrary, he will immediately say: "All right I have eaten my fill, and now, well, what

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* Matt. 4: 3.

** Literally, "this idea has got a hook."

[14] French: "Time doesn't have anything to do with it."

am I going to do now?' And so you are facing the same problem again: what should a man do?"

"Mankind always does it that way. It is incessantly thirsting for a great idea. But the moment it is born ~~it laughs at it and, with all its force, tries to present~~ it considers it to be its duty to go right ahead and spit on it, and to put it down, below itself."

The Youth: "What, in general, are you calling a great idea?"

Versilov: "I don't know what, my friend. I only know that it has always been that thing from which real life flows, that is, ~~immediate~~ life that isn't of the intellect ~~but immediate not manufactured~~, that isn't made up ~~in other words~~, and ~~not~~, but beautiful, cheerful, and never boring; so that a great idea ~~is great because~~, from which all of this ~~this~~ emanates—[a great idea is absolutely essential for every society,] to everybody's chagrin, of course."

"Why chagrin?"

"Because it is boring to be living with ideas, whereas without ideas ~~well always~~ it is more cheerful ~~and incomparably more comfortable~~."

[The Prince swallowed his pill.]

"And what, in your opinion, is real life" (he was apparently getting angry).

Versilov: ~~Versilov: Real life~~ "I don't know that either, [my ~~friend~~ dear Prince,] I only know that it ought to be something awfully simple [and even] trivial, something that would catch your eye every day and every minute and so simple we couldn't possibly believe that the whole thing was so ~~easy~~ simple, and so, quite naturally, we keep walking by it, already for many thousands of years, ~~even~~ without noticing it ~~let alone~~ or recognizing it."

He had some amazing ideas about nihilism, for instance ~~says the Youth~~. Once, I remember, I told him:

"The sequel of nihilism is going to be idealism."

Versilov: "On the contrary, my friend, on the contrary, the sequel of our nihilism is going to be the most salutary and the most sobering positivism, for nihilism itself [is] nothing but idealism, but only in the very highest, and so far unheard of, degree. Nihilism is the ultimate stage of idealism."

"My friend, I am not drawing any definitive conclusions because I do not want to pass judgment on anyone."

"Why don't you?"

"I don't know why, but I have an aversion against it. A certain wise woman has told me that I haven't the right to pass judgment, because I don't know how to suffer, and, in order to be a judge <of other

people>, 'one must acquire the right to be a judge by one's own suffering.' It sounds a little pompous, but, if applied to me, it may be true."

"It's awful how you always speak in such abstract terms."

"So don't bother me with your questions."

Versilov: "There isn't one honest man among a hundred thousand."

"I know one."

"Who would it be?"

"He is sitting right here and talking to me."

Versilov (whispering in his ear): "He is lying." (He gets up and leaves.)

Having only a single idea. People who have a single idea.

"Our nihilists? Don't tell me this is a pure type, something equable and stable! It certainly is not! I had a premonition of what they'd be like even before they actually appeared, and, I must admit, they are exceeding my expectations. A real nihilist cannot, must not, dare not get reconciled to anything at all that is now in existence. He dare not make any deals, under any circumstances, and he knows full well that no deal is in effect possible. Well, and now ours: where's the negation in our nihilists? With them, even the negation of religion is turned into religion. Their whole nihilism is nothing but a passionate faith; ~~something medieval~~. These people are perpetually praying, they are monks and hermits. There is something medieval about them, with the same kind of blind and passionate authority. Naturally, I'm speaking of nihilists only, and not of scoundrels, or of people who are doing business with this idea. There is an awful lot of businessmen among this group, though even more are mere fools, granted that the latter don't count, for they are of no consequence."

["One must believe <in> God. Eh, the devil. And if I don't believe in God? A very fine sign of that idea. How come, very fine?"]

"[That atheist] The Russian atheist, if only he is a genuine atheist, and a little bit intelligent, is always inclined to show a real affection for God, for he is invariably [also] a kind person, being kind for the reason that he is immeasurably satisfied with his being an atheist. To our atheist, atheism is a source of honor and enjoyment, and certainly not of suffering. They are really fine people, honorable and loyal in the highest degree, the pillars of the fatherland, so-to-speak."

"Pillars of the fatherland? Come on, you're letting your tongue run away with you!"

"You are all wrong! Why, that liberal of ours is really a most conservative person—and it has always been that way, which happens to

be a fact well known for a long time to those...who take a [special] interest in these things."

"We have survived the Tartar invasion, then two centuries of ~~invasion~~ slavery, solely because ~~this~~ one as well as the other really happened to be to our liking. Now we must survive freedom. But are we going to make it? Will it be to our liking, I mean freedom?"

"In your opinion, what is philosophy?"

"Philosophy, my friend, that's something about the laws of the essence of things, where 'essence' must be absolutely and ~~Eh, we know that~~ under any circumstances above human reason, and this for the sole reason that man may seek to define it all his life, without succeeding in so doing. ~~This is, so to speak, an advanced version of blindman's buff.~~ Moreover, it is absolutely necessary that man should never discover anything about the essence <of things>: it is more seemly that way, and that's what this thing is all about. This is, in a manner of speaking, an advanced version of blindman's buff—that's all there is to it."

"What do you think of progress?"

"That whole progressive movement of ours during the past 15 to 20 years has shown, more than anything else, that we are terribly uneducated."

"If there weren't any misfortunes, life wouldn't be worth living."

"You know what, sometimes you are a terrible reactionary," says the Youth.

"My friend, I couldn't care less."

"Why then, didn't you come yesterday?"

"Well, I was afraid that you might give me a tongue-lashing."

N.B. The Youth tells him about his virginity. (He is telling him about the dangers of fornication: "Abstain!" This makes the Youth angry.)

N.B. The Youth remembers that, at their first meeting, He very nearly began to cry.

Versilov: "But, my friend, this very dullness may sometimes make a woman attractive. 'A foolish woman is good also,' says Iaichnitsa.* This isn't really the same thing, but the most depraved creature may sometimes be more attractive than an angel. But if she is dull, and unfair <to you>, so much more so, once she has had an impact on your feeling."

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* In Gogol's comedy *The Marriage.*

"You are corrupt to the marrow of your bones, that's what."

"May be this is so; like all Russians, by the way."

Versilov, to the Youth: "My friend, I am not trying to tempt you with some kind of bourgeois virtue, offering it as a substitute for your ideals, nor am I trying to tell you that happiness is superior to heroism. On the contrary, my dear, heroism is superior to any sort of happiness, and the very ability to be a hero is a token of happiness. It is precisely for this that I respect you, as well as for the fact that you've got some kind of an 'idea of your own.' (Don't worry, I remember it only too well.) Yet in spite of all this, one must not forget to retain a sense of measure, for right now you wish to set fire to something, to smash something to pieces, to elevate yourself above all Russia, to sweep past like a storm cloud, leaving everybody behind in fear and in wonder, and then withdraw into the desert, or to the United States of America. I'm sure that something of this kind is going through your mind, which is why I'm considering it necessary to warn you, for I've grown sincerely fond of you, my dear."

"Have you told this to your children?"

"No, I do not intend to ask for their permission."

"And what is most important, don't fall too much in love with yourself."

N.B. "But what if she hates you?"

"No, she adores me, and it is I who doesn't like her."

"But she won't admit it."

"Give her time; maybe she'll get wise enough to admit it to herself."

N.B. She is bashful.

"If she is bashful, what kind of a Messalina can she be?"

"You wouldn't understand it."

The Youth: "How come you, *being a Christian,* praise me for my hatred, and encourage me to persist in my hatred?"

Versilov: "My friend, what I am praising is merely the fact that, in this jellylike age of ours, you were able to experience a profound feeling, to nurture it within yourself, and not abandon it. You say that I am encouraging you to persist in your hatred, don't you? But perhaps you don't as yet know yourself that, hidden below your hatred, there is even more love (just as, vice versa, many a love is really hidden hatred). You are still going through a certain phase in your development; wait a bit, you'll enter the next phase, and see things more clearly. I don't want to stop you from doing anything, since I believe in the principle [sticking to the principle] 'live and work

yourself.' At any rate, I am not your nursemaid; live as best you can, and do what you think is best for you."

The Youth about the Princess: "That woman was worrying me. Once she crossed my path, she would have to follow me; no one stops me on my way with impunity."

Versilov: "It is impossible to love people the way they are. And yet, one must love them. And therefore, do good unto them, checking your emotions, holding your nose, and closing your eyes (the latter being almost inevitable). Suffer the evil they will do to you without getting angry with them, remembering if ever you can [keeping in mind] that you are, after all, a man, too. Naturally, it is your duty to be stern with them. People are base, they like to love ~~and to adore~~ from fear; so they will adore you, too. Do not succumb to their adulation, do not prove to be petty, and continue to despise them. Keep despising them even when they are good, for this is precisely where, more often than not, they are at their worst. Without any doubt, Christ couldn't have loved them: he put up with them, he forgave them, but, quite naturally, he ~~also~~ despised them. Personally, at least, I cannot understand his personality otherwise. Love of mankind must be held in suspicion, ~~in the ideal~~ toward a perfected <mankind>, one which exists ~~only~~ ideally, that is, in your soul, one that perhaps [probably] [most likely] will never come into existence—though, let this be said, this circumstance should in no way interfere with any of this."

"It will never ~~?~~ happen."

"My friend, I agree that this [apparently] is rather stupid, but this is not my fault; my opinion was not heard at the creation of this world, which is why I reserve the right to have my own opinion."

"After all this, how is it possible that people are calling you a Christian, a monk who wears chains, and a preacher?—I can't understand it."

"And who is it that has said these things of me?"

I told him, and he listened most attentively. But our conversation had come to an end.

"You know what, it is precisely you [however] who is a fanatic."

It was in a strange way that he spoke about <his> contempt for people. Even his eyes were flashing, and yet at the same time I did not believe him, for it couldn't be that he would talk to me so seriously about such things."

"Why do you love me so?" He suddenly says to the Youth.

Here: "If you want to, quit your job with the old Prince."

Versilov, at the end of part four, after the Youth has been telling him about the Akhmakov woman: "Let me kiss you just once—come to think of it, I haven't ever kissed you yet!"

"A lawyer is a hired conscience."

"Everything has a limit, even our all-Russian stupidity, which is nevertheless boundless."

He: "What we are having everywhere is *lazy atheism.*"

He: "Meaning: *Chacun chez soi* and *chacun pour soi;*[15] and ~~that~~ what will come of it, will come."

The Youth: "I rushed over and started kissing the spot on which she had been sitting. I wouldn't have admitted that at confession."

The Youth: "I was engulfed by disorder ever more and more."

The Youth: "I felt that He, too, had his 'own idea.' "

He: "I am one who denies everything, and I am desperate about not having anything to grasp at, yet at the same time I am attached to everything. Any nihilist, as long as he is not stupid, must think that way and feel that he is attached to everything. And as for the fact that people kill themselves with ease, ~~it decidedly~~ it really happens because it is the easiest thing to do and, [what is most important,] does not ask for too much thinking power."

He: "My friend, I dislike having to expound anything at great length; what I like is to believe quietly in my own idea and to be silent about it. <In this respect> I am a lot like you. And here is another strange thing: whenever it happens that I begin to expound an idea of mine, an idea in which I believe, I swear it to you, it almost invariably happens that by the time I am through with my explanation, I have quit believing in whatever I had been explaining, even though I'd been believing in it for three years. Later, if I continued to support that particular idea, it would be, so to speak, out of a sense of responsibility only. [Well, this is why I much prefer to feel, rather than to formulate."]

The Youth: "My God, how many things you're telling me there, all of which require some thought, and which I had suspected even before."

"Not a grain of truth."

"What kind of a nobility is this? This isn't any nobility anymore, but rather some sort of a masonic lodge, the kind about which you were sermonizing this oaf the other day."

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[15] French: "Everyone at home. Everyone for himself."

"That is, ~~the whole~~ all of freemasonry, [the whole idea,] and not [just one] lodge, i.e., [the whole idea,] and not to any oaf, but to a person well capable of honorable feelings."

"I am sorry, not to any oaf, for I am no better than he is; but then, in that case, ~~this is merely~~ we really haven't got any kind of nobility, nor have we probably ever had one, if it must be thusly reformulated, isn't that so? And besides, can it really exist in this form? Hardly, except with constant and innumerable exceptions, wouldn't you say so?"

~~"It did exist before Peter <the Great>, and precisely in the sense I was sermonizing about today."~~

~~"Hardly, except with innumerable exceptions. Fie! What impossible things you are bringing up!"~~

"What exceptions? Exceptions pass on and come to an end, and they mean nothing, as long as there is a pivot, as long as there is but the tiniest light, shining in the deepest darkness. The tiniest fire can give birth to a universal conflagration. You have exactly the same thing ~~here~~ with an idea—one fiery spot in the deepest darkness, [provided it is not extinguished.] However, you are making me tired... Let us leave all these things, I beg you, and you know what, let's leave them for good."

~~In the West, kings and emperors always were no more than the leaders of victorious parties, at first the knights against the plain people, later the cities against the knights, and so on. Our Czar has been something entirely different.~~

" 'And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.'* And so it has been at all times, and with all great ideas. However, my friend, you are making me tired..." etc. (N.B. Right here, also: *About, "what I explain to somebody, I quit believing."*) I.e.: "You ought to have compassion with me, an old man, and spare my feelings..."

And so he was always getting off the hook, as a result of which it was difficult to determine if he had said these things in all seriousness, the other day when he was talking to the Prince, or just to be diplomatic. I was inclined to believe that he had been pursuing some political end.

The one of them, all fancy and enthusiasm, and all but saying: "Why won't you let me make this up, and you'll see how fine it will come out, and what a pleasure it's going to be <for you to listen>."

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* From John 1: 5.

And the other, all prose, all spleen and bad manners: "No, I won't let you make up anything!"—"But for goodness' sake, my friend"—he got to talking about that rock—"why, that rock is still there; I guess it's on Malaia Millionnaia Street, and was never dropped into any hole." But I didn't take him up on it, I said nothing, out of tact, out of gentlemanliness, out of embarrassment, ~~for the reason that I wouldn't be~~ for aesthetic <considerations>, so-to-speak, for if I had acted otherwise, what sort of a gentleman would I have been after that?"

"Oh, my God, that's what I mean, it is standing right there even now."

"Well, yes, it's standing there all right, for this is really a delightful anecdote: 'and so things got before the Emperor.' "

"Why, his soul must have been overflowing with joy during that moment when he was presenting ~~his ideal~~ his hero to the Emperor."

"Always let the other man tell a small lie, it is quite innocent. Even let him tell a big lie. First of all, this will only show your tact, and secondly, they'll let you tell your own lies in return—two tremendous advantages at the same time. *Que diable,*[16] one must love one's neighbor."

"In exactly the same way you may repeat the witticisms of Prince Menshikov and the one about *voilà Monsieur, qui se leva* (Kiselev, that is). However, this one is a bit more genteel. All this survived to my own time. In fact, it exists even to this very day."

"Or the one about Zavialov, whom the British offered a million for not putting his label on his goods."

"My friend, there will always be an individuality, and the socialists have overlooked that."

"Make sure you won't dare tell any of these anecdotes—it is a most dishonorable thing to do—and once you've taken the first step in this direction you'll be drowned in that cesspool on your second step."

Also in part two, the Prince is having certain connections with Stebelkov, definitely something *suggestive* of what is going to come later, something that worries the Prince and makes him irritable; it is precisely at one of these moments that the Youth runs into him. In a word, make it so the reader will have a foreboding of the further developments (i.e., those Tambov shares). Also in the 2d half of part two, the Youth goes to see him for some money he'd like to borrow

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[16] French: "What the hell."

from him, and—N.B: also without letting the reader know beforehand that he has been in contact with Stebelkov.

Versilov is discussing communism: "It will start right here, in Moscow. There won't be any firewood left to heat homes, so there will be communal dwellings, and people will quit leading a family life. As a result of which, new customs are going to develop—etc.," in a mocking, lampooning mode.

The Youth starts that hellish night thinking of Lacenaire.[17]

Drop a few ~~things~~ words in those conversations with Versilov to suggest that the ideals of Lacenaire, etc., are present in the Youth's mind.

Ungern-Shternberg,[18] *maybe,* in part three.

In the second half of part two, the Youth's eyes are suddenly opened to Liza: he intercedes and is rebuffed by the Prince.

A series of forceful witticisms on the occasion of his winning at roulette.

[At Anna Andreevna's. About El <ena> P <avlov> na.]

The Prince is an idealist. He is still fascinated by Versilov, but is no longer under His influence. He is a single-minded person: either the full truth, or you're a scoundrel. He is sullen, sarcastic, and a fiery seeker of truth and beauty. "I am my own judge." He dislikes the Youth because he is taking money from him (selling Liza). "Versilov —why isn't He himself a man who lives what He preaches?" Versilov's idea about the nobility does not strike him as something impossible: he believes in it as if it were a trivial everyday thing; but "why isn't He like this himself?" he says to the Youth. It is precisely this idea that the Youth registers even as early as the 1st half of part two. The Youth is asking himself this question: "What is it that makes Versilov fall short?" and he *conveys this question* to Versilov (in his confession). The Prince won't say: *"What is it that makes him fall short?"* But in the second half of part two he says to the Youth: "He was making me run after the Akhmakov woman, and I could see that he was doing it with a purpose." About the Akhmakov woman, he says: "I wouldn't have her for nothing now ~~but~~, after I've found out what a treacherous

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[17] Dostoevsky, as co-editor with his brother of the journal *Vremia,* published in 1861 an article on the trial of Pierre François Lacenaire, a thief and murderer. It is clear that what fascinated Dostoevsky was Lacenaire's emotional indifference to the suffering of others and the worth of life. When Lacenaire left the courtroom, he said, "My life to me is worth as much as a five sous piece."

[18] See note 3 of Part II.

person she is, but why did she betray me?" *The betrayal lies in the same as with El<ena> Pav<lov>na.**[19] The fact that he has become involved in that business with the shares worries and irritates him, but he doesn't even suspect that Stebelkov, whom he hates, will dare to implicate him as his accomplice. However, Stebelkov tells him so in the second half of part two. The Prince shows him the door, but is frantic himself and would even like to shoot himself. He has a liaison with Liza, but he wouldn't even think of marrying her ("I'm a Prince, after all!"). But Liza, in the 2d half of part two, lets him know that she is pregnant. ~~Later~~ He, in turn, lets the Youth know about it, and there is a scene between Liza, him, and the Youth in the 2d half of part two. Then he declares this to the Youth: "You've been selling your sister to me, you've been taking my money," and kicks him out. "I'm my own judge, no one else will be." The Youth bitterly and insultingly reproaches Liza. What amazes him more than anything else is the fact that Liza takes it to be *quite unthinkable* that she could become the Prince's wife. It is at this point that he runs to see Stebelkov about some money. The latter refuses to loan him any money, but gives him 300, suggesting that he exploit the old Prince. The Youth is reduced to such straits that he apparently agrees (this is the idea involving Anna Andreevna) ~~right here, too~~ (to let her marry the young Prince). What happens is that Stebelkov is offering Anna Andreevna to the Prince, which would mean a healthy commission for him, and a dowry from the Prince. Stebelkov is very friendly to the Youth, in part two, but when the latter comes to him for some money he offers him 100 at first, then 300, and finally even 1,000, but the Youth yells: *"with no conditions attached!"* <This,> in order to quiet his conscience, though he is in effect accepting the other's terms. (But the Prince rejects Anna Andreevna?) But when Anna Andreevna comes up with her *tour de force,* Stebelkov is beginning to threaten <the Prince>. Whereupon the Prince himself reports everything to the police: "I am demanding to be punished, to be punished!" But he is acquitted. He would have liked to shoot himself, but he feels sorry for Liza. It is she who saves him. "I'll be tilling the soil." Etc.

The Prince discusses noble and ignoble vices with the Youth.

The Prince to Liza: "If you're going to drown yourself, I'll shoot myself."

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* The Russian sentence is ungrammatical.

[19] See note 48 of Part IV.

And later, after the trial: "How are you going to marry me, a vile convict?"

"But you've been acquitted!"

"It doesn't matter, I'm still a convict. You can't marry me."

But Liza saves him. The Aide-de-Camp, the old Prince, and everybody else show their concern. He says that he won't need any money, "<give me> a few acres of land, I'll be tilling the soil," and then, having made this decision, he suddenly shoots himself.

"The world is in disorder," the Prince keeps repeating all the time.

After he has shot himself, the mother says to Liza: *"Bear it!"*

[Versilov, cute expressions.]

"The ideal is as real as everything real," says Versilov.

"The most ~~intimidated~~ intimidated crowd, even it..." etc.

March 5.

[1st half of part two.]

A series of points.

General information concerning clothes, the Prince, Versilov, the flat, and the reconciliation. Accounts. Nobility. ~~The Akhmakov woman.~~ Conversations. Puzzlement and Liza. ~~Card-games.~~ The Akhmakov woman. At night, with his mother. Spinoza.[20] With Versilov, told him about the Akhmakov woman. Pushed off a sleigh. Playing cards. General information in narrative form. The rest in scenes.

[First half of part two.]

[Slander against the Akhmakov woman.] November 15. First I shall tell in brief how this all happened. Then, the scenes of November 15. On the nobility, etc. (and, along with the scenes, explanations). Prior to the rendezvous, as He is waiting <for her>, this story, too <?> (i.e., how it all started with the Akhmakov woman), in narrative form, then, on to the end, up to where he wins all the money. [Not a word about the Akhmakov woman, right up to the very rendezvous.] A conversation about the Aide-de-Camp (in this scene). First meeting with the Akhmakov woman at the old Prince's. Prior to that scene, a whole chapter. The first chapter is about how it all came about. The 2d chapter—the nobility. The Prince. Visitors. Liza. Accounts, puzzlement. The Akhmakov woman slandered. Versilov does not, in his presence, discuss the Akhmakov woman with the Prince. The 3d chapter is about how it all happened with the Akhmakov woman, and a scene with her (about the Aide-de-Camp), kiss. 4th. At night,

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[20] See note 3 of this section.

at his mother's. Spinoza. With Versilov, an admission concerning the Akhmakov woman. ~~Shoved off~~ 5th. Playing cards. How it happened, and what *came of it.* They give him some gold, quarrel with the Prince. About the idea, dreams, as he falls asleep.

N.B. After each of the first two conversations, the Akhmakov woman had forgotten about him. It was he himself who was trying to catch her attention, obtaining information, etc.

About how I developed a crush on the Akhmakov woman, and at this point, a story. How he got together with the Akhmakov woman, [with Anna Andreevna] ("I shall be at Tatiana Pavlovna's tomorrow"). But keep in mind that the reader shouldn't hear a word about the rendezvous, <for> the reader hears of the rendezvous quite suddenly, toward the end of this, the 3d chapter, and <without> any preliminary information. 4th chapter, the rendezvous, and his mother (Spinoza), with Versilov, an admission concerning the Akhmakov woman, etc. And chapter 5. "I am late": and straight on to the drinking spree, in scenes, without *forewarning* the reader, and only after he has won all that money, only a few words about how he got sidetracked. Here: at home, a quarrel with the Prince, he returns the money, enthusiasm, daydreams and the oppressive idea that he has been sidetracked. Don't forget about Anna Andreevna's flat.

And so: about <his> clothes, and about the 1,000—however, *without any explanation*—then, after his quarrel with the Prince on account of <his> slander of the Akhmakov woman—the story how he and the Akhmakov woman got together, but *without any mention* of the rendezvous. Later, dinner at his mother's, but prior to that, *not a word* about <his> relationship with the family, and, finally, he is late to the card game, and the card game without any *comments.*

In the 1st part <of> chapter two, about the Prince in detail, and after Versilov, there is a touching scene between them, as they get things straightened out between each other, and are reconciled. Later, a hint regarding the Akhmakov woman. The Prince falls to thinking (about the Akhmakov woman).

It is already after he has won all that money that there is a real quarrel between him and the Prince on account of the Akhmakov woman. He returns home for the night, recalls certain equivocal statements at the gambling house (a few insulting words, and persons), about the Akhmakov woman and the Prince, about "his own idea"—about the document. He is drunk, his head is going round.

About the fact that Versilov hardly ever mentioned the Akhmakov woman at all.

By November 15 all of my suspicions had become stronger.

In the narrative part, how he got together with the Akhmakov woman; he relates some details, what he's been telling her about Versilov and, in chapter four, some information about Versilov also, an announcement, and precisely on the current state of affairs (about the document, a quarrel on account of the document, as well as the Aide-de-Camp and the Prince). (N.B. Make it so the Akhmakov woman won't appear to be too clearly inquisitive <about the document>.)

At his mother's. With Versilov, and then the gambling episode. At the gambling house, the Prince's betrayal <of the Youth> *as an actual fact.* They quarrelled about the Akhmakov woman.

So then, the plot of part two is this: the descriptive part aside, how the Youth got involved in a card game, and how he fell in love with the Akhmakov woman.

N.B. Develop some kind of a scene in which Olia's mother comes to see him: "I have no one to turn to," and suddenly she begins to cry and presses herself against him.

He meets Liza somewhere in the street (the Stolbeev woman has left).

"Why are you taking money from him?"

Back home, Olia's mother drops in on him, begins to cry.

He walks over to the roulette game.

Everything ~~in narrative~~ in scenes, November 15.

Only in the beginning, for half a chapter, Versilov.

The scene with the Akhmakov woman *without any preliminary comments.* At Tatiana Pavlovna's flat.

She—I am waiting for her. "I, for a whole month <. . .> I am giving you information. Who do you think I am, a *petit espion*?[21] ~~You know that there is no letter.~~ Who am I to you?"—"A dear boy"—about the Aide-de-Camp. She captivates him. He kisses the floor.

N.B. In one scene, without preliminary comments. He leaves intoxicated.

THE VERY LAST PAGE. Final <and> correct composition. March 7/8, in scenes.

November 15. The flat. Versilov. By way of narrative. Brought him together with the Prince. A point of contact ~~with~~ <is found in> the child and Lidiia—[and so on.] ~~This story later. I knew what he was~~

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[21] French: "Little spy."

~~like *during that period* only from the Prince's accounts. I was convinced of only one thing, namely that it was precisely this thing that was weighing upon Versilov's soul, and was serving as a point of contact with the Akhmakov woman.~~ How then, did all this happen? The story of my disgrace. In scenes, at the Prince's. Versilov, nobility. Versilov is gone. "I am an ignoramus, I know nothing." Our tirade, and comments. Warm. 500 rubles. Better not take them, let it go at that. Stebelkov and after him, Baron Ditrin. [The Prince is afraid of Stebelkov.] Talks about a bank, "why not start a roulette?" News of the Aide-de-Camp. The Prince, a sharp word about the Akhmakov woman. He leaves. Stebelkov also leaves. Conversation about the Akhmakov woman. The Youth becomes persistent, an insulting word of His, directed at the Youth. Wants to return the money. "Take it." (They leave, having kissed each other.)

~~He runs across Liza.~~ Liza, at Anna Andreevna's: "Why are you taking money from him?"

"Here, give it back to him." "Lizochka, I have hurt you." (And here, a few words on his own behalf: "Yes! I had been neglecting <her>.) Perhaps much of this will be forgiven me; I wasn't quite myself: the Akhmakov woman!"

["Why should I be at Tatiana Pavlovna's tomorrow, why not at my own place?"]

Rendezvous scene with the Akhmakov woman. A full explanation. (The whole art.) The Youth would like to make an admission, but hasn't the courage to go through with it. About the Prince, about Lidiia. A firm conviction that the only thing on Versilov's conscience is Lidiia. The Aide-de-Camp. (Enter Tatiana Pavlovna.) She leaves. He kisses her tracks. Tatiana Pavlovna.

Home in an enthusiastic mood. (Have dinner at mother's.) Tatiana Pavlovna is there. Spinoza. With Versilov, told him about the Aide-de-Camp. Confessed about the Akhmakov woman. Versilov, a few words about the Akhmakov woman (but certainly none of the kind that would presage his crazy sally). At home. Olia's mother comes to see him. ~~She began to cry at the Akhmakov woman's.~~ She had had a good cry at the Akhmakov woman's. The drinking spree, roulette, winning. Settled accounts with the Prince. Quarrelled <with him>. At home—a palpitating heart. Intoxicated. A message for Anna Andreevna. "Why are you gambling?"

Visited Anna Andreevna, to find out about the Prince, since <he> hadn't been in that day. A whole scene. N.B. Give this some more thought.

And then, home. Olia's mother.

"Why do you love me?" He pressed <me> to his heart.

"No, I won't be seeing you." And this, at such a moment.

"I won't ever forget it."

Last page.

N.B. "I shall be at Tatiana Pavlovna's tomorrow."

"At what time?"

"At three."

All the time, while they were talking, he was waiting for her to mention the letter. (She didn't!) Why here, and not at his own place?

"Just for charm," (Versilov says to him).

In the evening, after he had made his admission to Versilov, the latter started questioning him: "How did it work out?" By way of narrative. "No, I'm not going to speak ill of her." And at this point, a detailed narrative account of how he got together with the Akhmakov woman. [Being fully convinced that Versilov does not love her.] Then, to himself: "What have I been doing! What have I done!" (i.e., having told Him).

Furthermore, he goes to see Anna Andreevna before <seeing> the Akhmakov woman, at half past one, and meets Liza at her place. (N.B. At Anna Andreevna's, regarding a possible match with the Prince. A description of his character.) ~~Another word~~ At Anna Andreevna's, he talks freely, but is rather depressed. "Ever since I got to know you," etc. [N.B. About Anna Andreevna, in more detail.] Why is Liza here? But still another rendezvous. And here, a scene with the Akhmakov woman. At night, when he makes that admission to Versilov, he is presenting it *as if he were in a hurry,* but it turns out quite detailed.

Most important. N.B. Liza is at Anna Andreevna's in order to find out (spy out) everything about Versilov, i.e., *first of all,* whether or not he might be capable of proposing marriage to the Akhmakov woman. Anna Andreevna confirms the news about the Aide-de-Camp to the Youth. The Youth tells her outright that Versilov wouldn't even think of being in love with the Akhmakov woman.

"But what about her?" asks the Youth.

"Her?" answers Anna Andreevna, "I don't know."

"Can there really be any doubt here?" the Youth shouts.

[Why is Liza at her place? "I swear, I knew from the very beginning that she is *keeping* us here just to get something out of us."]

[As for Olia's mother, she has come to talk about the infant child.]

And then, the rendezvous scene.

The very last page.

Versilov, after the confession: *"Why is it you love me so?"* Later: Didn't he go over to the infant child's himself, and find Olia's mother there, *a scene?* And from there, on to the roulette.

And so there is hope: if told in a brief narrative, sticking to the most essential, it ought to turn out well enough.

The Youth ~~to the Akhmakov woman~~ to Anna Andreevna, about Lidiia: "If you only knew, if you only knew what Lidiia means!" *His* heart is bleeding.

*The Akhmakov woman:** "Who told you?"

The Youth: "Tatiana Pavlovna."

Anna Andreevna confuses the Youth by telling him that Versilov is in love with the Akhmakov woman. He has a showdown with the Akhmakov woman and is told about the Aide-de-Camp in no uncertain terms.

Versilov, to him, about his blushing. (This is in the beginning.)

The Youth says: "We only had a couple of showdowns: the one about my blushing, and then that other one about..." See.

[Most important] The Youth, as he makes his confession about the Akhmakov woman to Versilov: "I was sitting there, not knowing how I was hurting his feelings." "Why is it you love me?" I shall never forget it. *A tirade.*

Or: He was terribly calm. I can remember all the details.

~~In the 2d half of part two, the Youth's eyes are suddenly opened to Liza.~~

[Not necessary. Quite the contrary] The Youth admits: "Well, I did have a vague and remote notion that He loved her. For a moment there, I wanted to shout to Him (more gracefully): 'All right, so love her, I shall go away and...' "

Versilov** asks: "Why the rendezvous at Tatiana Pavlovna's?"

Versilov says: "You know what, my friend, she was there! I entered through the rear door, and there she was, in the kitchen."

The Youth to the Akhmakov woman, about the Prince: "This is a man who has only one idea." Actually, the Akhmakov woman is afraid of a scandal on his part, because she is greatly concerned about not losing the Aide-de-Camp, who is a truly brilliant match.

The Youth's meeting with the Akhmakov woman takes place, *maybe,* at the old Prince's.

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* Apparently a mistake; should be: "Anna Andreevna."

** Apparently an error; should be: "The Youth."

[*Or better*]—at Tatiana Pavlovna's, mostly because the Aide-de-Camp arrives and the Youth quarrels with him, announcing that he won't be coming back.

~~Besides~~ The Akhmakov woman is herself afraid that somebody might disturb them. But most of all, in order to flatter the Youth with the notion of a rendezvous. The Youth understood that she had talked things over with Tatiana Pavlovna beforehand. (The latter was sitting in the kitchen!) And subsequently, the Youth learns that Tatiana Pavlovna had actually been present.

Both are convinced, after this meeting, that the Youth hasn't got the document. The Youth lets the reader know about this detail beforehand.

~~The Youth~~ The Prince says to the Youth: "Seeking to support my princehood, I did some gambling and got stuck."

The Youth: "To support one's princehood isn't such a base thing; rather, it is a thousand-year-old debt."

"This seems to you that way," says the Prince, "because you... (i.e., aren't of princely blood). Admit that you would like to be a Prince."

N.B. This, either toward the end of the 1st half of part two, or toward the end of part two.

"There is disorder in society," the Prince keeps repeating. "You yourself are the product of nothing but disorder," he tells the Youth.

"You haven't even managed to formulate this."

"What you've got isn't logic, what you've got is some sort of an emotion," says the Youth to the Prince. "You aren't able to refute Versilov's idea, and so you're merely saying: 'Why isn't He like that himself?' This is your logic, but this is rubbish, not logic. He could actually be evil himself, but at the same time He could be telling us the loftiest truth."

"No, this isn't so at all," replies the Prince, "if you are telling a lofty truth, be a righteous man yourself."

"Let's not talk about this. You seem somehow unhappy. Tell me, what is it you're accusing Versilov of?"

The Prince won't answer, but says: "I slapped his face, which only ties me down. But I don't know if I still have a right to suffer this tie (string) to exist."

"So this is it. Why didn't you say that? I would have let him know about it."

"Well, I'm suffering you to be around, am I not?" says the Prince.

The Prince says: "I've received a letter—my younger brother has died in Moscow, my father is decrepit and can no longer have any

children, and I've got only two sisters left. This means that in my person, the family of the Princes Sokolsky, a family that traces its lineage from Riurik, is coming to an end."

Old Prince Sokolsky, though from a more recent branch of the family, does not have any children.

[*Most important.*] Stebelkov says: "His younger brother died. The old Prince has no children. Prince Sergei is the only representative <of the family>. If he were to marry ~~the Akhmakov woman~~ Anna Andreevna, the old Prince <might give> him his entire fortune to preserve the family—that's an idea!"

The Youth, definitely and even several times, repeats to himself: "I've behaved very badly, I've been making some bad jokes, a lack of discipline. I've been coming to the Prince's, *as if I were living there.* I've been talking to his friends, as if they were my own acquaintances."

In this first half, too, the Youth says a few words to Stebelkov, even though these are arrogant words.

When Ditrin is about to leave, Stebelkov tells him that they haven't received that forged promissory note.

Stebelkov takes the Prince *à part* and says something to him (he is trying to scare him).

Anna Andreevna has summoned the Youth decidedly in order to question him about the Prince.

The Youth has an appointment with Stebelkov. "I can always give you some. Money. You get one half. To provide for your sister." The Youth listens to what he has to say, but arrogantly so.

["Why won't you borrow it from me?"]

Stebelkov about the Prince: "He can also provide for *many others* (i.e., Liza)." When he said that thing about Liza, the Youth jumped to his feet and said, with indignation: "You are a scoundrel." "Well, forgive me, forgive me, I know nothing at all."

The rendezvous with Anna Andreevna. She actually had invited him herself, but as he was sitting there, she *was pretending* all along that he had dropped in accidentally, and persisted in this attitude to the very end. And finally, there was Liza.

With Liza, a mild scene before dinner.

"A hypochondriac!"

Or thus: "I had been asking Liza before. This is how it was. There is a little story to be told here." Liza said to him: "I am going to tell you all about myself, when the time comes for it. When the time comes for it—that's when I am going to tell you."

Stebelkov, as he is sitting at the Prince's, pretends that he absolutely didn't invite the Youth over.

The Youth is at Anna Andreevna's, and suddenly, right in the middle of the scene, he addresses the reader and says: "I am going to tell you right here, she was trying to find out from me... However, there was something indescribably charming about her."

In this particular scene with Anna Andreevna, express, in artistic fashion, the dissipated swagger of the Youth during that period of his success and good fortune.

N.B. Anna Andreevna and I met at the Prince's. [N.B.] Versilov showed a good deal of interest in what Anna Andreevna might have been doing at the Prince's.

Olia's mother had been wandering about in the streets for three hours: "I think I might go and see him, he is so kind. You will forgive me, won't you?" N.B. She had been seeing <me> even before, but very, very rarely.

Toward the end of the 1st half of part two, the Prince says to the Youth: "Come on, don't be angry, do not be ang-ry!"

~~Toward the end of the 2d half~~ The principal feature of part two is that the Youth keeps placing *himself in the foreground* all the time. He is by no means describing the adventures of ~~strange~~ the other characters, but precisely *his own adventures, nothing but his own,* and those of other people only insofar as they pertain to his own adventures.

In the 2d chapter of part one, the Youth, upon beginning to relate his meeting with the Prince, reveals that, even then, he was not trusting Versilov, and suddenly exclaims *abruptly:* "I can't understand how I could be visiting him then, at a time when I already knew so much, and, alas, at a time when I was already beginning to suspect a good many things. No, I shall never seek for any excuses!" And here: "My lack of discipline, I used to come to his place, as if I were living there," etc.

Very important. What was also tying the Prince to Versilov were the accounts <they had yet to settle>. This was greatly worrying him. He made a strong effort to induce Versilov to accept one half: "My father is mentally incapacitated and for 10 years has not been legally competent, my younger brother is dead, and I am alone now, but, imagine, I am not as yet capable of assuming possession. But one half I could not, for—after all, my mother wouldn't agree."* Versilov

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* The last two sentences are unclear and ungrammatical in the original.

was taciturn when he met him, and he didn't mention it with a single word, so that the Prince could not but acknowledge his disinterestedness. (Meanwhile the Youth had already been taking advantage <of the situation> and had, little by little, received as much as three thousand <from the Prince.> The Prince says to the Youth: "Let Him have at least 20,000. I was going to get at least 10,000, and was calling for that rascal (Stebelkov), but he is trying to weasel out of it."

When the Youth comes to have dinner with his mother, he says, for the first time, that the *doors** of society have been opened to Versilov. Though he did show up at one or two places (I know this much), he continued to live at home.

March 8.

Stebelkov: "Look, this is the most important person around. Everywhere in the world, you have your number two man. There is number one, and there is number two, and it is number two who is the head man. Number one will be doing things, while number two will be taking things. Which means that number two is really number one, and that number one is really number two—you just watch it. [Is it, or isn't it so?"

The Prince was looking for something in a book.]

There was a revolution, and everybody was being executed. Then came Napoleon and took everything. The Revolution is the number one man, while Napoleon is the number two man. But then Napoleon became the number one man, while the Revolution became number two, isn't that so?

"Let's go," said the Prince. ~~having gotten up, the book.~~

My position.

[Return the 300 here] Already toward the end of part two, and during his ~~meeting~~ second meeting with the Youth, Stebelkov speaks of the impossibility of arranging a match between Anna Andreevna <and the Prince>, because of Liza's pregnancy—two sisters. This, the second time, he is already more firm and more frank. He has, however, gotten the idea that there might be the chance of a marriage between the old Prince and Anna Andreevna. (Whereas the latter has just been asking Versilov if he were in love with the Akhmakov woman.) And so on.

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* Literally, "the houses."

~~Olia's mother: to come~~ "You could see that *I wasn't giving* you any signs."*

N.B. When Stebelkov is starting to tell the Youth (at their first meeting) about a possible match between the Prince and Anna Andreevna, the Youth cuts him short: *"I know about this idea."*

N.B. In this fashion, everything will come out in scenes, rather than in words. And then, when he goes to see Anna Andreevna, the Youth tells her about this idea of the old Prince's, about the old Prince and Anna Andreevna, how she met him at the Prince's. By chatting about the Prince while with her and maligning him, the Youth was unwittingly causing Liza great suffering.

N.B. Stebelkov has the idea that it might be possible to transfer the entire fortune of the old Prince to the young Prince, through the latter's marriage to Anna Andreevna, <thus> bypassing the Akhmakov woman.

Stebelkov suggests that the Youth help him to arrange this match for Anna Andreevna. An honorarium: if he could only exert some influence on the old Prince. Ruin the Akhmakov woman.

The idea of breadth.

The Youth to Stebelkov: "And you have the gall to believe that I'm going to work for the Prince for money!"

"Aren't you taking his money now?"

"How do you know that it isn't that <other> money, the money he owes to Versilov?"

"But... you aren't a Versilov, are you? Aren't you a Dolgoruky?"

Got angry: "What's the difference!"

March 10.

The most important about Liza.

The Youth knows nothing, and suspects nothing, about the Prince's relationship with Liza. Stebelkov did tell him something, but he failed to get it. "I was acting like a fool!" I kept exclaiming. He meets Liza at Anna Andreevna's, and insults her. At home ~~he talks,~~ before dinner, he talks to her upstairs, quite beside himself with delight, and make it so that Liza does already realize that he has insulted her, while he does not. And only later, after he has won all that money gambling, a hint by the Prince—still vague. Doubts; but his ecstasies over his winnings, and other ideas, are clouding <his judgment> altogether.

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* The gender of the verb suggests a male speaker.

N.B. However, *the narrator* should mention, and make some hints (without going into the *circumstances*), that Liza has been there, and that she was *already then having an affair* with the Prince.

The most important about Versilov.

In the 1st chapter, His visit to the Youth's comes about somehow without any explanations. He did, for a moment, make a move to accompany him, but nothing was said. And this is why it so developed, from the very first step, that he got to be ashamed of asking any questions; though, on the other hand, he was having a despotic sway over him. And only toward the very end, after his confession about <that?> *woman:* "Why is it you love me so?" "Why, I was waiting for you for three full days then, knowing that you would come." He answers: "Well, thank you, thank you," etc. *in a more touching manner.* But after he has won all that money, he accuses Versilov of "having been keeping away from him and from Liza, and of not having been like a father at all," and all this because, the Youth adds, "I could see something wrong and something awkward (jealousy) about Versilov's reaction to my account of my contacts with the Akhmakov woman. I was only feeling it, though I wouldn't have ever admitted consciously, not at any cost, that all this was indeed the case!"*

Last and most important: during his confession, the Youth inadvertently almost lets out the secret of the document and, after having won all that money (in the 2d half of part two), he is terribly afraid that he may have actually let it out. Also in the 2d half, *there is a phrase,* a trait of Versilov's insulting tone toward the Akhmakov woman which, obscure as it might remain to the outsider, proves that Versilov has already guessed that the document is in the Youth's hands (He has found out about it from Tatiana Pavlovna).

N.B. When the Youth has been kicked out from the roulette place, he screams: "I'm telling you, I'll report ~~you~~ to the police, I'll get the police and tell them that you've got a roulette here!"

Versilov has not been seeing the old Prince.

The Youth, after he has won all that money, says to the Prince, when the latter, irritated and angry, gives him a *very slight* hint regarding Liza, which the Youth *fails to understand:* "What is it you are insinuating? What could my sister have to do with this?" The

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* This sentence is not quite grammatical in the original.

Prince, with a malicious guffaw: "Nothing, of course, I just mentioned it, *on ne parle pas d'une corde...*"[22]

Stebelkov: "All right, all right. He could provide for many others."

"I don't want to."

"All right, so don't take it, very well, very well, [so don't take it] (even though you are taking money, too), but you aren't alone: he may provide for some *otherrrs,* too."

~~Versilov~~ —"Why, you must be out of your mind!" He'll become a Versilov.*

Stebelkov is looking in his face, straight and for a long time: "You don't understand. [The other day I was mentioning that On<isim>-ovna lady, wasn't I?] Well, all right, all right. It's all right if you don't understand. If you actually don't understand, [that's really very good, I am very glad that I've found that out."]

["You don't say!] Well, you better leave me alone; really, to be bothering me with such trifles!"

"These aren't trifles. You are leaving? You know what, you're going to be back."

"No."

"You'll come... and then... Then, we'll have a different kind of discussion. We've had one discussion, but there will be another one, the main one."

Stebelkov. Also, Stebelkov definitely confirms, *by a hint* on his own part, that there exist unbreakable ties between him and the Prince, and even that he's got the Prince in his hands. Also, a hint about Dergachev.

March 12.

Actually, Stebelkov calls in the Youth in order to talk him into supporting the Prince's marriage to Anna Andreevna (the old Prince is to marry Anna Andreevna). Believing, mostly, that the Youth would be opposed to it on account of Liza, having, at the same time, [a certain] influence on all of the Princes. The Prince tells him that night: "Stebelkov promised that he was going to make you do it by giving you some money; did you take his money?"

N.B. In this 1st half of part two, Stebelkov isn't as yet too well acquainted with Anna Andreevna.

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* Unclear in the original. The translations is questionable.

[22] French: "One doesn't speak of a cord."

March 13.*

[Here] With insolent naïveté, Stebelkov makes the Youth feel that he is really *ashamed* of spending the Prince's money, for isn't the money really Versilov's?

"But I am a Versilov also."

"No, you are a Dolgoruky, and besides, since when do children dispose of sums belonging to their father?"

"Enough, enough!" (Arrogantly.)

Such a lesson, and from whom? From Stebelkov! I also knew that it was a vile thing to do, but I had to win, just win!

The Prince: "[Last night] Stebelkov promised that he was going to make you do it by giving you some money; [did you take his money?]"

At the end of the novel, the Prince says: "A few acres of land, not more, and I'll work <them> myself." And having made this decision, he shoots himself. He says, in his suicide note: "The Court has acquitted me, but I don't want their charity. I am putting an end to my life because it has become repulsive to me. After some initial pain, Liza's wound will heal, and she ~~is going to remember me~~ will remember me with a good feeling. But if I remained alive, I would ~~exhaust~~ torture and weary her heart, and she surely would have quit loving me, and instead, would have begun to loathe me. I know that she couldn't stand my character. Really, all of that time, I couldn't understand what it was that made her love me. The last moment. Liza's image is with me. Liza, farewell, and forgive me. Remember Lermontov's line: 'But in a better world, they failed to recognize each other.' "

Toward the end of the 2d half of part two, the Prince learns about Versilov's compromising letter ~~and~~ to the Akhmakov woman and, being awfully angry with the Youth, tells him that he has been selling his sister to him.

The Youth: "Was it you who called him an old wives' prophet?"

The Prince: "No, it wasn't I. I can recall this sobriquet, but it wasn't I <who invented it>. [I am not so good at putting labels on people.]"

The Youth: "Stebelkov tells me that it was you."

The Prince: "He is lying. It was he himself who gave Him that

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* The original has "May 13," but this is wrong. It should be March rather than May, since this conversation with Stebelkov was printed in the April issue of the Journal.

name, I can remember. He was afraid to tell you that it was he."

The Prince was *worried.* Oh, at the time I could not as yet understand all that was causing his restlessness, not being aware of the facts, and therefore I was, quite naturally, getting on his nerves—either by my casual, easy tone, or by the insolence with which I was asking him certain questions.

It is necessary to insert some strong *hint,* suggesting that *something* is tying the Prince inseparably to Stebelkov. The Youth may simply say: "It appeared to me then, that the Prince was tied to him by something, inseparably and painfully, and that it was quite implausible how the Prince, who sometimes would be sick after having been with Stebelkov, would still tolerate his presence and steadfastly continue to receive him. However, I attributed all this to their financial dealings, since I knew only too well that Stebelkov was giving him money. The remaining instances of his perplexed and nervous behavior I attributed to the Prince's bad temper."

A certain change. March 12. About the Prince.

Stebelkov is instructing the Prince to marry Anna Andreevna; if otherwise, he is threatening <. . .> But the Prince is moved, (1) by his outraged pride, (2) in spite of everything, by his honest realization of Liza's condition, since, by now, she is pregnant, and (3) partly by a remote but mad hope to win the Akhmakov woman. Having learned from an important visitor that a marriage between the Aide-de-Camp and the Akhmakov woman is a possibility, The Prince flies into a rage. The Youth can see through all this and is infuriated by a few things the Prince says about the Akhmakov woman.

N.B. The Youth, for some reason, is in favor of ~~his~~ the Prince's marriage to Anna Andreevna. In the morning, the scene between them comes to a fortunate, though ambiguous, conclusion. "Why are you defending this lady?" asks the Prince. But that same night, the Prince gets mad and (after the Youth has won all that money) tells him of Liza's pregnancy, and that he <the Youth> has been accepting money for it. The Youth is crushed. The Prince's sarcasms ~~most important~~. Maybe, the Prince has been seeing Anna Andreevna and has proposed marriage to her, but has been rejected. That's why he is so furious. This is why, that night, he tells the Youth that he had been obliged to do this, otherwise he'd be lost, and so, for his scoundrelly action, he got this refusal. "But why 'scoundrelly action'?" exclaims the Youth. "Because Liza is pregnant," answers the Prince. Then the Prince, in the 2d installment of part two, wants to vie with the Aide-de-Camp. [In the 2d half of part two the Prince is seeking

Vasin's advice.] Besides, the Prince had been supremely confident that Anna Andreevna would immediately give her consent!

Or rather better, make it so the Prince *has not proposed* to Anna Andreevna and *Liza* is *delighted.* As for the Akhmakov woman, he is merely angry with her. And as for the Youth, he reproaches him for being in Stebelkov's pay. The Youth is furious, and the Prince holds up Liza's pregnancy to him. But in the 2d half of part two the Prince definitely wants to marry Liza. He is, however, secretly infuriated by Stebelkov's threats, and is himself threatening the latter to report the matter of the <forged> shares to the police. And he is the first to make a report (in part three). As for Stebelkov, it is he who, in part three, informs on the conspirators.

In the 2d half of part two, the Prince responds to the Youth's demands with haughty condescension. But in that scene with Liza, he does want to marry her, "but for this business, this business!" The Youth thinks that he is referring to his gambling losses, while the Prince is worried by the nagging thought that Stebelkov is threatening him. Meanwhile *there is some talk* ~~about~~ in society about the discovery of some forged <shares>, and in part three the Prince turns himself in.

[The Youth, to her about the Prince: "I love him, I love him. He had me enthralled later."]

Anna Andreevna had called him, mostly in order to ~~Liza~~ find out: Does He, or doesn't He love the Akhmakov woman? And there, the Youth says to himself: "Now I know that she, of course, called me in order to find out whatever she needs to find out. Without having dropped a single inadvertent word herself, she has gotten a lot of information out of me. *Oh, in those days many people were getting a lot of information out of me.* [With Versilov alone an exception.] I was serving as an *espion*[23] and kept letting out secrets all the time (out of the goodness of my heart). [But let me add one thing: I had nothing but the greatest contempt for her suspicion that Versilov might be in love with the Akhmakov woman;] it seemed both ridiculous and absurd to me, and—I swear it—I am saying this in all sincerity."

Anna Andreevna. When I had hotly disputed the notion that Versilov might be in love with the Akhmakov woman (and also <that rumor> about Lidiia), Anna Andreevna had been listening with

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[23] French: "spy."

obvious satisfaction. (She was a marvelous listener.) She lowered her eyes when I was telling her Lidiia's story.

"It seems that you are on friendly terms with Mrs. Akhmakov."

"Oh, I've been seeing her."

"I know that you've been seeing her. Don't fall in love with her."

I blushed.

["You used to mention her with so much indignation, it's quite different now."

"A young and beautiful woman invariably elicits a feeling of indignation in a young man of your age."

"Why so?" etc.

"How clever you are, and how... experienced." (She blushed.) "Forgive me" (ardently). "But you are wrong. I felt indignant with this woman only because I was considering her to be an enemy of Versilov's. Versilov. He was spreading the rumor that she was in love with him."*—"Do you know this for sure? That is, that Versilov is not in love with Mrs. Akhmakov?"

"For goodness' sake, what an absurd idea!"

"This... That man. But if you knew the story of Lidiia." (She blushes.)]

The Youth explains the story of E<lena> P<avlov>na[24] to Anna Andreevna.

"This was a prank, I have firsthand information."

Anna Andreevna only smiled. (She blushed slightly. A delicate glow.)

N.B. She was somewhat ashamed of Versilov. A strange relationship. A few words about this relationship.

The Youth to Anna Andreevna: "Versilov on the nobility. He started out as a retrograde, but later he showed some improvement. [Perhaps,] He was preaching a Utopia, He has a tendency to do this kind of thing, but who is the Prince to pass judgment on him?"

The Youth: "I liked her austere, almost ascetic character... Fascinated by her after a visit with her, I would sometimes feel sweetly consoled, thinking that, perhaps, I wasn't quite so bad after all, as I sometimes think I am, for couldn't I, too, experience thoughts that were noble and beautiful, etc.?"

Anna Andreevna was managing to get along even with the Fanario-

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* Here, it is not quite clear to whom these words belong.

[24] See note 48 of Part IV.

tov woman, who already belonged to the very <élite,> court society, and not at all after the fashion of the ward in Pushkin's "Queen of Spades."

She was very well educated, much more so than I; she knew mathematics.

["You haven't distinguished yourself by anything, and that's why you are mad."]

"You would like to be a Prince."

The Prince. Already in the morning he got excited: "I am not responsible to you, I am my own judge. I am not obligated by any, not even the slightest, obligation."

The Youth: "If you are speaking of the money which you owe my father, he isn't bothering you at all, or is he?"

[For the 2d half, finale.] "I am not obligated to pay that money. It was of my own free will, my own desire, though I wasn't speaking of that money, for I wasn't speaking of your father, but of you, solely of you..."

"But am I not taking some of that very same money from you—so, really, isn't it all the same if you are speaking of me, or of my father?"

"Not your father, but you, you alone, and [if you] <. . .> insist on speaking of that money, why, I couldn't be giving you somebody else's money, your father's without having that person's permission. I've been giving you my own money, [and I've been giving it, naturally, without expecting to get it back.]"

"How do you mean, your own? But in that case, for what?"

"Surely for friendship?" the Prince grinned, *"pour vos beaux yeux."*[25]

"To hell with your friendship—take it all. I'm not going to take your money, like a beggar!"

"As if you didn't know that you were getting it for... for your sister," etc.

The Prince: "Oh, in the beginning I took you for an honorable person."

Very definitely, the Youth is angered by a few words said about the Akhmakov woman. ~~He said it so Ditrin~~ Ditrin said frivolously: "Well, it would seem that she was a little lady of easy virtue. ~~Perhaps~~ I've

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[25] French: "For your beautiful eyes."

heard that you, too, Prince, might have something to say here." ~~Here~~ A sharp word by the Youth. Here, about Liza, etc.

But when the Youth and the Prince were left alone, the Youth began to talk of the Akhmakov woman, and the Prince jumped to his feet: "Nobody has the right" (hints about Liza).

"Don't take the knife."

The Youth says: "You always had something against the Akhmakov woman, because you were counting on her." (N.B. This, perhaps, at Stebelkov's, or at Anna Andreevna's.)

"How could I, then, go back and take another 300 rubles! But, let me repeat it, I was then dwelling in higher regions."*

Letter by Prince Serezha to the Youth, from prison: "Forgive me, I have done you a grave injustice... My dear friend..."

"As if you didn't know that your sister is seeing me."

Begins to cry.

"Not about myself, about her."

That very morning Liza says to her brother, in the *2d half of part two: "Do not tell them"* (i.e., Versilov and her mother).

~~In the 2d half of part two, the Youth is seeking to establish Liza's happiness. The Prince wants to marry <her?>. One must get some money. They agree to try their luck at gambling. And the hellish night.~~

~~N.B. The Prince had hoped, for a moment, to buy his freedom from Stebelkov. All that was needed was that Stebelkov return those fateful documents, the Prince's letters. It goes without saying that he is convinced that Stebelkov would never turn himself in. However, there is already some talk about those shares, that they have been forged, and discovered to be false. But Stebelkov refuses to give him those documents. The Prince realizes that the whole affair will *certainly* be exposed, and so he turns himself in. (But this is already in part three.) *Liza alone was aware of all these things.* All this is exposed in the end of part two, when Versilov looks up the Youth. But in the end of part two none of this has been exposed as yet.~~

?N.B. But Liza's position in part three? (Must be defined.): And therefore, have it the old way, letting the Prince reproach the youth, in the 1st half of part two, with Liza's pregnancy. This happens only toward the end of part two. (Though it is very hard to say.) It seems that it must be that way.

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* *Pelo v dushe,* literally, "my heart was full of song."

[Here] Most important. March 13 ~~He~~ The Prince may reproach him, he also may get excited. However, he goes to the authorities and turns himself in only at the end of part three, when Stebelkov has worn him out, and there already have happened the whole business with the old Prince at the Youth's flat, Versilov's proposal, and the chopping of the icons; and that's when the Prince is arrested. Meanwhile, in part three, Liza is simply at home, being the only one who is aware of the Prince's secret. At the same time, the Prince is very excited and *extremely busy*. Though perhaps in part three the Youth also knows the Prince's secret.

March 13.

Liza.

Couldn't it be arranged so that Vasin proposes marriage to Liza, who unexpectedly hurts him by her refusal?

N.B. Couldn't it be arranged so that Vasin entrusts Stebelkov with the documents of *the cause,* and so that the latter denounces <the secret society> to the police on the basis of these documents?

Most important. So that in part three, Liza is awaiting a decision of the Prince's fate. Makar Ivanov is also there.

[N.B. Stebelkov's role is as such a minor one; however, he is clearly indispensable for the Prince's *fate,* and later, for Vasin's. N.B. Stebelkov without Lambert. They do not know each other.]

N.B. Inquire: The Prince, while he is under arrest, can he be seeing all of them?

In the 2d half of part two.

"The awakening was terrible"... Liza came. ~~Liza, what~~ Savage reproaches.

["What could you find in him? Oh, I am cruel, cruel!)"

The Youth: "If our mother has been living that way, why must we all live in disgrace?"]

Liza left. I ran after her and asked her to forgive me.

"Liza! Does mother know?"

"I told her."

"What does she say?"

"She said: 'Bear it.' "

"Oh, do bear it, do bear it, Liza!" (i.e., "don't drown yourself!")

"I came to ask you not to tell father about it."

Liza is telling her brother about the scene with the pocket knife.

"How do you know that?"

"Mother is begging you to think of what she won't dare beg of you."

"Not to do any gambling, that is!"

LAST DECISION. *March 13.*

Both the arrest [of the Prince] and *everything,* perhaps, at the end of part two. Then, in part three, Vasin could propose marriage to Liza, who has been left alone. He admits that Stebelkov has got the papers, and Stebelkov denounces <the rest of them> so as to get a lighter sentence. The old Prince does not flee to the Youth's *of his own accord,* without Stebelkov. [Versilov and Lambert may be there.] But Lambert exerts an influence throughout part three. And when the Youth's depressed condition has assumed frightful proportions, especially under the influence of Lambert and his sneers, he conceives the idea of quitting everything, breaking with everybody, and going off to America. At this point, the conflagration. Thereafter, the Prince's acquittal.

Vasin. March 13.

Should it be arranged so that Vasin, who keeps giving advice to the Youth, gets caught himself, like a fool, with those documents and Stebelkov? He also offers his hand to Liza. Doesn't he, in the 2d half of part two, warn the Youth about doing any business with the Prince, as well as about the latter's dealings with Stebelkov? And later, also about the fact that ~~he~~ some important documents of Vasin's were in Stebelkov's hands.

After the Prince's death, Vasin, who has been acquitted, proposes to Liza, etc.

Lambert. ~~Lambert's appearance may take place toward the very end of part three, after the chopping of the icons.~~ Perhaps one could altogether dispense with Lambert, and make it so that toward the end of part two so much spite has accumulated in the Youth's heart, so much spite and envy, that he decides to launch the document of his own accord. The document is tormenting him. Power.

Or, perhaps, Lambert might be left in.

Lambert used to be perfectly ingenuous and frank with me and, what's most important, I was struck by the fact that he never for a moment doubted that I was his friend. But not altogether a Russian. Not a Russian character—a villain, but not a Russian. No sullen dullard. (The sacramental act of a crime committed, with an incessant view of taking vengeance on society, vicious because stupid and backward, and deifying his own spite, callousness, and negativism.)

Olia's mother.

"I'm wandering around, wandering around, pushing through crowds of people, sick of it. My sorrow."

The Prince.

Mention, in the beginning of the 2d chapter, that ~~the Fanariotov woman~~ the Stolbeev woman is out of town, so that the whole flat is at the Prince's disposal.

The Youth had been thinking that Liza was seeing <her?> old nurse.

"Come on now, could you have ever believed such nonsense as her going there for Varvara Ivanovna's sake only?"

(The Youth, to himself: "I swear that this is what I was believing; no other thought ever entered my mind.")

Ditrin asks: "Who was that sweet girl I met there?"

Stebelkov: "Lizaveta Makarovna."

"Ah, what if this is an indiscretion."

The Prince: "She is seeing <her?> nurse. [Olia's mother.]"

All of which was quite awkward.

At the end of the 1st half.

"Your sister is pregnant. Here is your money!" I wanted to lunge at him—*and suddenly I began to cry!*

Most important. March 14.

The Youth's admission, in chapter two, that he used to enter the Prince's flat as if it were his own, make it ~~after~~ on the occasion of a visit by some important guest, or something of that kind.

The Prince: "Don't take that knife. You dare not take that knife." He stamped his foot. I threw those 300 roubles. Apologized. Mutual explanations. 300 roubles. "Take them, take them."

But I had something entirely different on my mind, my heart was full of something else.*

"You know what, I want to gamble, I want to win, gambling is abominable, but..." (and I had forgotten everything, as I was walking up and down the room in a state of exaltation. I repeat, something entirely different was filling all my soul).**

Organize a roulette. Wouldn't go if you're in the service. I looked back and saw that grin on his face. This was one thing I hadn't expected.

"Naturally, I shan't carry it to ~~a certain~~ any excessive amount. Versilov is going to pay you" (How could I be saying things like that!).

"I've never urged you to return any of the money," said the Prince.

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* Literally, "something was singing in my heart."

** Literally, "something else was singing in my heart."

He hadn't been talking this way before. Before, he used to get up, shake hands with me, and wouldn't even let me finish. To be sure, even then, there were times when he would smile strangely... However, I had attributed this simply to the mechanics of his smile, i.e., that his smile was always like that, and that by its very nature it hadn't much of good nature in it.

Stebelkov.

Stebelkov to the Youth, still at the Prince's, nodding at <his> clothes, tailored on Bolshaia Millionnaia <Street> (i.e., clothes) <. . .>

The Youth comes to see Stebelkov (he had been looking for Vasin): "Why didn't you tell me over there (at the Prince's) what you needed?"

"And you, why did you, too, remain silent there, and now you are coming [to me.]"

St<ebelkov>: "You wrote me that you needed some money, I've got money."

"Don't bother, I got some from the Prince."

"Stop, it wasn't yours."

"And he always smiles so when he is giving you money."

"How do you mean, 'smiles'? He does not smile at all."

"Today, for instance."

"I'm attributing it simply to the mechanism of his smile. This is how God made him."

"It isn't just the mechanism," Stebelkov said, with a wink.

"What then? What is it you want?" I shouted.

Stebelkov about Ditrin: "So they cosigned the note, and the moneylender grabbed the promissory note allright, but didn't give them any money, while keeping the note—so that's where the fun started."

"Aren't you the moneylender?" I asked.

"I own a bank, I have a *Mont de piété*. Have you heard what a *Mont de piété* is in Paris?"

The money was Versilov's, no matter how you looked at it: how could I, then, reason in that fashion? However, it seemed to me that it really had to be that way, and not otherwise. At least it seemed that way two-thirds of the way, the remaining third [to be scored] to a guilty conscience.

"Today I delivered a nice round sum to him" (speaking of the Prince). "At first he used to <see a lot of> the Akhmakov woman, but now it's gotten to be Anna Andreevna. Might get away easily."

The Youth: "I never spoke a word with him about Anna Andreevna."

"I understand, I understand that you really couldn't be talking about Anna Andreevna" (Liza).

Stebelkov about the Prince: "He is putting on a big show... but..."

Stebelkov about the Prince: "He is furious" (about the Akhmakov woman).

"Nonsense, he can't have any hopes."

"He hasn't got any hope, but he's still furious."

"I'll give <it?> to that *littérateur.* He's sold his wife to a General. I'll give <it?> to him."*

"What filth!"

"No, he is *good and clean,* very good and clean, all scented. He gets very mad whenever things aren't clean enough for him. Even if he feels like spitting, he'll always be looking for the very cleanest spot, before he'll spit there."

The Akhmakov woman (the rendezvous).

She: "So you really think that I've come here because of you."

The Youth: (My heart sank. That's precisely what I'd been thinking.) "Yes, I've been thinking that you were coming precisely because of me," [I suddenly blurted out, flinging myself into the abyss, with chills going down my spine, but with my eyes flashing.]

She: "No, I've let you go too far."

I: ("Stay here, stay here")—"in order to... steal the document from Versilov."

The Youth is most curious and excited by the fact that the Akhmakov woman has decided to take this step, making this appointment with him: so he is anxious to find out what precisely made ~~him~~ her do it. He almost knows it himself: that is, <she is trying> to find out for sure whether or not Versilov has the document. He thinks that perhaps she wants to make him steal the document. This thought causes him intense suffering: it would mean that she sees in him a spy, and not... a friend. He even makes up his mind to let her have the document, if *she is going to conduct herself loyally.* [Yet the news of] ~~But~~ the Aide-de-Camp leaves him bewildered. He is jealous. N.B.? However, she conducts herself with dignity and charm. He hints that

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* The context does not tell us what the object of "give" might be: "he," "she," or "it."

he might get the document for her. She suddenly gives him high hopes, leaving him enraptured.

The Youth to her: "Fear nothing, I am your protector, I feel that you are the summit of perfection, though I used to think you were the summit of pride and... of passions.*

The Akhmakov woman: "Where did you find out all these things (about the document)?"

"From the late Kraft. Here's how the first lines <of the letter> go" (he says them).

"So what? I am so confident of my father. And you've been thinking that I wanted you for a spy. Oh, how depraved you are (forgive me)."

I was thinking of taking it out and giving it to her. "But what if she is lying? Look at her eyes (is she, or isn't she lying?). If I'm going to hand it to her, I'll be ashamed. (I'm not going to give it to her.)"

"I am giving you my word of honor that this document does not exist and that Kraft tore it up in my presence."

"Did you see it?"

"I did."

"Yourself?"

"That's right."

"Kraft tore it up. Thank God, it was a bad thing to do, but I..."

She, about Versilov: "(Perhaps I was not worthy of him.)"

"No, you have given me great pleasure."

"I can always be your friend."

The Akhmakov woman: "You are still little, but you are already so depraved."

The Youth (quite beside himself): "If you will prove to me right away that you aren't [depraved yourself, and that you are not] lying now, but are telling the truth, you don't know what I am going to do for you!"

The Akhmakov woman: "Now this certainly oversteps the limits."

The Youth: "No, please, sit around for a while, and prove to me that you are a superior woman."

The Akhmakov woman: "What if I am going to prove it to you?"

The Youth: "First: did you seek an appointment with me here, or didn't you?"

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* The Russian sentence is as awkward as the translation.

The Akhmakov woman: "Yes, I made an appointment with you" (blushing, and with a pleading smile).

The Youth: "It is about that letter, isn't it?"

The Akhmakov woman: "Yes, I was fearing that letter, but I swear, not as much, not as much as you think. That time, at Tatiana P<avlovn>a's..."

The Youth: "So then, I was merely a spy."

The Akhmakov woman: "No, so help me God, I was also in love."

The Youth: "I'll tell you about this letter. But let me tell you that I esteem you immeasurably higher than myself, because right now I'm telling you lies, while you aren't telling any to me, so it seems. However... however, I am your friend forever. I am going to tell you soon, very, very much I'm going to tell you."*

The Akhmakov woman: "Set my mind at rest on one thing. Is it with Versilov?"

The Youth: "N-no! He hasn't got it."

The Akhmakov woman: "Who then?"

The Youth "Kraft... he destroyed it... with my own eyes..."

The Akhmakov woman: "Thank God."

The Youth (alone): "... I lied to her! Oh, how immeasurably below her I stood then, and how I despise myself at this moment! But perhaps I was thinking at that moment: 'It is still in my powers to give everything back to you, and I shall reward you!' Was there any suspicion? Yes, there was. There was also a desire to hang on to the document. Oh, what a vile, oh, what a dismal character! I rushed to kiss the tracks of her feet. But I was happy and cheerful. I was singing and thinking: 'If things are vile in this world, it is only I who is vile, but there is also beauty in this world.' "

Was it frivolity? Or was it extreme vanity?

And later, in the scene with Versilov, he also speaks about the document with him, and also tells lies.

After having discovered this thing about Liza, he is thinking of the Akhmakov woman.

The Akhmakov woman: "You have been at my place several times, <and> several times I've been meaning to find out for sure... Only I don't know how to go about it."

The Youth: "That time, Tatiana Pa<vlovna> said: 'Seduce him.' "

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* Equally awkward in the original.

The Akhmakov woman: "I don't know how to seduce <a man>... What good is it if nothing comes of it?"

To pucker her little lips in laughter—this is her <typical> gesture. Toward the end, she pursed her little lips <speaking> of the Aide-de-Camp: "Only, this would be just too funny," she said, as if begging forgiveness, and then suddenly burst out laughing.

The Youth: "I am not jealous, I am not jealous. Let it be that way."

The Youth: "I deceived her, and Versilov, (about the letter), yet I was full of good cheer. But I was strong... 'But if this woman ~~has~~ is deceiving me, I shall know how to protect myself.' " (See, somewhere, an earlier N.B.)

The Youth is telling her how he likes honesty about a woman, and adds a description of Anna Andreevna.

Later, the Youth says, *after the rendezvous,* that he managed to remain sober, i.e., to believe that she was perhaps deceiving him, even though completely overwhelmed and carried away by his feelings, which is also why he himself deceived her. "I acted in precisely the same fashion that night, with Versilov," he says. "Well, was it courage? Strong nerves, or that *double monster,* which is sitting inside me, and which Versilov esteems so highly, higher than singlemindedness," etc.

N.B. The Akhmakov woman still did not belong to the [very] highest society, but Baron Bioring's proposal was about to elevate her to the very highest circles.

"Yes, I was at fault."

"How could you humble yourself so... No, no, humble yourself in such a noble way. How could you confess to a person such as myself—and just to find out about that thing!"

"No, I was very much interested in you."

"I have asked you to never mention Versilov in my presence."

The Youth: "You are merely repeating yourself. And in the meantime, I've told you everything."

"The letter has been destroyed. Kraft told me." (~~Even her I~~ I was deceiving her, too. I was only ashamed to admit that I had been putting on a show. All these superior women were having a purifying effect on me. That very moment I made the decision to tear up that letter that same evening and to put an end to this "base and ridiculous intrigue.") When she heard about Kraft, she said to me: "Thank God." I was not lying to her. [I was pure. These women were having a purifying effect on me.]

And, as I was leaving:

"Listen, are you marrying Bioring, the Aide-de-Camp?"

"Oh, I, never mind me, never mind me" (her little lips were trembling with laughter).

N.B. A tirade: "What you meant to me!"

She has a feeling <for him>.

"My dear boy, don't be angry with me."

"This is all I want. I ~~only~~ shall never know another woman."

She turned away, her little lips pursed: "Let me laugh a little." Then she turned back to me: a single tear. "I am a bad, I am a vile woman. If you should ever remember me: think something good of me."

In his confession before Versilov, the Youth says to Versilov: "She was worried about the document."

Versilov: "But you haven't got that document, or have you?"

[I was expecting Him to ask me <outright>.] And what I really needed was this question. All this time, all of these two months, I had been asking myself: Why doesn't He ask that question, why is He remaining silent? For don't I know that He has his suspicions? However, He remained silent even this time. I was very much ashamed deep inside.

N.B. In part three, not a word about the document either (though this was not the prime concern of that period, nor did it fit in with our mutual emotional attitudes, or with the words which were then exchanged. And then, all of a sudden, I find out *for a fact* that He ~~is looking~~ has been looking for the document [in a certain place]).

?N.B. *Maybe.*

Among other things, Versilov lets the Youth know that the Prince has formally proposed to Anna Andreevna, but ~~she~~ that she has rejected him. "And she also asked me a very strange question: 'do you love the Akhmakov woman?'."

"Womanly curiosity."

"Oh no, a categorical question. Don't you know something?"

Confession. [Precious.] Suddenly, after all these stories about the Akhmakov woman, the Youth asks: "Listen, tell me what is philosophy?" And a little later: "Why won't you give me a kiss?"

Versilov, at the confession: "Kraft tore it up, didn't he? You aren't lying to me, are you?"

And suddenly, that night, after I had returned from the Prince's, I suddenly recalled my recent conversation with Stebelkov. Stebelkov was bribing me so I wouldn't interfere with his matchmaking for

Anna Andreevna, or intercede in Liza's favor, and what's worse, he was saying: "My money is better <than the Prince's>!"*

Falling asleep: "Really, there had been so many hints (about my sister). Really, after all this, I must have simply been stupid not to have realized what was going on. No, that can't be it: ~~This~~ it must have been egoism, not stupidity, an egoism of the heart and—and, perhaps, a belief in the saintliness of other people, a belief that everyone else was above me morally. Oh, of this I had always been convinced. But what was perhaps the most important fact was that all these different hints ~~as if on purpose~~ had come into a focus only on that day, so that I hadn't had the time to realize what was going on, and besides, as if on purpose, I happened to be preoccupied with entirely different things, being distracted by the Akhmakov woman. As a matter of fact, Stebelkov had, [on that same day]... Do they force people to marry in such cases?... pistol in hand... I don't know. I shall act as an honest man should. Versilov—I wonder what Versilov's position might be, did he or didn't he know?"

Liza entered.

About E<lena> P<avlov>na.[26]

"Sure, you know all about youths such as myself."

"This," said Liza, "is all because you are still *little*. You'll meet a beautiful woman, you'll fall in love, your heart will stand still... and later you'll begin to hate her."

"Well, and what if she prefers me to a grown-up man?"

"That's when you will perish at her feet."

"No, I'm not going to perish... No, I won't perish. Rather, if a woman should ~~in my way~~ get in my way, she must follow me. Nobody crosses my path with impunity."

She began to laugh.

"How I like it when you're laughing at me! How I like to be with you!"

I leave purified.

He is leaving. Liza catches up with him, "Don't gamble," 300 rubles.

"How do you know?"

"Onisimovna told me."

About the Aide-de-Camp.

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* The original says: "so I wouldn't interfere with his seeking Anna Andreevna's hand." However, this is hardly what Dostoevsky wants to say.

[26] See note 48 of Part IV.

The Prince somehow unhappy. He is a generous, kindly man.

I'll admit that I had been invited, whereas she absolutely pretended that I had dropped in by accident.

Is this breadth?

"What I've got is undisciplined dashing. I am gambling" (as I am leaving).

"Come back more often."

Versilov, it seems, was interested in knowing what Anna Andreevna had been doing at the Prince's. "He keeps asking me questions about you," he says to Anna Andreevna.

"How pleasant it is to say something pleasant to a person." [Olimpiada]

"Ever since I got to know you."

"He does not love <her>,

But does She love Him?"

"And when he (the Prince) and I quarrel—it hurts me."

Having left Anna Andreeva, <I> rushed along. I was late.

"Is it true, is it really true that she has made an appointment with him?"

To Liza (as he is leaving): "You were at Daria Onisimovna's the other day, weren't you?"

"I am looking at Russia."

"Listen: we have withstood the Tartar invasion, then two centuries of slavery, ~~solely~~ i.e., both the peasants and their squires, solely for the reason that they found both things to their liking. Now, we have to withstand freedom: are we going to do it, is freedom going to be to our taste?"

Anna Andreevna got up and left.

Liza: "Exactly like your father. Why, you must have taken this from him."

"So you're denying that I have a mind of my own?"

"Come on, don't talk that way."

Kissed Liza's hand.

Liza: "You are kind and very nice."

"With that whole progressive movement of ours during those past 15–20 years, we have proved first of all that we are terribly uneducated."

Liza: "It's terrible how abstractly you talk these days."

The Youth: "Why are you picking on me, Liza?"

The Youth: "I carry in me all the depths of abjection!"

"Here you go again. You are finding that Versilov, such an ex-

tremely honorable man, is dishonorable. <Yet,> you couldn't even express it."

The Youth: "One should not respect people, and so I make a start with myself."

About the forged stock certificates.

The Prince.

"You know what, I want to gamble, I want to win some money, gambling is an abomination, but this is all temporary only, just so I could win a certain sum... and... then..."

I looked at him and saw a grin on his face. "Of course, I am not going to take it past a certain figure."

"You want both to retain your innocence and to acquire a capital. ~~I want~~ I want you to take it! You don't know what I've got!"

"If you and I will kiss..."

"If you will kiss! What tenderness all of a sudden."

He kissed me with aversion.

"We used to be friends."

"All right, all right... that'll do..."

"I really don't know, those 300."

"Take them, take them." And I took them.

If you only knew what was in my soul. Oh, had he only known what was in my soul!

And I took the money. I could have gotten it <elsewhere>. I could have gotten it from Stebelkov, and I had gone to see him for everything but money. Yesterday I had received a note.

In Stebelkov's presence: "You've got another Bioring there. You are educating yourself, my Prince." "I beg you to put this book down."*

About Stebelkov (Well, at least he's brought the money).

"Makes no difference."

"Come on, I've brought it for you."

"Brought it, brought it."

A visitor arrived. An individual such as Stebelkov, naturally, had to catch his attention. It goes without saying that on occasion I did know how to behave, and the Prince apparently ~~that means~~ was ashamed of me also. This notion made me furious.

In Ditrin's presence, "The way out is to shoot oneself."

"I have the pleasure of knowing Katerina Nikolaevna personally."

After the rendezvous.

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* The whole paragraph is quite unclear in the original. One might also translate: "In Stebelkov's presence, you've go..."

Something very intimate from the Youth's recollections.

There was something wrong there, something apt to humiliate Liza.

St<ebelkov> about Ditrin. "This isn't done" (the promissory note).

"What do you want? Why did you keep sitting around?"

"But... about that, that... How do you mean, my Prince?"

"No, no, and no."

<He went> to the door. "I'm not afraid of you," then suddenly ran after him and started talking <to him> very rapidly. Stebelkov was listening with his eyes screwed up, then shook his head: "Come on, we know that," and left. The Prince returned, all trembling. He made a move to sit down, but took a look at me and remaind standing.

It was as if his eyes were saying: "Why have you been sitting around here?"

"I, my Prince," I started.

~~"Eh, what's the use"~~

"Honest, I haven't got time, I must be leaving right away."

"All right, so take your 300 rubles first."

When I was telling of <my> meeting with the Prince

I admit, I was abasing myself, but invincibly <. . .> So as not to prevent from transporting <. . .>

About the nobility, about faith—at the Prince's.

"Now this is already something ideal, some sort of masonic lodge" (the Prince was terribly uneducated). Versilov realized that he was trying to put up an argument for spite only.

"This is tantamount to annihilation of the nobility."

"If you want to put it that way, it may well be that it has never existed," etc.

"Only in the beginning did his words seem reactionary to me. Later I liked the idea" (repeat three times!).

"Our society is in disorder. You yourself are nothing but a product of disorder."

From among courtiers and slave owners.

"My God, how you are flattering him."

"He's got as many virtues as he's got shortcomings."

"My God, how you are flattering him."

"Flattering, how come? <I said> not understanding him right away.

"You were trying to say something, but didn't succeed in expressing it. There is Bioring for you."

"Please, leave me alone with your laws."

"Well, what you've got there isn't logic; what you've got is some

kind of a feeling." Oh, how unsophisticated I was. To be sure, I had something completely different ~~in mind then~~ filling all my heart.*

"Why, his relics will perform miracles, if he has this many virtues."

In this sense, the Prince was more clever than I: he immediately noticed that the other man was using a joke to get off that subject. Something like baring his teeth.

"You say about Versilov, 'Why isn't he like this himself?'—this is your logic. But it's rubbish and not logic, for even if he weren't like this at all, he could still be preaching the truth. And secondly: What is so wrong about him?"

"Oh no, once you've begun to preach your higher truth, you've got to be righteous yourself."

"Was it you who called him an 'old wives' prophet'?"

It says in the Koran that one should look upon such people as if they were mice, and stick to one's business.

1. A notion just as monstrous as that other slander about her, namely that she had promised to marry Prince Sergei Petrovich, even while her husband was still living.

2. "This was just plain stupidity, I know, for I have firsthand knowledge," I explained.

This was a gay, light, facetious conversation at a bright, cheerful moment, when the Prince, in view of her impending widowhood, had insinuated something to her, and she had answered, with a smile: "Maybe." This was frightfully frivolous, I agree, but what could her "maybe" possibly mean? I know only too well that the Prince could not possibly attach any importance to this kind of a promise. "And having no intention, besides," I added, realizing that I had said a little too much about the Prince, and seeking to correct my mistake... "I love him very, very much," I suddenly started again, "in spite of all his shortcomings, he is a very nice person. There is a certain single-mindedness, a certain abruptness in his thinking, to be sure, but all this has a most honorable foundation: 'That's right, if ~~you yourself~~ you are talking of honor, you'll have to be an honorable man yourself; if not so, I'll attach no value to your words.' This is illogical, for a man who isn't honorable himself may very well express a truth. However, such thinking does reveal the Prince's noble aspirations and desires ~~notwithstanding the fact that he has been reduced... However~~

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* Literally, "singing in my heart."

~~... Show me... I~~. Oh, my God, is it already three o'clock?" I suddenly exclaimed, looking at the clock.

"Ten to," said Anna Andreevna.

I began to take my leave, *dithyrambs.*

"Really, one might suspect that you are under the influence of some woman."

3. "Mother is begging for something she's afraid <to ask of you>."

"Sometimes, I am most wicked. Well, I shall leave you to your little secrets. Especially since I'm in a hurry."

"Liza, why were you not quite so kind to her? Why were you tugging <at my sleeve>? Isn't she a wonderful girl, isn't she?"

"I, I'm sometimes most wicked."

"She is no good."

"All right, Liza."

"Well, in that case, I'm no good."

After the meeting with Anna Andreevna, Liza went into the other room with him. "Don't gamble. You've been taking money from the Prince." And suddenly she pulled him over with all her strength: "Let's stand over here. Behind the door-curtain." The Prince walked past. Spurs.

"This is the Prince. What are you afraid of?"

"Oh, nothing. I just don't want him to see me."

"It sure gave you a scare. Could it be that he is running after you?"

"Enough of that."

"I'd really let him have it..."

"You are against him, you dislike him a great deal."

"No, Liza, I like him. Why did he insult me?" About those 300 rubles.

"How do you know? The Prince."

"He wouldn't get too far, would he? My little Liza couldn't possibly fall in love with the likes of him. But you know, really, I am ready to forgive him. He did insult me, but I am ready to forgive him. When one is happy, one tends to be kind."

"And you are happy?"

"Terribly, terribly happy—~~altogether~~ I'll tell you everything later, Liza."

"Well, of course it is all nonsense. Forgive me. ~~I shall win back the money I lost, and return it to him.~~ You know what I'm going to tell you..."

"No, let's go out. I don't want him to know that I come to this place at all."

"Aren't you on your way there?"

"No, I'll go with you."

"Did you say good-bye?"

"I did."

We left.

"What I was going to tell you is that he came here to propose marriage to her."

"This couldn't be true."

"Why not?"

"You know what, you go ahead and take your cab, while I ~~I'll immediately~~ will walk."

"Are you going to have dinner with us? I'll be there."

"Mother has asked me to tell you something she does not dare tell you."

"Liza! I know that this is all but petty faint-heartedness, but... these are only trifles. But you see, I've run into debt, and I want to win some money so I can pay my debts. It's quite possible to win. It's easy, as long as one isn't carried away. I am going to count every ruble, but I shall pay my debt and call it quits, and then I'll be all yours, inseparably yours, and do tell Mother that I'm never going to leave you. But today..."

~~Yes~~ "Are you going to have dinner with us tonight?"

"Oh, sure. I'll be home for dinner, as I promised. Half-past four."

"Are you very happy? You just said that you were happy."

"Give me your hand, for good luck."

"For good luck, my hand—never!" she said.

"I'm leaving. Lizochka, my dear ~~What have I done to you, how I did torture you.~~" I can remember her glance when she said to me: "And are you happy?" There must have been something there, in your heart. Wretched, wretched mole that you were: I could see nothing, understand nothing.

[And perhaps it was precisely that happiness of mine that was the main reason why I couldn't understand anything of what was going on.]

"Not only have I not been in your room..."

"Why, he has come to propose marriage to her."

"N-no," she said, smiling a kind of pale smile.

I was riding along, just as sunny. "Three o'clock, three o'clock," I was thinking. My heart was palpitating something terrible. At three o'clock *she* was to be at Tatiana Pavlovna's. "Is she really going to be there?"

"What shall I need, boldness or timidity? Eh, I won't fail!"

I entered. Nobody home. I'll wait. I entered: *she* was sitting there, *waiting* for Tatiana Pavlovna.

"Yes, I haven't met her." "You probably forgot to tell her."

"I... I haven't even seen her."

"But didn't I ask you to tell her, last night, that I would be at her place at three o'clock?"

"Either I didn't hear you right, or you forgot to tell me."

"It is hard to imagine that I would have forgotten it."

So this is how it was! And I, I had been thinking that she was giving me a rendezvous!"

"Oh, my God, why are you here? Oh, my God! Why have you come here?"

I was getting ruffled. She began to laugh.

"Yes, you cannot help laughing!" ~~You~~ (Angrily:) "You aren't like Anna Andreevna."

"Have you been at Anna Andreevna's?"

"Yes, I've been there, and I heard that you are getting married."

"To whom?"

"To Baron Bioring."

"Did you hear that from her?"

"No, not from her. At the Prince's" (good-naturedly).

"I like your good nature."

"Everybody praises me for my good nature, while I am really wicked. Incidentally, Nikolai Alekseevich made that wisecrack about my being acquainted with you, that young men... from a corner..."

"They told me, and I said that if anybody should be standing in my way... They laughed. I am humiliating myself so terribly with you."

"I do not want that... because I have you <illegible>." N.B. Or so, with the Youth still speaking: "Do you want me to tell you what kind of a person you are?" And he goes on to develop it.

"I'll tell you everything. The document. Is it true?"

"Tell me, really, and I shall forgive you."

"I am glad that you have started to talk <of your own accord>."

"But why didn't you start to talk yourself?"

"Well, I don't know how."

"You know, I've been afraid of you all the time, and I'm still afraid of you."

"Afraid of what?"

"Well, that you might jump up and do something violent, like breaking this wall."

"I'm not going to break any walls."

"Really? without making fun of you, and without any second thoughts." (Simply because you don't believe that I'm not going to break anything.)

I: "Where do you get these cute expressions from?"

"Why, the very idea that somebody might believe I might break a wall."

"What am I to do with you? Why must I always laugh when I look at you? You are a joy" (a dithyramb).

"Forgive me, but would you mind shedding your pride for just one moment?"

And then, in the end, he suddenly, just before leaving, produces another dithyramb.

"I was thinking of a poor boy, a neglected, unhappy boy. I came to love you because you were unhappy. 'My dear boy,' as my father calls you."

"I like to have a confidant such as you. Yours is a pure soul."

"Like cat and mouse..."

"What kind of a cat am I?"

"Let's each suggest some good idea to the other."

"And you aren't jealous about my getting married?"

"No, may God give you happiness. Love him. This is higher than thoughts could be, isn't it so?"

And yet I deceived her. I was capable of deceiving her (about the document). Is that "breadth"? No, I wasn't deceiving her. I was going to tear up the document that very night.

But there is still another trait, typical of those days, which would let you commit your villainy while you'd be saying: "Later."

"Listen, when I was taken out for the first time <. . .>

Not one single bad experience.

Because nobody can see it.

Ambiguously about Versilov: "What is He doing, how is He doing?"

I. "It may be that I am very guilty before him."

"How?"

II. "I do not know. By showing myself to him, frankly and openly, as I am doing it before you right now, <by baring> my whole soul, with my evil vices."

III. "Which would be?"

"Frankness. A desire to conquer, to attract, to make happy immediately."

N.B. IV. "How can that be? A woman shouldn't be frank the way

I am. She shouldn't attract without love. While I—I really love no one... I love everybody. I am destined to love *everybody,* and so no one."

V. "Why did I let this happen? Only because no one is going to find out about it. Well, and even if they did find out."

"But you are a chivalrous man. You are going to say: She was mad. But you'll smile and—forgive me."

Some kind of trifle, as a result of Liza's *action.*

[Here.] First chapter. After the rendezvous, going home: "The fact that Liza had been so ungrateful, even before Anna Andreevna the other day, worried me particularly. And why are they so easily angered, so irritable? They don't know life. Life is quite different from what they think it is; everything is so good and so clear."

For the monologue.

"Your passions..." She shuddered. "You are full of fear, and yet even in your fear, you smiled." (She smiled.)

"I have become so attached to you precisely because you have such simplicity."

"I wouldn't have started talking unless I hadn't actually reached a decision."

"If you want it, happy as well."*

"I, afraid to leave you?"

"Is this to say that you weren't thinking of how you could wheedle the document out of me all the time?"

"Oh no, I was forgetting it altogether quite often."

Jesuitism, cunning, a spying serpent... and what I discovered was honor, glory, a student.

"Tell, what has made you laugh just now?"

~~What's so~~ "You've got such words... what is a 'spying serpent'?"

"No, I am thankful to you for having broken the ice. You've done it in a terribly ~~thankful~~ original fashion.

"About the blessings, he knows."

"Versilov has been telling me that Othello didn't kill, and then killed himself, because he was jealous, but rather because he had lost his ideal."

"I can understand that."

"This was really well said by him."

She was getting ready to leave.

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* Unclear in the original.

I got up, not knowing what to say. There was, at first, a certain moment after which I had suddenly made a tremendous decision and knew that I was going to fulfill it. Having once accepted this decision, I immediately went mad and began to talk—as I had never talked before.

In the sleigh, a marvelous idea occurred to me. "This then, is real life," I thought, "the real life Versilov has been talking about. He has failed to understand that she is so very simple and has accused her of all kinds of vices. But he has never had any real love for her, but merely wanted 'to save her'—there's the solution of the riddle—also, about Liza's thanklessness. That's what she has always been like, all the way."*

"This is precisely what people fail to understand (about real life) and what Versilov has failed to understand."

There was one most precious word here: how could she say that "I counted on your ardor"... All right, she was a saint, even according to her own admission, but this still would have to be what amounted to a truly monstrous frankness, for a woman of the world (but not in these words; as a woman of the world, she could have avoided it to preserve her own dignity), yet also saintly, for by saying this she was, in her purity of spirit and out of deference to me, to my condition as a youth and unprotected adolescent, actually blaming herself.**

I recalled <her> cute little sayings, following the example of earlier meetings.

And so by baring her own guilt before me, she was, by virtue of doing just that, and quite perceptibly to me, already now and forever stopping that game—that game of enticing a boy—and was now not only educating him but also elevating herself to a higher point.

Though *this* means nothing, for she is a saint all over.

N.B. Leaping across all my many falls, I shall say: That's what she really was like—saintly and righteous!

"Now it is no longer possible, now it would be even sinful! Oh, how much frivolity there was on my own part!"

"I liked to listen to my husband. I used to love Prince Sokolsky's quest for honor."

Versilov.

"I was then sitting behind the door-curtain. You were talking about

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* The end of this paragraph is somewhat incoherent in the original.

** The sentence is awkward and curiously involved in the original.

the letter. I jumped out from behind <the curtain> and let out my secret. You were bound to realize that I knew something. Wait, don't answer me yet. Your suspicions were well founded. Kraft. Kraft had it, he shot <himself>."

She: "Is that really so? Did you see it yourself? Thank God!"

(N.B. I wasn't lying to her, I was pure.)

"Tell me then, why were you attracting me to yourself, why were you being kind to me, why were you receiving me? Don't hurry your reply. I'm not going to be angry—there's nothing to worry about—if it is the document that has been worrying you."

"Tell me, was it because of this?"

"It was."

"I'm guilty."

"Wait a moment, you've got me stunned, and I can't understand a thing. If it's true that it was because of this, why don't you get up and leave? Instead, you're saying: 'I'm guilty.' How could you humble yourself so much? Listen, nine-tenths of all ladies would have left..."

"Why then?"

"Because you are not afraid of me, because you believe that I shall open the door myself."

"I can see that I was really most guilty."

"Tell me, why didn't you say anything before?"

"I didn't know how. I was ashamed. Later, I got attracted to you, I thought that you might notice it, and I felt ashamed. I was forgetting."

"And why did you make this appointment here?"

"Now the time has come. I was thinking that things might *go more smoothly* at this place, that I might succeed in making you talk while we were here." (She smiled, as if asking for my indulgence.) "Oh, I've been very imprudent about this thing! Just as in everything that pertains to this story with that letter. This document is one of the saddest and most imprudent things (actions). ~~Later~~ I actually did think that you had it. But then you started to come to our place <regularly>, and I became attached to you."

"How could I, a poor youth, how could I..."

"I rather dislike society, my husband, like students—you've got such words... Versilov—all the vices."

"~~Enough, you have planted paradise~~ What vices? You haven't got any."

"Oh yes, I do."

"What specifically? Tell me! To be sure, don't tell me if you can't, but better tell me."

"I wanted to be liked by everybody."

"Could it be true that this includes me?"

She looked up and smiled.

"Enough, you have planted paradise <in my heart>. I am grateful to the 'spying serpent'..."

"What words!" She smiled.

"But now, now don't come to see me."

"It won't go, it's my fault. Sinful. A poor, dreamy boy."

"Not so often."

~~He~~ Othello, jealousy.

"Is it true about Bioring?"

"I don't know. He is a very clever man. A clever and firm man. Kind and generous."

"Yet he didn't believe <what I said?> and became my enemy, enough of him. I beg you to never mention him again."

"God bless you."

"No, I shall only retain the ideal in my heart, which is good enough for me."

She: "Shall we never talk that way to each other again?"

"Never, never."

"No, you must leave *before.*"

"Yes, I didn't know how. Actually I do know how, but I don't like it, and that's why <we shall be> like students."

"But this means nothing, for you actually needed something <from me>."

"No, I didn't need it so much, you are putting me to shame. I did make a mistake: ~~I'm very much~~ for I actually was counting on your ardor. But why did Kraft tear it up? And do you know for sure that he did?"

[Here] "Yes! Yes!" ("I'm going to burn it right today," I was thinking.)

"You are now like a mother to me."

March 22.

For the preface.

Facts. They are passing by. They don't notice. There are no *citizens,* and nobody wants to make an effort and force himself to think and to notice things. I haven't been able to tear myself away, and all the shouts of our critics, ~~haven't dissuaded~~ who say that I am not depicting real life, haven't dissuaded me. Our society has no *founda-*

tions, it hasn't worked out any rules <of life>, because there really hasn't been any life either. A colossal shock—and everything comes to a halt, falls down, and is negated as if it hadn't ever existed. And not just externally, as in the West, but internally, morally. Our most talented writers, who have been describing, in highly artistic form, the life of our upper middle class (from the vantage point of the family)—Tolstoi, Goncharov—thought that they were describing the life of the majority; in my opinion, what they were describing were the lives of some exceptions. [Quite to the contrary, their life is the life of exceptions, while mine is the life of the general rule. Future generations will find that out, as they will be more objective, and the truth will be on my side. In this I believe.]

It has been said that I was describing real thunder, real rain, just as on stage. Where then? Could it be true that Raskolnikov, Stepan Trofimovich (the principal heroes of my novels) may give grounds for such an assertion? [Or Akulka's husband in *Notes from the House of the Dead,* for example? It was precisely this (civic) feeling that made me, for a moment, consider joining the Slavophiles, with the idea of resurrecting the dreams of my childhood (I had read Karamzin, <and was familiar with> the figures of Sergius, Tikhon).] And what about the underground and *Notes from the Underground?* I am proud to have presented, for the first time, the real image of the *Russian majority,* and to have exposed, for the first time, its misshapen and tragic aspects. The tragic lies in one's awareness of being misshapen. As heroes, those beginning with Silvio and the Hero of our times down to Prince Bolkonsky and Levin stand for nothing but petty self-love, which is "not good," they were "brought up the wrong way," they have a chance to improve themselves, for excellent examples are available (Saks in *Polin'ka Saks,* also the German in *Oblomov,* Pierre Bezukhov, the tax farmer in *Dead Souls* ~~and many others~~). But this is so because they are representative of nothing more than ~~poets~~ heroes of petty self-love. I have been the only one to bring out the tragedy of the underground, which consists of suffering, self-laceration, an awareness of a better <life> coupled with the impossibility of attaining it, and, most important of all, a strong conviction on the part of these unfortunate people that everybody else is like them and that it is, therefore, not worthwhile to improve oneself! ~~What~~ What can sustain those who do try to improve themselves? A reward, faith? Nobody is offering any reward, and in whom could one have faith? Another step from this position, and you have extreme depravity, crime (murder). A mystery.

They are saying that Olia has made it insufficiently clear why she is hanging herself. However, I am not writing for fools.

Bolkonsky reforms as he sees Anatole's leg being cut off, and we've all been shedding tears over it, but a genuine underground man wouldn't have reformed.

"Underground, underground, *poet of the underground,*" our feuilletonists have been repeating over and over again, as if this were something derogatory to me. Silly fools, it is my glory, for that's where the truth lies. It is that very underground which made Gogol, in his solemn testament, speak of his [last] narrative which had risen from the bottom of his soul, *like a song,** and which actually ~~would~~ didn't even exist. Why, it is quite possible that, when he began to write his testament, he didn't even know that he would write this thing about his last narrative. Now, what is this power that makes even an honest and serious person lie and clown in this manner, and what's more, in his own testament? (This power is peculiarly Russian, in Europe people have more integrity, while our people are dreamers and scoundrels.)

The reason for the underground is the destruction of our belief in certain general rules. *"Nothing is sacred."*

Unfinished people (as a consequence of the Petrine reforms *in general*), like the *engineer*[27] in *The Possessed.*

Continuation and conclusion of part two. April 4/5.

[More briefly] Dinner at mother's. Versilov is grumbling. Tatiana Pavlovna approaches <him?>, very mean with him. The Youth is both full of joy, and awkward. Upstairs, he surprises his mother and Liza in an embrace. He says something stupid to Liza, but accidentally it is an obvious hint. Leaves with Versilov. Conversation. More briefly. At home. Olia's mother. Gambling. The scene with the Prince. Learns everything. Tomorrow, Liza. The Prince to the Youth, in Liza's presence. Definitely, a scene between them. Goes to see Stebelkov. The latter (Arseniev).[28] He <goes> to see Vasin. Vasin warns him. [At the landlord's,] [(scene between the Prince and Liza).] His relationship with the Prince. The Youth's sufferings and cynicism. Versilov is cool toward him. Suddenly, Tatiana Pavlovna asks the Youth: "What has he been doing? Versilov has written a letter on

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* *vypelas' iz dushi ego,* which I found untranslatable.

[27] Reference to Kirilov of *The Possessed.*

[28] See note 5 of this section.

account of it." A whole story, and scenes, in connection with the letter. [Tatiana Pavlovna says that she had been behind the door that one time.] The old Prince. Anna Andreevna. The Youth is really mad at Versilov. The old Prince, [through Anna Andreevna, shows the Youth the door.] The latter is desperate. [To the Akhmakov woman, encounter with Bioring.] [Insulted by Bioring.] Fireworks of ideas: to America. (There's a funeral at his landlord's.) A quarrel with the young Prince on account of Liza, and another quarrel, this one with Liza. He gets some money. Win back the money he had lost and quit everything! Losing, and the scene at the roulette. "I'll inform the police." A terrible night, encounter with Lambert. Andrieux. Fantastically.

N.B. Pay more attention to Liza, *more warmth*. After the letter, Versilov doesn't show up at home. (A visit to the child, and a mass for Olia.)

MORE RAPIDLY.

She's cold. A little girl. A little girl (cold). He needs her throughout the novel as a refuge from Versilov, Lambert, Liza's distrust, his mother's *apathy*. He secludes himself with her. The little girl dies right before <the execution of his> scheme—the decision to <assault> the Akhmakov woman, downtrodden. Her death makes the Youth desperate.

However, the scheme against the Akhmakov woman had come into existence while Makar was still alive. Here, one might introduce, still during Makar's life, a sudden sally of his against Bioring, the Aide-de-Camp. The Youth is insulted.

Arrival of Maria Ivanovna.

The landlord's wife does not die. He merely reconciles the landlord to the landlady. However, the landlord will come in handy when the old Prince flees to the Youth's flat.

He wanted to set fire and <. . .> She is so cold. They've given her a beating at home ~~drown oneself~~. Drown oneself. Lambert.

The 2d part MORE RAPIDLY.

Current matter. April 4/5.

The Youth admits to Versilov (after dinner) (at the entrance to the tavern) that he has met the Akhmakov woman, but referring to her in a haughty manner, without admitting that he is in love with her and saying merely that she has been asking him about the document. He does everything just to say it, treating the Akhmakov woman with haughty condescension at first, then suddenly giving himself away and admitting that he loves her. Versilov asks him all kinds of questions.

<He tells him?> everything, in his enthusiasm. Here, also about happiness for mankind and about philosophy. A kiss. ~~"I'll give you one."~~ Versilov at the tavern. More lively. ~~At home, Olia's mother. Gambling.~~ At home, Olia's mother. (He is still in that enthusiastic frame of mind.) Gambling, and the Prince. The awakening. Liza at his place. Enter the Prince, too.

Toward the end of part two, already after the betrayal, <he goes> to <see> the Akhmakov woman, to tell <her> that it is now almost impossible for him to quit the game. "The idea." "Some day she will learn about my idea, but should I really turn myself into a mouse now? I must meet Bioring in society... I ~~prove~~ am obliged to meet with Bioring now."

Before the General's widow's betrayal: "There are moments when the truth of reality descends upon ~~his~~ my heart: so what, let my sister be somebody's mistress, and a kept woman—isn't everybody? Why, Versilov is not ~~terribly~~ embarrassed, or is he? Eh, Versilov! Versilov—a phrase..."

"I was ready to kiss." I was kissing. I threw myself on the floor a couple of times, kissing the rug on which she had been standing.

At dinner, Versilov acts bored. Show more clearly that it is *for that very reason* (Bioring).

Versilov, with much ardor, tells him about *légion d'honneur*. This could ~~preserve~~ happen in two different ways, either through the government, or privately.

Versilov again tears him away from the family and from Liza. The Youth has made an appointment with Liza to get reconciled, etc.

From Versilov's letter to the Akhmakov woman: "...This document exists: I could see it from the eyes of that little fool, who wanted to make me believe that it had been burned. But it hasn't been burned, and therefore, beware."

The Prince. *The Prince:* "Maybe I shall marry your sister."

"Eh, this has been all nothing but thoughts, now some action."

"Your sister has also told me that you knew nothing, though I still couldn't make myself believe it."

Versilov's words: "As for Petersburg, these are all paper people, really almost people made of paper."

Versilov, speaking of the Prince's liaison with Liza: "How can I help it, the human heart is free."

When Liza's pregnancy has become known to him, the Youth asks Versilov: "How could you, suspecting that I am aware of Liza's liaison with the Prince, and seeing that I am, at the same time, taking

money from the Prince—how could you keep talking to me, shake hands with me, fail to despise me worse than a dog?"

Versilov: "My friend, it's all a matter of one's conscience. I have been meddling in other peoples' consciences more than enough, earning nothing but rebuffs and sneers for it; I don't give a damn about the rebuffs, but what really matters is that this kind of maneuver will take you no place: nobody is going to listen to you." And at this point, about <the Youth's> blushing.

"How could you, suspecting that I knew of Liza's liaison, stretch out your hand to me?"

Versilov: "How could I?... Perhaps I, too, was afraid to lose my ideal and to face a scoundrel, instead of my ardent and honest boy. Why couldn't you suppose there was something other than perfidy in me, something closer to naïveté?"

["So you were not sure, not sure."

"I am an old man. I don't know young people."]

In part three.

"I do believe, my friend, I do believe in stinking Lizaveta, I believe in her with all my strength."

(Stinking Lizaveta, according to legend, screams to Christ: "All right now, Christ, you won't dare refuse me thy Kingdom... And if you refuse, I'll still shout 'Holy!' to you. You may elevate others, and I'll shout 'Holy!'—cast me in Hell, and it's still 'Holy!' Let me be in the hellish fire, with the devils, and I'll still be yelling 'Holy, Holy, Holy!' " (N.B. Mad frenzy, fakirism.)

... And always smut on <her> nose.

[The Youth's mother.]

THE VERY LAST DECISION. APRIL 4/5.

In part two, introduce only Stebelkov's offer to sell *those people* to him. The Youth is outraged and goes to see Vasin, whereupon Vasin warns him of the Prince (the stock certificates). Then, in part three, Vasin, even though he is compromised by Stebelkov, entrusts <his?> manuscript to the Youth. *The latter,* even though he is under Versilov's and Makar Ivanov's influence, wants to join the conspirators himself, being under the impression that the manuscript has been entrusted to him. When [Lambert] informs the police of the manuscript, Vasin is arrested. The Youth meanwhile had spent a night at his place. Vasin suspects that it was he who informed the police, and since the Youth is suspected of having informed the police about the roulette, he is quite crushed by this suspicion and wants *to set everything on fire.*

April 7.

THE LITTLE GIRL. Liza has rejected the Youth, so it appears to him. It seems to him that everybody is wronging him, so the little girl is the only one he's got <in the world>.

April 15.

The girl is quite frozen. As she dies, she says: *"It's all right!"* (Bismarck's ring.) Instead of being affectionate, she says to the Youth: *"Here!"* and gives him some treasure of hers, a toy or something.

(To Liza, as she is leaving:) "Liza, I think that you are a strong individual; I've been talking all the time, while you have told me nothing, and are leaving as the winner. Yes, I believe that you're going to subdue him, and that you're going to subdue me also."

"I take a dim view of everything. I'll earn my spurs before her. Don't tell her. Listen, I told you about (the marriage proposal to Anna Andreevna), because it has been bothering me too much."

"It isn't I who refuses <to marry her>, it is she who has turned me down. I am gravely afflicted by it."

"You have proposed to her?"

"Yes, I was there to propose marriage to her."

"And later, I didn't go through with it; I said nothing, but only because I didn't get around to it. She forestalled me and said that this was an idea <only>."

"Which means that it was just as if nothing had happened, and your pride must be..."

"Still, before Liza I'm a scoundrel—don't tell her."

Earlier, we had been talking of roulette.

At night, I found a note from Stebelkov. Saw Versilov in a tavern. Anna Andreevna. After the Prince, in the morning, Tatiana Pavlovna. At Stebelkov's (about Anna Andreevna). At Vasin's (a second). To the old Prince—about Anna Andreevna, and the letter. At the entrance, a kick in the arse by Bioring. Came running to Tatiana, weeping: Versilov's letter. To Versilov: Baron Roden (mother and sister upstairs): "You are a maniac. You will be summoned before a higher agency. In that case he is going to protect himself, and you will be summoned to appear at an altogether different place. Bioring, so far, is not involved at all. Let the young man be here." When Roden has left, Versilov laughs: "You know, I made them sit upstairs in the meantime. Eh, leave me in peace, let's go." At this point, a letter from the Prince.

"Isn't it wonderful to be dealing with a person who can express himself so clearly and so concisely?"

"Oh, you are witty—I have heard about that—but wit is not always wisdom."

"A most profound observation, Mr. Baron Rossen."

"Oh, I have heard that you are a witty man, but you know that wit is not always wisdom."

"The devil take it, you are really tempting me."

"A retraction of one's words such as you are giving me is almost tantamount to reaffirming them."

"Is that really so?" Versilov said with a smirk.

On the next day the Prince gave himself up. His letter to me. Mother, Liza. *(She* keeps her wits.) To America, win some money. The scene at the roulette table.

Vasin: "There's nothing to it, believe me; in reality there is nothing to it at all. Nothing but talk. I am telling you this confidentially, and as to a person whom I trust. However, I am still grateful to you... He knows only too well that I'm not a party to it."

Versilov: "This marriage (of Anna Andreevna's) is quite typical of society."

"That she would like to have some money, and a position in society? Why, isn't this worth it?"

Bioring won't like the taste of this a bit.

"And it has been made public?"

"No, nothing has been. I have it from his son, Andrei Andreich. I don't know how it was done; nor whether it is still a big secret or not; but all I have told you is true."

"What about the old Prince?"

"That's precisely the point, he is delighted. And of course there is a lot of commotion over there. You can understand this. So they laughed at you over there! Ah, poor boy!" (And he laughed right to my face.)

Everything is in confusion, the roulette.

The Prince in his letter: "I told her that I had proposed marriage to Anna Andreevna. She forgave me everything. And there is one more thing: I must tell you that I am actually more guilty in that business (the stock certificates) than I let you know yesterday."

"I find it awfully base to love generosity in the ideal, yet allow oneself to go from degradation to degradation."

The Prince, before they go to play roulette: "Don't you find this sordid? (We've been doing it a thousand times.)"

The Youth: "Money is always sordid."

"A kopek earned by hard work isn't."

"Let's do it one last time, and then repent."

"This is what I've been telling myself a thousand times. This has been my ruin."

"You are so right, but what if there's no other way?"

"No, there is a way out, the *princely* one."

"And that would be?"

"Later. Let's go."

Let's try it once.

My jaw was trembling from nervousness all night. "Is he really so noble (Bioring), selling himself; and Anna Andreevna, too, is selling herself, selling everything. And Versilov is a maniac." I laughed spitefully. "Yes, a maniac, a maniac" (jealous of Katerina Nikolaevna). "You <withdraw> into carnality, and I, and I, into my idea. But that woman, that woman. Oh, this is lower than the lowest."

PS also in the letter: "I have told you that there is a way out: the princely way. *I* have taken it. However, even with this, I was late. I shouldn't have gone gambling."

Versilov: "What's worst of all is that you've been rubbing elbows with these people, gambling; however, I am not judging you."

After Versilov's showdown with Bioring: "Let's give it one try (roulette)." The Prince smiled: "I'll think it over. Right now I'm sick."

To the Prince, at the roulette table: "You have renounced me!"

"What else could I have done? Even without it, I am quite crushed by the very fact that I decided to follow your advice and that I've come to this place."

"You are a vile little aristocrat."

"I'll prove to you that I am not."

At the roulette table: "Yes, I can testify that Mr. Dolgoruky cannot have stolen <that money>, at least so far as I know him." (Before he is searched.)

"Is this to say that you do not know him well enough?"

"I'd rather like not to answer certain questions."

In his letter: "I did not renounce you; I could, however, have acted in your behalf more resolutely."

At the Prince's, that night. Story of the Ensign. "I wanted to write to the Officers' Club and to the Ensign while I was in Luga. I was wavering and suffering. It was then that I made a clean breast of it before Lizaveta Makarovna."

"What did Liza say?"

"Not to write."

"Set that straight." <?>—"She told me, of course not directly, but in all too transparent terms, clearly and tactfully, that this was an impossible idea."

"She decided the matter as a woman would."

"She said that I would <in that case> love myself just as much.* Is that so? Is that so?"

"Yes, I think that they don't have full proof. But what about having to lie to them?"

"Does Liza know about it?"

"No, she does not know everything. Because I myself have found out all about this affair only now, from Stebelkov and from Zhirondsky. I had already forgotten about it."

"But listen, if they tell the police about it, they are really turning themselves in, aren't they?"

"But to be in partnership with these crooks! To be their associate for ever and ever! What are they talking about now, what are they threatening to do, what do they want money for? They are saying: ~~you know, her~~ 'Of course we shall not give <you> away, but in case...' It is Zhirondsky who is uttering these threats, and Stebelkov is passing it on to me. This Zhirondsky, it seems, is planning to steal something, some money entrusted to him, and to go to America. Stebelkov has explained something along these lines to me. Well, that's what it is, he needs some money to go to America."

After the scene with Bioring's second I came running to the Prince's, and he said to me: "I almost decided to go and play some roulette! Will you despise me..."

"No, I also, I also..."

"Don't you find this sordid?"

"Money is sordid, but... I've run out of money completely, and I have to go out no matter what happens."

"What hatred!" I exclaimed.

"Hatred!" Tatiana hissed, laughing venomously to my face.

"I have come to the conclusion: no, there can't be a duel."

"Perhaps so much the better for Baron Bioring."

"Oh, I know that you are a witty man, but wit is not wisdom, and moreover, I admit that I am most grateful to you for saving me all this trouble. I so dislike all this nonsense."

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* Not quite clear in the original.

"Yet you are allowing yourself..."

"We are not living in the woods, but in a well-organized state."

"Is that what you think, my good Baron Rossen?"

"I'll admit that you are greatly tempting me to show you that I'm not so very much 'your good Baron Rossen.' "*

Only *one* strange sensation stuck in my mind, namely that I had told Lambert that I'd got a document by which I could destroy everybody and everything.

When I woke up—I felt so glad that Lambert did not have my address, but how great was my surprise when I realized, after a moment's thinking, that I did not have his address either. I had completely forgotten where I had been. I could remember the room, Adolphine, but where it had been, in what street, I had forgotten.

Suzdal' boyars.

"First of all, the question regarding Katerina Nikolaevna Akhmakov *must be* completely eliminated."

"There might have been other ways to bring you to reason, but certain allowances were made. You are proving to be unworthy of such indulgence."

Jealous of Versilov on account of Katerina Nikolaevna. Was this a monstrous idea? Everything was possible, I was a medley of sensations which were staggering me, and of which I was not consciously aware. There ~~was~~ remained a single point of rest: *my idea,* and that's what I was clinging to.

It appeared that she had some close connections with *la maison Andrieux,* and that she actually came from *la maison de monsieur Andrieux,* but was then torn away from *la maison Andrieux*. It was hard to imagine that she was his mistress, but even that could be."

"Où allez-vous, monsieur?" she screamed in a torn, broken voice.

This stern face, this stern and beautiful face, is the face of the best, of the most marvelous English etching.

David—Salomon, everything is going round in my mind.

Anna Andreevna told me this herself. This was perfectly chaste, pure, and wonderful, something like a poem... I kissed her hand and began to cry in delight...

(And he began to cry.) "Let it be only a dream... But don't let them take this dream from me. Let me die with my dream. Even Katerina

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* A pun, difficult to translate: *dobryi baron Rossen* could also mean "kind Baron Rossen." The Baron is implying that he could be quite nasty, too.

Nikolaevna has promised me this. We have started this romance, so allow us to finish it. Let it be a dream... But don't let them take this dream from me. Let me die with this dream."

"Life with friends, with my family, with my dear ones. This is heaven. I would forgive them all. I want to forgive everybody; I haven't been angry with anybody in a long time. Katerina Nikolaevna is smiling to my face: but, *ma chérie,* I am not saying at all that I am altogether King David. Never mind, it is just a simile, *la poésie dans la vie.* I say, what is it that makes you smile? *Chère, chère,* I want to do harm to no one. But I am strong, I have support. *Quelle charmante personne,* ah?"

"But how long it is since you were here, my friend, and how very-very-very much has happened since."

"I don't know why life should be so short; I suppose so we won't get bored, of course, for life is the Maker's work of art, something like a poem by Pushkin. At least one should let those who are not bored live longer. I, for instance, am not bored. *Les chants de Salomon, mais non, c'est David, qui mettait les jeunes belles dans son lit pour se chauffer dans sa viellesse.*[29] My dear friend."

The old Prince: "History remains silent on this point, but otherwise, what's the difference? So this is what we have decided. This should stay in the family, strictly in the family. I told Katerina Nikolaevna about it only because I feel guilty before her. Every matter can be both majestic and ridiculous. In <a novel by> Paul de Kock this would have become une *une scène de bassinoire*[30]."

"Paul de Kock lacks elegance; otherwise he would be magnificent. They've got no taste, I swear, *le goût est chez nous,*[31] in Russia, in our ancient mansions... those which are still standing. In this respect, I am a patriot."

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[29] French: "The songs of Solomon, but no, it's David who placed the young beauties in his bed to keep himself warm in his old age."

[30] French: "a scene with a hot water bottle."

[31] French: "we have the taste."

VI

Notes to the Third Part of the Novel

The confession of Versilov to Arkady and the meeting of Versilov with Katerina Nikolaevna hold the center of interest in this section of notes. In both notes and novel Katerina Nikolaevna is intimately tied with his fate and in some way she represents and confirms Versilov's fall. In the novel the connection between Katerina Nikolaevna and Versilov's failure is dramatically implied, but in the notes it is explicitly insisted on: "Here, *Finis*. [What's most important.] Versilov says: 'I hate this woman, for she has stolen my peace from me. If I were to fall in love with her, I would ~~myself~~ kill either myself, [or her]." Neither she nor Versilov, nor indeed the Youth understands why Katerina Nikolaevna should exercise such power over him, but by his contradictory statements and his violent actions Versilov confirms the power. Katerina Nikolaevna cannot understand why he loves her: "You see how nasty I am, really, why should you love me? What else can you want?" The Youth cannot understand why Versilov loves her, and he feels ashamed for him and ashamed of himself for loving her in competition with his father. His suggestion that Katerina Nikolaevna be humiliated by Lambert is a desperate effort, born of bruised love, to restore to Versilov his lost pride and to himself the ideal that he has of his father.

Some light on the power of Katerina Nikolaevna maintains over Versilov is cast by the meeting between the two in the notes. In the novel she assures him that he is a respected and a valued friend, even while rejecting him. The implied criticism in the rejection is powerful enough to the sensitive Versilov for him to explode into expletives at junctures in the meeting. But in the notes the criticism of Versilov is direct, explicit, and even scathing. Katerina Nikolaevna does not speak to him in the novel as in the following passages taken from these notes:

> She to Him: When falling in love with me, you were falling in love with no one but yourself, and, besides, you certainly couldn't have forgiven me that confession which you made before me, for you saw it as a humiliation. You vain man, you couldn't even stand *that*. How then was I going to help laughing at you.

A little later in the meeting, she adds:

> *She:* ("Lack of all form") I have seen your pride, which consists of the idea that, inasmuch as I have learned about your thoughts and you have exposed your soul before me (you have deigned to open it to me), I should therefore value this very highly. I have seen this in every movement of yours, and I've made a point of ceasing to value it; quite on the contrary, I've often been laughing at it. This alone is utterly disgraceful.

At one point she states quite openly that she considers him to be false:

> Versilov *to her:* "I'm one of those people who cannot remain indifferent when they have nothing to believe in."
>
> "You are exaggerating, as always," *she* says.
>
> "No, with a single glance, with a single smile, you have been destroying the whole path to my salvation."
>
> "Because I saw through <its> falseness.
>
> "There was no falseness."
>
> "I am not talking of any kind of fraud. What I saw was simply the falsity of the idealist, the stiltedness, the affectation." [NB. *Lidiia.*]

Also: ["I have seen your moral disorder..."]

But Katerina Nikolaevna recognizes only the symptoms, not the causes. She sees the stiltedness, affectation, posing, and pride, but she does not see what has brought Versilov to this state. At one point in the notes she asks Versilov about his "idea," and he delivers a long analysis of it. The explanation is not given in the meeting between the two in the final version, and yet it is the key to Versilov's character

and to the connection he sees between his efforts and his failure. Versilov says:

> I conceived, at that time, my original idea: seek to perfect yourself, try to break your own resistance as your conscience and your faith will tell you, to the best of your ability, and, once having conquered yourself, you may perhaps also find that ultimate idea, your own solution to "what to do?" and "what to preach?" I passionately clung to this idea. You were all laughing at my chains. Why? I was actually wearing them, but you didn't know what was going on in my *soul*. Yes, it may be that, finally, I did persuade myself that mine was the right way, but then you appeared before me, and I suddenly realized that without you I am nothing, and that my idea is unrealizable.

The intent seems to be admirable. Versilov had lost his faith in but not his yearning for something to believe in, and he formed a program to discover by discipline and self-perfection what to believe in. Culture, wisdom, firm will, sacrifice, and devotion to his program would restore what history had robbed him of. But, as Versilov tells Katerina Nikolaevna in the notes, "With a single glance, with a single smile, you have been destroying the whole path to my salvation."

Why should this be so? Why should a trivial woman destroy what refinement, will, and culture have achieved? The notes tell us why. Versilov's vanity had been touched by her rejection of him in the beginning, so that he turned to a sick half-wit for the adoration Katerina Nikolaevna would not give him, and his vanity is touched again later when the hope of reconquering Katerina Nikolaevna is threatened by her intention to marry Baron Bioring. According to his plan Versilov was supposed to be the master of his fate: he would believe in what he had created, rest in superior isolation in a world he had constructed and in beliefs that he had erected. But his love-hate of Katerina Nikolaevna irrationally breaks down his solipsistic world, and hence his fury and rage. What threatens him, he attempts to destroy. One way or the other she too must be brought under his command: either by loving him and acknowledging his perfections, or by being unworthy of his love. She must be the best of women—if she loves him—or the worst of women, if she does not. Thus the

agonizing and violent contradictions of word and feeling. Even Versilov has a moment of sane penetration to his motives when he says to the Youth: "I am afraid of one thing," he said suddenly, "namely, that we are both vile, which is also why we wish that she were vile, and not at all because she really is vile."

At bottom what Dostoevsky is telling us about Versilov is what Katerina Nikolaevna herself partially perceives when she says to him: "When falling in love with me, you were falling in love with no one but yourself..." Dostoevsky had told us many times before and he was to tell us again in *The Brothers Karamazov* that when one loses one's belief in God, one has only oneself to believe in. Beneath the culture, refinement, and intelligence, and despite the efforts to believe and to be virtuous, there was in Versilov only the vanity and impotence of the self. Dostoevsky is thinking of Versilov as a representative of contemporary man, when he says of the contemporary man:

> The ideal, its presence in one's soul, a thirst, a need to believe in [something... to worship something] and the absence of any kind of faith. This gives birth to two feelings in <the soul of> a high type of contemporary man: boundless pride and boundless self-contempt. Observe his hellish sufferings, watch him trying to convince himself that he is actually a believer... And then, his clashes with reality, where he invariably shows up so ridiculous, so ridiculous and so petty... and so insignificant. *He* suspects that what one must do is work on oneself, restrain oneself, and that this would cost an endless effort. And so he does tax himself with the duty of self-perfection, does it gladly, enthusiastically... [choosing for himself nothing but chains all along.] Occasionally, he would be bothered by a feeling of tormenting unbelief and skepticism, but He stands firm and, finally, it appears that he has come close to his goal... And there, as he clashes head-on with reality, he takes a terrible fall, showing himself feeble and nerveless. Why? <Because> He is uprooted from the soil, a child of his age...

We find neither an explicit analysis of Versilov's idea, nor the explicit and scathing exposure of its falseness by Katerina Niko-

laevna in the novel itself. There is a brief allusion to the idea of mortifying one's will by monastic discipline in the novel by the Youth as he re-creates what Versilov said during his confession. But the decision to discipline the will is put forth as a consequence of his break with Katerina Nikolaevna, as some kind of punishment of himself for having been attracted to her. In the notes the "idea" to discipline his will, which is analyzed much more fully, predates his relationship and break with Katerina Nikolaevna. One is at a loss to see what—except for mystery and vagueness—Dostoevsky gained by these changes. The notes tell us quite fully what Versilov's "idea" was, why he is so violently attached to Katerina Nikolaevna, and as a consequence what moves him in his irrational acts. We do not know these things from reading the novel alone.

The grand theme of the novel is order and disorder. Versilov is disorder and Makar is order, and the Youth stands between both. And as Lebedev in *The Idiot* exposes by caricature the disorder of the society about him, so Lambert in caricature makes evident the disorder that Versilov conceals and the Youth attempts to avoid. Makar is supposed to be the antipoise to Versilov in both the novel and the notes, but in neither do his anecdotes, biblical sayings, or his aphorisms convince the Youth or the reader. Several times in these notes Dostoevsky tells us that Makar's influence on the Youth is immense, but nothing in the Youth's actions or thoughts or feelings confirm what Dostoevsky desired.

One must point finally to a number of passages, some of which reappear in Versilov's confession to the Youth, where Versilov expresses ideas that were sacred to Dostoevsky. Dostoevsky himself could have said what Versilov says in the following passage:

> Society must be built upon moral foundations; nothing can be founded upon the flesh, upon an economic idea, upon making stones into bread, and so far our politicians are fooling only the gullible. The moral ideas of a nation are derived from religion, or are formulated by popular religion. Anyone who wants to reject and *break up* the old foundations, such as private property, family, etc., must break up the old faith... For a Russian nobleman is the universal reconciliation of ideas. For, in our time, educated Russian thought is the universal reconciliation of ideas. The educated Russian type is a uni-

> versal human type, and up to now it has been only the Russian nobleman. A Frenchman is only a Frenchman, but a Russian... a Russian is a progressive; his thinking is very much ahead of everyone else's. The bearer of a universal ideal.

But these are only ideas, and not beliefs, and the difference is insurmountable for Dostoevsky.

May 9.

Makar has a shattering impact on Liza, awakening in her a passionate religious feeling. She says: "I knew nothing about this." Then, suddenly, she is angry with Makar, pouts. Later, she is listening to Versilov (his ideals) also, and accepts a good deal of it. She is, however, a practical person. Marriage to the Prince. The Prince has been acquitted, is full of enthusiasm, and—shoots himself. (N.B. He must elicit extreme sympathy.)

After <his> illness, the Youth, in spite of Makar and Versilov, develops a very somber emotional attitude. Feelings of vengefulness and jealousy make their appearance. A yearning for the ideal.

(1) The idea of self-perfection, and (2) to become famous as quickly as possible, [in order to take his vengeance]—a struggle between these two ideas.

Meanwhile, the "idea"—this he realizes only now—was nothing but an outgrowth of <his idea of> revenge for everything, for everything, even if it took him 50 years.

N.B. Versilov's terrible ingenuousness makes a tremendous impression on him.

See in the yellow book, February 25.

"Shut up and say nothing to anybody! This is my new rule."

Versilov is an enthusiast, which is why he was discussing socialism. *(Ingenuousness.)*

After his recovery, Versilov and the Youth—they're related <spirits>, fervent compassion for Versilov, <though> mute.

They abduct the old Prince.

After <his> recovery, the Youth <is obsessed> by the idea of *her,* a yearning for the ideal. And through the remaining two parts, he either has spells of a passionate renascence of his faith in her purity [("a forced faith," says Versilov),] or experiences an even

deeper fall. Finally he becomes convinced of her guilt (through Versilov). Then, disenchantment, cynicism, and Lambert. The somber idea to catch her using the document as bait (the conflagration). But right before the execution <of this scheme>, a more noble thought: hand over the document to her, i.e., *fulfill the duty of honor, and pass on,* into "his idea." (?N.B. *Perhaps:* Alphonsine hides him. Lambert and Versilov attack her, the Youth saves her.) They steal the document, and resew the pocket, with Alphonsine doing the sewing.

After <his> recovery: a yearning for the ideal, the idea of revenge and jealousy, and *the struggle with the ideas* of Makar and Versilov. Versilov finally explains to him his own relationship to the Akhmakov woman. At this point, a quick meeting between the Youth and the Akhmakov woman, and another insult from Bioring (in connection with the old Prince's flight to his place). He once more becomes disenchanted with the Akhmakov woman.

Liza: All of a sudden, she develops a religious feeling. And while the Youth and Versilov (after Makar) are still making their preparations, she decides, after the Prince's death, to enter a monastery. But the child.

[2d chapter] Besides her religiosity, there is also haughtiness in her. It is well possible that she fell in love with the Prince partly because his character was inferior to hers (weaker), and he needed her help. (Her character resembles that of Versilov. What is needed is a scene featuring her and Versilov. Also, her and Makar.)

[Regarding the monastery, she contradicts and argues.]

[*Here.* NB!! That is the beginning of the 2d chapter.]

Versilov's mad and morbid letter to the Akhmakov woman has been dispatched, not just in a delirium or with the sole desire to insult her, whatever the cost, but also with considerable forethought: inasmuch as *she* was about to marry Bioring, and knowing ~~how they~~ people like Bioring, he was figuring on stopping him by his fear of a possible scandal, thus destroying (severing) their budding marital union. And to be sure, he ~~was~~ very pleased with the fact that Bioring, in sending Rosen to him, was was particularly insisting that everything pertaining to *that lady* should be removed from their declarations.

July 30. [N.B. Going to bed: "Why is she alone pulsating in my head? Even Lambert doesn't have this strong an effect. The thing is that I love her."]

Versilov: "It is Christ who is going to save Russia, for that is the only thing she's still got that is national; really, Christ is the only

national element [Russia] ever had. If their faith in Christ comes to an end, this will also be the end of the Russian people."

Practically—preach, feats.

"Let us perform some feats" (naïve agreement).

["Yes, my friend, go right ahead." (And here, He makes his confession about *her.*)]

"Marry my mother."

"Yes, my friend, if you please, my friend."

(Makar had willed the same thing.) (He chops up those icons.)

"Let us perform some feats." (And at this point, this confession about the Akhmakov woman.)

"What does an ancestor, or the memory of an ancestor, mean?" (Makar).

"Thank <God> for your soul."

"Every blade of grass is singing a song."

"A new nation is arriving" (a patriot).

"Silly little deniers of God, nihilist and nihilist woman."

The Youth: ["I have been thinking of you, but your hermit doesn't even know the laws law of gravitation."

"Why do you think so? There are different kinds of knowledge."

"What kind of people go there?"]

Forests—meadows, nature.

"At first, while amidst nature, I was feeling *sorry* about being *alone,* but later I found out that I was *with everybody.* And so a hermit, forty years in the desert, yet he is *with everybody.*"

"But where's the profit?"—"God won't let anything pass without a profit, he'll make it manifest, too, Mary of Egypt."

Makar and the children. "What is a child?"

About how Christ will come.

About how the third part of all grass will be burnt up (power).*

"But Christ... Ah my dear ones, have you forgotten, look at this grass... this birdie."

"Remember your forefathers, but even if you will not remember them—that's all right, *for I am with you.*"

A village cemetery.[1]

"I am too kind," says the Youth, "I ought to be meaner, this way I won't get through life."

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* Quoted inaccurately from Rev. 8: 7.

[1] Reference to Zhukovsky's translation of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard."

[For chapter two (2d part)] My whole "idea" is nothing but a lot of kindness, it is funny and comical, and therefore base. (As he is sitting down to start listening to Makar.) [(Lambert isn't the one who makes him confused, but he's got his own idea, i.e., a kind of conflagration, a ~~great~~ revenge of magnanimity.)]

The idea to become a pilgrim, to suffer from everybody, while loving everybody, or else the darkness of <his> idea.

"Suffer, suffer," (says Makar,) "and then you'll even quit suffering (for your heart will be filled with love). You won't even feel your suffering."

See St. after Petersburg. February 25.

[(N.B. The age and contemporary man.)]

It isn't the fact that Versilov has experienced another fall that confuses him; rather, even while he is still deeply moved and right after he has offered to join Versilov on a pilgrimage, he suddenly meets Alphonsine, and is glad about it, and goes to see Lambert, and talks to him. ("This man is more akin to me, a little sordid.")

On the contrary, Versilov's fall (the icons) elicits his compassion. Whereas the fact that he is glad to have met Lambert is <to be explained by> his hidden anger at those who had insulted him, and at her.

And there she suddenly offers him a rendezvous.

Finish part three with this, i.e., with the Prince's flight, the chopping of the icons.

Makar: "Let us weep until we get justice from the Lord. [Sometimes, in the springtime, a whole crowd of poor people will be seen weeping.] You raise your head, they're asleep, it's cool, a child, you give a sigh and fall asleep again. [Every little leaf, the birdies, and there's a tree standing there, and the tree is growing, and a little leaf. Isn't this a mystery? We rejoice at it."]

"God's little birdie is a mystery, and isn't it marvelous (that it is a mystery)?"

"What is there to be found out?! Even if you did find out, you would still have even less understanding, for it is not for your mind to deal with these things. What is this? God's green grass, let it grow (in peace), God's green grass. You look around, and you see beauty (everywhere). God's mystery." [For chapter two]

"Are you a pilgrim?"

"A pilgrim, my dear. And sinful and vain while I was still of this world."

"What is it that makes you rejoice so much?"

"One rejoices at the Lord."

"That is, that He is merciful?"

"Both for the innumerable times He has shown mercy to us, and just simply so, just rejoicing that He is there," he answered, quite unaware of the insidiousness of my question about God's mercy.

Liza, having learned of the Prince's decision, and of his arrest, says: "That's the thing I have been afraid of. I knew that he is too wonderful and is capable of anything great."

And so she makes home a hell for everybody: she is suspicious of everyone, fearing that they might attack and slander the Prince, but when somebody is speaking well of the Prince, she refuses to believe in that person's sincerity, thinking that whatever was said was only meant to console her. This goes even for her mother. But when somebody is giving sincere praise to the Prince, she gets angry, claiming that he isn't getting enough recognition, [that he has suffered] that he stands higher than anyone else, and is so much nobler, so much so that even those who praise him couldn't possibly grasp it. The whole reason for this is that she can herself very clearly see how worthless a person the Prince is. But then there is love. She receives Makar's sermon with hostility. Finally, she becomes openly *defiant,* and admits before Makar that she is pregnant. The latter, something like the woman who was granted forgiveness in the temple,* gentle and timid. Suddenly, Liza is defeated. She actually admits right there (abruptly, inadvertently) that the Prince is a worthless person. ("But he is dear to me.") The Prince's jealousy throws her into a frenzy. She keeps running to visit him, to see his lawyer, she is rushing to <plead for him with> the authorities, to the courts; marriage...

In this fashion, Liza's role is *established.*

Even amidst such inconsolable grief, occasionally laughter and jokes. (Rays of sunshine continue!)

[2d chapter] And only after the Prince's death, Liza, terribly shaken, forever <her> mother.**

"So you rejoice because there is mystery."

"Your repose is mystery, and your sigh is mystery."

"So it is just wonderful that there is mystery? I shall remember this. However, in the light of reason... this isn't how I myself under-

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* John 8: 1.

** The phrase is unclear in the original.

stand it, I have been grumbling myself. It seems to me that people know very little, and that they are much too proud."

"You've got such a mind..."

"A microscope is even more of a mystery."

"You may, perhaps, not know it yourself, but what you've said there is true."

"Know, oh elder: the more a man has learned, the nearer he is to God."

"Well, it is not always that way."

"Not always, my friend. I have seen many learned men."

"The deeper the mystery becomes, the nearer it takes you to God. But whosoever will say, in his pride: 'There is no more mystery, I have learned everything,' forsakes God and the true light and falls into darkness, and is having a bad time of it in the darkness. Yes, my friend, and in the meantime the mystery continues inviolate."

And I remembered these words.

Memento. (Supporting details.) In the yellow book: beginning February 25. In the same book: page X^0. (Versilov's words and cute sayings at the end of the book, see February, and also at the beginning.) Then, according to names: Vasin, the Prince, the Akhmakov woman, etc. Then, p. *YZ*—Versilov's words. *ZZZ* at the very end (November 26). In the beginning, about Vasin, 570.

Ems.

[2d chapter] N.B. I was pretending that I wanted no part of that business; yet I was stunned by this remote news about Katerina Nikolaevna.

Here, Anna Andreevna is asking N<astasia> Egor<ovna> to pay her a visit.

Nota bene, important. Rumors the effect that Katerina Nikolaevna, who had previously shunned high society, had made a new appearance there and was having extraordinary success. Simultaneously, the news that the episode with Bioring had ended in a separation, which isn't quite correct; rather, a certain coolness developed between them as a result of the fact that Bioring, after *Versilov's letter,* took fright and wavered for a moment, showing a desire to withdraw. But not entirely so. The caution with which Bioring had separated *his* from *hers* in Versilov's letter had offended Katerina Nikolaevna. Her success in society had again turned Bioring's head.

The Youth is jolted by the news of Katerina Nikolaevna's success in society, which fills him with *hatred* caused by jealousy. (The image of a youth, standing in a corner during a ball, while *his* beauty is sur-

rounded by a throng of dandies.) Jealousy and hatred, and when she grants him a rendezvous in passing, as if throwing it to him like *charity* (while he is actually delighted), he really does begin to hate her, whereupon he immediately joins Lambert...

? (N.B. Versilov has proved to Bioring that the Prince is going to disinherit her; or, he has succeeded in getting Bioring involved with him, etc.). [Such is the Youth's suspicion.]

Liza is now in close contact with Vasin and is using his advice (without the Youth's knowledge), and at home she is short-tempered with everybody. The Youth thinks that this is "because she feels that I have little love or esteem for the Prince." Whereupon his mother says to him: "Leave her alone, she is doing it out of pride; she is finding it hard to face our pity for her, and for him" (i.e., for the Prince).

"I am the happiest woman in the world," says Liza, "he is great, he has done something you would never have done."

Meanwhile, Vasin suddenly proposes to her, and is angered when she turns him down. Liza is terribly offended and irritated by the proposal.

[2d chapter] The Youth discovers that Liza has been secretly in touch with Versilov. Like a pupil with her teacher, and he has had a strong influence on her.

The Youth to Makar, speaking of <his> scalded hand: "Don't tell me about it, don't embarrass me."

Meekness is strength. Meekness will conquer everything.

Versilov: "Meanwhile I have returned to my former filthy condition."

~~News~~ "Don't you think that your mother's soul is gravely afflicted by her sin?"

"And I thought that you were in favor of all those new ideas?"

"There are no new ideas: the ideas are still the same, beginning with Job. Proudhon and Job—the temptation of Christ."[2]

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[2] Dostoevsky wrote to his wife about the "Book of Job" on June 10, 1875: "I am reading the book of Job, and it brings me to painful ecstasy. I leave off reading and I walk about my room for an hour, almost crying. This book, Anna, strange, it was one of the first that made an impression on my life; I was still then almost a child!" The influence of the book of Job is pervasive in *The Brothers Karamazov,* especially in the words of Father Zossima. Proudhon's *La Célébration du dimanche* was one of two forbidden books found in Dostoevsky's apartment when it was searched at the time of his arrest in 1849. Two books on Proudhon appeared also in Russia at this time: *Zhizn' i perepiska Prudona* (The Life and Correspondence of Proudhon) by A. N. Pleshcheev in 1873, and *P. Zh. Prudon v*

[Here, chapters 3, 4] About Makar: "Two views. Self-possession or independence of anything in the world. This has also been the same since the beginning of time." (Freedom of will.)

"I shall not relate what we discussed on that occasion. Oh, those days, I consider them sacred to this very day."

His naïveté and ingenuousness, his *childlike nature.* Those who are difficult to reach, who seem to be mocking everything and, most often of all, children when they are truly beautiful, are exactly like that.

Lambert: "Remember our gang of robbers?" And some day you are yet going to gain the kingdom of God.

Lambert is actually a good man. Lambert believes in God. It's because he is healthy, that is why he is a villain. Let him grow old, or fall ill—and he'll start buying candles for the Church. Every *average man* is like that.

Makar Ivanov. About the landowner, who rebuilt a village that had burned down. About how the children were begging the merchant, yet he didn't forgive. About how the little boy drowned himself, the siskin. About how he used to rake out oats from a horse's <crib>. Stinking Elizaveta. About how some holy monks killed another monk. And so on.

Mother's name day. Versilov brings a bouquet and ends up chopping up the icons.

Makar: "The siskin. I wonder what that little soul (the boy's) said to God?"

[Chapters 3, 4] "Why, you are telling things which are right against you<r ideas>!" shouts the Youth.

"Don't you get upset about it. (The world is always like this, what's important is only that truth never die in it.)"

Versilov: On God's ways, Philidor and Lagrange.

[2d chapter] The Youth (to himself): "I haven't told Him a word about his turn of speech in that letter to *her,* that the document is intact (as if nothing had happened)." But later He says to Lambert: "The document is intact, and he's got it."

Lambert: "How can you know that for sure?"

Versilov: "Because he has not told me a thing about those words in

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pis'makh (*P. J. Proudhon in His Letters* by P. D. Boborykin. Dostoevsky may also have been acquainted with Sainte Beuve's *P. J. Proudhon—sa vie et sa correspondance, 1838–1848* (1872). In linking the two, Dostoevsky may have had a contrast in mind. There is a reference to Job in the final version of *A Raw Youth* in the words of Makar Dolgoruky, Part III, Chapter 4:2.

that note of mine, even though he knew them, [having read the note."]

Here, *Finis.* [*What's most important.*] Versilov says: "I hate this woman, for she has stolen my peace from me. If I were to fall in love with her, I would ~~myself~~ kill either myself, [or her.] On the contrary, I hate her and I'm glad that I do."

And he actually *does hate* her.

In his letter to her: "Take me, I shall be nothing before you."

(N.B. Let Lambert, or somebody, give the Youth a chance to be the secret witness of a meeting between her and Versilov.)

She says to Versilov: "If you'd love me less, I would have married you."

"Go into the desert, serve ~~in chains~~ God in chains, those chains which you have displayed before me, and you will thus subdue your pride."

"I hate you, I don't love you," says *he.*

She to Him: "I am afraid of such passion, I am an ordinary woman."

She to Him: "Why are you being unfair to that wonderful woman, the mother of your children, I know all about her; I have been watching her."

She: "You are a *hero,* and not an ordinary person, which says everything."

"Haven't you been making fun of me, you frivolous woman, you, which is why I have cast you off, like a rag, before whom?"

He suddenly begins to reproach her for her vile actions, for her animal voluptuousness, <saying these things> to her face (while she is pure, and he knows very well himself that she is pure).

~~She to Him: "I~~

He to her, upon her mocking remarks about his chains: "If I had only known that this might seduce you, I would have spent 30 years as a stelite, standing on one foot."

She to Him: "On one foot, that is too much. No, I am an *ordinary character,* and this won't seduce me."

"Don't talk this way, don't. I am thinking of you at night. Something frenzied, nightmarish."

She to Him: "Listen, I feel sorry for you; I swear, I would love you if I could, but I can't. I love you even now; I loved you even before, precisely because you are suffering, and tormenting yourself so much."

"What kind of suffering this may be, and what it may consist of,

is not for me to judge, but you were suffering, and I came to love you. But remember, this is only compassion, and not love. I don't know why I can't love you. It may be because you do not command my respect. Though your sufferings are sincere, there is something very false about you."

"Forgive me, sometimes I felt like laughing at you. ~~Look what kind of a person I am.~~ Perhaps it is all my own fault, that I do not understand. You see how nasty I am; really, why should you love me? What else can you want? Love from pity—could that be it? Would you really want that? Oh, do forgive me this, my feeling sorry for you."

He: "I haven't any pride, not even that. A beggar cannot help despising himself. *Before you,* I am a beggar. ~~Please, love me even if it be for pity alone~~ I've been already begging for charity. I'll accept it."

She to Him: "Perhaps I might get to love you. Right now, I feel in my heart that I could get to love you, but you will later take bitter revenge on me for having been a beggar before me. I am scared. I can't."

[At this point, about *mother.*

"Don't you dare talk about her. Nor shall I forgive you that I've been ridiculous.]"

["I know you're a Catholic monk, I know you are a ~~Jesuit and~~ pilgrim, a hermit. I know that you've spent a year there and that you've come out only to make propaganda, and that's where you met me."]

N.B. *What's most important.* Up to this time, He has been suggesting to the Youth that she is the most depraved woman in the world. *After having witnessed this meeting,* the Youth, who had practically agreed to join Lambert in "setting the fire," (or even without Lambert's knowledge), abandons these plans and goes to see Tatiana. And this is where the document is stolen from him. And this is then where the final scene of the conflagration follows, with the Youth saving her.

Tatiana had a lawsuit with her cook pending at the Justice of the Peace.

All the vices.

Versilov: "She is supposed to be perfect in everything, meanwhile she is vain, jealous, cowardly, a tease, stupid—exactly like all ordinary women!"

The Youth: "Why is she supposed to be perfect in everything?"

Versilov: "Because she is beautiful, because she is kind, clever, generous..."

The Youth: "But you are contradicting yourself, aren't you? You were just saying that she was stupid and jealous."

Versilov: "No, I am not contradicting myself; she is depraved like no one else, depraved as all women are. She is vile, the embodiment of vileness. She is supposed to be perfect in everything. Nor can she be like all other women, she alone in the whole world. Nothing but compassion led me to her. I wanted to save her from herself. I wanted to restore the ideal... I did not love her, or loved her as my future creation: my proof—I don't care whom she marries. You know what, Bioring has left her."

The Youth: "Listen, I am convinced that you didn't write that letter simply to insult her, but also to scare away that German, Bioring, so he'd leave her alone and run away from her."

"Why, it's you who did it."

And later he comes to see the Youth: "I cannot stay here. I am going to marry your mother and leave town."

"Where to?"

"I do not know." [(By the way, he thinks up some scheme.)]

Versilov, suddenly *ex abrupto* to the Youth: "Do you think that I was envious of him (Makar)?"

"I have never thought that."

[2d chapter] See the *finale* of chapter one, Versilov's opinion of Makar.

The Youth (to himself): "I had the desire to hurt somebody, so that I could then immediately say to myself: Look how kind I am, look how generous I am."

[2d chapter] The Youth suddenly develops a desire to get close with Liza: "We are both disgraced."

Versilov: "Oh, I have never loved her; oh, if I could but love her, I could bear anything."

She to Him: "When falling in love with me, you were falling in love with no one but yourself, and besides, you certainly couldn't have forgiven me that confession which you made before me, for you saw it as a humiliation. You vain man, you couldn't even stand *that*. How then was I going to help laughing at you?"

He to her: "Why laugh? Why laugh? That's what is most important."

"So you really wanted me to cry?"

"No, just not to laugh, even that would have meant a helping hand to me. That alone. I would have valued it greatly."

"But what business was this of mine?"

"What do you mean? You were in my debt, you were obligated to me!"

Final plan. June 16/28.

A few introductory words. A ray. First meeting with Makar. Went to his own place; about the family and the doctor. Versilov and the family. Mother's role. When I went down to see Makar on the next day I found everyone present there. News that Tatiana Pavlovna's trial is up; Versilov's story. Tatiana comes in. Liza comes in. Her relationship with Makar. Something like a quarrel. Makar's story; wanderings and anecdotes. "Wise guy! Wise guy!" With Versilov, on family affairs (not a word about "that"). I adjusted my clothes and left. Nastasia Egorovna—Anna Andreevna. News about *her,* very much excited. Went to see the Prince, Vasin, very much excited, found out from Versilov. A feeling of disorder. Came back home—again to Makar. About Elias and Enoch. A hot discussion with Versilov about communism, and Christ, and Makar.

But the Youth restrains himself; he is hurt. Yet to himself he is saying that he has never been more devoted to Versilov than he is now. A feeling of hatred for her.

Liza's episode with Vasin. Liza is hurt. The Prince is jealous. Vasin is suddenly arrested. [At this point, first encounter with Lambert. Again the document.] Charity. [He goes to see Versilov.] ~~Encounter with Lambert.~~ The Youth goes to see Him at the flat, and tells Him about his meeting with *her.* An unexpected meeting with Lambert. The latters tells the Youth that he already knows Versilov. The Youth even drops a hint about the document. Again, some disgraceful happenings. ~~The idea of "the disgraceful."* A depressed feeling.~~ Makar's sudden death. [½ of part three]

On the day of Makar's death, He comes to see him. At this point, feats, the confession; they become friends. About the "idea," and even about Lambert. The Youth reports, with almost too much conviction, what an impact Makar has had on him. [The Youth tells about his meeting with *her.* (*He:* "I used to hate her, but this must now end." The Youth is glad: "Versilov has risen from the dead!" Har-

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* *Bezobrazie* is hard to translate; literally, "absence of all form," "deformity," "disorder," "disharmony."

mony.* At this point, once again news of Bioring and <her> wedding. A letter containing a marriage proposal.)] ~~Anna Andreevna, in~~ About the Prince, about Liza's wedding, etc., about those under indictment. Suddenly Anna Andreevna conveys His marriage proposal to *her*. Mother's birthday, a bouquet, chopping up the icons, Versilov disappears. He is looking for Versilov. Versilov's rendezvous with *her*. He goes to see Lambert. Very nearly a plan. But as he is leaving, he decides to go it alone. [He hates her, i.e., he is jealous.] The insult. The police station. Flight of the old Prince. [End of part three] The Youth suggests that Versilov take some action with the aid of the document. ~~Highsounding words.~~ N.B. How does Versilov show up? ~~His liaison with L<idiia>.~~ The Youth goes to see Lambert (but decides to go it alone). They cut open his pocket, put a blank piece of paper there. A night of doubts. The Youth to Tatiana. And here, the whole story. Then, the dénouement: the young Prince shoots himself, the old Prince dies. Versilov an idiot, and *she,* her image. The "idea." But most important of all: *the memory of Makar,* a colossal role.

An important *remarque*. When they had cut open his pocket and he woke up, he found himself alone with Alphonsine. He gives her an explanation, overcome by a strong emotion. He wants to return the document. He wants to ask Alphonsine to come with him when he goes to see *her*. No, Tatiana. *Chez qui, chez qui,* and [Versilov gets an idea, the cook.]

Versilov says: "Having lost my faith, I have fixed my attention on the idea of self-perfection."

"What a wonderful idea!" *she* exclaims.

"Take your time dying of despair," I was thinking to myself, "seek to perfect yourself and later you will perhaps tell yourself something entirely different, and you may even find something to believe in. What was so funny about this? Where is my idea wrong?"

"I met you, and everything about you was telling me that there was something wrong with me."

"I was myself glad to have encountered your idea, quite the other way... Yes, you are going to need your chains for a long time yet, if you want to contain yourself; you haven't got any self-restraint," *she* says.

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* *Blagoobrazie* in contrast to *bezobrazie*. See preceding note.

She: ("Lack of all form."* "I have seen your pride, which consists of the idea that, inasmuch as I have learned about your thoughts and you have exposed your soul before me (having deigned to open it to me), I should therefore value this very highly. I have seen this in every movement of yours, and I've made a point of ceasing to value it. Quite on the contrary, I've often been laughing at it. This alone is utterly disgraceful."**

"Why were you laughing? You should have helped me."

"I am no charity worker."***

"You were obliged to."

"In a word, I was not aware of your complete sincerity at the time, nor did I understand it, which is also why I was not obligated to be compassionate, or to help you with acts of charity."

"But now you see my sincerity."

"I see it and I am surprised... but I still do not value it."

"It's not worth it?"

"It is not. Side-by-side with a positive feat, you'll be ready to commit a crime. You haven't got any self-restraint. I repeat, there is disorder inside you. No, you'll have to wear your chains for a long time yet."

"Incidentally, do you remember Lidiia? Angry because I had rejected your love, you made yourself believe that you loved her... and ruined her. Oh, I am not accusing you of anything, you were sincere then, but I did value the heart of that unfortunate imbecile-in-Christ, and you took it away from me."

["I say: imbecile-in-Christ."]

"And this dissolute Prince was capable of taking advantage of such a high-minded girl. There's another type of moral deformity for you!**** You have it in all of contemporary <Russian> society. Where is one to find anything better?"

[There is something ridiculous about you.] ~~Or among such Makar Ivanov~~

"Rather among such fools as Makar Ivanov, or in a revolver."

She: "I am marrying Bioring most of all because I shall have peace with him: I will retain possession of my soul."

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* See n. (*), p. 454, above.

** See n. (*), p. 454, above.

*** *Sestra miloserdiia,* literally, "sister of mercy," normally "nurse."

**** *Nravstvennogo bezbraziia.* See n. (*), p. 454, above.

"I'll admit, I like this captivity, and even our high society. In it, everything is a lie, a falsehood, deceit, and complete disorder. Not a single one of all these people will pass the test: complete immorality, perfect cynicism in each and every one of them. They are all robbers and petty crooks, all and sundry. Do you think that I don't know this?"

"Why then are you joining them?"

"But then there is that exterior, an external appearance of something stern, moral, stable, something that holds together these scoundrels. They submit to it, and there are even some who (as a result of this) believe in justice, while still remaining robbers. What is there to be done? There is no better place to go—you really ought to feel sorry for me. I would myself join a conspiracy and start wrecking it all, if only this would lead to any end."

"Why won't you try a <spiritual> feat?"

"Feats can be performed anywhere, they won't run away from me, if I decide to do them, but you show me a righteous man, and I shall follow him. But you are not a righteous man, which is why I don't believe in you; all you could be is a sufferer."

"That's enough from you."

"What a strange thought: to sacrifice everything for the sake of such a sufferer, merely out of compassion." (And here, about compassion.)

For the first time, a feeling of moral deformity.* I decided to leave everybody alone, and went to visit them all, in order to *have done with them*. A feeling of being humiliated. Admits that he wanted to take some action with the aid of the document. He had this idea while in bed. For the first time, perhaps, he dares to *criticize* Versilov. He takes a cynical look. He looks and sees how he and Versilov have both been lying to themselves, and about what.

An important change in the plan.

After *Versilov's* rendezvous *with her,* when *He* has disappeared, the Youth goes to see Lambert (this is earlier), *almost the plan*. Then to Versilov; he suggests that they act with the aid of the document. Then, the flight of the <old> Prince. A turmoil, police station. Leaving the police station, dark night in his soul. At Lambert's, drunk, they cut open <his pocket>. And here, remorse and *the whole conflagration*. [*That is,*] the flight of the <old> Prince and the police

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* *Bezobrazie*. See n. (*), p. 454, above.

station have had an influence not in the direction of vengeance, but in that of a more sober attitude.

Versilov learns about Lambert's trick and says: "That's the boy!" He also laughs about the police station.

On the day of Makar's death, *He* comes to see him. *He* has some tender recollections of Makar, of <the Youth's> mother, says that Makar had the right idea.

Versilov has disappeared. The old Prince flees *even without Versilov.* [Here] At this point, Lambert.

Lambert has brought him a photograph and some prints. (From the Youth. The latter had not given him a letter of recommendation.)

After this meeting the Youth conceives the notion that *she* is not a saint, and that Versilov is needlessly suffering on her account: *she* is not worth it.

Versilov says or thinks: "My friend, in that case I shall begin to love her 10 times more than I do now."

She says: "It goes without saying that *one does not speak* about such ideas (as self-perfection); whereas you, having introduced me to that idea, immediately *demand that I respect you,* etc."

"Don't marry Bioring, don't marry him! If you do not want me, do not marry him... or... or I shall do something."

She: "Be my friend, stop this, and I'll appreciate it."

"Help me, give me a helping hand..."

"I can't."

The Youth decides not to leave Him, but to save him.

PSYCHOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT OF VERSILOV'S CHARACTER.

During his confession and so every other time (right up to his meeting with *her,* secretly witnessed by Versilov)* He tells the Youth that *she* is the epitome of corruption, vice, a moral monster, in spite of her apparent beauty and harmony. "I hate her," He says, and the Youth correctly observes that He isn't lying, but is telling the truth.

But during their meeting, His passionate love for *her* is plainly visible: "Why is it that you have the gift of harmony for naught?" He says to her. "Because you are perfection itself."

"I have suffered, I have arrived at the idea of self-perfection, and I would never have thrown off my chains, you can rest assured of that; rather, it is you who have taken these chains off me. You have done it by returning me to my former condition of faint-heartedness. That

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* Obviously an error; should be: "the Youth."

which others achieve through suffering and feats, you have received for nothing," He says.

Versilov *to her:* "I am one of those people who cannot remain indifferent when they have nothing to believe in."

"You are exaggerating, as always," *she* says.

"No, with a single glance, with a single smile, you have been destroying the whole path to my salvation."

"Because I saw through <its> falseness."

"There was no falseness."

"I am not talking of any kind of fraud. What I saw was simply the falsity of the idealist, the stiltednes, the affectation." [N.B. *Lidiia.*]

"There was no stiltedness. If you are beautiful, you have an obligation before the world. Why didn't you want to follow me?"

"Where to? That is, promise you that I would marry you, [when you were running after me?"]

"That's not it, but ~~perhaps~~ suppose it is?"

"I could not love you."

"But you are obligated for the sake of the idea, for the sake of the whole."

"As if you were such an idealist yourself."

"To be an 'idealist' means to be false, a fraud. As far as I am concerned, go ahead and marry Bioring. But what have you found in Bioring? Do you want me to tell you? You are seeking a *position in society,* like the coarsest of women."

"I never vowed to perform any feats."

"But you were obligated."

["I have seen your moral disorder..."]*

And finally *she* says to Him: "Be my friend and leave me alone. Make this your feat."

"I threw off my chains and spat on my feats because of you, but so far I have not become a villain. However, you are going to turn me into a villain. Yes, I am going to be a good husband..."

Then, the Youth goes to see Lambert and almost states his plans to him. However, he decides right then and there to go it alone (i.e., to expose *her*). The Youth develops a hatred [simply jealousy] for her in connection with the fact that *she* is not nearly perfect, but falls at the first opportunity.** Then, the flight of the <old> Prince ~~through~~

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* *Bezobrazie.* See n. (*), p. 454, above.

** The original is equally awkward.

~~Versilov~~. The Youth is insulted. However, the affair is settled honorably after all. Nevertheless, having settled that affair with honor, he goes to Versilov and conveys to him his devilish plan of violating <her> (his own plan). "She is not to stand up under pressure; she will fall, and you will see that she is not nearly so perfect. You will be cured..." Versilov is in full agreement with him. Versilov guffawing in a state of frenzy. When the Youth leaves him, the darkest night has gained possession of his soul. He gets drunk, they cut open <his pocket>. Then, the whole next day he is in a daze: he could never forgive Versilov for his agreeing <to his scheme>. He makes up his mind to go on a pilgrimage all by himself. Makar. "Get rid of everybody." However, he goes to see Tatiana instead; he tells her everything with tears in his eyes, his only wish being to hand over <the letter>. "She is an ordinary woman, but I am just as ordinary myself. I shall return the letter, and we shall forgive one another." In the meantime, a hellish intrigue.

Definitive plan.

June 18/30

A few words of introduction. Offended, spite<ful>. He is so mad he begins to cry. "Keep quiet. I have been watching them." They haven't been asking any questions, which is both a good thing, and insulting. Liza and Versilov—insulting. Lambert. A new idea, but—keep quiet. (*A ray?*) "God beware. Who is it? I've been wanting to ask for a long time, but I haven't, out of spite." Got up and left. "And I must admit that I find it most annoying to have to tell all this in my own name. Of course, I am a different person now." (See the large sheet.) First meeting with Makar, about life and the elder. Comes back. At this point, for the first time, a ray <of light>. (A surge of energy. Edgar.) He says to Makar: "I like the way you are so decorous.* He has to make an effort not to start crying (a ray) (joy). Great curiosity.

About the family and the doctor. Versilov and the family. With Versilov, not one word about the main thing. Mother's role.

"When I went downstairs to join Makar the next day, everybody happened to be present. After me. I thought that they weren't there. I was annoyed but refused to show it. Versilov's story about the trial of Tatiana Pavlovna. Tatiana shows up. Makar is drawn into the con-

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* *Blagoobrazny*. See n. (*), p. 455, above.

versation. Episode with Liza, something like a quarrel. Makar's story, <his> wanderings and anecdotes: "You are contradicting yourself." "Wise guy, wise guy!' '

With Versilov, about all kinds of domestic matters, but not a word about *that.* He goes on to tell him some things about Makar. I adjusted my clothes and left. Nastasia Egorovna, Anna Andreevna (excited by the news about her).

I decided to leave them all and visited each of them to have done with them, Vasin, the Prince. (Vasin and Liza.) "I've got an idea. *I am free.*" I sadly admit that I did have the intention of acting through the document. Return the document. Decides to criticize Versilov (to make someone else responsible), takes a cynical look. He takes that look and sees how and why both he and Versilov have been lying to themselves.

A sudden meeting with Tatiana. Tatiana, having learned that he is intending to leave, whispers to him, mysteriously: "Be at my place." His heart sank. "Charity." A conversation with Tatiana about Versilov and about everything (more briefly, just a few words).

Returned home with a joyous feeling. Elias and Enoch. Versilov about communism and socialism. "It's <like> a thicket inside him."* The Youth is restraining himself, but he is deeply moved. He is devoted to Versilov; toward *her,* a feeling of hatred (later, make it clear that it was really jealousy).

N.B. Here. The episode between Liza and Vasin. Liza is offended. *Liza and Makar.* [The main thing.] *The Prince* is jealous. Vasin is suddenly arrested. (A denunciation, N.B.) News about Bioring, excitement. An unexpected meeting with Lambert. He is glad. It is here that he tells the Youth that he already knows Versilov. First hint about the document. (A feeling of moral disorder, again to Makar.)

Makar's sudden death.

On the day of Makar's death, He comes to see him. Right here, feats, confession, they become friends. "About the idea," and even about Lambert. The Youth expresses, with all too great conviction, what an impact Makar has had upon him. About her. He: "I used to hate her, but this must take an end." "Versilov has risen from the dead!" Harmony. He talks about charity. Makar's got the right idea.

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* *V em gushchina.* A crassly dialectal phrase, definitely "sub-standard."

Tender recollections. A lot about mother. "How wonderful you are!" naïvely and ingenuously.

About the Prince, about Liza's wedding, and about the other defendants. Something with Bioring. (An escapade is needed: Versilov and Bioring.) The Youth won't believe the rumors. Mad at *her.* Mother is crying. Tatiana is out of countenance and has her hands full.

Anna Andreevna calls him in. A letter containing <his> marriage proposal (through Anna Andreevna). This is why Tatiana and Mother were out of countenance *the other day.*

[3d chapter] I. Evenings. Conversations at home. Versilov used to be most affable. About the Chinese. ("Makar Ivanovich likes politics," He remarked to me.) (Suddenly, a retort by Mother regarding the Chinese.)

Conversations in the evenings. About a doctor. "I want no part of the present generation, I belong to a new, a future generation, and if it isn't going to be like me, I shall be the only one of my kind..."

Here, N.B. Having awakened from his feverish ravings, *He* kept daydreaming about her, and the longer the more so. He was making inquiries regarding Bioring, Anna Andreevna—and suddenly, *charity.* That bit of charity gave him a real shock: he was now hopelessly in love, but at the same time had begun *to hate her terribly* for her charity (as if he were a small boy). And here then, for the first time, Lambert. "No, this Lambert ought to be kept in store," he says as he is leaving his place. But immediately thereafter he is sad about his own degradation. There is something vile weighing upon his soul, and suddenly, Makar's death. Spiritual purification, a pact with Versilov. The Youth gives Him his own spontaneous opinion of *her.* (And here the Youth consciously expresses his *hatred* for her, defaming her before Versilov.) Her meeting with Versilov merely strengthens these thoughts of his. Launch the document. He would like to kiss her, at night he sees her in his dreams. Frightening audacity while wide awake. Red-eyed and quite beside himself, he offers to dishonor her. But he definitely makes up his mind to join Lambert, and not Versilov. At this point, the flight of the old Prince, and the insult from Bioring, the police station. And only now, *immediately after the police station,* or during the very night <he spends at> the police station, he conceives the thought of Versilov's fall. "No, I am going to show her my generosity. I am her knight, I love her, but to meet her, to meet her, for the last time, and then off into the desert, into <my> idea!" ~~Tatiana~~ *Makar.* Tatiana agrees, and

here then, the plot and the conflagration. Keep in mind: the Youth's irrepressible love.

"Please do forgive me!" Her final words in the epilogue.

July 23.

Here, for the first time, he accidentally mentions the document to Lambert quite unmistakably, and that same night (when he is drunk) his pocket is cut open. In the morning he returns to his home. He finds the old Prince at his flat. A funny day. He communicates his plan to Versilov, and in the evening he is insulted by Bioring and <taken to> the police station. At the police station. He leaves the police station a new man. [An encounter with Lambert, and a quarrel.] To Tatiana. The scheme and the conflagration.

VERSILOV'S SON.

Mother's birthday, a bouquet, chopping up the icons [("At least say good-bye, Andrei Petrovich!")] (I had seen it coming: that moral disorder again.) Looking for Versilov. At Lambert's. About the old Prince. *Almost a plan.* He lets out the secret, like the youth he is. A depressed feeling. But it is impossible to break it off. [Makar] Versilov is dear to him. *His meeting with her.* The Youth witnesses it. The Youth is indignant. A night of doubts, his whole jealousy breaks loose. Dreams of a conflagration.

1) Meeting with Versilov, he tells him of his plan to cause a conflagration. He leaves ~~to Lambert, etc.~~ .

2) Back home, suddenly, the flight of the old Prince. [Lambert has arranged it all by himself.] (*Le carême.*)[3] The insult. A night at the police station. He leaves the police station realizing to his horror that Versilov had raised no objections. And then on to Lambert. (See 3) Makar.

3) He goes to see Lambert. Drunk (they cut out the paper). Lambert: "You don't know how to do it."

"Lambert, I'm going to pay you back for everything, for everything, for my childhood."

Drunk. In the morning, Alphonsine. The Youth explains to her, overwhelmed by a powerful emotion, that he is about to return the document. At first he wants to send Alphonsine to *her,* but then he changes his mind: to Tatiana. *Chez qui, Chez qui?*[4] Makar. The whole *plot.* The conflagration.

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[3] French: "Lent."

[4] French: "At whose place, whose place?"

Dénouement: the young Prince shoots himself, the old Prince dies. Versilov, an "idiot." She and her image. "The idea." And above it all, Makar. His concluding tirade. 3d chapter.

[2d chapter] A sudden explanation regarding himself, addressed to the reader (for the sake of CLARITY à la Leo Tolstoi).[5] After "hatred."

I suppose that I was simply in love with her, madly in love, yet at the same time also hated her, I don't know why, or as a matter of fact, I do know why... (like somebody standing in a corner at a ball). I WAS JEALOUS. But at the time, this idea would have made me furious. *The document.* "I'll let <her?> know, but I'll fail to mention," <. . .> everything is up <. . .>

[2d chapter] At the end: join Dergachev's group, becoming an ardent supporter of their role. Or study (Tatiana). "I don't know. But I've still got that idea, I'll never let go of it."

"Dergachev... is this really ignoble? They were in error, they understood things too shallowly, but they did sacrifice themselves to a great common cause, even though they had no understanding whatsoever of it, of course. But I could introduce a new idea. It would just be necessary to study all these things. My knowledge of socialism leaves much to be desired, though I do know enough."

"Too bad that Versilov" <. . .>

(And still, Makar comes to the fore.)

I have noticed that Russian youths have an urge to sacrifice themselves. Yet I have done so very little.

But as for the fact that among those youths <there are also some> who became shyster lawyers or railway engineers (Aleksandr Aleksandrovich)"[6] <. . .>

Versilov on the inevitability of communism. People's life consists of two parts: the historical, and the one the way it ought to be (the one that finds its justification in Christ incarnate). Both parts have their own unchanging laws. According to these laws, communism will triumph (regardless of whether the communists are right or wrong). But their triumph will be the farthest point of withdrawal from the kingdom of Heaven. Yet this triumph is something we have to expect. Nevertheless, *none* of the rulers of this world is *expecting* it.

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[5] Dostoevsky may have had in mind Tolstoy's *Childhood* and *Boyhood,* which served as models for the Youth's confession.

[6] This is a reference to Dostoevsky's nephew (the son of his sister Vera Mikhaylovna). He was a railway engineer by profession.

Still, what a great thing it would be if *Russia* could understand European communism, understanding, by the same token, how far removed from it she is.

Versilov sent Lambert out in front, while hiding himself, because he decided in his own mind: "In my presence she won't dare; she is proud and would rather lose her fortune than humiliate herself before me. Whereas Lambert is incognito, somebody who just came and went. What I'll do is come out when everything is over between her and Lambert, thus ~~catching her in the act~~ catching her in the act."

[Finale] When the Youth has told Versilov about his plan of causing a conflagration, and Versilov has accepted it, the Youth says to himself: "Oh, I shall never forget this, nor shall I ever forgive him this; He has filled my heart with sadness. Better if it had been I, rather than he." He is struggling <with himself> during the night—the result: "Let everything go to the devil with a big bang, *all this disorder deserves it;* and then, my own idea."

The result: Give Versilov some more attractive, *childlike,* ingenuous traits.

His project together with Lambert: "This was a complicated and clever thing, also risky," says the Youth.

His meeting with Katerina Nikolaevna: when *she* displays so much kindness, Versilov exclaims: "How kind you are, how kind you are! You are overwhelming me."

And later, He to the Youth: "SHE? Why, for the sake of her own *order* and peace, *she* is willing to do *this thing,* that is, any kind of baseness. The Youth believes him and tells him about his plan. Versilov approves of it with reckless abandon. The moment he is gone, the Youth immediately gets very sad on account of him. A night of <internal> struggle, etc., he almost hates *her* because of this, etc., and in the morning, Alphonsine.

[Finale] Liza keeps contradicting Makar as long as he is alive, but when he dies she is terribly sad.

Versilov to the Youth, during the confession: "I am afraid of one thing," he said suddenly, "namely, that we are both vile, which is also why we wish that she were vile, and not at all because she really is vile" (naïveté).

An important page.

Elias and Enoch.

In the *charity* <scene>, *She* tells the Youth about Him, describing his character (the beauty of all-forgiveness, of forgetting an injury).

[More briefly] "He used to get hurt by all kinds of trifles," *she*

says and recalls some *examples* (however, she does not conceal the fact that *He* was most charming in his ingenuousness; and altogether, the Youth can see that *she* willy-nilly respects Him, that she actually would like to become His friend).

This "charity," and the whole meeting--though they captivate the Youth and have a great impact on him, still, he immediately feels that he is *angry:* after so much suffering, He still has not achieved that harmony which she has received for nothing: *she* was born that way! And in connection with this, in the recesses of his soul there develop an increased and nurtured suspicion and hatred for her. He hates her, exactly in the same way *He* does, namely for her being perfect. He would be glad to be a witness of her degradation, of her vice. He is taking His side.

Even at the time of <her> "charity" he is arguing with her, telling her that He never loved her, assuring *her,* presenting proof to her, retelling conversations with *Him.*

N.B. She explains His noble actions to him, his refusal to accept the inheritance; yet she is calling him a child of his age. The Youth is deeply hurt by her comparing him to a child.

"If this is beyond your comprehension, and if you have received this gift for nothing, you must still respect the sufferings of others."

Later, after *she* has left, a conversation with Tatiana about Him. An old spinster; cries; tells him a part of <Versilov's> past; tells him about his mother.

The Youth tells Him about the meeting <with her> in detail (i.e., even that she loves Him and that she wants to be His friend); he inflames Him by telling him these things. But they both decide that *she* is merely a society lady, who wouldn't stand the test. Still, the Youth does not dare to tell him about the document, whereas He drops a few hints concerning the document.

The Youth leaves, with the seed of an idea *of taking revenge* on her and *exposing** her. The encounter with Lambert. (He learns, among other things, that He is already acquainted with Lambert.)

[More clearly] At this point, Makar's death. A rumor about a marriage proposal on His part. Mother's birthday, a bouquet, the icons. The Youth leaves, with the idea of "disorder" in his mind. His rendezvous with her. After the rendezvous, back to Lambert. He almost unveils his secret. But then he decides to go ahead without

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* This word is underlined twice.

Lambert. Here (through Versilov), the flight of the old Prince (both Lambert and everything else). The Youth straightens everything out again. He is also the one who, for all the good he has done, must suffer humiliation and <being taken to> the police station. N.B. (Having seen through His vileness, the Youth still refuses to leave his side!) He goes to see Him and communicates to Him his own idea of exposing <her>. But as he is leaving Him, he is already cursing Him. N.B. (Shouldn't it be done this way: He advises the Youth not to use violence, but rather advises him to overwhelm her with his magnanimity: spare her.) The Youth leaves, and night. He is wavering: (he is now definitively and cynically criticizing Versilov) decides in favor of disorder. In the morning, Lambert and Versilov. The notion that He has joined forces with Lambert in such a villainy lies heavy on the Youth's mind. And so on.

At the time Makar was discussing Elias and Enoch. About how the Antichrist-to-come will capture people by <his> beauty. The springs of morality will grow turbid in the hearts of men, the green grass will be dried out.

"*He* used to talk (there's a thicket in his heart),* while I was marveling at Him," ~~think said~~ writes the Youth. And later, to Him:

"Do you really believe?"

He to him: "Maybe, no. Yet we were still capable of getting carried away and deceiving ourselves, thinking that (*we believed in the beautiful*) we believed in something, while you aren't capable of this either."

"Well, this may be all to the good," says the Youth.

"It is all very bad," He replies, "and what is worst of all is that you've got nothing with which to replace these daydreams." And this is where he tells him about communism and Christianity.

And later, after Makar's death, they decide <to perform some> feats, and He delivers his confession before him.

THE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL THE IMPORTANT ADJUSTMENTS IN THE PLAN.

Prior to the "charity" <incident>, the Youth hasn't been discussing *her* with Him at all, nor was there any *confession on His part.* The only thing they discussed were *Elias* and *Enoch,* communism, Christianity, and Makar, and that's the extent of it. (Also about the feats.)

But after the "charity" <incident>, the first thing the Youth does is

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* See n. (*), p. 461, above.

to go to see Him and tell Him the whole thing. That's where he gets his impression, Makar's death, and only after that (immediately after Makar's death) He approaches the Youth and says:

"We wanted to perform a feat; here's one for you: a confession," and he tells him everything, communicating it with energy, fervor, animation, sadness, bitterness, and <self->accusations. The Youth, while he is listening, contradicts Him. The latter defends himself, refutes the other's arguments, gets angry, but finally says:

"When *She* was attacking me, you were probably contradicting her, just as you are contradicting me now; now, you do not believe me, and are taking my* side."

At this point there takes place, between Him and the Youth, a most ardent and irrepressible declaration of love: "I understand everything. You love me, and I love you; you are dear to me; now I am yours forever. I understand everything, all your actions. Your simple-heartedness fascinates me. I had thought that there was more of a mystery about you." About Mother, about Liza, "Let us lead an orderly life, devoted to self-perfection." About *the idea* and *even* about Lambert.

About Mother: a few anecdotes about her. Encounter with Lambert. An agreeable impression. Suddenly, the marriage proposal (from Anna Andrèevna). Mother's birthday: the bouquet and the chopping up of the icons. ~~He joins Lambert.~~ Almost. He is looking for Versilov. His** meeting with her. Then, on to Lambert ("I felt insulted"). Almost a plan. Flight of the old Prince—the insult, the police station. The Youth goes to see Versilov, to offer him the document. (Magnanimity.) And suddenly He is with Lambert (*traître,*[7] couldn't stand it through the night). The conflagration. Then, the Prince. He shoots himself. Death of the old Prince. Versilov. And *she,* her image. And then, THE IDEA.

One ought to give some thought to a *definitive* and *most detailed* plan.

*Minute.****

I was understanding only too well what could happen... <?> I think that we were both feeling that we owed each other many ex-

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* Apparently an error; should be "her."

** Capitalized, therefore Versilov is meant.

*** In French.

[7] French: "Traitor."

planations... or, perhaps, none at all. Though I was looking him in the eye, but his eyes were telling me nothing on this score. Yes, there were some scores to be settled between us... But I like this kind of people: "Let begones be bygones, and let's start a new score." He explained this and that to me... "No, they weren't questioning me about everything." "Very good." I remained silent. Lambert. Alas, they already knew, while I was still afraid of mentioning Lambert. I had forgotten where he lived. [I was worried by one thought.]

He, to Makar: "I like the harmony you carry."

Bending over <to me>, in a whisper: "They lack order and harmony; I don't like them."

"What are you saying there?"

"Keep quiet, I'll come to see you."

<I> returned, and regeneration to a new life. But initially, simply a ray <of light>. I returned with great curiosity.

After Makar tells about his wanderings, Tatiana Pavlovna, who had been afraid that the Youth might make some boorish remarks, or chuckle <disrespectfully>, suddenly says to him: "Good boy, good boy."

For the first time, a feeling of "moral disorder."

...Regenerate, but not reformed. My feelings were not of the best, I'll admit that.

A feeling of vengefulness. Against whom? Oh, I knew even then against whom, i.e., I had picked out the person on whom I would vent my feelings, but I am not going to name that person right now. A lot of it was quite wrong, but some of it was right. Some of it.

And she, the poor dear, thought <. . .>

Incidentally, this thing: I always did love Mother.

"You are my enemy, but one can do business with you."

I decided to think it over as far as Lambert was concerned.

The venerable old man must die away.* It is more splendid that way. "Thank you, you have edified me. They both teach: the old man the old <wisdom>, the young man the new." "You are a wanderer, what is a hermit going to teach you? He doesn't know life."

After his first meeting with Makar, his mother says, in passing: "Our dear and welcome guest." "Darling, dear mother," and I was stroking her cheeks... No matter what moral disorder you may be liv-

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* *Ugasat'*, a verb used mainly of a fire or of a candle.

ing in, but as long as there is such a thing as motherly love, that is, so long as there is still moral beauty in this world. <. . .> "Don't tell them, mother." "Very well, my dear, but why are you angry with Liza?"... and she left. I was not angry with her.

[Here] Makar about the hermit, about the fact that he is not alone... "There's the grass growing."

[2d chapter] Liza. Not enough honor to the Prince. To Vasin. (My anger.) I decided to go and see the Prince immediately after rising. (Stebelkov has been arrested.) Versilov, Mother revered Versilov for his behavior. The doctor. (In narrative form.)

[3d chapter] Makar's stories. He is contradicting himself. Versilov's opinion (of Makar).

Minute. 1) The tone of the narrative (after Makar, suddenly *ex abrupto*).

I adjusted my clothes and left, and this is what I decided: "I am free. Turn over the document, the Prince, etc. Arrange things for them. As for Versilov, either save him, or abandon him, but act energetically at any rate." Nastasia Egorovna and Anna Andreevna.

Minute. 2)

[4th chapter] I adjusted my clothes and left. Here's what my plan of action was like: hand over the document, meet my obligation, and leave Versilov without saying a word, without asking any questions, which is going to surprise him, and also be his punishment. (N.B. Prior to this, <I> had been in love with Versilov, for the way he was treating Makar. N.B. Versilov's opinion of Makar, and the Youth delivers his tirade on "moral deformity." ~~Ideas~~ Versilov remains silent and, up to this point, does not offer to join the pilgrimage. Then, the Youth cuts their conversation short, and leaves.)

And then, I've got: 300 rubles which is enough. I left. The Prince, Liza, Vasin, Nastasia Egorovna, Anna Andreevna. No, leave everything, everybody, everybody. [Only that last thing remains.] In a hurry. I haven't mentioned it yet: The other day, Tatiana had told me in a whisper that I should come to her place. Charity: I hadn't expected it. At first I was talking to Tatiana; then the other woman suddenly opened the door. Yet I did not hand over the document. How many-sided man is: I did not hand over the document! Return. Mood. "There's a thicket inside him."* Devoted to Versilov, a scene, night and hatred for her.

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* See n. (*), p. 461, above.

And on the following day, another event: Liza's story with Vasin. The Prince is jealous (the day of the wedding had been set before, in narrative form). The denunciation. News about Bioring, excitement. Appeal to action, rather than to solitude. Lambert (an unexpected encounter), a feverish conversation, first mention of the document. As he is leaving Lambert, this psychology: "Why did I mention the document?" (he explains his soul to the reader). [The sadness of terrible moral disorder.] [6th chapter] To Makar. Makar's sudden death.

Versilov's idea. Rule over mankind. A better man cannot possibly escape solitude. <His> spiritualism comes to the fore. An image of Russia. To perfect oneself. ["Are you a party to that conspiracy?"] "This is no conspiracy." Freemasonry. "I'll explain it to you later, let's walk together. She's got me confused" (with boundless mockery of himself as well as of her). "Let's walk together." The Youth tells him about her, and gives him the details of his meeting with her. *Naïvely* admits his hatred for her.

And so Versilov's idea has remained unexpressed. Marriage to <the Youth's> mother. And then, on the following day, the news of His sally against Bioring and about his proposal *to her.* Mother is crying. Anna Andreevna. I was running around looking for him. At his mother's party. Chopping up the icons.

"Our best people are lost, many men, many minds. Samarin, Fadeev, communism."

"The best people of Russia must unite."

But everything feverishly, fervently, and sincerely.

Liza was rude <to Makar.>

"I mean my legs."

He began to laugh, to my surprise.

Liza flushed.

Versilov with a radiant smile. (A radiance emanating from his face.) I felt like embracing them all. "What a rogue I am, yet I want to 'remain silent'!" "NO, THIS IS NOT WHAT HE WAS LIKE," SAYS VERSILOV OF MAKAR: "HE IS ABOUT TO EXPIRE."

"Even from my grave, I still love you, my dear ones."

I staggered back, quite delirious. Suddenly my mother came in.

Mother: "He is quite delirious."

"Our dear guest."

I: "Shine, oh beautiful ray of light, sing, <of> God's green grass."

July 23.

He announces to Versilov that there isn't anything viler than those

lives of theirs—his mother's and his, Liza's with the Prince—as far as he can tell, and that his own life is the worst of them all... Moral deformity.

Versilov says outright that he is ready to go on a pilgrimage. *About Christ.*

About Christ. About how He discovered Christ while he was working as a District Commissioner <during the Land Reform>.

"Don't wish to be better than other people; rather, make it your first concern to be yourself."

"And so he never did express his idea."

"Why, isn't it all the same what your idea is?"

Aren't all Russians obsessed with ideas? Wisdom, a capability of sacrificing oneself, both in one's youth and in one's old age, a thirst for the common good, a passionate civic concern—all this the Russians have, but they lack one thing: *something in common,* concord. They don't have three men who could agree about anything.

Isn't an immediate and frighteningly powerful feeling for *her* to be preferred? Happiness with her. This is given once.

[Insert this into chapter one.] [Here chapter two] "When is a man morally beautiful?" I suddenly asked Versilov three or four days later, without any preliminary remarks, right in the middle of some trival and unimportant conversation.

"When he firmly knows what he has to do ~~and what he is always going to do~~," he answered, also quite suddenly and ~~without~~ without giving the matter any thought, ~~and~~ as if he had had the answer ready for a long time, and as if he had been doing nothing all this time but continually thinking about this question. But about this, later.

(A bright spot. Mother.)

A spiritual program.

A yearning for harmony. Harmony is in its apogee after Versilov's *Confession*. Moral disorder (jealousy) is in its apogee after the conversation between Him and her, which the Youth overheard.

He gets drunk at Lambert's. Revenge. (Little boy, little boy. Alphonsine's lullaby.)

Flight of the old Prince. Work, the insult. A night at the police station.

A thirst to break <with everything> and escape to a harmonious life. An anguished feeling for Him, because He has taken another, decisive, fall in accepting the Youth's plan of revenge with the aid of the document.

The conflagration.

Epilogue: An explanation, a ~~quiet~~ thirst for a harmonious life, yet *wordly life* and all the instincts, *she!*

All this was very well, but it was now time, to prove.*

Chapter ix. 9th chapter.

I woke up rather refreshed. My ideas were now clearer. I was understanding him. I was struck by the notion that it was so simple, and felt a little sorry that it was so simple. To be sure, <the truth> about <his> love was more complex, but even that I was understanding better than the day before. He didn't want *fatum* <to take its course>. She. I am for him. Mother won't fill the want. That's how it should be. Their destiny. An avenger, but more than anything else—the golden age. But then, there is Lambert, what about that? The document. Fallen out of love. Oh, I believed <it>, precisely on account of the senselessness of that last explosion. However, restlessness. Nastasia Egorovna. [The spy.] Call <her in?>. "Tell me ~~I'm not going to come~~ this very important thing." "Allright, allright." I'm not going there. I'm going to tell Him! Now, briefly. Went to see him, not in. Went to see my mother, sadness, tears, Liza, interrogated by Tatiana Pavlovna (tenderness). "Let me know if you should see <him?>." Again back to His place, in anxiety, not in. "Why won't you run over to Anna Andreevna's?" Over to my own place. Lambert: "Your lies are too plain." "Did you tell Him about the document?" "No." "Anna Andreevna has been telling me <this>." "There's ~~again~~ something fishy about this, come to my place" (that's Lambert). Lambert was asking me: "How was that thing you said about Anna Andreevna?" ~~The Landlord~~ The Landlord furnishes a room (for the old Prince). Strange inquiries. I was lying there, suddenly jumped up, tapped my forehead, "Could it be that he went to Tsarskoe Selo?" Alphonsine—asking me to come over to Lambert's place, right away. *She,* she is promising me some news about *her. I:* ("Go to hell, *à la porte!*")[8] Trishatov. "I shall never come to your place!" Before Alphonsine's visit: "Never see Lambert!" (before Lambert). Fell asleep. The following day, to his place: "No, nor has he been in." To the funeral. To Anna Andreevna's place, not at home, to Tsarskoe Selo. Mother, at home. Name day party. Daydreams. He arrives with a bouquet of flowers—in the evening, at teatime. Makar had willed the icon to Him. Irritation. Grabbed the icon and broke it to pieces, then left. "Say farewell!"

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* Unclear in the original.

[8] French: Literally "To the door," but idiomatically, "Get the hell out."

x. Ran over to Anna Andreevna's place. "I've been telling you."* Over to his place. At the door, Tatiana Pavlovna. Nastasia won't let <him?> in. But they bring the Youth back. He is yelling. Tatiana Pavlovna: "Will you give me your word that you won't go in?" "I do, I do." They enter. *She* and *He*. A showdown. I run over to Lambert's. Lambert is not in. "*Je vous cherche.*"[9] Alphonsine with her guitar. Asked for some wine. Pawn something. Champagne. About *vieux prince*. Drunk. Lambert. Got drunk—in the morning: they cut out <the letter>.

"They'll get *her* entangled also."

"How do you mean, entangled, in what?"

"Well, you can be sure, they'll get her entangled."

Une rose.

This is more important than pride.

The double burst out laughing at the funeral.

Passion and fame.

Fell asleep: All this high society is frivolous.

I was in that tavern on Canal <Street>. Had something to eat. Lambert came in several times.

1st chapter: Went to see Anna Andreevna—left. That night the Junior Chamberlain was there. Don't get involved with Lambert. Trishatov. Fell asleep. A frightful intrigue.

xi. Came home. The old Prince. *Carême,*[10] the Landlord. Anna Andreevna. The Junior Chamberlain. I went to see Tatiana, made an appointment with her, returned. The Junior <Chamberlain> had withdrawn, the Landlord too. Bioring: an insult. The Prince flings himself into <my> embrace, sobbing. To the police station. ("I love her.") ["<My> head, and I'll go out of my mind."]

xii. A night at the police station. In the morning, went out to see Tatiana. Now, all <the rest> in a few words. A hellish machination. And how the whole thing happened. The conflagration.

xiii. Conclusion.

9th chapter. Lambert: "Well, let's go, let's go and have dinner, let's have a drink, I'm going to get her for you, you fool, you." But I still believed in <his> sincerity. That wench had me fooled.

Here, the programme.

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* The gender of the verb suggests that this is said by Anna Andreevna.

[9] French: "I am looking for you."

[10] French: "Lent."

A sheetful of cute expressions.

After the chopping of the icons: Mother shouting after Him: "Andrei Petrovich, at least say farewell to me, before we part forever."

"I am afraid of Him; I knew that He was going to start laughing."

In <his> confession, prior to this, He is talking to the Youth about <the latter's> mother, as if he were driven by something.

The Youth, after "he has not forgiven": "Why, you are arguing against yourself by saying this."

He was telling how that mother lost all of her children, and how the last one, a consumptive boy, was at the factory, and how that merchant grew fond of him: "I'll spend my whole capital, but I'll have him cured!" He died. The little one was left after him (he married her).

Makar: "No one can say how the word enters a man's heart, or by what routes it travels. Nor does anyone know how God is going to exact a return <of our debts>. The seed in the ground."

Makar: "If each were helping the other, do you think that we would have famine and plague? We'd have paradise. But now you'll rake together a lot of gold, all by yourself—and you're bored to death. But if this other thing happened, it would all be such fun. (Description of how it would be fun.) We don't need to have any property of our own. Take mine."

And suddenly (at Lizaveta's). Well now, what do you think happened? The merchant died and left *seventy thousand* to the blessed Lizaveta in his will. She gave away everything. Asked to accept the money and sign for it, she signed everything (they'd have put it in trust, but she screamed, "I don't want that!"), took the money, signed for all of it, brought it home. She started handing it out to people, ["you better look out."] So they sent a policeman to guard her, <and> she took fright. Everything to children, to orphans.

I am thinking in my mind that often, when a man laughs, it is quite repulsive to watch ~~him~~. And altogether, there is something banal, base about laughter. ~~To be sure~~ An extraordinarily large number of people don't know how to laugh ~~at all~~. ~~Even~~ So that those thousands of people who ~~to be sure~~ not only don't know how to laugh but don't laugh at all are actually enjoying an advantage. Many a man will altogether give himself away by his laughter, and all of a sudden you'll know him inside and out. What is most important about laughter is sincerity, and how many people have sincerity? It would seem that laughter asks for good nature, while most people laugh maliciously. Sincere and good-natured laughter means gaiety, but ~~really~~ where do you find gaiety in people; in fact, do ~~they~~ people still know how to

be gay? I am saying one thing: If you want to examine a man and learn something about his soul, [observe him carefully, not when he is silent, nor when he is talking, nor when he is weeping, nor even when he is full of the noblest indignation, borne by the loftiest of ideas, but] rather observe him when he is laughing: if his is a good laughter, ingenuous and gay, he is a good man.

Note, however, that neither should a man's laughter appear stupid; you may be stimulated to feel amused, and cheerful, and communicative, by a man's laughter; yet it is also important that the man himself shouldn't appear funny ~~to you~~. In a word, laughter is the most reliable test of the soul.

The old man was laughing. I am recommending this especially to women, and in particular to brides who are about to pick out ~~their bridegroom or prospective husband~~. There are some characters whom it takes a long time to crack—you might not be understanding a person, but there, suddenly, he'll become gay, or think that now is the time to be gay, and he'll be spread before your eyes, as if on the palm of your hand. Only a man who has gone through a superior and a most felicitous mental development knows how to be gay in a communicative, that is, in a perfectly good-natured way.

"My legs, I'm very much afraid, still don't carry me."

Makar admires him: "He is bright, really bright." There's another trait that reveals a man's character, that thing about his hands and feet.

July 25.

BASIC IDEAS

In the *Finale.* Though I have been warning my reader many times, in the course of these "Notes," that now, as I am writing them, I am no longer the person I was at the time <it all happened>, it sems to me, after having studied all the pro's and con's, that I am really entirely the same person. The person I used to be, the person I am now, and the person ~~when I was and lived~~ I was when all this happened, and later, when I was writing about it, and now, when I've quit it. I was merely saying it for my own consolation.

By smashing the icons he was, perhaps, renouncing all of his ideas.

July 26/27.

The Prince betrays Dergachev, but Stebelkov had almost at the same time betrayed them both. The Prince could have kept it to himself, but he revealed it <to the authorities>. [Here]

His rendezvous with *her* must be sincere in the highest degree on His part, as well as REVEALING.

"You used to have your idea; weren't you pursuing some kind of an idea?" *she* says to Him (N.B. She must also be speaking with the greatest sincerity and ~~as if~~ *timidly,* which also *completely* explains the plausibility of this last meeting and a personal showdown between these two people. For she is hoping that she may talk Him into leaving her alone: which is also based on her continued and unimpaired respect for his high calling).

"Yes, I do have an 'idea,' " He answers, "an idea which tells me what we all ought to be doing right now and which might save all of us, but what does it matter to you what this idea might be—in fact, what does it matter to anybody? Aren't there thousands of people each of whom has his own idea and, along with it, a belief that it is precisely his little idea that is going to save everybody? I belong to those thousand or so people who cannot remain indifferent to all this confusion and nonsense, but who would rather die than pass by it apathetically. Rather than give up one's search for a solid foundation, and remain content with *some kind* of a compromise. We, i.e., a thousand or so people, are each of us suffering sincerely, and this is all that is worthwhile about us. However, it goes without saying that among those thousand people you wouldn't find as many as two who would agree with each other (irony)." When

"You see, people in Russia have been doing a lot of thinking, but they haven't been living at all. And therefore, it really does not matter what my idea is all about, this or some other thing. When I was dislodged from my rut (perhaps because there really wasn't any rut, or because the rut came to an end), I went mad and wanted to take my own life. That's when I escaped abroad. But I did not destroy myself: I conceived, at that time, my original idea: seek to perfect yourself, try to break your own resistance as your conscience, and your faith will tell you, to the best of your ability, and, once having conquered yourself, you may perhaps also find that ultimate idea, your own solution 'what to do?' and 'what to preach?' I passionately clung to this idea. You were all laughing at my chains. Why? I was actually wearing them, but you didn't know what was going on in my *soul.* Yes, it may be that, finally, I did persuade myself that mine was the right way, but then you appeared before me, and I suddenly realized that without you I am nothing, and my idea is unrealizable. What kind of an "idea" is this <, you ask,> which suddenly turns into nothing only because you appear on the scene? I don't know if I love you, I only know that I need you. In my pride, I came to hate you. I convinced myself that you have all the vices... I swear, I was capable

of persecuting you with slander. Perhaps, capable of poisoning you."

[She: "That is, capable right now."]

["You know what, I actually could have poisoned you. Do you know that there already was a day and an hour when your life was hanging by a thread?"]

"You repulsed me. I sought salvation in Lidiia, finally thinking that I had forgotten you. Oh, how I laughed at my own 'self-perfection.' Here then, I decided I would devote myself to food and family life, later join some little conspiracy, some kind of socialist propaganda or something, picking out the most stupid and insignificant, so I'd be tried and deported. Oh, believe me, I know how to loathe myself, and how to hate myself. What is most stupid about this thing is the fact that, eventually, I forgot about you altogether, and found myself laughing at that silly little passion of mine. And here now, the nadir of my humiliation: so long as I was hearing of you, knowing that you were single, I was quite indifferent, but when I heard the first report about your getting married, I was thrown into a frenzy. [Oh, what do I care about that man?] ~~Forgive me that I have proposed marriage to you, it's an absurdity, but how could you come to this rendezvous?~~ I have proposed marriage to you. I need you. Let us go on together. You know, I still believe that, though I may not save mankind, I may *still* do a lot of good. So let us go on together. I am yielding. All right, let it be an act of charity on your part. I'll accept charity from you..." And later: "Tell me outright (for I can see from your face that you are not deceiving me, and that you are ready to tell me everything): did you ever love me at all, even a little bit?"

She flushed.

"I did." ("That's what I expected," says the Youth.)

"And now?"

"No, maybe, I don't. I don't love you. I don't want you..."

In the finale of the scene, He says: "I am going to destroy you."

[At mother's side] "Perhaps there is a lot of faith in me even now. Let us go on together. I have been saving <for it>, like a miser, while you are spending it, gathering nothing. I have been suffering, while you have been getting it for nothing. Would you believe that I hated you? Of course, I am insulting you. This must be what is called a passion. So far I have never known passion, though I have had a number of affairs. I could hardly define this fire even now, not knowing what it is, or what it is that I want of you. What I do know is that, without you, I am finished. I also know that he who experiences such passion can also hate ~~love and hate~~ at the same time. Hate as much as love. Have mercy on me, I can't go on this way."

At the rendezvous, She (standing there, wavering): "I do not know, I can't. You are going to take revenge on me, if I should hand out some charity to you."

He: "Do you remember Abishai in the Bible, remember, I read it to you. Perhaps you are right. Having accepted your charity I may, perhaps, get to hate you, remembering: 'Why did I injure this woman?' " (pointing at the portrait of the Youth's mother).

She: "If this is so, what am I to do?"

He: "Why, of course, you are going to leave me" (lost in thought).

[Here.] And, as he leaves: "Don't love me, don't live with me, let's never meet. I shall be your slave, if you should call for me, [I am not going to harm you.] And I ~~shall be that~~ I shall disappear, if you want me to, so you won't see me, or hear of me. I shan't bother you, nor shall I do you any harm. I shall disappear, only, only... only don't marry any other man!" (This is his very last word, as He is already leaving, and after the words: "I will destroy you!") "I SHALL DESTROY."

She, to Him (incidentally, about the Youth's mother), later: "You believe in God, you were preaching Him so ardently and so sincerely. You loved God."

"Is this what you think? Yes, I believe, but I have quit thinking of Him, ever since you appeared and all my thoughts were stopped. I cannot ~~now~~ think of Him, I haven't been thinking about anything at all in a long time. I am finished... I... I don't care. I—I—I am going to destroy you, that's what I'm going to do" (he got up from his seat, pale).

Belle-vu <sic>

"I am giving you a deadline, think it over. You see, I—I'll try to kill myself first, so I wouldn't kill you."

"But if I should be unable to restrain myself, I might kill you first, and only then, myself."

In the very finale of the novel: and so, His "idea" has remained unexpressed. "Why, what does it really matter?" as He himself once said.

N.B. In Versilov's Confession: the most sympathetic, the most sincere, and the most naïve words about <Russian> youth.

She: "And this is Versilov? A man of honor, spiritual strength... I have always believed in you!"

She: "What am I to do then?"

And later, immediately: "No, for nothing in the world. You are threatening me with death—for nothing in the world."

He: "I am not threatening, just understand..."

"No, I don't love you. I can't. Better kill me."

?("I'll kill you") (and suddenly, some affectionate word, some kind question: "Tell me, didn't you then... where have you put my portrait?"). ("And do you remember..." And so on, about Abishai, about the Bible. "Tell me, what does your 'idea' consist of?")

"I don't want *this kind* of a Versilov."

He: "Would you take any other kind?"

"Where were you later? In Paris?" (Private conversation. This is before the very finale.)

She to Him: "I can't wish you any evil. I have always wished you well."

He to her: "You were laughing at me."

She: "I never did. What I always valued so highly about you was your sincerity. My poor father, you drove him right out of his mind then. I saw in you a man..." etc. (Affectionate, kind, warm words.) "You were one of those few *sincere* people whose minds are never at rest. You are the noble bearer of an idea. Believe me, I shall love you, <but> leave me alone."

He, in passing: "The world must be refashioned, so let us start with ourselves."

She: "Listen, you were never a spiritualist, were you?"

"No."

"Are you a Mason?"

"No."

He, in passing: "It is my idea that the world must be refashioned, but that the first step ought to consist of definitely starting with oneself."

"How does one start?"

"Get honest."

"Aren't there any honest people?"

"Not one" (silence). "However, what do you care for my idea!" (Irony.)

She: "No, no, listen, you said—honest, what about her, <the Youth's> mother?"

(He: irony.)

?("But with Lidiia, was it honest?")

(He: "Yes, it was.").

July 27.

Schedule.

3d part, *1st half.* Makar's death. "Let's go to my place. I'm going to show you my child. You must absolutely come. Go! go!"

2d half. Versilov makes a confession even before the rendezvous with her.

4th part, 1st half. From the rendezvous (at Lambert's, right after the rendezvous) up to and including the conflagration.

<4th part>. 2d half. Epilogue.

In the Confession, not a word about her: "Let's forget about her."

And, in the Confession, at first life with <the Youth's> mother. Memories. Makar—on the harmonious life.

All about the subject of the harmonious life. Marrying <the Youth's> mother, etc.

At the time of the funeral, a most complete report about Bioring. So that Versilov had sent the letter on the day of the bouquet, and after chopping up <the icons>. Anna Andreevna brings <the news about> the letter.

About zoology. However, also about Stebelkov's arrest, about her, about the existence of the document in His letter to her.

<July> 27/28.

~~About Liza. Not a word about the document.~~ *Minute.** Filigrane.

2<d chapter>. Everything about Liza. Can't renounce them; yet they are my own. It wasn't I who divided them. Where did <he?> learn about Liza and Vasin? Yet I could not flee. Nastasia. Nastasia's report about the old Prince, to Anna Andreevna (in narrative form, and in scenes) about the infant ("I should also like to tell you: This is about Lambert," *after her*).** About her, about Bioring, he has fallen behind. The effect of Versilov's letter, about those words in the letter which suggest that the document has not been burned. My excitement (about the young Prince, Liza). The absence of harmony. I got up and went down to see Makar. As if on purpose, Liza and Versilov were with him. (How Versilov treated Makar.) The story of Tatiana's trial. Makar's tale. He gets up: "What is harmony?" An excited night, in love. An explanation of *my* love. Isn't this where the conflagration comes in?

3d chapter. ~~Makar~~ *Recidive* of his illness. A few days. I shall not be describing my sufferings. Makar's tales, his influence. Versilov's opinion of Makar, Versilov has forgotten to add <something>. I suddenly came up with a tirade on the harmonious life. Versilov [abruptly] agreed. Suddenly, Liza's affair with Vasin.

4th chapter. My sudden departure. Everybody... Anna Andreevna with something new (perhaps about Lambert?). The young Prince. (In his excitement, he has just made his denunciation, is jealous, mar-

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* In French.

** The gender of the verb suggests that the remark is made by a female speaker.

riage.) Full of excitement about the news concerning Lambert. To Tatiana. Charity.

5th <chapter.> Came home. Liza has been insulted. Makar about the closet <?>. To go on a pilgrimage. Versilov. Couldn't stand it. To Lambert, blackmail, about the document. Got me confused. ~~Strange feeling.~~ From Lambert, he learns of her <planned> wedding with Bioring. (Bioring's affairs have picked up.) Home. A terrible night of <inner> struggle. The image of a conflagration.

On the following morning, the news of everybody's arrest. (A strange note from the Prince.) Suddenly, I felt like fleeing. Flee, but then there is Makar. I've got 300 rubles. Rent a flat. To Makar, or to Lambert, and that's it. Makar's sudden death. [Versilov embraces my mother. "Come to my place, I'll show you <my> child." At home, the confession. The Youth is deeply moved, and reconciled <to Versilov>: "I shall return the document to her." Frightful pangs of conscience on account of the conflagration. A horror of Lambert. I shall never forget these moments of gratitude which I felt toward Versilov for this purification.]

Versilov's confession. On the day of the funeral, he chops up those icons. [And then, already after the chopping, the letter.]

[*Here:* Anna Andreevna had actually been sending <me?> there on account of Lambert. She had also been trying to find out some things about Lambert herself (not necessary to mention the fact that Lambert had been previously acquainted with Versilov). Then, when the Youth is at Lambert's, the latter is talking mostly about the document, and mysteriously in a general way. There seems to be a mystery everywhere. The Youth lets <the reader?> know that, although he had inadvertently let out the secret of the document before Lambert, he also realized that this was really all that Lambert was after. Lambert arranges for the Youth to come and see him, then later goes to look for him himself. The Youth wants to rent a flat. Dreams of a conflagration. Again, he meets Lambert. They quarrel in the street. He goes home. Makar's death. Versilov embraces <the Youth's> mother, and says to him: "To me, to me."]

10) At Lambert's, drunk, they cut open <his pocket>. The old Prince, the police station, struggle. Conflagration, etc.

27 July.

Final *minute.**

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* In French.

2d chapter. About Liza. Briefly and completely, yet in a business-like manner, and abruptly. "I decided to get busy as soon as I got up. I decided not to do any thinking. Imagined myself <in such-and-such situations>. <Decided> not to discuss her with Versilov." (A flashing thought: What is Versilov's attitude toward Makar Ivanovich?) A propos: about His letter to Bioring. Nastasia's visit. News, in great excitement. Went to see Makar. Tatiana's story, about Liza, form an alliance with her. "We have both been insulted." One of Makar Ivanovich's stories, "Makar Ivanovich, have you ever seen anything of this kind?" (Tatiana's question), and here then, Makar's story.

I got up and left. This time, I liked the old man very much. Versilov's opinion of Makar. Suddenly asked Versilov about the harmonious life.

That night, excitement. About the document (was I really jealous?) ~~in the form of a nightmare~~ A nightmare. Lured her <to his flat> in order to rape her, and Lambert.

3d <chapter>. As a result of such anguish, a relapse. ("I'll return the document!") Evenings. Stories. Versilov on communism. Mother. ["There's a thicket inside him."]* Tatiana would join us on those nights. [At this point, all of a sudden, Liza's episode with Vasin, the Prince is jealous.] [I am going to step out tomorrow.] Suddenly I gave Versilov my opinion regarding the harmonious life.

And, 4th <chapter>. I was going to surprise them the following day—by leaving the house. I stepped out and visited everybody. The Prince. The Prince wants to get married. To Tatiana.

5th <chapter>. I came in—Makar. Shouldn't Liza's episode ~~with Vasin~~ take place earlier, and now the Prince is jealous, and only then, Makar about that little closet** and about Liza. The thicket. Let's go on a pilgrimage. I am delighted. Versilov. At night, mental anguish. ~~But I was diverted.~~ On the following day, Vasin's arrest ~~The story of Liza and Vasin. Vasin's arrest. The Prince's marriage.~~ Confused. ~~Went out.~~ Encounter with Lambert. A conversation. Acquainted with Versilov. Blackmail. About the document.

Then: a feeling of moral deformity. On to Makar. Makar's sudden death. While Makar is laid out—Versilov comes in—the Confession.

On the following day, at Anna Andreevna's. A letter containing a

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* See n. (*), p. 461, above.

** Could also be "cage."

marriage proposal. Makar's funeral. Mother's name day. Chopping up the icons.

Minute (2d chapter). The Prince is a nonentity... However, she was partly right (partly), because, actually, and everything considered, the Prince never really was altogether worthless, and indeed, presented me with a problem [by his person] for a long time to come... However, I wanted to keep aloof from the Prince's affairs, as if none of it were any of my business, and I even tried to pretend that I wasn't a bit worried about what was going on, and if I really had started a conversation, I'd have [purposely] talked about zoology or the Roman empire, just to show that I had no desire to participate in any current affairs, and *theirs* least of all.

I am talking merely about the act I was putting on, but then, Nastasia Egorovna's visit brought back the pain... [About the document. Take revenge on her.] I had everything ready—and I was anxious to get up as soon as possible. My heart began to palpitate, and I went to see Makar. Liza. "We have both been disgraced." "I am too goodnatured." Here, all of a sudden, Versilov. His attitude toward Makar. He relates Tatiana's trial. Liza's quarrel with Makar. Which means that we had been gathering around him even before. Versilov's opinion of him. "Tell us the end of that story about the merchant," said Tatiana. [About how Stebelkov has been arrested.]

3d chapter. *Recidive* of <my> illness. Evenings. The document. About how Makar Ivanovich had many stories to tell. Lizaveta, etc. How Versilov would meddle in the conversation. Here, Versilov's opinion about him. My opinion, stated to Versilov, concerning the "moral disorder" of their life.

4th chapter. (Yet Versilov had achieved his goal. By writing that letter he had stopped Bioring from marrying <her>.) I passed by everybody as I was leaving. I was in a hurry. The Prince (Liza is there), Vasin. The Prince is jealous of Vasin. To Anna Andreevna. About her. At Tatiana's—charity.

5th chapter. I returned, Versilov and everybody else at Makar's. About communism, "There's a thicket inside him." Vasin proposes marriage to Liza. Went to see Lambert, then back home. Excitement, and hatred for *her*.

6th <chapter>. Rapid narrative about how Dergachev and Vasin were arrested. The Prince gets married. News of Bioring's success, and about his encounter with Versilov, or *something like that*. A feeling of "moral disorder," restlessness. Back to Makar. Makar's sudden death.

[psychology] 7th <chapter>. On the day of Makar's ~~death~~ funeral ~~he~~ I went to see him. Confession. Everything is said, and nothing is made clear.* Regeneration. About Lambert and Versilov.

8th <chapter>. ~~On the following day, Anna Andreevna.~~ Three days later, a lot of fuss and excitement around the house: Versilov is gone. Anna Andreevna, His letter to her. Lambert with Anna Andreevna. Mother's name day, chopping up the icons.

9<th chapter>. A depressed feeling. His rendezvous with Her. (Occasioned by her engagement to Bioring.)

Vasin to Liza: "It is unwise to love the Prince. You are mistaken in your feelings."

The Prince to the Youth: "I want you to be my witness." He tells the Prince about Makar.

Like an *entrefilet*[11] in a newspaper.

"What did I know? Me, I knew *the dream*."

"So you denounced these people *solely* to get rid of your enemy, Vasin?"

Stebelkov. He denounced <those other people> in order to ease his own position.**

The finger. Calmed him down, talked about Zershchikov; he had forgotten, refreshed his memory. "All right then, and how are you now, my dear Arkady Makarovich? Let us now pass on to the main point." Vinegar. God knows what about the main point—live in Northern parts,*** with Liza. "And Liza, Liza—are you taking her

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* Difficult to translate: the original has the verb *govorit'*, "to speak," with two different prefixes: *Vse vyskazano i nichego ne doskazano.*

** There follow some entries in chaotic disorder: "they want to organize a latrine," "this is as clear as day," "the whole value of the document," "The sordidness ~~Stebelkov~~ of these crooks and, perhaps, a whole gang of crooks, better together with me. This is why she was calling me so. But on the day I left the house he did not try to contact *her*. Regarding this particular thing he had ~~he did not have~~ his own *plan*. But, first of all <?>, let me repeat, this is an *entrefilet*. I knew nothing—But I had a premonition on account of that *dream*. Now I shall begin right where it all started. It started from a distance. I had not left the house yet. ~~Liza, Vasin~~ Mother's name day. When he could already see that I could be talked to in clear terms, then Anna Andreevna, too. Why should I be listening—if he's a scoundrel as you say. This is quite intolerable, to insult a person in this fashion. Oh, I was then talking as if in a delirium, saying that I felt insulted by Bioring, and what's more, at Lambert's, I was in a state of ecstasy. Then, I could have never imagined it, but now I know for sure that he had gotten on the tracks of this thing even while I was still ill. But even after the good French fashion, your surname; it is so important that you did not tell it."

*** Euphemistic for "Siberia."

11 French: "Newspaper item."

along, to ruin?" He got up without a word, turned around, grabbed his head, sat down again. ~~you're not so~~ "I'm dreaming of spiders all the time. You wouldn't believe how much she means to me."

"You are all excited." "No, allow me, we must reach a decision." Again about Zershchikov. Stebelkov is a pig, but about Makar. "Oh yes, let it be; well, you know, it's just I am that way."

I got up. "Spare Liza, and good-bye, I find it painful to look at *you*." Vasin.

"Have you made out the main thing—my son?" Bioring and the Akhmakov woman. Nastasia Egorovna. "Do you remember Nastasia Egorovna?" "Oh yes. I'm quite sure. I also used to know a certain old man. Oh yes, right here, a guard."

Vasin. The insult. I was getting ready to leave. Liza was lying there. ~~On the following day, Liza.~~ Makar Ivanovich about Mother. Mother's name day. (Versilov and Mother.) The end of my life is at hand. ~~On the following day~~ Liza. An impression on Liza. She began to cry, went upstairs. On the following day, insulted by *the Prince*. On <her?> knees before Makar. Doesn't know life. Heard that Vasin has been arrested.

Liza: "Be at his place tomorrow."

Night, *She,* am I in love? Evil spirits. The plot, a struggle. The day I left the house ~~the plot~~. The young Prince. He betrayed <them?> ~~Anna Andreevna a woman's influence scenes~~ The Youth is told about their intrigues, i.e., Versilov <tells him>. About "that business," contemptuously about Anna Andreevna. Stebelkov had told <him?> about Bioring. At ~~Before~~ Anna Andreevna's, a woman. Explanation of their plot (BY THE NARRATOR). (About Bioring)? About Lambert.

5th chapter. Lambert. Blackmail. An affair.

"What is *she* thinking of me?" A student.

I am now embarking upon the catastrophe. It started at a distance. Vasin, etc. ... (learned from Mother). Then, at Makar's. Mother. Liza on her knees before Makar. Liza leaves, greatly shaken.

N.B. *And this is where it happens!* Night. An evil spirit. She leaves, etc.

On the following day (more rapidly). News of <his> arrest. On <her> knees before Makar. They have been arrested. (He does not know people.) Makar orders her to get married. "Give me your blessings for my many sufferings." An oration, admonitions to me, to her, about Liza. "Dear Sir," etc. "The end of my life is at hand." "You know, they have been arrested."

Through my dream, I understood Lambert's role. Through my dream about the document, I both knew, and didn't.

An idea: Should I start with an explanation of Lambert's scheme, when I was at Lambert's? (I had a premonition. Through that dream.) And that's it. Now let me start. It all started at a distance, Vasin, etc. But the dream before I left the house, and evil spirits. "What, in particular, is she thinking of me?" The catastrophe. However, I must anticipate a part of my explanation, otherwise I won't manage to tell it properly. At the time, of course, I knew nothing at all, but I am going to explain that which I know now. (More briefly.) Lambert. Blackmail. (More briefly.) All frozen stiff, he lets out the secret.

About *her*. "Now, now," he shouted, "really, what am I doing? There, read this!" he threw the letter to me. "Nastasia Egorovna!" he shouted and left the room.

I say, he has forgiven my mother. *She* has put a stop to my wanderings, to my anguish. Tatiana. This is a nice woman. *She* loves the poet in me. "I love you for your whimsical traits." To write, grammar, she began to cry. In creatures such as Makar you will find the kingdom of Heaven. I am lower than anything, lower than anybody. I love children. Laughter, she is cheerful. "I'll go in," and the other woman <. . .>

THE WHOLE IDEA.

A passion for Mother.

"I must make at least one person happy. And suddenly—passion."

"At times, a cerebral and a generous love, and at times, very real love. You, generous and cerebral person that you are, couldn't go through with this thing."

"I do not think so, my boy." Sunken cheeks. "I realized that Mother's return was the best thing about all my wanderings. I'll do away with Mother's fear, I'll show myself with all my shortcomings. I'll explain to her how, in a sense, she stands above me. I barely made it to Königsberg. All the time, I loved her while away from her. All of a sudden I felt that I needed her."

"She is in my way ~~yet this was a love at one time~~. But this is not love. Was at least one person ever happy? <?> No, it began all of a sudden, from love. Memories of a kiss. He shudders.

I was looking at him, enraptured.

He was telling me anecdotes; he wasn't going to let me go. Accompany me. "Stay for a while, why won't you stay!" ~~About Lambert~~ About *Lambert*.

"Oh, let it be blessed, and even though other things may have happened thereafter, that evening will remain."

Perhaps all this is merely the portrait of a bookish man, but why is it that only these bookish, these "paper" people go through so much real suffering, and why do some very real tragedies occur among these people? Chastity and pride.

Finis. Most of all, his humility before me, his sincerity before such a boy.

8th chapter. Now I shall try to finish my account by way of a very concise narrative.

This is how everything happened. She knew through Lambert. The whole fact of <her?> perfection is colossal. His face darkened. "But how is that?" However, he revealed it to me. ~~He~~ met her. Told <me?> about Lidiia, etc., the chains, the slap in the face. Now Bioring. "You think so" *(bis).* He jumped up from his chair: "There, read it, read it!" (her letter). "And so what, a story, <I> felt nothing. Went to see Mother. Death. "Oh, I sent her my blessings." (About life.) "Oh you did?" Not yet, though."

The historical <aspect>.

Levin.

Look at Versilov and his family. And therefore, if the novelist is a youth, an *accidental* family. "You there, you are an accidental family."

1st embryo of a plan.

10 days of illness.

[3 weeks] 1st half of part three. (Enumeration of events.) Makar and Versilov. Liza and her sallies. Vasin and the news of Kolosov and the other people arrested. Tatiana and her maid. Anna Andreevna (Bioring, news about *her*). A fatal heart attack. Lambert. (A scene with *her,* at Tatiana's. A bit of charity, in passing.) [a week] (Chopping up the icons. Versilov is gone.) A letter to her, containing a marriage proposal. Hatred. To Lambert. Telling <him?> of the plan. Lambert about Anna Andreevna. Almost an agreement. ~~Antics~~ Versilov's antics at the old Prince's (they want to lock him up). ~~At Bioring's.~~ [a week] The old Prince flees to the Youth's place of his own accord, so that Anna Andreevna does not have to do a thing. Bioring and *she* tear the Prince away from the Youth by giving him a promise that the old Prince will get married. Versilov goes to see Bioring and unsettles him. ~~Versilov, the letter with the marriage proposal. Rendezvous. The young Prince on trial.~~ The Youth's agreement regarding the letter. With Lambert, but finally he decides to go it

alone. (Liza, etc. Mother.) Versilov, a meeting with her. The Youth witnesses it [2 weeks] He withdraws into himself, gives up his <former> intentions. He goes to see Tatiana. ~~The young Prince on trial.~~ (Alphonsine's treachery. All the scenes of the conflagration.) The young Prince on trial, and he shoots himself.

<July> 27/28.

Last *minute.**

But Lambert! Lambert! Who is Lambert? The conflagration, a dream, at the end of chapter two, a relapse. Makar's tales. He puts his dream aside.

3d chapter. Liza, suddenly, to him: "~~He~~ The Prince is calling you (tomorrow)." To Versilov, on the harmonious life, a tirade. But on the following day, the Prince has made his denunciation. Anna Andreevna. Lambert. Goes to see Lambert. The document, conflagration. He leaves—horror. Find a flat. To Makar. Comes there. Makar. "My little closet."** Makar's sudden death. Sundown. Versilov embracing Mother. Liza her brother. Suddenly, Tatiana. Sternly. "Come here, come here (to me)." *He:* "Why, everybody here is worrying..." Went <there>, and "charity." He is crying about "the harmonious life." Failed to hand over the document. Leaves, runs into Versilov—"Come to me, to me." All this, the first day he leaves the house. See *Basic ideas.* Versilov's role in chapter three, see *Basic ideas.*

August 1.

3d part, 2d chapter. Before he leaves he gives Versilov a tirade on the harmonious life in no uncertain terms, even though he had promised *not to say a word.* Versilov's *"you are right"* leaves him stunned. The dream.

3d part. In chapter three. Now I shall leave my own inner life. I'll say just one thing: I had already been stung by the serpent, and I was guarding *my wound* from everybody, as if it were a precious treasure. The impact of *the dream* was still present. What she meant to me: I was in love, every bit of news about her would take my breath away, yet at the same time I—I was *yearning* for Lambert. There was that *dream.*

[3d chapter] [Evenings and relationships] But I'll leave this for later, until the proper time. I shall now proceed to my description of those two men who have had the greatest impact on me in my life

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* In French.

** Or: "cage."

so far: Makar and Versilov. As for Versilov, my studies and observations are surprising indeed; as for Makar, this is what happened: in the beginning, and so long as he was hanging around right in front of me, it was as if I couldn't make him out. Even if I wasn't actually treating him with condescension, I was indifferent to him, and this in spite of the fact that during that particular period my heart was, imperceptibly to me, opening itself to many and immense <impressions>: for my whole life, through Makar. However, I began to feel this, and became aware of it, only much later, and for the time being I was behaving, as already said, with a certain condescension and without the proper attention, so much so that if there hadn't been Versilov's example, who was surprising me by his respectful attitude toward Makar, I might have failed to observe, and missed forever, many things. Right here, at this spot, Versilov's opinion of Makar Ivanovich. So then, what did actually happen? Nothing special, it would seem. We got into the habit of getting together in the evening. Incidentally: if somebody should ask how it was possible that I should, after what I had stated about my relations with Versilov, and *to him,* too, and after the things I had come up with before my family, still participate in these evening gatherings, I will answer him as follows: Anything would be possible with Versilov. He was asking no questions, nor was he angry with me; he treated me exactly as before. This was his manner of being above things, and his permanent attitude. But I was also getting to see some other attitudes toward me. (N.B. Magnanimity toward the world, not getting angry with people, <is> one of his most captivating traits.) As for Mother and the others, they were, of course, feeling some compassion for a sick <member of the family>, as well as something else they must have agreed on concerning me. But for the time being I didn't really care. I was feeling drawn to something entirely new—something very firm, but something that I was postponing for the time being, so that I wouldn't even be thinking of it before I recovered from my illness. And so in the meantime I began to participate in their gatherings with undivided attention and without giving myself any airs; on the contrary, quite amiably and in friendly fashion. We used to get together. Even the doctor. It started with some stories... Versilov. Liza and Vasin. How he used to teach Mother how to walk. "Our dear Andrei Petrovich, Sir."

Liza: "Come to his place tomorrow." ?(From Tatiana: "Tomorrow at 7 o'clock P.M. be at my place ~~will I be there?~~." "Liza, I'll be there, only don't tell anybody that I am going out.") The Prince left the

house. Anna Andreevna (striking news and riddles, not a word about Lambert). To Lambert: at Lambert's, a terrible outburst of emotion, with eyes flashing, Mother. As <I> left, remorse over this fall, crossed <myself>, on the boulevard. ("Oh, there were many such moments of remorse in my life." The little beetle.) Oh, it is not frivolity on my part that makes transgression and remorse appear in such rapid succession: the punishment was already in my heart, even while it was still full of criminal intent, even as I was entering the door to Lambert's flat. It was just that my emotions had caught up with me after a hot pursuit; and when I *developed* this emotion before Lambert, punishment followed quite automatically, to counterbalance it. [MOST IMPORTANT]

The old Prince dies without having <re>married. Versilov an idiot. Finale.

Bioring, while taking the old Prince away from the Youth's flat, terribly insults the Youth.

"C'est le carême,"[12] says the old Prince.

I was very much irritated by their pity for me, and once when Mother gave me something to drink, I began to cry. Night, light. The idea of being resurrected to a new life.

Silently; we must be silent now, never say a word, never.

Makar: "An old man must be satisfied with just being alive. Enough!—Everything is good. An old man must die in the full flower of his wisdom, like a magnificent ripe fruit which has fulfilled its mystery."

"What is a mystery?"

"What is a mystery? Everything is a mystery."

And Makar: "You are a youth, you are having it wonderful. But it is also wonderful that I have gotten up—I, an old man. I would like to live again. Life is ahead of you. An old man blesses sunset, but to live again would be good also. Perhaps this is a sinful thought."

The Youth: "Why sinful?"

"I don't know, my friend, In my own opinion it is not. If someone were to raise a murmur, saying that life is too short, well, that would be sinful; but if it is without a murmur, while blessing the ray, the bounties of the Lord <. . .>"

Now about something entirely different. By the way, I'll say a word or two about myself (i.e., about the state of my mind). Now about

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[12] French: "It is Lent."

something entirely different: a whisper, <I> came down—and later, after the scene with Makar—about the state of my mind.

August 2.

Final division.

1st half of part three. Makar's death, and *she* steps out of the door.

2d half of part three: Prior to that night at Lambert's and about how they cut out the document. I.e., *she*. His confession—the funeral, chopping up the icons, at Tatiana's, Lambert, Anna Andreevna lets <me> eavesdrop on <their> ~~confession~~ rendezvous. A night at Lambert's.

4th part, 1st half. The Prince at his place. The scene with Bioring. The police station, and in the morning, at Tatiana's. Conflagration.

2d half: Everything that's in the epilogue.

See sheet 4. Silence and distrustfulness. Makar and accessories. ~~(The rendezvous.)~~ Versilov, the confession. Link up Tatiana and her cook <to the plot> better. Justice of the Peace. I am saying nothing about Liza. Narrative—Liza, sallies, Vasin, I went to see the Prince, Vasin. Meeting with Anna Andreevna (she herself calls me to her place). Took a letter containing his marriage proposal over there.* At this meeting, Anna Andreevna expresses herself unclearly. However, the Youth assures her that He hates Katerina Nikolaevna, and expounds his own theory about him to Anna Andreevna. I am excited. Makar's sudden death. First encounter with Lambert. Mother's birthday, the bouquet, chopping up the icons.

After having left there, a sudden scene with Tatiana. *Rendezvous* and *charity,* Tatiana's confession. An old maid. Sheds tears. Discussion about: Is He, or isn't He in love? (As a result of <his> conversation with Anna Andreevna, he is under <her> influence. Tatiana's true character is revealed.) Makar's sudden death. A decisive conversation with him—1st half of part three—more rapidly and sticking to the main subject. Anna Andreevna calls him quickly, tells him about the letter containing a marriage proposal. He goes to see Lambert. Mother's birthday, the bouquet, chopping up the icons. Versilov is gone. Anna Andreevna, a *rendezvous* at Nastasia Egorovna's (the flat is being rented in Nastasia Egorovna's name, but by Versilov). Again, a meeting with Lambert. *Almost an agreement*. Suddenly,

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* The gender of the verb suggests that Anna Andreevna is the subject of this sentence.

flight of the old Prince. (Versilov has given him a scare.) Anna Andreevna says: *"I don't want it this way."* Lambert. The Youth swears to save her. Bioring insults the Youth. The police station. (A lively scene.) Liza's wedding. End of part three.

Makar, after the first scene, simply anecdotes, then about Liza and her relations. Tatiana and her cook. With Versilov, about things connected with Mother. Then, it was on that day that I left the house. Makar about Elias, Enoch—with Versilov about communism, with Lambert. On disorder and order. The Youth declares his love for Him to Him. *Makar's death,* a confession about feats.

The Youth in the midst of a deep and decisive inner struggle: should he take his revenge, or should he persist in virtue. An awareness of *disorder. A decision in favor of withdrawing from people.* (Makar and Versilov.) Order and disorder. The Youth has a hunch that all this disorder and mess has something to do with the <present> generation. *He makes a generalization,* integrates it, reducing it to our society and its laws. This is the most important page of the novel.

He is, of course, struggling against the idea that Versilov is only an exception, an ideal. However, he suspects and then actually *concludes in his own mind* that, in Russia, these ideals do in reality exist, that it is they who have such influence, that it is they who are playing *a decisive role,* for they are <Russia's> thermometer and barometer, and not any railwaymen or shyster lawyers, nor that old society of Levins (Count Tolstoi); also, that you won't get very far with these ideals.

The good wins the upper hand. He goes to see Tatiana. He tells Tatiana about the document. A rendezvous with her. Lambert makes him drunk. An argument about <his> idea. He falls into Lambert's hands, drunk. He regains his senses, having lost the letter, but without being aware of this. Rapid narrative about how they succeed in luring her to the flat, having tricked Tatiana into leaving it. The cook plays a role <in this>. The conflagration scene. 1st half of part four.

Dénouement. The young Prince is released. Death of the old Prince. Her illness and her meeting with him. The image of Versilov-the-idiot. The idea lies in the future. Tatiana's role. Liza's role. 2d half of part four (see 3d sheet).

"Why then, are angels sent down to Earth, if this is really so? You are an angel, consequently you haven't the power to do as you please, consequently you have an obligation by virtue of this very fact. You had an obligation." *She to Him:* "I am an ordinary woman. It is you

who elevated me to being an angel. Why, besides, there aren't any angels."

"How much pride there is in these words."

She: "Leave me alone, leave me alone! I find it hard to stand your presence."

He: "Beware!"

She: "I know that you are capable of everything; but I am not afraid. I can't be afraid. I am in the right."

Most important. The Youth observes, on his own part: "All these declarations of his, the whole impatience of his declarations—all this was so naïve and ingenuous that I felt charmed and full of compassion for him." And later: "It was truly a strange man who was showing himself there: naïve like a child, ingenuously impatient, with a deep content inside, and the most childlike external form, so that even I could understand him."

Extraordinarily important:

I wanted to put him to the test: "Let's go and perform some feats."

"Let's go."

"Are you really serious?"

Toward the very end, the Youth finds out that (contrary to Lambert's banal view) she isn't really too afraid of the document. But he is begging Tatiana to arrange for a rendezvous between him and *her* at Tatiana's flat, solely so that he can explain things to her, tell her the whole truth, and return the document to her, after having *pleaded guilty* before her. And not at all with the idea of frightening her.

6th chapter. "But you are good children..." *Makar Ivanov (about his wife).* "It is all my fault, for it was I who allowed this to happen. (His wife with Versilov.) Should have used the rod. But I felt sorry for you. Forgive me, my children, forgive me, my dear ones. And forgive me, too, Sir, for the rod should have been applied to you, too, for even though I should not have used it in a bodily way, I could have spiritually. And why not even in a bodily way? Even that would have been possible, for, though gracious, and given to new ideas, <you> still would have sent <me> to Siberia."

"As she threw herself on the ground before me ~~in~~, in the storeroom, kissing my feet... the Lord will forgive! (Giving her a tender look) Listen, Sofiia, don't blame yourself. The sin was mine. The husband is head: understand that."

"And she (Stinking Elizaveta) heard a voice: 'Keep silent, wild one.' "

During his confession there suddenly became apparent about Versilov something which he wasn't aware of himself—something frightfully

small, whereas I had always thought that there would be something great.

Anna Andreevna. "I am motivated by the most sacred of feelings."

"He is compromising us too much."

"You are having an extraordinary influence on him."

~~"He is compromising us too much."~~

"You are his favorite child."

Nastasia Egorovna joined Anna Andreevna's household, i.e., to nurse the infant.

"*Maximum!* I have sworn to protect her!"

N.B. Versilov had explained to Lambert ~~the importance~~ the meaning of the document, and Lambert knew where the document was.

Regarding the confession. The Youth is telling the story of Versilov and *her* from his own point of view, but interspersed with His words.

Order: First the letter with the marriage proposal. Then, Anna Andreevna summons the Youth and shows him the letter. (End of conversation *ex abrupto.*) Then, Anna Andreevna let him eavesdrop on the rendezvous. Then, when the old Prince has run away, Anna Andreevna takes fright: "*I* don't want it to be that way."

To Makar. Only at this minute is this old man (dear to us). His death. Tatiana is not present. Went to see Tatiana. "Listen, you, stay here," and *she* left. I was crying.

That night, at Versilov's (during the Confession), I finally found out who Makar really was, and, also from Versilov, a complete understanding of him, one might say.

IMPORTANT.

Start the 2d half of part three this way: Now only the facts, and there couldn't be a more suitable matter to begin with than an exposition of that momentous event, an exposition which has been prepared without my heart having any part in it, as if I weren't actually reporting it either, but as if it were some *entrefilet*[13] from a newspaper. And here then, the news of Bioring and a positive announcement of their wedding. I shall add nothing more. I knew nothing of all this just a few days earlier, but Mother was sad. Versilov is not there. A strange welcome. Lambert. A quarrel with Lambert. The funeral and the bouquet: factual description à la Shakespeare. On the

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[13] French: "Newspaper item."

following day, from Anna Andreevna, the secret about Bioring. The harmonious life exemplified by Makar, disorder exemplified by Versilov. The Youth wants to escape from disorder.

Psychological arrangement. At first, the Youth is under the influence of an evil emotion (revenge) and so becomes involved with Lambert, actually communicating his project to him. But after his meeting with her (charity), after that scene with Versilov, after Makar's death, and finally, after the breaking of the icons and the flight of the old Prince—THE YOUTH IS SUDDENLY STUNNED BY THE MORAL DEFORMITY OF THIS MILLIEU, he becomes devoted to her, swears that he will protect her honor, and this in spite of the fact that he was insulted by Bioring and <had spent a night> at the police station. However, *he* sees in this only *order,* that is, in returning good for evil. But after that night at the police station, very much excited, he spends a night at Lambert's place, and it is there that the latter cuts open his pocket. N.B. That same night he learns from Lambert that the latter is acquainted with Versilov. Lambert had made VERSILOV'S ACQUAINTANCE much earlier, while <the Youth> was sick in bed: Lambert used to come and see <him>.) The Youth tells, from his own point of view, how Lambert and the others got it all set up.

In the end, the Youth feels insulted, but withdraws into himself. <His> idea, more than ever before. SOLITUDE. The child. He becomes attached to the child.

Versilov, *an idiot,* kissing Mother's hands and praying.

Maximum. Contacts with Tatiana, and an explanation from Tatiana. The old maid (cries). Tatiana used to be in love with Versilov.

2d chapter. N.B. Versilov has one principal point, which is: Her marriage to Bioring. This he cannot stand. *He* would have left her alone, if she had remained single.

"How is it that you are the permanent guardian of my conscience and of my morals," *she* says to Him, "who gave you this assignment? And why is it that it is I whom you must absolutely save?"

~~Yes~~ The Youth to Makar: "Say, you are wrong here, you are misquoting the text."

Makar: "Why, you may be right. I am not a learned man. There you have it, he's set me straight. Smart boy."

What purpose do Vasin and Dergachev serve in this novel?

Answer: As an accessory which sets off the figure of the Youth so much more clearly, and as a motive for that *definitive discussion* between the Youth and HIM.

[4th chapter] It is now time to admit something: why did I write these notes? I was struck by that *disorder.* Oh yes, I was very angry

even at school; yet, before I came to Petersburg I really knew nothing. I imagined some things to be even worse, I did imagine villains, but I was thinking that all men, villains and good men alike, have something in common, something which they respect, something which they hold sacred and about which they have no arguments. Versilov's moral *disorder,* that absence of principles. Makar alone is in order, but is he possible <as a contemporary man>? My mother alone is a saint, but how does she live? I came to have great faith in *her,* but how does she live, what goals does she have? She'll be at my feet on account of that document. *Most important.* N.B. The reason why he is so glad to have <his> idea is that *she* does not fear the document. To *her,* Bioring means strict order, while "the world is disorganized and depraved" (*she* says that herself) "and everything in it is in ferment, and nothing is really there in it." "I am thirsting for order," she says (to Versilov), "And I, too, am thirsting for order." It develops that the Youth has picked up the word *disorder* from *her. She* had already talked about it to Versilov during their rendezvous, which the Youth had secretly witnessed. She has this to say about Bioring (to Versilov): "He is honest, a man of strict, old-fashioned principles, even educated, definitely no fool, and what's most important, a German, not a Russian. For with a Russian, things are always in disorder, Russians know no order." Though she is saying this in a half-mocking tone, the Youth later thinks to himself, it sounded a lot as if she actually felt that way.

[2d chapter] Versilov himself, guiding the Youth, imperceptibly, to the conclusion that Makar is "impossible," suddenly has this to say about Makar: "WHY, HE ACTUALLY DOES NOT KNOW LIFE AT ALL." What he has failed to mention, though, is the fact that, although Makar may not know life, the very possibility of his appearance among people is incomparably more useful than He, Versilov, with all his "knowledge of life," and with his desperation, directly emanating from such knowledge.

~~*Versilov*~~ *The Youth* to Anna Andreevna (when the old Prince has just run away): "I don't know, Anna Andreevna, but I am constantly struck by the disorder of our society. As long as everything remains within an official and prescribed framework, Russian man and the Russian family retain the semblance of some kind of order. But the moment a misfortune befalls them, all this will immediately become apparent—that total absence of any moral foundation—and disorder will set in..." This, he says to Versilov, and CONTINUALLY after Makar <begins to exert an influence on him>.

Versilov, in his confession: "*She* was watching me with a mocking

smile, and the closer I looked at her, the more I saw that laughter in her face."

During his meeting with *her,* Versilov tells her that she is perfection itself (he had been telling the Youth that she had all the vices). *She* tells Him that *she* is a very sinful woman, but that he would very much like to find some particular vice in her, so as to smother *her* reputation with it.

"Let's rather be friends," *she* tells Him (Irkutsk), "I am going to respect you. It's a lot better this way, than living in disorder. I am not getting married just to settle down; I am looking for some order, I don't love Bioring at all."

As he is leaving her, Versilov accuses her of being ready, for the sake of acquiring a position in society, to come up with a vile action and to betray her conscience (i.e., let herself be raped by Lambert just to get that document, all the vices), *which is also why* he incites Lambert to give it a try.

To the very end, the Youth is possessed by the somber idea of taking revenge on someone (he has picked her to be his victim). ~~But~~ He communicates his entire plan to Versilov ~~but Versilov prefers Lambert to him~~, at white heat (to which end he goes to see Him and finds Him in some dive, especially after having been insulted by Bioring). Versilov, it seems, is ready to go along with him, but then he prefers Lambert to him. This leaves the Youth *badly shaken*. Even before Alphonsine<'s visit>, he had been struggling with himself all night (i.e., should he, or shouldn't he start that *conflagration?*), and suddenly, Alphonsine. He runs over to Tatiana, etc. The whole scheme. Having communicated his plan to Versilov for the first time, the Youth leaves him in a sad mood: Why did He agree? "All right, let me be vile, but not Him," and here, a night of vacillation; he [finally] decides to go it alone, without Him. Sneering at the world. And then, suddenly, Alphonsine.

In his confession, Versilov makes this important admission: "Makar has had an impact on me during my entire life. Let's go on together. I am renouncing the demon *(she)!*"

[2d part] "Demon, demon! Minutes of happiness, life be blessed, let's drink to this." Makar: "To Mother."*

At the end of the 2d chapter of part three, and throughout the third chapter: "Lambert, Lambert, what is Lambert? (N.B. Why should I

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* Or: "Let's drink to this, Makar, to Mother."

be afraid of Lambert? I am stronger than he!)." Suppositions, dreams, and convulsions, along with being deeply moved by Makar.

In the 3d chapter. Every time I returned deeply moved by Makar's stories, but at night, dreams, voluptuous dreams, finally (return the document!) a decision, evil spirits, and good ones. With Versilov, about communism. But he does not discuss Makar with Him prior to his confession. On the day he leaves the house. "Do not visit Lambert!" But he did go, and he *dirtied himself*. To Makar! Sunset.

The Youth, as he is quarreling with Lambert: "Look, friend, I am now stronger than you."

At Lambert's, during his first visit. His friends, a breakfast with champagne, then the lure: "You'll get your revenge, and I'll get my money. You'll get the higher, and I the lower, thing."

N.B. Here. "No, you're just a youth, you are still little. We had that one—such virtue—and the same kind as this one of yours, too; yet she began to tremble all over when we threatened to make everything public. She was quite docile. We took both one thing, and the other, and money. Now she is a society lady, inaccessible, all virtue. Fie, the devil, if you had only seen what barn it was, where it all happened. What barns they wouldn't shun, these ladies! [Alphonsine occasionally goes to Tsarskoe Selo, bringing <her> some toys.]"

("We've got a gang-leader—a whole story.") "I am leaving for America. They are depraved to the core. I've been thinking of that!" the Youth keeps exclaiming.

N.B. *Lambert:* "Is she pretty?"

The Youth: "She is."

Lambert: "I have seen her."

The Youth: "I know that you have seen her."

And again, and again: "I've been thinking of that, I've been thinking of that!" And later, as he is leaving, desperate about having soiled himself, he keeps exclaiming: "Yes, I have already become depraved myself, I've been thinking of this, and when? When Makar was telling his touching stories! I've been thinking of it every night" (good and evil spirits). Remorse: "To Makar! to Makar!" Sunset.

With Lambert. Lambert simply takes him under his wing and it turns out that *he already knows everything*. "I've been expecting you." *A sensation:* "~~Though~~ It was giving me great pleasure to work hand in hand with him. This pleasure was being enhanced by the thought that, so far, I was still independent, and that I was doing everything of my own free will."

Lambert is in possession of some details about *her,* he shines <with his knowledge>; Lambert has got everything arranged; he has spread his nets everywhere—he even knows Bioring.

Lambert: "(You could even marry her.) Doesn't she love you? Doesn't she? Haven't you been telling me that she does?"

"That was then, when I was delirious."

"You could marry her, but then you really ought to rule her with an iron rod. These noble ladies must be treated despotically." The idea of marrying her pierced my heart with a voluptuous feeling. Oh, I was stupid. Let me note here this terrible stupidity of mine: I was dreaming of marriage even when I was only 16. This bit of information really ought to be crossed out. But all right, let it stand. [Very important.] I gave Lambert a look; <he?> was serious. "Versilov hates her. Hates her."

The Youth to Lambert, about him and about *her:* "There is an animosity between them, animosity, such animosity, that I have actually lost track. I've been watching them, but quit. ~~From~~ Only it is a terrible enmity, of that old-fashioned kind, on account of something exalted, some kind of nonsense, in the Romantic style of the forties."

"We shall save her from his revenge."

"But what if I have such a document?" I shouted, with my eyes flashing.

Lambert: "Do you really think I don't know that you've got it? You told me yourself, didn't you?"

"When? While I was delirious?"

"Yes."

Lambert: "You are very kind, ~~you are generous~~."

The Youth: "Yes, I am kind."

Lambert: "You are generous."

The Youth: "Oh, I am generous."

Lambert: "I saw her, but she didn't see me. It is important that she shouldn't see me."

"Only you're stupid, Lambert, that's what; really, you don't understand a thing of what I'm saying."

Lambert does not argue the point.

In chapter three, Versilov's role, communism, inevitability, economic overcrowdedness in the world. Suffocation (a fantastic picture, with brilliance).

"The Lord will save us, He will send us something."

Political ideas. Talked about the future of Russia, about wealth. Versilov about the Chinese.

N.B. All this together<is> two chapters. Lambert, also a separate chapter.

After the rendezvous scene, and so to the very end, the Youth is tormented by the thought that he loves the woman with whom his father is also in love. That drunken night at Lambert's he hated <Him?> for this. But he has a change of heart and loathes himself for it the next day.

In the beginning of chapter three. Versilov came to my place and timidly said: "Makar Ivanovich is asking for you. We have decided to keep it secret from your mother. Be patient, my friend, if you can. And if you can, please come down and join <them>."

I was moved... I'll say nothing about myself.

And then, throughout the chapter: And later: he returns, and a dream, a dream, a different, bestial dream, how could hell get on with paradise so well?

[3d part. More briefly] For the first time I was observing myself with some puzzlement.

I should have placed some value on Versilov's feelings toward my mother, but even then I didn't know everything, and the rest was a part of me.*

After the confession. "Oh, blessed be this minute, Versilov. ~~The memory~~ The memory of those great moments. No matter what would happen later... I regret that I started these notes in this tone of a raw youth. Yet, I do have some things to remember, too!"

~~GENERAL THOUGHTS~~

In his confession Versilov speaks with enthusiasm of the sincerity of a youth (about Diakov, etc.), about Mother, about her purity. "Long live everything great!" "What is great?" "Sincerity."

3d chapter. Not a word about myself. I was well again after three days. A feeling of convalescence. Versilov came to my room: "Makar Ivanovich is asking for you. Be careful." I am not describing it in consecutive order. I was feeling attracted by the old man. Versilov's opinion. I would have liked to ask him: "Aren't you envious?" But I found it impossible: obvious sincerity. I was surprised by his deference. Stories. Tatiana. Stinking Lizaveta. "There is understanding in you." N.B. These few days, oh, blessed be... A different Versilov, evenings, Mother. This old man. Versilov's opinions. We did a lot of talking. But I no longer was afraid to talk. All this was only about

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* Unclear in the original.

Roman emperors, and such things. Not a word about her, and I was feeling at ease. Arguments. Politics. Mother. Versilov about socialism. Soon, Mother's name day; Makar about Mother's childhood. The episode with Vasin. Thereupon, their arrest. Liza insulted, the marriage. Versilov: "He can't tell her a thing, he does not know life." Liza at Makar's, tears, Liza. "All kinds of grief will pass, Job had children," Versilov ("I'll get married"). I to Liza: "Tomorrow I shall go out, only don't tell anyone." Good spirits and evil. Lambert, the crime, and this immediately after the scene at Makar's.

THE CHILDREN OF JOB. 4<th chapter>. Going out.

After the meeting with Lambert in chapter four. Dirtied myself. But something was pulling me toward that snake pit with a furious vehemence, with a voluptuous feeling, and a sinking heart. I wanted to escape from that moral deformity and ended up by outdoing all the others. I was frightened. I got scared. To Makar.

BASIC IDEAS.

In chapter three: "What could *she* have been thinking of me?" (Ever since that first letter to Bioring).

In chapter four, after Lambert, returning to Makar. "They've got a scheme, a scheme! Run."

[HERE] IN THE FINALE. When did the old Prince flee? his flight takes place in the morning. Lambert, together with Anna Andreevna, but he cheats her right there: He had promised her that, upon the old Prince's flight, he would confirm him in his ideas by showing him the document. But what actually happened was that the night before, having gained possession of the document, Lambert decided to wait and not show it to the old Prince, ~~for~~ figuring that Anna Andreevna might not marry <him> after all, for some reason or other; so that, in that case, he couldn't collect on her I.O.U. But having the document in hand, he decided to better wait another *day* or so and try to sell the document to *her:* collecting on an I.O.U. of hers would be a much surer thing. In the meantime Anna Andreevna has already given the old Prince a bad scare by telling him ~~that~~ orally that the document exists and that she is going to show it to him, as soon as he runs away. But the document never is produced. And then, Bioring appears on the scene, and the Prince leaves, angry at Anna Andreevna because he thinks that she has deceived him. However, the Prince had been frightened more than one might have expected beforehand. When Bioring appeared, he embraced him with tears of remorse, telling him about the document, and that he had been deceived. All this day Anna Andreevna was pestering Lambert, urging him to let her

have the document as promised. But Lambert failed to show up, giving as an excuse that it was the Youth who had the document. The Youth, in turn, proudly declares to Anna Andreevna that he's got the document in his pocket and that he is not going to give it to anybody. Yet it is he again who is insulted by Bioring, after having acted in this fashion.

3d chapter. *One more programme.*

[I've gotten up and I'm not going back to bed again. I am putting this down because everything that happened then meant the formation of something new, the formation of a <new> life.]

Convalescence. Strength. Versilov comes to see me: "Makar Ivanovich is asking for you." Makar Ivanovich. *His health.* I was touched by their common sympathy. That time, of the evening.

[Tales about saints. Few images. <Illegible> a dreamer.]

As I recall it, this old man was treating <me> with a strange condescension. I'm afraid to say that it is perhaps the brightest <memory in my life>.

Arguments—about the hermit, about the reign of Christ. This is communism. Not entirely so. "You are a great dreamer." Enthusiasm. Tales about saints. Mary of Egypt.

[A few days of convalescence. Even the doctor.]

[I forgave the doctor a lot. Of course, this was one of those ~~rather~~ most ordinary people. But I liked his affection for our family. Medical arrogance.]

[Versilov's respect for Makar, Versilov. Mother is grateful. But I noticed that even Versilov himself used to pay visits to Makar. I was very anxious to hear what they might be talking about. They are interpreting <the Book of> Job.[14] A thicket.] I was surprised at Versilov's respect for Makar.

Only after a long time did I understand who Makar was. Evenings. Used to tell stories, inconsistency. For example, how they beat up that monk. "You are contradicting yourself." About the merchant. About Stinking Lizaveta. About Job. Satan, etc. About the future of our world. (All exalted ideas.) "There is a thicket inside him." Once, about politics. Mother stands up for Russia. By the way, about Mother, her childhood. (Here, Tatiana.) N.B. Polish this.

Back to bed. An evil spirit bit me. A wound. "I wonder what *she* thinks of me?" (Bioring). Shines. *A dream* (briefly, forcefully and

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[14] See note 2 of this section.

through hints, the document). Evil spirits. Liza. Vasin. She feels insulted, in brief, <her> story. Liza. They've been arrested. "He is calling you."

My heart was palpitating ("Go, go! "Should I see Lambert, or shouldn't I?"). Absolutely, absolutely! I am stronger than Lambert.

N.B. "That's what it means to live in sin: the tale about that soldier, a soldier is a muzhik gone rotten. A lawyer is a hired conscience."

In <his> confession—Versilov about the harmonious life.

"When you pronounced that word 'the harmonious life,' I thought to myself, why really, this is my own idea, and you are mine, you are my son."

A first, gasping for breath.

Later, communism, the idea contained in atheism.

Makar: "My dear children, it isn't that I'm <praising?> dead nature, and they shall see the sign of the Son of man, and they will prostrate themselves."

"Most probably you are right, Makar Ivanovich."

N.B. N.B. N.B.

About politics, after the stories.

This is what he told <us>—Mother is a patriot. Then about Job, about Mother. I'll never forget it ~~the story~~, <that> night, about atheism, and gasping for breath.

In the morning, Liza. The arrest. Liza with Makar. Liza. "What is he going to tell her? He does not know ~~anything about people~~ people." About the arrest. "He isn't as he used to be before; he is dying, he is going to die soon, he is going to die much sooner than we think, we must be ready."

I shall not try to formulate <my> mental condition. If my reader were to find out he wouldn't believe it. Rather, I'll tell about it later, in a factual way that will allow me to express myself better. Let my reader only keep in mind the soul of a spider, and this in a person who was going to leave them all, and forsake the world in the name of "the harmonious life." A thirst for the harmonious life coupled with God only knows what other thirsts, and all of it in perfect consciousness.

"Is it a breadth of character that one finds in Russian people, or is it simply baseness?" said Andrei Petrovich, "here is what I have to say: I didn't know myself at that moment whether I ought to be proud, or ought to despise myself."

"As for them, they've all condescendingly forgiven it." Versilov. <?>

"So then, tomorrow I am leaving the house: I wonder what *she* thinks of me? Here, here is my most important line..." Leaving the house.

A few days passed. How one thing could exist right next to the other. A calm with stormy intentions. A rich man.

But before <beginning to realize> my stormy intentions, I decided I was going to get completely well again, and in the meantime take advantage of the calm.

See BASIC IDEAS.

"Why pamper them? If I did, they'd ~~talk~~ raise an even louder howl against me. Why feel sorry for them? All this will be to no avail—people will talk even more."

Could it be that anybody would refuse to accept such great luck? Finally, he says to her: "Here's what, my honest widow..."

Again, there's a lot of stealing going on.

These people are like little children; whatever they see they grab.

To take upon oneself such eternal torments.

I also used to ~~execute~~ administer similar beatings to the one I had before.

Learn something, don't fool around.

All this is to no avail. People will talk even more.

This man has turned into a brute.

The Abbot. Whispered something in her ear. She agreed.

The livelong day. As was your pleasure.

Any good thing takes time. Keep still, don't fuss around.

Not exactly aunts, just distant relations.

Comfort in my grief, which has afflicted me gravely.*

This arrow has pierced my heart.

As Thou didst, at one time, oh Lord, accept Paul, so accept me, oh Lord, me the cursed, me the outcast.**

If I spend my time without profit to my soul, I won't be able to return it.

There was an unhypocritical love between them, and like a single soul in two bodies.

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* Entirely in Church Slavonic; perhaps a biblical quotation.

** Entirely in Church Slavonic.

You have turned me over to all <these> people to be trod upon.

One does not communicate with a stranger (not communicating).

Nor will the Lord leave my sorrow unrewarded, nor my wanderings.

And to leave all this is no mean cross, nor a light sorrow.

And for a woman to remain alone, like a swallow that has lost her nest.

He was tossing about and grieving, like a fish on dry land.

And he lost some of his own capital.

These people are worn out. And you are more worn out than they are.

Even God's angels are imperfect; only our Lord Jesus Christ is perfect and without sin, which is why the angels serve him.

The words of a desperate man are spoken to the wind.

He hath cast me into the mire, so that my very garments loathe me.

My glory hath been dispersed, like the wind, and my happiness hath passed, like a cloud.*

Inescapable grief.

"I was hard and cruel, I imposed heavy burdens and was demanding of people."

"What does a man live by, but good examples."

"My life is coming to an end."

Whosoever does not want to work, let him not eat either.

A man is being stubborn: "I'm not going to forgive you," for perhaps that man doesn't even know what makes him stick to his own <position>.

These are worn-out people in these parts, people here can't take much.

Little children, little troubles.**

Live off you for a while.

Do us a favor, show us your favor.

"So that's what you thought."

"I have been administering similar beatings to the others as well, so what does he <illegible>."

To get married.

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* Apparently these last two or three phrases are quotations from memory from the Book of Job.

** The Russian editor has *detki malen'kie, tak i vedki malen'kie,* where *vedki* (which makes no sense) is clearly misread, or misprinted, for *bedki,* 'troubles.'

I was in profound agreement with him. The doctor: prescribed some drops, left, took 800 rubles.

He had committed many sins, without giving it any thought at all, but now this one little sinless soul had him caught. He could not stand it. This is how miraculously things happen at times.

"You, my honest widow, you are still young and lovely, I know what you need, you need a husband," he was saying that in a frenzy.

There is such cough; whooping cough it is called.

And so they got that cough.

The girls.

Little children, in the sunshine, in their bare feet... they see no evil, sense no danger, sunshine—they are so happy, sleep at night like little angels.

She gave all her money to her monastery, to be distributed among widows and homeless orphans. As for Afimevsk, things went a lot worse than before after he had given up the factory.

So he is sitting there, in the tavern, naked, not a thread on his body. He'll leave the tavern—these are worn-out people, they'll get drunk themselves, then wail over their own misfortunes...

"You can't deal with these people in any different way," says the merchant ~~what are they complaining about, what~~, for he would pay them at his own pleasure, "I know," he would say, "when it is the right time to pay a man."

About the boy: He isn't this, nor is he that, he's just looking at him in wonder. He's got him scared, that's what it is. Only he doesn't know that. "Why doesn't he love me?"

"The boy is not going to forgive us." She shakes all over, makes a bow before him, and so each goes his own way. Having mourned her children and her husband, for she had, in those three years, come to love him in her heart.

But it hasn't the right foundation; all this can't overcome, in his heart—those things that had happened before.

He summoned a painter.

2 little fists, God, the river, got himself all worn out.

"The child has not forgiven us."

"I am going to build a church for him."

They went.

They called in doctors from the capital.

A good deal of incoherence about these stories, i.e., sometimes it remained completely unclear with what aim the story was being told. I repeat, from tender emotion.

Not too mystical.

Not too interested in current secular events.

His pleasure at hearing certain political news sometimes would reach the level of pure bliss.

"This is what the communists believe," he would add every minute. "However, I do not know whether this is what the communists believe in, for I am not sufficiently familiar with this matter." There remained a terrible suspicion in my mind: "Don't you believe in these very things yourself?" I was avidly listening to him.

Versilov: "No, this is what the communists believe in, at least this is what they ought to believe in, because otherwise they won't get anywhere at all."

I: "This is still dead nature" (Oh, I didn't understand, then).

"Dead, my friend," exclaimed Makar, "but suddenly there is Christ who says: 'Here I am.' "

Mother is a patriot, Mother's childhood, on the occasion of Mother's name day.

After the stinking one: Mother's name day was approaching, *if I'd only stay alive until then.*

Incidentally, Mother is a patriot.

Recollections of Mother.

"Allow me to shake hands with you and to declare that, sometimes, you are still an honest man."

Versilov and I: I'm feeling uneasy.

For there are instances where even the victor is sometimes ashamed before the man he has defeated, for having gotten the better of him.

We both seemed to be embarrassed. Though there were frequent outbursts of irrepressible emotions, we were still seeking to restrain ourselves, as if we were both ashamed of each other ~~because~~ and, to tell the truth, it apparently made the whole thing more pleasurable. ~~For there are instances~~

Communism. Oh yes, this is so—but he was greatly interested, was asking questions very eagerly, but then Versilov *cut us short.*

There are many diversions; you may easily forget all about mankind. Money isn't a god, it is a demigod. I learned this from his stories. They didn't have the slightest moralizing tendency; all that seemed to matter was that they should be very moving. A house serf, a passion for ideas, for news, a respect for education, because he doesn't mind being close to his masters. ~~Politics~~ "You know, he actually likes politics. A muzhik couldn't care less about such things, not excluding, perhaps, even the bible-reading sectarian."

Communism: Economic power will never tie people together, only moral power will. Where, then, do we get this integrating moral power? Versilov was claiming that the most advanced among the communists were seeking it in atheism. The love of God and God divert man from his love of mankind. But then, everybody will move up closer to everyone else, like orphans, and man will begin to love his own solitary majesty. In the beginning, a man will sacrifice everything for the sake of another man. Later, all of mankind <will do the same> for the sake of nature.

If we believe in God, our respect for human reason must needs disappear, and from <a disappearance of> respect for human reason, also our respect for the image of man, which gave birth to reason, and consequently, also <our respect> for human dignity <must disappear>, and so our respect for one another.

But all this he would repeat only in a casual manner: most of all he liked that mood of tender emotionality, which is why he was often telling us his stories.

Job—new children.

Old evil vanishes, and changes into tender emotion. Here, Makar switches from his own stormy <?> life to recollections of my mother—how she used to sanctify his soul even while still a child.

Children don't stand <on the same spot very long>. This is how God will sometimes find a human soul. "I am going to make a man out of him, he does not love me. Why doesn't he love me? He is not devoted to me."

He took him from the factory. "Maybe I will make him the heir of my entire fortune." He pressed his two little fists to his heart.

Finale. 1st, starting with a new chapter.

I verified these words on my own part: I remember, that morning I was struck by a feeling of sympathy. Without Versilov, I would have missed a lot about this old man, who has left some momentous memories in my heart. He had little education, didn't know any <?> broader ideas.

Versilov: "He wasn't that <bad>. He is approaching his end." "Come on, he'll live some more, but is it true that he is really that bad?"

N.B. Made up with the doctor. I ascribe this also to <my> convalescence.

In the *Finale.* Yet Lambert found out something that was of great value to him. He realized what the document was really worth, seeing and deducing it from the scare it gave the Prince—a scare which he

hadn't at all expected to be that strong. This is why he got the idea that some people who had an interest in this matter might really pay a lot for that document.

Liza: "So you know? You really know?" We embraced on the stairs.

Lambert, during our very first meeting, began to talk about how one might shake <her> down for some money. I decided that I was going to be *broad-minded,* so I sat there and listened to him. "Lambert, but this is called blackmail!" "They are pigs themselves."

At Anna Andreevna's. I felt that she was lying, and that she was a wicked woman, but it is a strange thing with women: this semblance of integrity, these manners, this impregnability of high society eminence and proud chastity, this show of virtuousness—all this got me confused, and I began to find myself in agreement with her, that is, so long as I was sitting there with her. At least I wouldn't have dared to contradict her, not for anything in the world. A man is decidedly, in a moral sense, a woman's slave. Such a woman can persuade an inexperienced and generous man of almost anything. I was actually feeling sorry for her, by the way, for only recently I had still loved her and, as far as her scheme with the old Prince was concerned, I still did not entirely understand the whole extent of it.

N.B. Anna Andreevna would have preferred to be dealing with me, rather than with Lambert (N.B. Absolutely include an explanation on the part of the Youth). I was sitting there, thinking to myself: "How could she join Lambert?"

Anna Andreevna: "I am too proud to deal with persons unknown to me." And, during our second meeting: "But you have got the document?" Nastasia Egorovna: "And you aren't going to run off, Sir?"

[Anna Andreevna is hoping that the old Prince will send for Prince Platon and some other people to whom he will then show the ~~letter~~ document, to prove that he is not insane.]

Paid no attention to broad-mindedness. Is this broad-mindedness, or simply baseness? (After the Prince's confession) I always asked myself this question: Is this <a sign of> broad-mindedness in the Russian character, or is it simply baseness?

The Youth to Lambert: "I've got *an idea.*"

At the police station. The police officer. On the next day.

"I am told that you've come up with something."

"I haven't done a thing, I was at my own home."

He used to kiss her (Mother), he used to call her his *wife.* Never would I have suspected such powerful feeling in him. Before me, there was standing a different person.

The Youth to Lambert, regarding His love for *her:* "I was believing it, but only *for one moment,* but now I don't, now I know what the situation really is like." (It is pride.)

[Chapter, beginning.] I must explain directly something I still did not know then, though I did of course have my suspicions, or, to put it better, I was suspecting *the worst, without being properly afraid of it:* Lambert was the ringleader of a so-called blackmail ring. He had heard about the document from me. But, after his own fashion, he was extremely smart. His further *plans will be explained later.* Oh, he would have betrayed me. He wanted to join Anna Andreevna, but the thing was that the document was then still in my hands.

Lambert and I, for the first time.

All the things which we had been talking about were, so it appeared to me, completely implausible, unrealizable, and fantastic, yet I was discarding, one by one (as if I were reading an implausible, yet enticing novel) all of these improbabilities, as I kept on talking solely to enjoy my own fantasies, and something else yet, something that was swarming all over my heart, like some predatory beast, like some vile serpent. Before leaving the house: "Now I must myself piece together this whole plot." Did I really love her?

At the police station: Prince Dolgoruky?

The Youth lets Anna Andreevna know that *she* has treated him so very badly (giving in). Anna Andreevna is enthusiastic in her sympathy for him.

With Anna Andreevna: that Katerina Nikolaevna has again begun to show herself in society, about Bioring ("Maybe I've got Bioring"). Anna Andreevna was feeling that things were again going smoothly between <*her* and> Bioring, and was worried that there might be another sally on the part of Versilov, which is why she was seeking the Youth's help. This the Youth explains, as he is leaving Anna Andreevna, already *from his own point of view* (i.e., that thing about Bioring).

Lambert has two plans: if the document does exist (as he has told Anna Andreevna), then either sell it to Anna Andreevna for *money,* after she has gotten married, or sell it *to her?* [or to Bioring?] What would be the most profitable? That's why he is informing himself through the Youth: where would he have a better chance? And what's most important, he would very much like to become the sole holder of the document, by cheating the Youth, which is also why he is needling the Youth with such questions as: Did it hurt a lot when Bioring gave him that licking?

Or to Bioring, or to Versilov? But he never does approach Versilov.

The Youth, *from his own point-of-view,* to the reader about how Lambert succeeded in "filtering himself through" to Anna Andreevna. "How did they do it? And what could they have said to each other? I couldn't have done it."

A project to kidnap the Prince and bring him to my flat, and to show him the document right there.

[Lambert's simplicity.]

It is Anna Andreevna who asks the Youth that definitive question:* i.e., "Can I count on you if the Prince seeks refuge at your flat? That is, that you are going to show him the document."

[Here.] WHAT'S MOST IMPORTANT, all this is told *from* the Youth's *own point of view,* though, at their first meeting, Anna Andreevna says next to nothing directly, only in obscure allusions, which goes for Bioring, and the flat, and the document. Instead, she sends him to Lambert. She tells him that Lambert had come to see her to inquire about the Youth's health, while he was ill, asks him about that night and about how he was insulted by Bioring; in a word, she is *excessively* solicitous.

[He is greatly pained by those rumors about Bioring.]

In theory, it didn't bother me.

That demon, that demon, and life be blessed; that shame; I swear it was all so innocent. Just an urge to live, to live. No, I think that I'll accomplish a good deal in my lifetime. So far I have never once lost hope.

Alphonsine to Tsarskoe Selo. But about this, later. The small pictures in the stethoscope. *Alphonsine, là voila.* Ah-ah-ah, tooboe.**

Further idea of parts three and four.

Versilov lays himself bare entirely. He speaks of humility as of the greatest power, which has conquered the world, and of independence through self-restraint; chains (he is rather cool toward Makar), and only occasionally does he allude to the letter, in a strange, fitful way. (The Youth suddenly learns that he ~~has been~~ is looking for that letter.) Finally, he decides to marry Sofiia Andreevna. The Youth is begging him to do it. (A pathetic scene.) Suddenly, chopping up the icons and, the day before, a marriage proposal to the Akhmakov woman who, in turn, is already engaged. Then, he disappears until

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* In the original, a *lapsus calami:* "answer."

** For *tout beau.*

the Youth finally finds him. (This is pride and passion in the highest degree, to the point of madness.)

And then the conflagration.

[In part four] When the Youth told him about the document he said: "I always suspected it, in fact I was convinced of it."

In part three, the Youth is wondering why Versilov seems to have forgotten all about the document. But, having chopped up the icons, and disappeared out of sight, Versilov did make an attempt to make a deal with Lambert and with Stebelkov. But then he left them in a hurry. When the Youth has finally found him, he lets him have the document. He does not take it. They go on together.

The ideal, its presence in one's soul, a thirst, a need to believe in [something... to worship something] and the absence of any kind of faith. This gives birth to two feelings in <the soul of> a high type of contemporary man: boundless pride and boundless self-contempt. Observe his hellish sufferings, watch him trying to convince himself that he is actually a believer... And then, his clashes with reality, where he invariably shows up so ridiculous, so ridiculous and so petty... and so insignificant. *He* suspects that what one must do is work on oneself, restrain oneself, and that this would cost an endless effort. And so he does tax himself with the duty of self-perfection, does it gladly, enthusiastically... [choosing for himself nothing but chains all along.] Occasionally, he would be bothered by a feeling of tormenting unbelief and skepticism, but He stands, and, finally, it appears that he has come close to his goal... And there, as he clashes head-on with reality, he takes a terrible fall, showing himself feeble and nerveless. Why? <Because> He is uprooted from the soil, a child of his age...

[Makar the Wanderer, the one who just died, gave me this idea.]

You are angry because there are such people. In order to get a really close look at them, in order to discover what is innermost in them, one must have a love of people. Then, you'll also have the eye for it, and you will see that there are many of them.

N.B. *August 11.* [this, in the confession <scene>]

It is Versilov who makes this revelation to *her,* and *she* suddenly says to him: "You are going to seek a terrible revenge for the humiliation of this confession."

"We are among those who are unable to remain at rest in a vacuum. And so, finally, I acquired a faith in self-perfection and in my chains. Let it be that I believe in nothing, but this is because I am a<moral> cripple, a child of my age, [Russian] and have to bear the curse of my

age, because I am depraved and was born depraved, for Russians, for these last two centuries, have been born depraved. But I am going to break myself, and then my vision will be purified. Then I shall believe, and here *You* are!"

The underground man is the principal type of this Russian world. I have discussed him more often than any other writer, though others have discussed him too, for it was impossible not to see him.

My story about the merchant. Such complexity, along with such immediacy, you won't find in any other writer today.

Versilov (on the day before <the Youth> leaves the house) about the Prince (they have been arrested), and furthermore: "My friend, I'd wish *to warn* you of some scoundrels and... (here we looked at each other, and both of us blushed) However, what am I... how silly!" He grinned, and left.

Ohé, Lambert, où est Lambert, as-tu vu Lambert?[15]

Lambert.

"I've got an *idea.*"

"Why, you always used to have ideas, you were the most clever of all of us in school." (This coarse flattery had its effect.)

"Versilov is clever, he is deceiving you."

"You know nothing, you... dog (why was I calling him a dog?). Now I'm stronger than you are, I can beat you up."

"I'd deserve it."

"But remember, Lanz, the Catholic?" (he's a good fellow, I thought).

I left, drunk. Having left drunk, I remembered on the boulevard: "*She,* a student, what would she be thinking of me!"

It was the Prince who denounced <them>. Of course, he knew nothing very substantial himself, and his denunciation was made on a random guess; yet it turned out that he had known a thing or two after all. With Liza. Oh, how we embraced. And I still went to see Anna Andreevna.

Dinner: The fat-arsed little Prince was crying. Kept pestering some officer. The pock-marked fellow was sulking and remained silent. While the taciturn tall fellow suddenly began to shout *Ohé, Lambert!*

THE NIGHT THE DOCUMENT WAS CUT OUT, the Youth, in a frenzy (at Lambert's): "He is the purest of men, and He must not know about this, but I shall show Him what kind of a woman she is. She is in His

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[15] French: "Oh, Lambert, where is Lambert? Have you seen Lambert?"

way. She has ruined His life. She has received so much for nothing, while He has had to pay for it with his own suffering, and *she* triumphs, while He is lost. I want to save Him. I want to smash His idol. Let me have Him back. I want to restore him to the state which He was in three days [nights] ago. I will show Him what she is capable of. "You take the money, and I... and when she hands over the ransom money, I'll fling that document in her face! Let Him see all this filth, and come to his senses. You, Lambert, are a scoundrel," etc.

On the next day ~~at the Akhmakov woman's~~ at the old Prince's (i.e., at my own place). Won't release the document. What was I waiting for? But how could one smash His ideal? Which is the better: not smash it, or smash it? Not knowing which was better: <I> refused to let anyone see the document. Thereupon, <my> arrest, and a night at the police station. Unequivocal decision to clear myself, and then <pursue> my idea, my idea!

The day before, at the time of the old Prince's flight, Lambert had learned from the Youth that the latter had agreed to let *her* have the document, *on the following day* and through Tatiana, at Tatiana's flat. They arrive. Makar Ivanovich: "Leave it, forget it." Versilov's son, <his> role.

Finale. And how could I stand the fact that Versilov was right there, with him, with Lambert, involved in a blackmail plot, robbers, my ideal trampled underfoot.

In the last chapter: A letter to *her,* about the document. Must be from Tatiana.

The Youth made an arrangement with Tatiana the day before, still on the day of <the scene with> Anna Andreevna, according to which Tatiana would write her that the Youth would like to hand over the document to her. Tatiana did write that letter. [The first meeting does take place at Tatiana's.] A night at the police station, but the document is already gone for a long time. Went to see Tatiana. He reaches into his pocket—no document! At Lambert's. Alphonsine comes running (or the Youth): *"C'est chez nous!"*[16] Tatiana then over to *her,* to tell her that she shouldn't come. The Youth to Lambert, along the way he learns that it isn't Lambert who has it <now>, but Tatiana. He returns and catches her. *"Il n'est plus temps."*[17] To my flat. Alphonsine, on the contrary, tells the Youth,

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[16] French: "It's our place."
[17] French: "There's no more time."

"C'est chez nous,"[18] Tatiana has been tricked. Let Tatiana know so that she can warn *her* not to come. Tatiana sends word to her, and she comes to see Tatiana, and so they are both at Tatiana's, which *the Youth* has found out, so that he stays at Tatiana's.*

At Lambert's, *le grand dadais* and *le petit vilain,*[19] at three roubles each. *Le grand dadais* had been kicked out of Dussot's <restaurant> for pestering some officer. He was standing there, waiting, at the windows for a long time.

Dies irae, dies illa solvet saeclum in favilla. I love Margaret, crying.[20]

Something more delightful.

About Efim.

!Lambert! There is a priest there.

[Here.] in the finae. The Youth: "I let a certain person read my notes, and here is what he told me" (and here, quote the author's opinion, that is, my own).

And instead of the traditional family (the Rostovs), an emerging family, an ephemeral family, and new, searching for the harmonious life, seeking to find its own level, and even (new) forms.

Versilov's confession. A pattern of universal self-conceit, a pattern of universal searching for the cause of our <present> misfortunes, and of seeking to find a remedy for them in certain external causes, <all this> has made me turn to the inner man, and to ask myself: "Could it be that I myself am guilty?" And therefore—self-improvement.

"Why, you are yourself a crook. Why do you think people ought to be honest?" I said to Lambert.

"Doesn't one need honest people in a crooked business? Much more so than anywhere else, ha-ha-ha!"

As the Youth is walking over to Tatiana Pavlovna's immediately after Makar's death, to inform her of it, he thinks to himself: "How is this? Only the other day Makar Ivanovich was prophesying his own death, and on the very next day he actually died."

The Youth and Lambert, in their second meeting, prior to the chopping up <of those icons>.

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* Not quite clear in the original.

[18] French: "It's at our place."

[19] French: "The big clown." "The petty villain."

[20] Latin: "Day of wrath, the day that will turn the world into ashes." From scene xx of Goethe's *Faust.*

"Because this is so simple and so banal."

["It can't be that simple."]

"Because you are hidebound. You are obtuse. [I've got you caught."]

In the *Finale* (the Youth is seeking <his own level>, the lost level of the Rostovs). [*They go and join the people.*] The Russian family as such is seeking <its own> level.

But in Russian youth, there is a good deal of instinctive striving for the good, for light... Versilov in <his> confession... This is touching, this is naïve. His whole irrepressible love for you has come to the fore <here>."

His was a great idea—but he had none of the means to transform it into action. There aren't any bad people in Russia, there aren't any at all.

Lambert, during their encounter: "You know, *they* (Mikhailov, Trishatov) have gone over to his side (i.e., to the pock-marked man's)."

Lambert: "I am no criminal, but he (the pock-marked man) is. He would drive nails into a box containing a corpse to <the accompaniment of> a piano, and he will corrupt them."

I to Lambert: "You are getting all excited about that pock-marked man. It seems that I am the only one left with you."

N.B. MAKAR'S DEATH and <Versilov's> decision regarding Mother (i.e., his decision to leave *her* for good)—such is the effect of Makar's death upon Versilov.

N.B. THE LIFE of that old man was tying ME down, I couldn't decide my own fate.

THE GIST OF THE CONFESSION. What *she* meant to Him. "Now I am leaving her with a feeling of reverence. I am free. I have a feeling that I can leave her. Let's go. I love you, my boy. Your mother has allowed me to marry her. Do you know this? An ecstatic image of youth, of everything, of a new life, which has begun for Versilov. Blessings, "I am drinking to her. This is what *she* has meant to me" (story). Then the story of my mother, in a few lines. "I was noticing the thoughts she was having, as I looked at her surprised face, when she (Mother) and I were setting out to meet life together, and she was getting involved deeper and deeper. (The difference in our backgrounds, in our education, all this she did see, she *the ignorant peasant woman!*) Oh, if you only knew what a human being she is." ("The little beetle." A feat for her sake. About Lidiia.)

About Mother and Makar. The little beetle. Self-perfection. SHE.

Got it for nothing. Mother has allowed me to marry her. He about about *her*—badly. "Now again, just as an ordinary mortal, as your Mother's husband and your father." About Tatiana Pavlovna. The boy on the harmonious life.

You've been looking for it. The Rostov family, going out to join the people. "Let's drink!"

In the confession, THE MOST IMPORTANT THING.

Versilov: "All *she* has given me is torture, so let us drink to torture! Now away with this, I am renouncing it, I love only you! Why, do you really think that you'll escape from me? You have defeated me, boy!"

Sitting in a corner... (A tender and ecstatic declaration of love. Princess Katia.)

Now I was suddenly feeling as if all this were only a mirage. The harmonious life. I was looking for it. Living to become like the Rostovs. "And so you escaped into your *idea.* You are dear to me. You have defeated me, boy."

"Everything is good, all life is good, merge with the universe." Atheists. Christ on the White Sea.[21]

"(Are you a Freemason? Are you in on some plot?)"

"No, my dear."

"I was, my dear. Could there be a Russian who was not, at one time, involved in a conspiracy?"

Finale... Isn't it Tatiana who writes a letter about the document, so that the rendezvous will take place at Tatiana's flat?

Versilov's criticism.

Makar: "Love had grown in her heart." He'd come up with such colossal pronouncements with the greatest of ease, yet at the same time he'd be talking about the rod.

Makar. I was struck by his humane attitude. He thought in terms of the rod, yet "love was growing in her heart."

From Versilov's confession it becomes apparent how much Mother means to him (that He had loved her 1,000 times more and *had been taking this liaison much more seriously* than the Youth would have ever thought. "The little beetle," and suddenly, a meeting with *her.* Königsberg and Mother.)

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[21] Reference to Heine's poem "Frieden" from his cycle *Das Buch der Lieder.* Heine narrates the return of Christ to earth and the regeneration of the people under Christ's love. Heine's poem, as well as Versilov's dream, must be counted as precursor of "The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor."

[Recalled Makar.]

After "the little beetle"—about Mother, her surprise. Wrote for Mother to come, and there she suddenly was.

A thirst for the harmonious life. "You, my dear, were enthralling me; the same was happening to me as was then happening to you. After that outburst with Bioring, a reaction took place: I felt that this had been my last insane act and that I was, like you, thirsting for a harmonious life. And who was it that planted these feelings inside me? He and no one else, Makar, 'innocent infant, grow, God's green grass.' "

"Today is the day of <my> great triumph. I feel that my madness has ended. Let us drink to *her.* This has been a captivity of beauty. A powerful feeling, here on Earth. She got it for nothing. She is actually evil.* She is a most ordinary woman. She is virtuous enough to feel sorry for Mother. If I were to abandon *her* too lightly, she'd poison me after your own fashion. Oh, if *she* only were to hear me, she'd forgive understand me. But let nobody know about it." "*She* is going to know," the Youth shouts. "And you love her": passionate words.

[Here] Also, in the beginning of the confession—a critique of society, of degenerate Russian thought.

N.B. Take *from the Little Beetle:* about responsibility to oneself, once one has become conscious, and about the golden age.

He to her at the rendezvous: "I would like you to understand *my innocent one,* in what state you are leaving me here."

He: "I would like to know that you have understood in what state you are leaving me here."

"I am going to destroy you."

She: "And you won't feel sorry for my youth, aren't you going to feel sorry for what has been before?" (She is afraid).

"Say yes, submit."

She (proudly): "No... Let it stay the way it is. I am myself a little like you."

He: "That's better. A little more, and I might have forgiven you and left—now you are beautiful that way."

She: "Let's both forgive everything to each other and—go our separate ways."

He: "~~What if I can't?~~ I can*not*... because everything is finished. Nor does it really matter."

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* *Durna:* ambiguous in Russian, since the adjective means "evil" and "ugly."

He: "No, as for revenge, blood—that's, too, a sort of possession."
<His?> blood all clotted in bruises.
She: "Why, this is all from books."
She: "Why won't you kill me right away?"
He: "I can't right now."
She: "Oh yes, your word of honor."
"No, it isn't that; rather, I'll be thinking about you tonight yet."
She: "Torment yourself as you did that time?"
"Let us part: and I shall be thinking of you as of a most precious person, as of a great heart, as of something truly great for me to respect and to love. You are going to be a great and a most serious thought in my life."
(She laughed at debauchery among children. N.B. Some kind of graceful confession to him, à la Princess Katia.)[22]
She to Him: "Yes, I used to love you; but not enough. I quit loving you very soon, seeing that here... *I hadn't found what I needed.*"
"What is it you need? Please do condescend to my insignificance. Tell me what is it you need?"
(She advances the ideal of a simple and clean-cut man.) (*"I like cheerful people."*)
She to Him: "I am not worthy of you. I am a blockhead."
"Well, I'm going to tell you the whole truth: There is something funny about you."
She to Him: "Be virtuous, marry Mother."
About Mother—"Don't you dare to mention her."
"You're inhuman," Bioring.
"Now I believe that you are telling the truth." Here, the *Finale.*
"Because you have been taking such great risks, I may actually forgive you. Leave me alone, spare me this."
After having chopped up the icons: "No, this isn't so simple. [Remember forever.]"
Lambert and He agree that Lambert is going to rape her.
She to Him: "If that's what you want, I'll marry you, just don't kill me."
AFTER THE CONFESSION CHAPTER: Now I shall proceed in simple narrative style so far as this is possible. At Mother's. Body. Tears, etc.
The Youth explains, from HIS OWN POINT OF VIEW, His character prior to the concluding scene of the *conflagration,* i.e., of the *fatum* of

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[22] A reference to a character in Dostoevsky's *Netochka Nezvanova* (1849).

love. That is, how he had hoped, having become convinced of *her* high society vileness (with Lambert), to fall out of love with *her,* and become cured. N.B. *"But, having failed to fall out of love, he quite naturally went out of his mind,"* the Youth notes ON HIS OWN PART.

She: "Maybe I'll marry <you>, I'm very much afraid."

He: "I keep imagining you, and I do nothing all the time but talk to you. You are laughing all the time (during these nocturnal conversations)." A double. Madness.

One man burst into laughter over the grave.

I broke the icon.

The night before, Alphonsine, *"chez qui, chez qui?"* Later, Alphonsine saw the Youth entering Tatiana's flat. Later, the Youth <tells> Lambert, both the day before as well as after he is released from the police station, that he is going to see Tatiana. Then, when he shows up at Tatiana's: Alphonsine: *"C'est chez nous,"*[23] he cuts open the pocket and finds... a piece of paper. Alphonsine shows some remorse. So Alphonsine runs over to Tatiana's place. Tatiana, having received word from Alphonsine, runs over to *her* place; meanwhile, the Youth has just left and sees Versilov and Lambert. He pushes Alphonsine aside and enters through *Maria* <'s room?>.

A BIG QUESTION: Why does Lambert need Versilov?

Versilov may have had an agreement with *Maria,* and has thought it all up.

N.B. It's the idealist, more than anyone else, who is inclined to believe anything vile <of someone else>.

The Youth relates: He was convinced that *she* would fall with Lambert.

This is how Lambert begins <his interview> with *her:* "I am a friend of the Youth's, he has asked me to hand this to you, here's the letter."

It might have been assumed that Katerina Nikolaevna would come by our place first, to clarify the matter, but it could have happened otherwise, too; she could have proceeded to the other location directly, and in that case she would have been lost. Versilov <illegible> the double, <illegible>—"That's precisely it, the double, that's it," Tatiana Pavlovna drawled.

Lambert was exaggerating the importance <of the document?>, nor did he realize with whom he was dealing.

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[23] French: "It's at our place."

7) "My friend, if I were a Russian writer of talent, I would definitely take my heroes from among the Russian hereditary nobility, for it is only among this particular type of Russian people that there is a possibility of finding, if not order, <so> at least a semblance of beautiful order and of that very "harmonious life" which you and I have been looking for. You are laughing. Yet I'm [almost not talking nonsense,] really, and I'm almost not joking either. Already Pushkin, [our dear Pushkin] gave an outline of the plots of his future novels in "Onegin," at least some appointments,* and believe me that this is all that we've got ~~beautiful~~** that's beautiful ~~not beautiful So beautiful~~, at least as a whole, this ~~social class is~~ is everything we've got that's at least to some extent perfect. I am not saying this because I am Versilov and [so myself a nobleman] ~~it turns out~~, being the descendant of Suzdal' princes of the twelfth century, and very fond of being a nobleman, but rather because there is, at the foundation of this highest class of people, something that is without any doubt, immovable and incontestable. I am saying this because here ~~there are already existent, have been created~~ there already exist certain finished forms of honor and of duty, ~~and consequently, both the touching and the pathetic are open to the novelist. There is nothing in Russia that nothing, save the nobility, exists in Russia!~~ [that nowhere, except here in Russia, has ever been begun, much less completed] [that nowhere in Russia not only was never completed] which is the thing you find rarest of all in Russia. ~~There~~ Whether that honor is good, or whether the nobleman is true to his duty is a different question. What is important is the completeness ~~acquired~~ of these forms and, whatever kind of order it may be, an order ~~acquired over the centuries, saved by successive generations~~ not established by decree from above, but rather developed by the Russian people themselves ~~by the people themselves~~. My God, why, the most important thing for Russia is to have at least ~~some sort of stability and even the least~~ something stable, and an order which has not been decreed from above. ~~And what kind of a noble theme for a writer Oh, having lamented.~~ So then, if I were a novelist, I could be a realist ~~in the highest~~ to the highest degree. [and so my novelist said to himself, having no apprehensions whatsoever.] [Old-timers at the Club. Moscow gossips.] I might make no effort whatsoever ~~at realism~~ to conceal the

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* Unclear in the original.

** Here Dostoevsky is vacillating between *prekrasny* and *krasivy*.

fact that my heroes are most frequently the most ordinary people, that there are some very funny people among them ~~not being afraid to touch upon the highest born~~. I shall actually show [even] the most monstrous cripples, such as Silvio and the Hero of our time. I can trace the whole transformation of European ideas in the persons of the Russian nobility ~~there are going to show up in my work and among them also Freemasons and Decembrists~~, and each of these individuals may emerge from my pen ~~my side really very funny~~ as a most entertaining personage, and with amazing humor, and still ~~he is firm as a whole, and beautiful~~ present an integral whole—all this is going to be <a portrait?> poetic <?> of [extremely] <?> ~~as a whole, whereas it is dear to us even as a mere hope and more firmly in the picture as a whole,~~ beautiful and even sweet ~~willy nilly as in a picture and even hope.~~

Here there is hope, and you can rest your eyes: at least something that is ~~complete~~. Here you've got a family, here you've got ties and traditions, and in fact faith, ~~but~~ not a wrecking job, no debris or rubbish, from which nothing has come during those past two hundred years. Wherever it may be hidden, but still, some genuine faith.

My dear, ~~But there is still another type of cultured individual which I have never failed to observe and which I have noticed even while I was still in school~~ I know that we have some children who even in their childhood think about their families, who even in their childhood are ~~already~~ hurt by the unharmonious life of their fathers and of their whole environment. ~~My friend, I have known this for a long time, since my earliest childhood, known that even in our schools, that we've had~~ ~~we've developed~~ ~~for a long time some strange~~ [We've got many underground men]. [But what about the people, what about the Makar Ivanovich's?]

"Now. Now there are more of them. There aren't any established forms in existence here. I've been thinking about you and, incidentally, I've been very much afraid that you might <decide to> 'join the people.' "

"I shall follow you."

"<I have> finished <my> wanderings. I was very much afraid for you, my dear. Thousands of times did I see you before me, at night, under your blanket. These are attested <?> When I went abroad—this you must know—I severed my ties. I was leaving forever. *I emigrated.*"

"To join Herzen?"

"No, my friend."

"A condition of serfage. Didn't we emancipate the peasants? Wasn't I a District Commissioner myself? But suddenly it began (the backslide); do you think I was afraid of those feuilletonists, or of that disorder which is now becoming the perdition of Russian youth? Peter the Great made us citizens of Europe, and we became the bearers of that universal union of ideas. Europe has been dear to us for 200 years. A Russian nobleman cannot live without Weltschmerz, and so I, too, had to suffer from it. Beppo."[24]

"Isn't it true that, before these men, you <. . .>

Claude Lorrain. The setting sun <. . .>

"What about the chains?"

"I was saying farewell to Europe. I knew that everything was doomed. Claude Lorrain.[25] Oh, if I could only believe <in> barricades! Too late. It couldn't be. I didn't believe either over there, or here. (A shoemaker.) Because I was feeling very sad. A Russian nobleman. Whims of a Russian nobleman."

"Let it be that our bones are rotten and tired. [As a Russian nobleman I was an atheist. The sun setting over the Tuileries. I want to embrace you."]

[I was a melancholy wanderer/Beppo a Russian nobleman cannot/ The attempt/Tuileries <twice>/You won't understand/chains/ Then they burned/Atheism/After atheism, Beppo/Claude Lorrain/ Before these men/Claude Lorrain/Atheism/Mother, and <his> passion for her.]

"As a Russian nobleman, I was an atheist. But in Europe, I would have been alone even as an atheist. I had the feeling that the sun was setting, only for the last time."

"What then saved you?"

"Mother, Mother. Blessed be the day she appeared <before me>."

Slippery ground (atheism). "I am telling you these things because I want to embrace you."

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[24] Comic narrative poem by Lord Byron written in 1817 and published in 1818.

[25] Dostoevsky saw Claude Lorrain's painting "Acis and Galatea" in Dresden in 1867, and it served as inspiration for Stavrogin's dream of the golden age in the suppressed chapter of *The Possessed* and for Versilov's dream in *A Raw Youth,* which appears in Part III, Chapter 7:2 of the final version. Claude Lorrain (1600–1682) was a painter of idyllic landscapes, often depicting, as in this painting, the happiness of primitive peoples. Dostoevsky extended the meaning, in all probability, beyond Lorrain's intention. There is explicit reference in the novel itself to Lorrain's painting in Part III, Chapter 7:2.

"But what then saved you?"

"Mother, <her> sunken cheeks. Love."

"Don't I know that this is what's going to happen, everything is going to perish in this conflagration (the Tuileries). But I don't want this to happen. I love my past. And if there are any conservatives at all in Europe, it is we, the Russians. Claude Lorrain, and a description of melancholy. I knew that this had to perish. Europe has become our home. I exchanged Beppo[26] for Venice—Prince Vronsky's Venice.[27] But it is still Venice. And I am still proud of Proudhon. The French never liked us, but we really were their kin."

HERE.

N.B. "How did it happen that we have developed this curious type of a universally suffering man, from Peter the Great's nobility? [And why say that he is good for nothing but wandering from place to place? Why, could it not be true that Weltschmerz is also a great thing? Have all of them really suffered thusly? They have been the leaders, and they still are."

"Really, and the serf-owners, too?"]

"Sure, exactly the serf-owners. Beginning with Chatsky[28] the serf-owner; but isn't one out of a 1,000 enough—thousands and tens <of thousands> have passed on without leaving a trace, but this Chatsky is the one who is remembered. Oh yes, there were many braggarts among them, many ridiculous people; why, I'm not praising everything."

The Youth: "I've seen her. She said... regards to you."

"Do you love her?"

"O, blessed be" (*the tone of these notes*).

Music.

The Boy about *Dadais:* "He has wasted his sister's dowry on food and drink, left her as good as penniless, I can see that he is suffering, he quit washing himself. Oh, how he can sometimes sing! I feel so very sorry for him—both of us; everybody wants to be honest. I want to save him... yet I am myself such a worthless, confused boy. Will you let me stay with you?"

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[26] See note 24 of this section.

[27] Prince Vronsky and Anna spend some time in Italy at the beginning of their cohabitation.

[28] See note 1 of Part IV.

Finish it at miliutin's store, with a quarrel with Lambert.

"The trouble is you're so stupid, Lambert, that's what you are, why, you don't understand a thing of what I'm saying."

The Youth to Lambert: "I am stronger than you are." [he is a modest man; he'll meet you.]

The Youth to Lambert: "I am listening to you only because I am broad-minded."

The Youth to Lambert: "I've got an idea. You know what: if this whole business is going to flop I'll still have my 'idea,' into which I'll then withdraw."

"You were acting odd only because you were unhappy about 'having become a victim of your environment.' "

"Oh, my friend, what's the difference! Let's drink."

"I am like Herzen."

Out into the street: "What is it makes *her* so excited?" *Everything else aside,* I am stunned by this question. What is their relationship? Why is *she* thinking that now *something* has happened so that he is going to leave *her* in peace? Of course, the fact that he is going to marry Mother. Oh yes, he is going to. For sure. Yes! So then, what about *her?* ~~Why~~ Is *she* glad that He is getting married [and, having gotten married, is going to leave her in peace,] or is she unhappy about it? Why was she so excited?

Yes, this thought did flash through my mind. I remember. I am mentioning it, since it is important for me. ["This thought, which flashed through my mind then, as a memento."] I shall not try to describe [But actually] my own excitement, ~~but~~ a painful emotion was gnawing at my heart. It was a chaos—not just a painful feeling. Yet I was ecstatic <also>.

An encounter on a sidewalk. "Is this you? This must be providence. You know, I already was at your place, and you were not in [your government clerk said, as if this was what I needed.] Where should I be looking for him, I thought. So I went along, and I swear, I was firmly convinced that I was going to run into you, my dear boy; so I'm going to be sitting with you all night, talking. Let's go to my place."

Excitement. The flat. Superficial description. The Prince's child. "There's <her> portrait. A madwoman. I was going to marry her. Your mother had assented to it. (Definitely a madwoman.)"

Nobody ever comes to this place, except Liza. Even Tatiana Pavlovna doesn't.

"I have been thinking, even since before your arrival from Moscow, that you and I might live here together."

"So you did love me?" (à la Princess Kitty).[29]

"What could I tell you, my dear boy? You are looking for the harmonious life, and so am I. Which means simply to persist in one's disorderly ways. This is most remarkable. You belong to the same type as I. I have noticed that you have a need for the harmonious life. Who are you? We are *a thousand old-timers,* we are glad to have reached our conclusions—that's what we've got *en lieu*[30] of life. (So the more you love me, the more you will be my judge.) You've got *an idea?* To be the sovereign king of an island. I knew it, Freemasonry is waiting for you."

"*The Rostovs* and you, the new <generation>—which has always existed—*you* are looking for the harmonious life. (You've condemned serfage.) (A Jewish officer—something one's got to get used to.) You've got purity. (Nihilistics. Thirst of glory, of harmonious new forms.) You are good. Of course, there are awfully many beefy ones among you—but you are the ones that count. Why, it's the one in a thousand who is in command. Oh, I've been depressed for those past 10 years. Right after I quit as District Commissioner I rushed abroad. Makar being the reason. I couldn't stand your mother. Surprise. A close look. Abroad, Venice. Then, the Tuileries were taken. I also want to take a firm stand, to believe, <yet> I believe in nothing. I was saying farewell to Europe. A picture. The golden age. Mother. To be honest. Let it be true that the environment is at fault, but so am I. (I've come to this conclusion through experience.) At least I have gone through everything. Something of that sort. Then things got to where I began to wear chains (in a humorous vein). I sent for your mother. She had stopped in Königsberg. Meeting *her.*"

"She's an ordinary woman. *She* is the average woman. *She* took everything. She chased me away; yet at the same time she would have resented it, had I left her. But what does it matter anyway, say what you want: it became *a passion.* I abandoned everything: that consumptive girl, Liza—I talked myself into believing that I actually loved the consumptive girl, trying to save myself. I abandoned everything, returned <to Russia?>. That slap in the face made me so glad;

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[29] Reference to Kitty of *Anna Karenina.*

[30] French: "In place of."

that I could bear it. I lived on, having lost my respect for myself. Now you've come—the last outburst, let's drink to life—champagne! Today I've found out that life has started <again>, that N'ovra <?> has been strangled. Here is <her> letter: she is going to marry Biorring, and I have come <here> with the idea of resurrection. I've embraced your mother. Now I am her husband and your father. Let's drink to life! Let's drink to it! I am like a convict whose chains have just been removed! I have been waiting for you, my boy. Praised be my boy and his mother. Now leave me, I'll be walking around all night. Save yourself from Lambert. There's this letter—tear it up. We are happy. Let's become *pilgrims,* good-bye!"

(N.B. Where is the pakage. HERE.)

He refused the inheritance. This was sincere. Which means that he was capable of anything, provided (yet He) <. . .>

"Let's dring to madness, too. Maybe that's what life really is."

"Really?"

"Then what is the harmonious life? How should I know?"

"Don't you love her? of course you do!" (The dear.) (Some funny, cheerful stories.) About those 1,000 who are not indifferent. N.B. (basic ideas) N.B. and (HERE)

"Are you involved in a secret society?"

"I love children. I've come to love this child."

"I realized that I wasn't *the same* anymore, which is not to say that I had fallen behind the times, it's just that I wasn't the same man anymore. There were other times when it appeared to me that I wasn't standing on the sidelines at all, but on the contrary, that I might have been at the head of a movement, and become a leader. But look here, I must admit that I haven't even to this day made up my mind."

"A Freemason? You might find consolation in being a Mason, or a leader. I don't. This isn't what I need. I don't even need *life.* What I need is the harmonious life—truth, peace with myself—and if I had to be a bad man, so solely by my own fault, so that I could always set it straight myself, for there would be something perfect outside me. Oh, if this were so, I'd fear no chains in the world."

I: "I don't understand you."

["My dear, this is a long story—for example, what should one be: universal man or Russian? I still don't know. I can't be either the one or the other, because there isn't such a thing as the first, and I myself don't want to be the second. With my friends, these things

usually end in a joke or some witty remark, but those 1,000 of us, we suffer from each of these trifles."]

"How sad it is, as a somnolent shadow—*

"But this is not my case. Show me the sun, and I shall die with joy, I'll be glad, even if I were left behind."

"Now I shall simply be a father, a husband, and a humane man. This is entirely sufficient and, what is most important, I'm glad I have the chance. The chains have fallen!"

Underground man is the most important type <today>.

A man of culture?

Melancholy Levin.[31]

"I am convinced, my dear, that you won't understand even half of what I'm saying, but I really needed you today."

The golden age. Makar Ivanovich and Mary of Egypt. "Join the people; it's better, after all, than butchery.** Let the Minister of Public Education say of me, too, that it happened 'by permission of his parents,' though, let me say this, if all our fathers were like me, things wouldn't be in such vile shape. We <were> sincere, my dear, that's what we were. Oh, we were little liars, too, but we loved truth."

"Let my bones be weary, but show me the sun, and some movement, and I'll welcome it, every bit of it, including the fact that I've myself fallen behind; grow, God's green grass, even from the grave, my love."

"We have the right to be irreconcilable, for we haven't forgiven anything to ourselves either."

"Those who are born with a snotty nose" (Versilov used to say.)

The deputies Nàquet and Màdier de Mòntjau. <Sic!>

A fine country across the Altai
Flung an Elbow over to China.
Tra-ta-ta, ta-ta-ta,
The cat married the tomcat.

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* A quotation from F. I. Tiutchev's poem "Kak ptichka ranneiu zarioi" (1836).

** Used apparently without the connotation of the English word, but as a metaphor for "a coarse, animal existence."

[31] Levin of *Anna Karenina*.

He is much more educated than I am, but he has decided to concern himself with nothing anymore. He is a cynic.

"Good-bye!" (abruptly and gloomily).

He knows what *Butte aux Cailles* is.

"I am a citizen of the town of Butte aux Cailles."

*"Słońce, panie?** Butte aux Cailles,* that's where you will observe that a pair of trousers is worn for 15 years, without taking them off once, and no shirts are worn at all. *Mlle Alphonsine,* will you fix my tie (*le vilain,* he bought it for his own money)."

"Allons prendre un verre de l'absenthe vert et[32]><illegible>. You are dressed like a dandy. A jacket, have you got another jacket? I can give you some money, come to my place."

*"Nous avons un rouble d'argent de parier** jaune que nous avons prêté chez notre ami."*[33]

He was talking in sections between two commas, and it might have been funny, if it hadn't been so long.

"He knows his business. *Vous vous répétez.*[34] (He knows his business.) *Je voudrais vous pleurer, quand vous mourrez... Où est donc votre montre?*[35]—Spent it on food—*Le petit vilain, n'as pas son montre,*[36] gilded, 8 rubles."

"Si vous ne rendez pas 10 roubles je parlerai de mon nouvel ami Dolgorouky de grosse voix."[37]

Lambert got mad.

They cost more than there is use in them.

WALKING HOME DRUNK, ABOUT LE VILAIN: "A dear boy, an unfortunate boy! Why, I'll be exactly like him, I am, too, a *vilain, 'File petit vilain!'*[38] Why does she have an aversion to him?"

Lambert goes with him, he is talking about them and, apparently, cannot restrain his anger; only from time to time he says to the Youth:

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* Polish: "The Sun, Sir?"

** Apparently a misprint for *"papier."*

32 French: "Let's have a glass of green absinth."

33 French: "We have a ruble of yellow paper money that we borrowed from our friend."

34 French: "You are repeating yourself."

35 French: "I would like to cry, when you die... Where then is your watch?"

36 French: "The petty villain does not have his watch." Dostoevsky uses the wrong gender for "watch." He says "son montre" instead of "sa montre."

37 French: "If you do not give back the ten rubles, I will speak of my new friend Dolgoruky in a loud voice."

38 French: "Run off, petty villain."

"Well, how glad I am, how glad I am!" And then again: "These skunks," etc. "I'm finding it so annoying, I wasn't expecting you—there will be another fellow, a real bore, please do put up with it, and after dinner you and I will <really talk things over>."

"Oh, I'm going to break with them!"

And right there, with the oysters, he virtually forced him to have one drink after another and tried to take him over to his own place, but he didn't want to drink.

?About Anna Andreevna? A question. Shouldn't it be told so that both Lambert and the Youth fail to mention her on purpose, and that later, when drunk, the Youth says: "Isn't it true that we both purposely refused to mention Anna Andreevna?"

The tall fellow knocked down Lambert's hat. Lambert: "This is <just> a kopek's worth, but you could really deliver me (your friend) <from these people>. If we could make 3,000 I'd send them all away to the thieves' den where they belong."

Astonished eyes. "And we are strangers, always strangers to each other."

"Your sincerity has won me over: ~~let us~~ I thought that there was more of a mystery about you. I am glad that this *was all so simple.* Let's live together, in order and in self-perfection. I am yours, yours forever. Let us go."

Or: "So then, what's the matter with you is merely that she got in your way, when you and she met, that you were already about to start a harmonious life when she came along and destroyed everything?"

"Almost like this, my dear boy," he smiled.

His idea, formerly: could it be that self-perfection, *the* <moral> *feat,* would *lead* one to everything else as well? Be a man—this before everything else. All right, let there be some hitch—it can't be helped. So you suffer some—that's what life is for; but to make up for it, you've done everything you could do.

"You haven't achieved it even after all those sufferings, while She's got it for nothing!" shouts the Youth.

N.B. Envious of Makar (<who is> harmonious and calm), he went abroad. Thoroughly investigated the idea with those chains. He wrote to her asking her to join him, [Mother ("thinking that I was condescending to her. <Actually> I was being arrogant, just as with Makar. She could teach me many things").] (Turn all the goods over to her.) And there, that meeting with *her*—and everything collapsed.

"Yes, fasting, genuflections. The longer I watched myself the more thralldom I saw in myself."

N.B. "My story is a comical one," he begins his narrative. "I discovered the slave in a free and perky man. Only they (those who practice self-perfection) have a right to judge society and to make demands on it. Yet they won't judge it either, they'd much rather help."

The Youth: "I understand. The servitude of the nobility."

He: "Not at all."

Moving abroad; a complete rift between one's life and one's convictions. At every step. People have one balsam—self-esteem (the last of the passions, which does not desert the wise man, according to Tacitus).

"What should I be, what should I do? Be content with the role of a humble shoemaker (as our new people have prescribed us)—a man of the caliber of those who die on the cross couldn't stand for this."

"Did you ever join a secret society?"

"No, my friend."

["I am a nobleman—to serve the nobility is not enough."]

"This animal idea of love is torturing me to death, so humiliating it is. I was aspiring to perfection... This was very funny. But that's the way I am. The most important fact here is that I was capable of believing in perfection. I'm believing in it even now... there are 1,000 of us. There must be many of us, some pulling one way, and the others pulling the other way, in these times of transition."

N.B. "Why, she isn't perfect at all," *He* says, giving the Youth a strange look. "But she must be perfection itself."

"Why?" The Youth is giving him an astonished look.

"But if she has *such power* over a man, she must be perfect."

He has agreed with Lambert that Lambert should rape *her*. *He believed* that *she* would consent. (A psychological trait of his character.) Besides, he hoped that if *she* consented, he might be cured of his love for *her*. But having realized that he couldn't be cured, he went out of his mind.

She to Him: "Please, I shall marry you, <but> don't kill me."

His idea: *She* is not worth his love; such torture and a whole life broken for her sake, "<your> mother is worth incomparably more."

[The youth explains, from his own point of view, his <Versilov's> character, prior to the concluding scene of the conflagration, i.e., the fatum of love.]

And now he himself, in his *confession,* explains to the Youth what precisely has been so tormenting Him, what precisely has been *hurting* Him so much. Why this *fatum,* which has broken [all his life to

pieces,] a blind love for an unworthy creature, whom he rejects, for he has begun to love Mother. As for that, he had begun to love Mother abroad, after "the little beetle." (N.B. There is, however, the curious fact that every time he got together with Mother, he always grew indifferent and developed a contempt for Her. "Could it be that I have not found my ideal in *Her?* I couldn't help despising her as I would any vile society woman.")

"And now I am *cured.*"

DELIGHTED WITH MOTHER. That night, enthusiastic words of praise TO HER.

"Oh, don't be scared, we are still the same old liars, yet we love truth."

"I used to love suffering, those sunken cheeks, that beauty spent on me; Russian women lose their beauty early. And still... The Beauty—of other forms—and everything is finished."

"I left <Russia> to get away from <its?> movement, and I was a wanderer out of pride, not from remorse, without anger."

"Were you regenerated by Europe?"

"Europe was those very same noblemen who'd run away from their nobility."

"Serfdom. Why, weren't we the emancipators, didn't we abolish serfage, Anton Goremyka: [39] I left Russia out of pride, and actually not because I had not received enough in return for my liberalism. On the other hand, I was repulsed (1) by those self-satisfied fools, those brazen-faced fellows, those opinionated feuilletonists, (2) by the crooks who were using those new ideas to enrich themselves, and (3) by those poor souls who are now 'joining the people,' and <finally,> by the fact that I could see [everywhere] the slave behind that mask of insolence. I simply asked myself what my role was and what I had to do, whether I ought to become a humble shoemaker," etc.

[I am searching for the harmonious life.] Breaking up one's own self (Makar, envy of Makar. "Grow, God's green grass.")

"For us, foreign countries are <like> stones; why, before these men you are—the Tuileries—the golden age."

"Just be a loving <husband?>, she, she."

In the meantime, <my> *idea* was growing.

"We could not help developing into propagandists and promoters

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[39] See note 16 of Part III.

right away. No one knows where to draw a limit. Not to himself, nor to his epoch."

"I made a start with my chains. But there *She* appeared."

The Youth comes out running to his own place. His character. He has passion. (He found that out.) And in such passion—the insult. *Resurrection.*

"Byron, Beppo, Venice, the Tuileries, a Point of rest. I was sad during my wanderings. I was saying farewell to Europe. I believe in nothing new. [In nothing at all. Oh yes, I believe in an economic breakup, in the hearth, but in nothing else."]

"I am the last of the Mohicans. The Tuileries. Really, before these men you <. . .> We, the Russians of former times, used to wander around and pray; like Makar Ivanovich, we were pilgrims."

Claude Lorrain.[40] The beginning of European humanity.

Mother. You. *She.*

Specialists, etc.

The Youth: "You are hostile to specialists. I am noticing a certain amount of hostility about you."

He: "Perhaps this is so, my dear, and I am altogether grateful to you for your remarks. I like your remarks very much."

"Russian man would acquiesce in being no good himself, as long as, outside himself, there remained something which was inaccessibly holy. But when everything *that is outside* has been destroyed and he has been left alone, Russian man will refuse to go on. [That's why we've got the type of the nobleman to help us recover our identity at a <time> like this.]"

Self-satisfaction comes with contempt <for others>. (Atheism is love for mankind.) I was having a feeling of hatred. I had a need for what had been before. To adore the past. I was seeing nothing at all in those new people save traits that were deserving of contempt. Became a misanthrope. Was saying farewell to Europe. Claude Lorrain. Mother.

N.B. Up to this point, not a word about Mother.

Sunken cheeks.

Breaking oneself.

"Were you a believer?"

"No, my friend, I believed in nothing."

An image of atheism. Belong to them, the whole immediacy of

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[40] See note 25 of this section.

life through this love for *her*. I did not want to participate in life in this fashion. I had been preaching something different, I wanted to fight, and there, *fatum*. She was bound to be perfection itself.

"Let's drink to Mother and to her. (N.B. The fact that I am drinking *to her,* proves that I am cured.)"

Atheism is the love of mankind.

The Youth: "If you understood it that way, why then, could you be unhappy? Why didn't you join them?"

He: "I was having a ~~contempt~~ feeling of contempt for them. Ours, too, i.e., I, for my part, could tell them what their philosophy was. Whereas they could do nothing of the kind. Besides, I had remained true to the past."

"Is this how you believe in Christ?"

"Yes, this is how I believe in Christ," he said (alas, he did not believe).

"Eh, no, my dear, I believed in nothing!"

[My friend. I have never believed in Christ."]

"Is that really so? But what about your chains?"

"My friend, you are my judge. I have been expecting you. What would I have told you right now, as you are my son, and she is my wife..."

"I am an idealist. Yes! I couldn't stand their coarse, positivistic* atheism."

About food, a cult of blood, for the sake of blood, even before anger.

The burning of the Tuileries. In order to prove that we dare do it.

Oh, these phrase-mongers.

"Oh, we were understanding it differently. Atheism."

"Yes, to be sure, it is scary without God, but we can *nestle up* to mankind and to all the universes—"

"This is a deity, too."

"No, my friend. This is antitheism."

"But what are you doing to me!" (exclaims the Youth).

He describes the picture to Rostov.

"Why didn't you call for me?" (I put my hand on him).

"What should I have told you?"

"This very thing."

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* Sapozhnogo ateizma, literally, "boot atheism," alluding to the positivist slogan that "boots were more important than the Dresden Madonna."

"I was thinking of that. I was thinking right now, as I was waiting for you. I've always been thinking. But who was I myself?"

"Oh, I need you tonight, hear my confession. People aren't this cruel, you are wondering what it may be that I love so much. Yet I have quit it. After <my tenure as> District Commissioner <I went> to Europe."

In passing: About the Russians who were then in Europe, after having abolished the old order based on serfdom (he touches all this *in passing*).

Russia is so strong, still <we have> no fatherland.

But better let it be not me, but the new <generation>.

I'd let the people in on everything (exhaustion of authority), and <even> those rampaging seminarians who have replaced the nobility.*

The Youth: "It seems to me that you are so much an idealist that you could not stand real, immediate life."

("Your remarks are amazingly original.")

He: "I know that communism will fail, and that it is going to come."

The little beetle. "This is where I wrote to your mother that she should join me. Note that she didn't actually get there, but got stuck in Königsberg. I've seen her, she has allowed me to marry."**

[Here.] "Why didn't you call me?"

"What could I have told you? Do you think that it has been very often that I have been in a position so close to an integral and perfect completion of my affairs, as I am today? *What could I* have told you?"

"Well, this very same thing," etc.

That sunset in Claude Lorrain's picture is a riddle and a mystery.

But I dreamed that the mystery had already been realized; why, really, before these men... <. . .>

"Mother, you."

Atheism is a state of deep orphanhood, there is *no* God to nestle up to...

If they took away God and all gods

Deification of mankind in place of God.

The great mystery was accomplished, the appearance of Christ.

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* This as well as several of the preceding phrases are unclear in the original.

** Might also be: "I saw her, and she gave me permission to marry <Lidiia>."

~~Everybody worshipped~~ What is it I have been teaching you? Everybody worshipped.

Eternal life.

[Makar (One cannot help worshipping).]

The Youth: "This is atheism—this is pure atheism! Which comes with God on your lips."

In the beginning, Claude Lorrain—everything will pass, but instead of pictures [of blood, or freezing to death,] dreams, ideals were created. Later, atheism.

"Idealist! Idealist!"

But at this point, the idea of the chains. Then, the idea of Mother, sunken cheeks, *amazing views.*

He didn't come for a long time, chains. At this point, he meets *Her.*

Resurrection, *She* had written me a letter.

I read it, got up, and instead of hatred, sent her my blessings.

"I understand that you have respect for it. Yet in the meantime you are telling a mere youth, such as myself, about it."

"Why, no one is forcing me to say a thing. I'm doing it to embrace you. Today I have a son, and, consequently, a new life is beginning for me."

"For us, we together," says the Youth.

"They become attached to the civilized type, but to some of them with hatred; I always imagined leaving you as such."

The Youth: "But Mother and her tranquillity won't give you your peace. You will be again tormented by pictures and the fate of mankind."

"And let it be, such is our life! In Russia, there seems to have developed a strange cultural type of <people who feel> Weltschmerz for the whole world... Let it be suffering, we wouldn't have accepted happiness anyway. It is a ridiculous type, but let it be. I want nothing good and new, I love the old, my own."

The sun, and movement.

"But playing the fine gentleman is a good thing, my dear."

Venice, Beppo, Laura. I loved Venice more than Russia.

"You again, with that serfage of yours."

"What good is this life to me, once I have seen that I can be a criminal (poison her)."

[A task for 1,000 people] It's enough if there is one in a 1,000, but there are more of them.

Later, join the people. [make <her> a cripple]

The Youth: "But I am satisfied with you alone. I shall follow you!"

"Me? Oh, my friend, what did you just say? My wanderings are over. The last act took place several years ago when I went abroad. To call you then, to take you with me, I wasn't able at the time, I really wasn't able. I cursed everything, abandoned everything, and left in a terribly depressed state of mind. [Yet I <even then> believed more in you and in your mother, than in all] of my wanderings. My dear, I am telling you all of these things in some kind of a strange hope that you may understand all this balderdash. I have called you here (in the end) because I felt a need to embrace you and to call you *my son*." (N.B. Here, a picture of Europe.) ✝

(Atheism.) "This is where I never knew how to bring things to an end. Here, I always ran into some kind of mystery. I <never> managed to end it simply."

"Perhaps it is really so that there is no simple ending to it."

He: "Entirely possible, my dear. I like your remarks, my dear."

The funny thing was that I never got the idea (that I should love Mother). But I was all too happy when I <finally> got the idea. [What is of the essence here is a bit more serfdom, <somebody to tell you> what to love, what to believe in, and what to *be*.]

A cadet—a Jew—why did I take offense?

Venice—why do I love Venice more than Russia?

The Rostovs changing into the new <generation>. Oh, I am not talking about the fact that <Russian> fathers are welcoming dishonor, or the fact that they have become mortgagers, or feuilletonists gloating about the latter fact. But rather, about the fact that all this is, say what you want, simply a mirage.

He must himself define beauty.

Restless and skeptical even in their childhood.

Yet it is impossible to show mercy to them, for already their ranks have been swelled by prodigious masses of noblemen as well.

Abroad, we have noblemen who have fled the nobility.

I am not feeling sorry about that; much rather, I am for these new ideals. However, I do want to establish the fact that our country is now in ferment, and that it is impossible not to register this in a chronicle of our time.

"My boy, I've said this about you only right now. This is how I used to see you at the time I was dreaming of you."

Love for Mother and her sunken cheeks would not atone for anything, however...

As far as I was concerned, atheism would not lead to bloodshed, but to every man embracing and welcoming the other.

A Russian nobleman cannot help suffering from Weltschmerz, and Peter implanted an idea <. . .>

Could it really be that my yearning (abroad) was only a whim?

I am saying that there are 5,000 of us—

Why, before these *men* <. . .>

*This crude positivism** was getting me confused. By the way, there is a secret hidden here ~~the ideal~~.

[A task, there are 1,000 of us.] Reality always smacks of boots, even in the presence of a most vivid and pronounced striving for an ideal. The Tuileries shouldn't have disturbed me. But I didn't want to submit. This thing was repulsive to me, and I turned away. I don't want any part of the new, I want my own queer ways.

Atheism.

Bone-tired.

"But who knows: perhaps I was really grieving over the ruin of the nobility."

But that a nobleman and a man of culture <. . .>

"I am a young swell. I am a District Commissioner. I am disenchanted. I am suffering from Weltschmerz. My friend, all this may perhaps sound funny to some people, but please do show some regard for the fact that I have saved this for you, that I have decided to make this confession before you. For this is the most important thing in the life of a cultured Russian."

"What is perhaps the strangest thing about this confession of mine is the fact that I want to make it so clear." ~~and that I am trying~~

A most honest young girl.

She is working for a living, for she finds it too much of a burden to eat her father's bread.

This is true in 1,000 exceptional cases, but ~~in general~~ as a ~~rule~~ general rule it presents a frightful distortion of human feeling.

"Really, what are you doing to me," exclaimed (the Youth). I was all rapt attention. In a frenzy.

"That was affected 'love of mankind,' while this is, on the contrary, immediate, genuine love. Being the idealist you are, you are frightened by such immediacy right away."

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* See n. (*), p. 535, above.

"I like your remarks, my dear."

"Atheism—I have felt universal love, but I don't love Mother."

"Mon cher, je suis gentilhomme avant tout et je mourrais gentilhomme."[41]

"My dear, I am a little overcome by my ridiculous enthusiasm, and I keep digressing into extraneous details."

"You won't understand it, but still I'm going to plant some seeds [in your mind]."

Then they burnt the Tuileries. A Russian nobleman could not approve of that.

The Russian nobleman as a herald of world (and of the union of all mankind) citizenship and of universal love. He has received this mission from ~~his~~ the course of history. These vistas were opened to him by Peter, and formulated by Catherine the Great. Let it be the mission of all Russian people. Yet the Russian nobleman was a pioneer, a leader of this <movement>. I stand for it, and this is how I have understood its calling. [To be the pioneer of a great idea in Europe, and perhaps for all of mankind.] [Nastasia Egorovna, get us some wine. Two hours before Makar <?>. I needed you.] ["Looks like boots."] And indeed, what else could he be but a pioneer, since he alone was the bearer of enlightenment and of honor.

"But what about Makar Ivanovich?" I was embracing him.

"The truth of our people will be fused with ours, and we shall go on together. The time is near."

"Society must be built upon moral foundations; nothing can be founded upon the flesh, upon an economic idea, upon making stones into bread, and so far our politicians are fooling only the gullible. The moral ideas of a nation are derived from religion, or are formulated by popular religion. Anyone who wants to reject and *break up* the old foundations, such as private property, family, etc., must break up the old faith. So they have announced that they are atheists. The Russian *gentilhomme* could not agree with this, or cure himself, being himself an atheist—I've been seeking to reconcile—<and> sought to reconcile many <of these conflicting tendencies>. I could not, of course, but admit that atheism was on the ascent in this world. Yet I was viewing the setting of our old sun with sadness. Even if it passes, a great <new age> will begin. This is actually what I wanted to express. But so far no one has been able to understand me. And

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[41] French: "My dear, I am a nobleman first of all and I shall die a nobleman.

I have been wandering alone. For only a Russian heart can divine the future of this world, that is, a Russian of the advanced, civilized type. You are laughing. I am not a madman. Then they burned the Tuileries. And after the Tuileries, a universal reconciliation of ideas. For a Russian nobleman is the universal reconciliation of ideas. For, in our time, educated Russian thought is the universal reconciliation of ideas. The educated Russian type is a universal human type, and up to now it has been only the Russian nobleman. A Frenchman is only a Frenchman, but a Russian... a Russian is a progressive; his thinking is very much ahead of everyone else's. The bearer of a universal ideal. You are surprised, my boy. My soul is outraged. They burned the Tuileries, they fought. Only the nobleman is waiting, biding his time. You are surprised. How this amuses me. We have developed a type. The Russian land is demanding an ideal of me. Universal reconciliation of ideas. But this you haven't got in Europe. Except for our 1,000 people. We are the bearers of an idea. Acis and Galatea."[42]

"What are you doing to me?"

"My dear, I have called you in, so you might understand one-hundredth <of my ideas>. The Russian nobleman, a universal idea. I am little bit in a state of enthusiasm," and here, the mission of the Russian nobleman. "A pioneer." "I did not cease calling myself a Russian when I realized that I loved Venice more than Russia."

"But weren't you in the government service prior to that?"

"Such was the legacy of Peter and Catherine. A pioneer, though much of it might have never happened."

"Yet I was sad. The Tuileries."

Solomon—everything will pass away.

"EVERYTHING WILL PASS AWAY?" "Everything, my friend, and perhaps nothing of what you have loved will remain, because a new order will begin."

"As a nobleman I cannot allow this to happen—as a nobleman."

The sun, and movement.

"What utter weariness, while I do have faith, and an idea. I want no part of the new. What is left to me is my dream that perhaps things may turn out my way after all."

Atheism. Makar: "I love even from the grave."

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[42] The title of Claude Lorrain's painting. See note 25 of this section.

Every Frenchman and German. Only a Russian can be more French than a Frenchman.

Universal reconciliation of ideas. Beppo, stones. Why, before these men, you are.* Atheism. They were persecuting God. Crude positivism.** I have a sad feeling. For it is my idea, after all, that is right. Oh, it seemed to me, the gold<en age>.

Fatum. "Why did I have to insult her? But I did insult her. She was sitting there, in Königsberg, and I didn't even send her any money. [Incidentally, note that I was taking her (Mother) <abroad> to tear her away from her native land, since I wasn't intending to return to Russia.]"

"I was beginning to feel tied down, and I wanted to kill her."

Makar's idea. Asceticism.

"<You> simply could not stand an immediate love."

THE COMING OF CHRIST. Why, this is it. The very thing.

(There it is, the dream of a Russian nobleman.)

About Mother, about Tatiana. Her love. [Made her happy with a kiss.]

Well really, how could she understand a nobleman's melancholy.

Tatiana understands it.

To be an honest man. Support her and make her happy.

"Je suis barinet gentilhomme."[43]

Makar Ivanovich, [being part of the people,] belongs to the nobility.

"This is how I understand it, my dear, our role. And this is my final conclusion."

"*She* has broken the flow of my thoughts."

"We [Russian] nobles are now concentrating on a new universal union of ideas. And in the meantime—in the meantime it represents all that is positive about the future, ad what is really going to happen."

Russian self-restriction is neither cynicism nor shamelessness, as is the the case with those people who are thirsting for their right to be dishonorable, but merely sincerity with a striving for improvement. The ideal. To bow before something outside one's own self (see page 5).

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* Apparently an incomplete phrase, though it might be translated: "Why, you are before these men."

** *Sapozhnost'*. See n. (*), p. 535, above.

[43] French: "I am a noble lord." "Barinet" is probably a misprint for "barine."

"Yet you were happy."

"Who told you that I was unhappy? I've been happy all my life, but I was sad, and... and... ~~there was~~ there came a moment when I was perfectly happy. Mother."

"Oh, my dear, how often does love meet hatred, or even look altogether like hatred."

?To develop such a beautiful type—it cost dearly. Mine, a nobleman's happiness, and mine, a nobleman's idea.

The muzhik and Mother, sunken cheeks. For me, it all started with her sunken cheeks. Her photograph. I wrote to her, asking her to join me, but in the interval I fell in love. About Mother. She didn't even make it to Königsberg.

A letter from her.

Oh, it didn't happen suddenly, that I fell out of love with her. Even to the very last outburst... I was reproaching myself that I was acting that way toward Mother.

I was feeling, and had felt for a long time, that I was *free*. This outburst was... probably some sort of recollection, the dregs, something external and incongruous—yet I myself was already free.

What then, was the meaning of those recent events, of that last outburst and, last but not least, of Lambert? He and Lambert. Hadn't Lambert been offering him something?

And later, when I met Lambert, he lied to me: "No, I haven't been telling him a thing."

Misérables,[44] and Mother in Königsberg. All the same, a man's life is like a book read to the end.*

"Mother, allow me to read to you from the Gospels."

"Ah, how well you read, my dear. Read this Epistle, he used to love this one particularly."

I at Lambert's. "<Meet> her in some dive. Invite Him. Let ~~her~~ him see, let him!" "This can be done," says Lambert.

When the old Prince has come to stay at his place, he goes to see Tatiana and tells her about the letter. They agree that Tatiana should write to her the next morning. But upon leaving Tatiana he runs into Lambert and tells him that he will be at Tatiana's on the follow-

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* This phrase is quite unclear in the original. The translation is a mere conjecture.

[44] Reference to Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables,* which Dostoevsky ranked above his *Crime and Punishment*. The novel is referred to in the final version in Part III, Chapter 8:1.

ing day, that he is going to return the letter to her, thus putting an end to the whole affair. As for his visit to Tatiana, he had come to tell her the news about the old Prince, and she informed Bioring of it.

The question of that letter written [by Tatiana]: How did Lambert and He find out that Tatiana had written that letter? (Perhaps <through> Maria?) Think over and find out.

N.B. Solution of the problem: The day before, the Youth had left the old Prince <at his flat> and visited Tatiana, to tell her that she should write to her. Tatiana had given him a tongue-lashing, but she had written the letter, sent Maria to deliver it. [Here N.B.]

?They started begging Maria not to deliver the letter. But Maria, once she had received the letter, delivered it, and he and she quickly sent her over to her place, and Alphonsine to ours. In Tatiana's letter not a word was said specifically about the flat.

YOU ARE THE TYPE OF AN ACCIDENTAL FAMILY, AS OPPOSED TO A TRADITIONAL FAMILY. THE TRADITIONS OF A RUSSIAN FAMILY—THAT'S BY PUSHKIN.

There was no better way to use your leisure or, so-to-speak, your day of rest.

BUT THERE IS THIS QUESTION: ARE THERE MANY TRADITIONAL FAMILIES LEFT, AND AREN'T EVEN THE TRADITIONAL FAMILIES TURNING INTO ACCIDENTAL ONES (as a result of our ideological chaos). Versilov has a lawful family. Just see if the family unit is intact here! The Junior Chamberlain and Mitrofaniia. A personage showing the dimensions of the Very Reverend Mother Superior, Mitrofaniia,[45] of course, without meaning to suggest anything criminal.

The Professor: "You were concealing your document—this is most characteristic."

"Look at the persuasions of your father: he is a nobleman, of ancient lineage, and yet at the same time a Communard, and simultaneously, a true poet without any faith at all, yet one who is ready to die for something quite indefinite, in which he believes, following the example of countless civilized and Europeanized Russians of the Petersburg period of Russian history. Leo Tolstoi did not spare even his own Pierre, whom he had been leading with such a firm hand throughout his novel, even in spite of <his> Freemasonry. He loves Russia, yet rejects her altogether; he tortures the members of his family, and considers this to be his right, his responsibility (Makar

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[45] She was accused of forgery. Dostoevsky was acquainted with the trial.

Ivanovich, Mother, guilt, illegitimacy, Liza is pregnant). What could be more perverted, more disorganized?"

["You are a youth from an accidental family. God save you."]

N. Nik. About Versilov. No signs of ~~education~~ strict scientific discipline. All these people were living in terms of inspiration and prophecy. Even public figures, even scholars—the whole thing being <a lot> like the practices of the Khlysts:[46] spinning around in a circle, and prophecy. Just as the system of serfdom placed the nobleman under an obligation to get an education (ever since Peter), so a merchant's inherited millions present an absolute obstacle to his getting educated. What do you care about scholarship when, at twenty years of age, you've got millions on your hands? And as for our Seminarians, though they are the most educated of us all, they have the quality of taking everybody else, i.e., all Russia—simply everybody—for the very kind of Seminarians they themselves are, which is also why they are so much bolder than anyone else in their conclusions and in their views.

A history of the Russian [noble] family.

... In the form of a magnificent historical picture (War and Peace) which will be handed down to posterity, and without which posterity could not carry on.

The accidental family is a much more difficult project.

N. P. : "If you were to publish this manuscript (your sincerity would be against you), ~~but~~ your strong sincerity would harm your belletristic success..."

N. M. : "All the old has been destroyed rather thoroughly and accurately; what's ahead of us—one can only speculate on what's ahead: it's almost frightening."

[Letter of Nik. Semen.] "Our youth is 'joining the people,' yet it is full of self-sacrifice, some fine feelings have remained even from our past history, though the future is altogether problematic. You are from an accidental family... [God save you]." These are the last lines of the letter, and suddenly a *postscriptum*. About an abandoned infant and Nikolai Petrovich's role (three or four lines with a nuance of touchiness).

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[46] A religious sect that arose in the middle of the seventeenth century. By the middle of the nineteenth century they had disintegrated and no longer functioned as a group. They were distinguished by the belief in eternal rebirth, and the materialization of the holy spirit. They whipped themselves (Russian word *Khlyst* means "whip") to drive demons from their bodies.

The career of a lawyer. I myself have been thinking of one—the satisfaction derived from money, fame coupled with dignity and even some of that *breadth* to which you devote a good deal of attention in your notes as well as in your fantasies.

(The old Prince keeps closing his ears and waving everybody aside.) "Don't say that! Don't say that!" If somebody enters his room, he gives him those pained glances. They put him to bed, then dinner. I had stuffed Katerina Nikolaevna's photograph into the bag.

About young Versilov. "*Ce jeune homme, il est charmant, mais je ne l'aime,*[47] don't let him into my room, don't let him." Nasty little photographs. He looks, laughs with affectation, and then suddenly bursts into tears precisely [because] they are making him laugh.

Oh, people are very nice. Yes, but this is not going to be part of my plan.

[It's the flat that matter, she about the little dog.]

"My friend, I am in a very immediate way convinced of my <imminent> death," an old man with an icon, with an icon split in half.

[It seemed to me all the time that this was merely an allegory and that, though he did love Mother, he was still in a state of frenzy and had the absolute desire to bring something to an end, just as he had <finished off> this icon.]

Versilov went out of his mind; I had been predicting it.

A shirt. What shall be put into <his> grave? "If you know something, better not tell anybody. Let them do what they want. Is it true that they want to put me in an insane asylum?" (and he burst into tears).

The conflagration. "He is going to kill her!" I shouted. "Quite likely!" said Tatiana.

[Anna Andreevna, to the Youth, about the old Prince: "No, on the contrary, I sent you to him ~~perhaps~~ also so He couldn't kill her."]

The old Prince to Anna Andreevna: "Why can't I see both of you together? Why won't the two of you make up, *et voilà tout.*"[48]

About von Sohn. "*Mais, mon cher, je suis libre, n'est-ce pas?*"[49]

The Junior Chamberlain. Split the fortune.

After the funeral Liza whispered to him that they were expecting him, that He might actually come.

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[47] French: "This young man; he is charming, but I don't like him."
[48] French: "And that's all."
[49] French: "But, my dear, I am free, am I not?"

[N.B. important.] Lambert needed Versilov to get her out of the way, for his influence, for his familiarity with the circumstances—and, in the case of a commotion, so he could blame the whole conspiracy on Versilov; this is what I think—the more so, since Versilov did not need the money and Lambert was getting all of it, as much as he could extort <from her>.

At the rendezvous. *She* tells Him about the *document,* about Mother, what a wonderful woman she is, "You—how I *respect* you" —(feverish!). He was all flushed.

N.B. (More than anything else, she *fears* the document), [and nothing else.]

She: "Compared to you, I am <like> a stone."

He, pointing at Mother's portrait: "I know that you know her. There she is."

"The dear."

"My angel, be my angel."

"I shall be your angel, certainly. I shall make a point of becoming worthy of you; I shall respect and esteem you immeasurably."

"Perhaps I shall destroy you. I gave you my word. Go."

Folding <her> hands: "Don't ever threaten me again, ~~spare~~ forgive me."

And Versilov entered the room: here now is the whole terrible scene, as things happened, one after another.

Feebly <?>: "This, however, is not why I have come... This is not what I wanted to tell you... Sonia, have pity on me, poor wretch that I am!"

"Really, wouldn't you at least say farewell to her?"

The old Prince: *"Le carême—Dites, dites, y-avait-il quelque chose,"*[50] and he went down on his knees (toward the end, after this the Youth goes to see Tatiana Pavlovna).

A panegyric to Katerina Nikolaevna [by the old Prince,] memories of her.

"Anna Andreevna, you made this rendezvous possible, counting on a scandal; even while admitting me, you counted on him" (at Lambert's, on that drunken night).

At Lambert's: "I'll see to it that Bioring won't get her!" (i.e., he is himself in love with her).

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[50] French: "Lent—say, say, wasn't there something?"

Lambert: "She reveres him something terrible."

"You know, Lambert, she may really be in love with him."

Anna Andreevna: "Lambert has disappeared. He has promised me an awful lot, but now he is gone."

I'll admit that I was feeling sorry for her.

Chistov's house. His wife. The Junior Chamberlain, an incident, to Anna Andreevna.

Current affairs. At the tavern. About the pock-marked man. Lambert has been imprudent, he has done a foolish thing.

At the tavern on Canal street. He *was* there. I ate, then just sat there waiting, about Mother. The Junior Chamberlain. Came home. Alphonsine, at the government clerk's, steal the document, steal, [perhaps even kill the landlord.]

What made me mad was the fact that Alphonsine was in my room.

Asked to send the pock-marked roomer out.

"I gave her my word of honor, I vouched for him."* And altogether, watch her very carefully, don't leave her out of sight, (and the landlord), and, one must give her credit, she did take care of her commission, though dishonestly, then,**

"Was she really so much afraid?"

"Yes, he had threatened to kill her before."

Little Trishatov. Ran over to his place once more and fell asleep.

Asleep, Mother's face. These are the high society people who have offended <me?>. The golden age. But be he blessed!

In the morning, among other things, back to Anna Andreevna, told that she'd be in at five o'clock.

N.B. In the morning, the Youth is even more strongly convinced that He loves his mother, and didn't he actually start to console <him?> along these lines, while reading the Gospel (warm words). *"I know for sure."* And after the chopping up of the icons he learns about the letter from Anna Andreevna (about Bioring)—and (?) that he had also conveyed the letter to her through Anna Andreevna. The latter had promised. Nastasia Egorovna. "Go and tell Nastasia Egorovna from me that she should let you in, and don't you forget that I did this for you. Only <for you?>."

When the Youth comes to Tatiana to deliver the document: "I'll hand it over myself."

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* The gender of the verb suggests that this is a woman speaking.

** The whole paragraph is quite unclear in the original.

"He wants to show off."

"Well no, I'll give it to her myself."

N.B. The effect of the document on the Prince and on Katerina Nikolaevna was stronger than I had ever expected.

The assistant to the officer in charge of the Police Station. At the Police Station. "My, what a strange young man you are; I haven't ever seen one like you."

The old Prince: "*Chèr enfant,* if you have something you want to tell me, better leave it unsaid."

Anna Andreevna, having told the Youth of the rendezvous she had granted him upon his entreaties (under her guarantee), gave it some thought, then allowed me to listen in. <N.B. "Oh no, oh no, I won't eavesdrop under any circumstances!"). For the sake of clarity, let me make a preliminary remark. In allowing me to overhear <their rendezvous>, she had her own, strong reasons. Knowing Katerina Nikolaevna and *their* relationship, she was firmly convinced that the rendezvous would lead to nothing at all (i.e., regarding acceptance of his marriage proposal), but then again, I might rush in and create a most beneficial scandal, and secondly, my presence would still be a guarantee that he wouldn't kill her (which possibility Anna Andreevna may have been considering), and finally, the last reason, she was hoping that after it was over I might release the document. And, finally, that I would retell everything to her. Anna Andreevna always hoped that <one day> I would lose my temper and present the document—to the old Prince, of course.

It wasn't Anna Andreevna who gave him permission, but Nastasia Egorovna.

A new version of the CONFLAGRATION. The night before, prior to Bioring's raid, Tatiana had been to *her* place to tell her that I would come at 11 o'clock of the following day to hand over the document to her. And so it would have actually passed, and they would never have found out about it, but then, late that night, Katerina Nikolaevna heard of my arrest, and, in the morning (before she had had a chance to see Bioring, at 8 o'clock, when it was still dark), she showed up at Tatiana Pavlovna's to find out what had happened to me, ~~what is it~~ "Is it really true that he has been arrested?" They then hurriedly agreed that *she* would come at 11 o'clock as scheduled before, while Tatiana Pavlovna would run over to the Police Station to get in touch with me. But it happened that I met Tatiana while already on my way and that, upon entering the house, we didn't find Maria at home (she had been bribed). In the meantime, Maria rushed

over to let them know, and an hour later, while we were still warming ourselves, suddenly, Alphonsine... *"Mais s'est chez nous..."*[51] <sic!> Then, etc., FINALE.

The rose. I was crying *about something,* melting into tears and kissing the rose (I had forgotten about all of them)—I am reporting this as a strange psychological fact. Since I had forgotten them all, I was merely kissing <the rose>.

"The other day I sent <for him?>, and he seemed not to have paid any attention to *her* letter."*

Delivery by the pock-marked man,

"Really, at times I am trying to imagine: How is man going to live without God, and will this be ever possible, and I must admit, my dear, I invariably reach the conclusion that it is impossible, that people will still end up going back to Him! But for a certain period, conceivably... as a consequence of the principle.** I am imagining, my dear," he went on, smiling, "that the battle has ceased and the struggle has subsided. ~~And there I~~ I imagine that, after the battle, after curses, ~~blood~~ clods of dirt, and whistling, and when ~~everybody~~ the struggle has subsided, people will suddenly sense that they are alone on this earth. This would be just as in Claude Lorrain's painting, also with the sun setting, majestically and with a strong call, yet setting as it were on the last day of mankind, That great source of strength, which had until then fed and given warmth to mankind, was passing away, just as that sun, and people would suddenly have a deep sense of their orphanhood. ~~Oh~~ My dear boy, I could never imagine people as being thankless and having grown stupid. Alone and orphaned, they would immediately nestle up to each other so much more closely and lovingly; they would grasp each other's hands, understanding that now ~~merely~~ only they alone ~~only~~ are everything there is to one another. That great idea of immortality would have disappeared, and it would have to be replaced, and the entire great surplus of former love for Him, whom they had left, would now be turned, in their hearts, toward nature, the world, people, any little blade of grass. They would begin to love the earth and life with a special, no longer with their former, love; they would observe and discover in nature

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* Quite unclear in the original. The gender of the verb suggests that the speaker is a woman.

** Unclear in the original.

[51] French: "But it's at our place."

such phenomena and mysteries as no one would have even suspected to exist before, for they would now be viewing ~~her~~ nature as a lover views his beloved, and not just with a knife in hand ~~before, the former utility~~ as before, not just for gain, utilitarianism, and ~~greed~~ mere curiosity. They would awaken in the morning and ~~caress~~ kiss each other, hastening to love each other, each of them knowing that his days are short, and that this <life> would be all that he'd get. They'd be working to help each other, and each would be happy to give his own to everyone else. Every child would know and feel that any person ~~he'd meet around~~ he'd chance to meet was his mother and his father. 'Let tomorrow be my last day,' each of them would think, looking at the setting sun, 'but all the same, I shall die, yet all the others will still be there, and after them, their children,' and the very thought that they would still be there, still loving each other, their hearts still throbbing for each other, would replace the idea of a reunion in a life beyond the grave. 'Let me die without leaving a trace, but there will remain in their hearts the memory that I have lived and loved them, and when they, too, have passed on, and an entirely new generation has arrived, even then, thousands of years later, those new people will remember us all, all of us who lived before, that we were once alive and loved them before they ever came to life on this earth, and that we would have liked to see their happiness. And let it be true that in the end the earth will come to its end, and the sun will be extinguished, and yet somewhere ~~in the harmony of the universe~~ there will remain the thought that all this did once exist and *in some way served* ~~universal harmony~~ the all—and people will come to love this thought. Oh, they'll hasten to start loving each other, yet the longer, I think, the sadder ~~they~~ will all be. They will be proud and strong each for himself, yet ~~they'll become~~ they will become timid for each other. They'll become tender toward each other, nor will they be ashamed of this, but will caress each other, like children. ~~They~~ When meeting each other, they'll look at each other deeply and meaningfully, and in their glances there will be love and sadness. And each will tremble for the life and happiness of every other. ~~And then, a great vision will arise before the eyes of all men~~—oh, I cannot ~~imagine anymore~~ imagine people *without Him,* my dear! He was here once, and He cannot leave <us>. And even if He leaves, they will have found Him themselves. I imagine that He will stand up among all those people, hold out his hands, and say: ~~'Children, angels~~ but ~~you~~ how could you forget Him? And He will lead them to Him. And it will be as if the scales have fallen

from the eyes of all men, and shouts of delight and happiness will ring out everywhere on earth, and everybody will be resurrected to a new, now already a boundless, love. Forgive me, my friend, but I couldn't help concluding my little picture of the future of the human race in this, and in no other fashion. I am a philosopher and a deist, but being a Russian I am also a dreamer who just can't help dreaming. Of course I have always ended up leading them to Him, and here is my *profession de foi:* My dear, this is a fantasy, and really an unlikely one. But ~~I swear~~ I want to confess just one secret to you: it is only too often that I am imagining it ~~as I think about the future of this world~~—but how? Even now I frequently imagine it, for I just can't help thinking of it. Oh, I can't, I just can't help thinking about it, or something of this kind. But I have always concluded my picture with a vision, like Heine's, on the Baltic Sea: He was coming. He was coming, and they were all recognizing Him. What are these chains of mine?—All nonsense! But I'll confess just this one thing before you: I could never imagine people without Him. I always ended up by leading them to Him."

"What <were you doing?> before you no longer cared, and how did you treat her?"

"I sneaked up to her and kissed her."

"Suddenly I remembered this and fell in love <with her>."

She didn't even get as far as Königsberg.

I sensed, however, that there was in it all, something that had been prepared beforehand, something like an earlier involuntary daydream about how he was going to relate this dream to me. Yet there was nothing unnatural about it; it was all pure feeling. I thought a little and told him so.

About her. This was a mood, I don't know how I fell in love with her. N.B. And frowning from time to time, and even angrily.

Mother. The photograph. A saintly Russian woman. Lidiia—don't be jealous. An idealist's remark. "I was waiting for you here" (the child, tea). "Why didn't you call me?" "But what could I have told you?"

Rostov. "Joining the people." "Are you a Freemason?" "Why, why didn't you call me?" "You are stingy." The confession. I was a wanderer. Everything will pass. I didn't believe and wanted nothing better. I didn't want anything new, even if it were better <than the present>. "That's serfdom," the feuilletonist is going to say. Really, so help me God, he may perhaps be right. An old type. A Jewish officer. Atheism. Why, before these men, you... Venice. Fell asleep. Claude

Lorrain. Mother. About love for Mother ("Grow, God's green grass!"), with love grown infinitely great. My idea (later, in the form of madness caused by <his?> love for *her*). Makar: "God's grass is to grow." Chains. Meeting with her. *She, fatum*. The cure. About Makar. Today is Sunday. Let's drink. Let's go on a pilgrimage together, enthusiasm (Princess Katia). Order: Venice. Men. Claude Lorrain. A mystery solved, or atheism. The coming of Christ. The idea of chains. Mother's sudden idea. *She*.

Order. "My God, what is most important here in Russia is stability and order... Fathers and mothers, who are not in the least ideal, but who represent something complete; there's something both touching and pathetic <about it?>, there's something stable at the foundation."

"The abolition of serfdom."

"Look at our seminarians."

"They've got no traditions, no faith, and no form. And yet they have taken root."

"The likes of Shevchenko."

"They've got no traditions. Up to now they used to take root. But now, perhaps as a result of their condition of servitude, they've become rickety. Yet they, too, will become a part of the people."*

"But having found you, I am beginning to take root." "Why, fathers don't fall from the moon, or do they?" And while still in the nursery, <my> soul was seeking its proper place, and order. Such searching may cause one great mental anguish. Oh yes, of course, some would take root in a slavish way, still others with envy and bitterness. Only recently one could hardly notice them, though there were enough of them.

"This was the anguish of a Russian nobleman."

"*Je suis gentilhomme avant tout.*"[52] About His nobleman's anguish.

"We emancipated our serfs just so, there are 1,000 of us. A part remains. Out of 1,000 or so people there is one stelite."

"I was dear to you, wasn't I?"

"Oh, I shall follow you."

N.B. References in *Otechestvennye zapiski*.**

N.B. References in *books* about the Rostovs, etc.

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* The whole paragraph is quite unclear in the original.

** *Fatherland Notes,* the journal in which *A Raw Youth* appeared.

[52] French: "I am a nobleman first of all."

PART ONE

Chapter One

I

Unable to restrain myself, I have sat down to record this history of my first steps on life's career, though I could have done as well without it. One thing I know for certain: never again will I sit down to write my autobiography, even if I live to be a hundred. You have to be all too basely in love with yourself to write about yourself without shame. My only excuse is that I'm not writing for the same reason everyone else writes, that is, for the sake of the reader's praises. If I have suddenly decided to record word for word all that has happened to me since last year, then I have decided it as the result of an inner need: so struck I am by everything that has happened. I am recording only the events, avoiding with all my might everything extraneous, and above all—literary beauties. A literary man writes for thirty years and in the end doesn't know at all why he has written for so many years. I am not a literary man, do not want to be a literary man, and would consider it base and indecent to drag the insides of my soul and a beautiful description of my feelings to their literary marketplace. I anticipate with vexation, however, that it seems impossible to do entirely without the description of feelings and without reflections (maybe even banal ones): so corrupting is the effect of any literary occupation on a man, even if it is undertaken only for oneself. The reflections may even be very banal, because something you value yourself will quite possibly have no value in a stranger's eyes. But this is all an aside. Anyhow, here is my preface; there won't be anything more of its kind. To business; though there's nothing trickier than getting down to some sort of business—maybe even any sort.

II

I begin, that is, I would like to begin my notes from the nineteenth of September last year, that is, exactly from the day when I first met...

But to explain whom I met just like that, beforehand, when nobody knows anything, would be banal; I suppose even the tone is banal: having promised myself to avoid literary beauties, I fall into those beauties with the first line. Besides, in order to write sensibly, it seems the wish alone is not enough. I will also observe that it seems no European language is so difficult to write in as Russian. I have now reread what I've just written, and I see that I'm much more intelligent than what I've written. How does it come about that what an intelligent man expresses is much stupider than what remains inside him? I've noticed that about myself more than once in my verbal relations with people during this last fateful year and have suffered much from it.

Though I'm starting with the nineteenth of September, I'll still put in a word or two about who I am, where I was before then, and therefore also what might have been in my head, at least partly, on that morning of the nineteenth of September, so that it will be more understandable to the reader, and maybe to me as well.

III

I AM A HIGH-SCHOOL graduate, and am now going on twenty-one. My last name is Dolgoruky, and my legal father is Makar Ivanovich Dolgoruky,[1] a former household serf of the Versilov family. Thus I'm a legitimate, though in the highest degree illegitimate, son, and my origin is not subject to the slightest doubt. It happened like this: twenty-two years ago, the landowner Versilov (it's he who is my father), twenty-five years of age, visited his estate in Tula province. I suppose at that time he was still something rather faceless. It's curious that this man, who impressed me so much ever since my childhood, who had such a capital influence on my entire cast of mind and has maybe even infected my whole future with himself for a long time to come—this man even now remains in a great many ways a complete riddle to me. But of that, essentially, later. You can't tell it like that. My whole notebook will be filled with this man as it is.

He had become a widower just at that time, that is, in the twenty-fifth year of his life. He had married someone from high society, but not that rich, named Fanariotov, and had had a son and a daughter by her. My information about this spouse who abandoned him so early is rather incomplete and lost among my

materials; then, too, much about the private circumstances of Versilov's life has escaped me, so proud he always was with me, so haughty, closed, and negligent, despite his moments of striking humility, as it were, before me. I mention, however, so as to mark it for the future, that he ran through three fortunes in his life, even quite big ones, some four hundred thousand in all, and maybe more. Now, naturally, he hasn't got a kopeck...

He came to the country then, "God knows why"—at least that was how he put it to me later. His little children were, as usual, not with him but with some relations; that was what he did with his children, legitimate and illegitimate, all his life. There was a significant number of household serfs on this estate; among them was the gardener Makar Ivanovich Dolgoruky. I will add here, to be rid of it once and for all: rarely can anyone have been so thoroughly angered by his last name as I was throughout my whole life. That was stupid, of course, but it was so. Each time I entered some school or met persons to whom I owed an accounting because of my age, in short, every little teacher, tutor, inspector, priest, anybody you like, they would ask my last name and, on hearing that I was Dolgoruky, would inevitably find it somehow necessary to add:

"Prince Dolgoruky?"

And each time I was obliged to explain to all these idle people:

"No, *simply* Dolgoruky."

This *simply* began, finally, to drive me out of my mind. I will note with that, as a phenomenon, that I do not recall a single exception: everybody asked. Some of them seemingly had no need at all to ask; who the devil could have had any need of it, I'd like to know? But everybody asked, everybody to a man. Hearing that I was *simply* Dolgoruky, the asker ordinarily measured me with a dull and stupidly indifferent look, indicating thereby that he did not know himself why he had asked, and walked away. My schoolmates were the most insulting. How does a schoolboy question a newcomer? A lost and abashed newcomer, on the first day he enters school (no matter what kind), is a common victim: he is ordered around, he is teased, he is treated like a lackey. Some hale and fat boy suddenly stops right in front of his victim and looks at him point-blank for several moments with a long, stern, and arrogant gaze. The newcomer stands silently before him, looks askance, if he's not a coward, and waits for whatever is coming.

"What's your last name?"

"Dolgoruky."

"Prince Dolgoruky?"

"No, simply Dolgoruky."

"Ah, simply! Fool!"

And he's right; there is nothing stupider than to be called Dolgoruky without being a prince. I drag this stupidity around on my back without any guilt. Later on, when I began to get very angry, to the question "Are you a prince?" I always answered, "No, I'm the son of a household servant, a former serf."

Then, when I got angry in the last degree, to the question "Are you a prince?" I once answered firmly, "No, simply Dolgoruky, the illegitimate son of my former master, Mr. Versilov."

I had already thought that up when I was in the sixth class[2] in high school, and though I quickly became convinced beyond doubt that it was stupid, all the same I did not stop being stupid at once. I remember that one of my teachers—though he was the only one—found me "full of a vengeful and civic idea." Generally they took this escapade with a sort of offensive thoughtfulness. Finally, one of my classmates, a very sarcastic fellow, with whom I spoke only once a year, said to me with a serious air, but looking somewhat askance:

"Such feelings, of course, do you honor, and you undoubtedly have something to be proud of; but all the same, if I were in your place, I wouldn't celebrate my illegitimacy so much . . . you sound like a birthday boy!"

Since then I stopped *boasting* that I was illegitimate.

I repeat, it's very difficult to write in Russian: here I've scribbled a whole three pages on how I've spent all my life being angry over my last name, and meanwhile the reader has surely concluded that I'm angry precisely because I'm not a prince, but simply Dolgoruky. To explain again and justify myself would be humiliating for me.

IV

And so, among this household, of whom there were a great many besides Makar Ivanovich, there was a girl, and she was already about eighteen years old when the fifty-year-old Makar Dolgoruky suddenly showed the intention of marrying her. Marriages between domestics, as is known, were concluded in the time of serfdom with the permission of the masters, and sometimes even on their orders. There was an aunt about the estate then; that is, she wasn't

my aunt, she was a landowner herself; yet, I don't know why, but all her life everybody called her aunt, not only mine, but in general, in Versilov's family as well, to which she was in fact almost related. This was Tatyana Pavlovna Prutkov. At that time she still had thirty-five souls of her own, in the same province and the same district. She didn't really manage Versilov's estate (of five hundred souls), but supervised it in a neighborly way, and that supervision, as I heard, was worth the supervision of some educated manager. However, I really don't care about her knowledge; I only want to add, setting aside all thought of flattery and fawning, that this Tatyana Pavlovna is a noble and even original being.

Now, she not only did not decline the marital inclinations of the gloomy Makar Dolgoruky (they say he was gloomy then), but, on the contrary, for some reason encouraged them in the highest degree. Sofya Andreevna (the eighteen-year-old serf girl, that is, my mother) had been an orphan for several years already; her deceased father, also a household serf, who had an extraordinary respect for Makar Dolgoruky and was obliged to him for something, as he was dying six years earlier, on his deathbed, they say even a quarter of an hour before his last breath, so that if need be it could have been taken for delirium, had he not been legally disqualified anyway as a serf, summoned Makar Dolgoruky, in front of all the servants and with a priest present, and spoke his will to him loudly and insistently, pointing to his daughter: "Bring her up and take her to wife." Everybody heard it. As for Makar Ivanovich, I don't know in what sense he later married her, that is, with great pleasure or only to fulfill his responsibility. Most likely he had an air of total indifference. This was a man who even then already knew how to "show himself." He was not exactly a Bible reader or literate man (though he knew the whole church service and especially the lives of certain saints, but more from hearsay), nor exactly a sort of household reasoner, so to speak; he simply had a stubborn character, sometimes even recklessly so; he spoke with pretension, judged irrevocably, and, in conclusion, "lived deferentially"—in his own amazing expression. That is how he was then. Of course, he achieved universal respect, but they say everyone found him unbearable. It was quite a different matter when he left the household: then people never referred to him otherwise than as some sort of saint and great sufferer. That I know for certain.

As for my mother's character, Tatyana Pavlovna kept her around

herself until she was eighteen, despite the steward's urgings to send her to Moscow for an apprenticeship, and she gave her some education, that is, taught her to cut and sew, to walk in a ladylike way, and even to read a little. My mother never could write passably. In her eyes this marriage to Makar Ivanovich had long been a decided thing, and she found all that happened to her then excellent and the very best; she went to the altar with the calmest air possible on such an occasion, so that Tatyana Pavlovna herself called her a fish then. All this about my mother's character at that time I heard from Tatyana Pavlovna herself. Versilov came to the estate exactly six months after the wedding.

V

I ONLY WANT to say that I never could find out or make a satisfactory surmise as to precisely how it started between him and my mother. I'm fully prepared to believe, as he assured me himself last year, with a blush on his face, even though he told about it all with a most unconstrained and "witty" air, that there was not the least romance, and that it all happened *just so*. I believe it was just so, and that little phrase *just so* is charming, but still I always wanted to find out precisely how it came about with them. I myself have hated all this vileness all my life and hate it still. Of course, here it's by no means only shameless curiosity on my part. I will note that until last year I hardly knew my mother; from my infancy I had been handed over to other people, for Versilov's comfort, but of that later; and therefore I'm quite unable to imagine what her face could have been like at that time. If she was not really so good-looking, then what in her could have attracted such a man as Versilov was at that time? This question is important for me in that it highlights the man from an extremely curious side. That is why I ask it, and not out of depravity. He himself, this gloomy and closed man, with that sweet simpleheartedness he took from devil knows where (as if out of his pocket) when he saw it was necessary—he himself told me that he was quite a "silly young pup" then, not that he was sentimental, but *just so*, he had recently read *Anton the Wretch* and *Polinka Sachs*[3]—two literary works that had a boundless civilizing influence on our then rising generation. He added that it was perhaps because of *Anton the Wretch* that he had come to the estate then—and he added it extremely seriously. What

form could the beginning between this "silly pup" and my mother have taken? It has just occurred to me that if I had at least one reader, he would probably burst out laughing at me, as at a most ridiculous adolescent who, having preserved his stupid innocence, barges with his reasonings and solutions into things he doesn't understand. Yes, indeed, I still don't understand, though I confess it not at all out of pride, because I know how stupid this inexperience at the age of twenty can be; only I will tell the gentleman that he himself does not understand, and I will prove it to him. True, I know nothing about women, and I don't want to know, because I'll spit on that all my life and I've given my word. But nevertheless I know for certain that one woman attracts you by her beauty, or whatever it is, from the first moment; another you have to chew over for half a year before you understand what's in her; and to make her out and fall in love with her, it's not enough to look and simply be ready for anything, on top of that you have to be somehow gifted. I'm convinced of that, even though I know nothing, and if it were otherwise, then all women would have to be reduced at once to the level of simple domestic animals and kept around only in that guise. Maybe a lot of people would like that.

I know positively from several hands that my mother was not a beauty, though I haven't seen her portrait from that time, which exists somewhere. That means it was impossible to fall in love with her at first sight. For mere "amusement," Versilov could have chosen another girl, and there was one like that, and unmarried besides, Anfisa Konstantinovna Sapozhkov, a house maid. And a man who arrived with *Anton the Wretch* and, on the basis of his rights as a landowner, violated the sacredness of marriage, even though it was of his household serf, would be very ashamed in his own eyes, because, I repeat, no more than a few months ago, that is, twenty years later, he spoke extremely seriously of this *Anton the Wretch*. Yet Anton only had a horse taken from him, and here it's a wife! It means something very peculiar happened, and that was why Mlle. Sapozhkov lost (or won, in my opinion). I bothered him with all these questions a couple of times last year, when it was possible to talk with him (because it was not always possible to talk with him), and I noticed that, despite all his worldliness and the space of twenty years, he somehow made an extremely wry face. But I insisted. At least I remember him once murmuring somehow strangely, with that air of worldly squeamishness he repeatedly allowed himself with me, that my mother was a person

of the *defenseless* sort, whom you don't really fall in love with—on the contrary, not at all—but for some reason suddenly *fall to pitying*, for their meekness, is it, or for what, anyhow? No one ever knows, but you go on pitying for a long time; you pity and grow attached... "In short, my dear, it sometimes so happens that you cannot even rid yourself of it." That's what he told me; and if it really was so, then I'm forced to regard him as less of a stupid pup at that time than he gives himself out to have been. And that was just what I needed.

Anyhow, he started assuring me then that my mother fell in love with him out of "lowliness": he might just as well have said out of serfdom! He lied in order to show off, lied against conscience, against honor and nobility!

I've said all this, of course, in some sort of praise of my mother, and yet I've already stated that I knew nothing about how she was then. Moreover, I precisely know all the imperviousness of that milieu and of those pathetic notions in which she had hardened since childhood and in which she remained afterwards for the rest of her life. Nevertheless, the harm was done. Incidentally, I must correct myself: having soared into the clouds, I forgot about the fact which, on the contrary, ought to have been put forward first of all—namely, that it started between them directly with the *harm*. (I hope the reader will not put on airs to the extent of not understanding at once what I mean to say.) In short, it started between them precisely in a landowner's way, even though Mlle. Sapozhkov was bypassed. But here I'll step in and state beforehand that I am by no means contradicting myself. For what, O Lord, what could a man like Versilov possibly have talked about at that time with a person like my mother, even in the event of the most irresistible love? I've heard from depraved people that very often, when a man comes together with a woman, he starts in complete silence, which, of course, is the height of monstrosity and nausea; nevertheless, Versilov, even if he had wanted to, would have been unable to start in any other way with my mother. Could he have started by explaining *Polinka Sachs* to her? And moreover, they couldn't be bothered with Russian literature; on the contrary, according to his own words (he got carried away once), they hid in the corners, waited for each other on stairways, bounced away from each other like rubber balls, red-faced, if somebody passed by, and the "tyrant landowner" trembled before the least washerwoman, despite all his serf-owning rights. But though it started in

a landowner's way, it turned out to be not quite so, and, essentially, it's still impossible to explain anything. There's even more darkness. The sheer dimensions to which their love developed already constitute a riddle, because the first condition of men like Versilov is to drop the girl immediately once the goal is achieved. That, however, is not how it turned out. For a depraved "young pup" (and they were all depraved, all of them to a man—both progressives and retrogrades) to sin with a pretty, flirtatious serving girl (and my mother was not flirtatious) was not only possible but inevitable, especially considering his novelistic status as a young widower, and his idleness. But to fall in love for one's whole life—that is too much. I can't guarantee that he loved her, but that he dragged her with him all his life is quite true.

I've posed many questions, but there is one most important question which, I'll note, I've never dared to ask my mother directly, though I've become quite close to her over the last year and, moreover, as a crude and ungrateful pup who finds them *guilty before him*, have been quite unceremonious with her. The question is the following: How could she, she herself, already married for half a year, and crushed, too, by all the notions of the legitimacy of marriage, crushed like a strengthless fly, she, who respected her Makar Ivanovich as nothing less than some sort of God, how could she, in a matter of two weeks, go so far as such a sin? For my mother wasn't a depraved woman, was she? On the contrary, I'll say now beforehand, that it is even difficult to imagine anyone being purer in soul, and that for all her life afterwards. The only possible explanation is that she did it unawares, that is, not in the sense that lawyers now affirm about their murderers and thieves, but under that strong impression which, given a certain simpleheartedness in the victim, takes over fatally and tragically. Who knows, maybe she fell desperately in love... with the fashion of his clothes, with the Parisian parting of his hair, with his French talk, precisely French, of which she understood not a sound, that romance he sang at the piano, fell in love with something she had never seen or heard before (and he was very handsome), and at the same time fell in love, to the point of prostration, with all of him, with all his fashions and romances. I've heard that that sometimes happened with serving girls in the time of serfdom, and with the most honest of them. I understand that, and he's a scoundrel who explains it by serfdom and "lowliness" alone! And so it means that this young man could have enough of that direct and seductive

power in him to attract a being hitherto so pure and, above all, a being so completely different from himself, from a totally different world and different land, and to such obvious ruin? That it was to ruin—that I hope my mother has always understood; only when she went to it, she wasn't thinking of ruin at all; but it's always like that with these "defenseless" ones: they know it's ruin, and yet they get into it.

Having sinned, they immediately confessed. He wittily recounted to me how he had sobbed on Makar Ivanovich's shoulder, summoning him to his study on purpose for the occasion, and she—at the time she was lying unconscious somewhere in her maid's closet...

VI

But enough of questions and scandalous details. Versilov, having bought out my mother from Makar Ivanovich, soon left, and since then, as I have already written above, began dragging her with him almost everywhere, except on those occasions when he was away for a long time; then he most often left her in the custody of the aunt, that is, Tatyana Pavlovna Prutkov, who always turned up from somewhere on such occasions. They lived in Moscow, lived in various other villages and cities, even abroad, and finally in Petersburg. Of all that later, if it's worth it. I'll say only that a year after Makar Ivanovich, I came into the world, then a year later my sister, and then, ten or eleven years later—a sickly boy, my younger brother, who died after a few months. The painful delivery of this child put an end to my mother's beauty, or so at least I was told: she quickly began to age and weaken.

But, all the same, connections with Makar Ivanovich were never broken off. Wherever the Versilovs were, whether they lived in one place for several years or moved about, Makar Ivanovich never failed to inform "the family" of himself. Some sort of strange relations took shape, somewhat solemn and almost serious. Among the gentry, something comical would inevitably have mixed into such relations, I know that; but here it didn't happen. Letters were sent twice a year, neither more nor less, and they were extremely like one another. I've seen them; there was little of anything personal in them; on the contrary, they contained, as far as possible, only solemn news about the most general events and the most general

feelings, if one can say that about feelings: news of his own health first of all, then questions about health, then good wishes, solemn regards and blessings—that's all. This generality and impersonality seem precisely to constitute all the propriety of tone and all the highest knowledge of behavior in that milieu. "To my dearly beloved and esteemed spouse Sofya Andreevna I send my humblest salutations . . ." "To our beloved children I send my eternally steadfast parental blessing." The children would all be listed by name, as they accumulated, and I was there, too. I will note in this regard that Makar Ivanovich was clever enough never to refer to "his honor the most esteemed master Andrei Petrovich" as his "benefactor," though he invariably sent his humblest salutations, asking for his good favor and for God's blessing upon him. Replies were quickly sent to Makar Ivanovich by my mother, and were always written in exactly the same vein. Versilov, naturally, did not participate in this correspondence. Makar Ivanovich wrote from various ends of Russia, from towns and monasteries, in which he sometimes stayed for long stretches of time. He became what's known as a wanderer. He never asked for anything; on the other hand, about once every three years he unfailingly came home for a while and stayed right at my mother's, who, as always happened, had her own apartment separate from Versilov's apartment. I'll have to speak about that later, but here I'll only note that Makar Ivanovich did not sprawl on a sofa in the drawing room, but modestly settled somewhere behind a partition. He never stayed long—five days, a week.

I forgot to say that he was terribly fond and respectful of his last name, "Dolgoruky." Naturally, that was ridiculously stupid. The stupidest thing was that he liked his last name precisely because there were princes named Dolgoruky. An odd notion, completely upside down.

If I said the whole family was always together, that was without me, naturally. I was like an outcast and had been placed with other people almost from birth. But there was no special intention here, it simply turned out that way for some reason. When my mother gave birth to me, she was still young and beautiful, and that meant he needed her, and a howling baby would naturally have been a hindrance to everything, especially when traveling. That's why it happened that until I was twenty I saw almost nothing of my mother, except for two or three fleeting occasions. It came about not from my mother's feelings, but from Versilov's contempt for people.

VII

NOW ABOUT SOMETHING quite different.

A month earlier, that is, a month before the nineteenth of September, in Moscow, I decided to renounce them all and go into my own idea for good. I set it down like that: "go into my own idea," because this expression may signify almost my whole main thought—what I live for in the world. Of what this "my own idea" is, all too much will be said later. In the solitary dreaming of my many years of Moscow life, it took shape in me, from the sixth class of high school on, and since then has perhaps not left me for a moment. It swallowed up my whole life. I lived in dreams even before that, lived ever since childhood in a dreamlike realm of a certain hue; but with the appearance of this main idea that swallowed up everything in me, my dreams consolidated and all at once molded themselves into a certain form; from stupid they became reasonable. School did not interfere with dreams; nor did it interfere with the idea. I'll add, however, that I did poorly in the last year, whereas up to the seventh grade I had always been one of the first, and it happened owing to the same idea, owing to a conclusion, maybe a false one, that I drew from it. So it was not school that interfered with the idea, but the idea that interfered with school. It also interfered with the university. Having finished high school, I immediately intended not only to break radically with everyone, but, if need be, even with the whole world, though I was then only nineteen. I wrote to those I had to, through those I had to, in Petersburg, saying they should leave me in peace for good, not send me any more money for my keep, and, if possible, forget me entirely (that is, naturally, in case they remembered me at all), and finally—that I wouldn't go to the university, "not for anything." I was faced with an irrefutable dilemma: either the university and further education, or postpone putting the "idea" to work for another four years; I stood intrepidly for the idea, for I was mathematically convinced. Versilov, my father, whom I had seen only once in my life, for a moment, when I was only ten years old (and who in that one moment had managed to impress me), Versilov, in answer to my letter, which, incidentally, was not sent to him, summoned me to Petersburg himself in a letter written with his own hand, promising me a private post. This summons from a dry

and proud man, contemptuous and negligent in my regard, who until now, having produced me and thrown me among strangers, not only did not know me at all, but never even repented of it (who knows, maybe he had a vague and imprecise notion of my very existence, because it turned out later that it was not he who paid for my upkeep in Moscow but others), a summons from this man, I say, who so suddenly remembered me and deigned to write to me in his own hand—this summons enticed me and decided my fate. Strangely, one of the things I liked in his little letter (one small page of small format) was that he didn't say a word about the university, did not ask me to alter my decision, did not reproach me for not wanting to study, in short, did not produce any parental folderol of that sort, as usually happens, and yet that was precisely bad on his part, in the sense that it testified still more to his negligence about me. I also decided to go because it didn't interfere in the least with my main dream: "I'll see what comes of it," I reasoned, "in any case, I'll be connected with him only for a time, maybe a very short time. But the moment I see that this step, even if it's conditional and small, still moves me further away from the *main thing*, I'll immediately break with them, drop everything, and withdraw into my shell." Precisely into a shell! "I'll hide in it like a turtle"—the comparison pleased me very much. "I won't be alone," I went on calculating, going around in a fuddle all those last days in Moscow, "I'll never be alone now as I was for all those terrible years before: I'll have my idea with me, which I'll never betray, even in the event that I like them all there, and they give me happiness, and I live with them for ten years!" It was this impression, I'll note beforehand, it was precisely this doubleness of my plans and aims, that was already determined in Moscow and that never left me for a moment in Petersburg (for I don't know if there was a single day in Petersburg that I didn't set up as my final date for breaking with them and going away)—this doubleness, I say, was also, it seems, one of the main reasons for my many imprudences committed that year, many abominations, even many low acts and, naturally, stupid ones.

Of course, a father had suddenly appeared, whom I had never had before. This thought intoxicated me both while I was packing in Moscow and on the train. The fact of a father was nothing, and I disliked tender feelings, but this man did not want to know me and humiliated me, while all those years I had dreamed long and hard of him (if one can say that about dreaming). Each of my

dreams since childhood had echoed with him, had hovered around him, had in the final result come down to him. I don't know whether I hated or loved him, but he filled all my future, all my reckoning in life, with himself—and that happened on its own, it went together with my growing up.

Yet another powerful circumstance influenced my departure from Moscow, yet another temptation, which even then, three months before leaving (that is, when there had not yet been any mention of Petersburg), made my heart heave and pound! I was also drawn into this unknown ocean because I could enter it directly as the lord and master even of other people's destinies, and what people! But it was magnanimous and not despotic feelings that seethed in me—I warn you beforehand, so there will be no mistaking my words. Versilov might think (if he deigned to think about me) that this was a little boy coming, a recent high-school student, an adolescent, for whom the whole world was a marvel. And yet I already knew all his innermost secrets and had a most important document on me, for which (now I know it for certain) he would have given several years of his life, if I had revealed the whole secret to him then. However, I notice that I'm setting a lot of riddles. Feelings can't be described without facts. Besides, more than enough will be said about all that in its place; that's why I've taken up the pen. And to write this way is like raving or a cloud.

VIII

Finally, in order to go on definitively to the nineteenth, I'll meanwhile say briefly and, so to speak, in passing, that I found them all, that is, Versilov, my mother, and my sister (whom I was seeing for the first time in my life), in difficult circumstances, almost destitute or verging on destitution. I had already learned of that in Moscow, but I had never supposed what I saw. Ever since childhood I had been used to picturing this man, this "future father of mine," almost in some sort of halo, and couldn't imagine him otherwise than in the forefront everywhere. Versilov had never lived in the same apartment with my mother, but had always rented a separate one for her; he did it, of course, out of those mean "proprieties" of theirs. But here they were all living together in the same wooden wing, in a lane of the Semyonovsky quarter.[4] All their things had been pawned, so that I even gave my mother, in

secret from Versilov, my secret sixty roubles. Precisely *secret*, because I had saved them from my pocket money, the five roubles a month allotted me, over the course of two years; the saving began from the first day of my idea, and therefore Versilov was not to know even a word of this money. I trembled over it.

This help was a mere drop. My mother worked, my sister also took in sewing; Versilov lived idly, was capricious, and went on living with a great many of his former, rather expensive habits. He grumbled terribly, especially at dinner, and all his manners were completely despotic. But my mother, my sister, Tatyana Pavlovna, and the whole family of the late Andronikov (a certain department head, deceased three months earlier, who at the time had managed Versilov's affairs), which consisted of countless women, stood in awe of him as of an idol. I could never have pictured such a thing. I'll note that nine years earlier he had been incomparably more elegant. I've already said that he remained with some sort of halo in my dreams, and therefore I could not imagine how it was possible to become so aged and shabby only some nine years later: I at once felt sadness, pity, shame. The sight of him was one of the most painful of my first impressions on arrival. However, he was by no means an old man yet, he was only forty-five; and as I studied him further, I found something even more striking in his good looks than what had survived in my memory. There was less brilliance than then, less of the external, even of the elegant, but it was as if life had imprinted on his face something much more interesting than was there before.

And yet destitution was only the tenth or twentieth part of his misfortunes, and I knew it only too well. Besides destitution, there was something immeasurably more serious—not to mention that there was still hope of winning the litigation over an inheritance that Versilov had started a year before against the Princes Sokolsky, and Versilov might receive in the nearest future an estate worth seventy thousand and maybe a bit more. I've already said above that this Versilov had run through three inheritances in his life, and here he was going to be rescued again by an inheritance! The case was to be decided in court in the shortest time. That was why I came. True, no one gave out money on hope, there was nowhere to borrow, and meanwhile they bore with it.

But Versilov did not go to anyone, though he sometimes left for the whole day. Over a year ago, he had already been *driven out* of society. That story, despite all my efforts, remained unclear to me

in its main points, despite my whole month of life in Petersburg. Was Versilov guilty or not—that was what mattered to me, that was what I had come for! Everybody turned away from him, including, by the way, all the influential nobility, with whom he had been especially able to maintain relations all his life, owing to rumors of a certain extremely low and—what's worst of all in the eyes of the "world"—scandalous act he was supposed to have committed over a year before in Germany, and even of a slap in the face he had received then, much too publicly, precisely from one of the Sokolsky princes, and to which he had not responded with a challenge. Even his children (the legitimate ones), his son and daughter, turned away from him and lived separately. True, both the son and the daughter floated in the highest circle, through the Fanariotovs and old Prince Sokolsky (Versilov's former friend). However, looking at him more closely during that whole month, what I saw was an arrogant man, whom society had not excluded from its circle, but rather who had himself driven society away from him—so independent an air he had. But did he have the right to that air—that's what troubled me! I absolutely had to find out the whole truth in the very shortest time, for I had come to judge this man. My own power I still concealed from him, but I had either to acknowledge him, or to spurn him altogether. And the latter would be all too painful for me, and I suffered. I'll finally make a full confession: this man was dear to me!

And meanwhile I lived in the same apartment with them, worked, and barely refrained from being rude. In fact, I did not refrain. Having lived with them for a month, I became more convinced every day that I simply couldn't turn to him for final explanations. The proud man stood right in front of me as a riddle that insulted me deeply. He was even nice and jocular with me, but I sooner wanted a quarrel than such jokes. All my conversations with him always bore some sort of ambiguity in them, that is, quite simply some strange mockery on his part. At the very beginning, he did not meet me seriously when I came from Moscow. I could in no way understand why he did that. True, he achieved the result that he remained impenetrable to me; but I could not have lowered myself to beg for serious treatment from him. And besides, he had astonishing and irresistible ways about him, which I didn't know how to deal with. In short, he treated me like the greenest adolescent—something I was almost unable to bear, though I knew it would be like that. Consequently, I myself stopped speaking

seriously and waited; I even almost stopped speaking entirely. I was waiting for a certain person, on whose arrival in Petersburg I could definitively learn the truth; in that lay my last hope. In any case, I was prepared to break with him definitively and had already taken all the measures. I pitied my mother, but . . . "either him or me"— that was what I wanted to suggest to her and my sister. Even the day had been fixed; but meanwhile I went to work.

Chapter Two

I

On that nineteenth day of the month, I was also to receive my first pay for the first month of my Petersburg service at my "private" post. They never even asked me about this post, but simply sent me there, it seems, on the very first day of my arrival. That was very crude, and I was almost obliged to protest. The post turned out to be in the house of old Prince Sokolsky. But to protest right then would have meant breaking with them at once, which, though it didn't frighten me at all, would have harmed my essential aims, and therefore I accepted the post silently for the time being, my silence protecting my dignity. I'll explain from the outset that this Prince Sokolsky, a rich man and a privy councillor,[5] was in no way related to those Princes Sokolsky from Moscow (impoverished wretches for several generations in a row) with whom Versilov had his lawsuit. They were merely namesakes. Nevertheless, the old prince took great interest in them and especially liked one of these princes, the head of the family, so to speak—a young officer. Still recently, Versilov had had enormous influence on this old man's affairs and had been his friend, a strange friend, because the poor prince, as I noticed, was terribly afraid of him, not only at the time when I entered, but, it seems, throughout their friendship. However, they hadn't seen each other for a long time; the dishonorable act Versilov was accused of concerned precisely the prince's family; but Tatyana Pavlovna turned up, and it was through her mediation that I was placed with the old man, who wanted to have "a young man" in his office. It so happened that he also wanted terribly much to do Versilov a good turn, to make, so to speak, a first step, and Versilov *allowed* it. The old prince made the arrangements in the absence of his daughter, a general's widow, who probably would not have allowed him this step. Of that later, but I'll note that it was this strangeness of his relations with Versilov that struck me in his favor. It stood to reason that if the head of the insulted family still went on respecting Versilov, it meant that the rumor spread about Versilov's baseness was absurd or at least ambiguous. It was partly this circumstance that forced me not to

protest at taking the post: in taking it, I precisely hoped to verify all that.

This Tatyana Pavlovna played a strange role at the time when I found her in Petersburg. I had almost forgotten about her entirely and had never expected that she had such significance. Previously, she had come my way three or four times in my Moscow life, appearing from God knows where, on somebody's instructions, each time I had to be settled somewhere—on entering Touchard's little boarding school,[6] or two and a half years later, when I was transferred to high school and lodged in the quarters of the unforgettable Nikolai Semyonovich. Having appeared, she'd spend the whole day with me, inspecting my linen, my clothes, drive with me to Kuznetsky and downtown, buy me everything I needed, in short, set up my whole trousseau to the last little box and penknife; and she would hiss at me all the while, scold me, reprimand me, quiz me, hold up to me the example of some other fantastic boys, her acquaintances and relations, who supposedly were all better than I was, and, really, she even pinched me and positively shoved me, even several times, and painfully. Once she had settled me and installed me in place, she would vanish without a trace for several years. So it was she who, just as I arrived, appeared and got me installed again. She was a small, dry little figure, with a sharp, birdlike little nose and sharp, birdlike little eyes. She served Versilov like a slave, and bowed down to him as to a pope, but out of conviction. But I soon noticed with astonishment that she was decidedly respected by everyone and everywhere, and, above all—decidedly everywhere and everyone knew her. Old Prince Sokolsky treated her with extraordinary deference; so did his family; so did those proud Versilov children; so did the Fanariotovs—and yet she lived by doing sewing, washing some sort of lace, taking work from a shop. She and I quarreled from the first word, because she decided to hiss at me at once, as she had done six years before; after that we kept quarreling every day; but that did not prevent us from talking occasionally, and, I confess, by the end of the month I began to like her—for the independence of her character, I suppose. However, I did not inform her of that.

I understood at once that I had been assigned a post with this ailing old man solely in order to "amuse" him, and that the whole job lay in that. Naturally, that humiliated me, and I was going to take measures at once; but soon afterwards the old eccentric produced a sort of unexpected impression in me, something like pity,

and by the end of the month I grew somehow strangely attached to him, or at least I dropped my intention to be rude. He was, incidentally, no more than sixty. Here a whole story came out. A year and a half earlier he had suddenly had a fit; he had gone somewhere and had lost his mind on the way, so that something like a scandal had occurred, which was talked about in Petersburg. As is proper in such cases, he was immediately taken abroad, but about five months later he suddenly reappeared, and in perfect health, though he did leave government service. Versilov maintained seriously (and with notable warmth) that there was no insanity involved, but merely some sort of nervous fit. I immediately noticed this warmth of Versilov's. However, I will note that I myself all but shared his opinion. The old man just seemed awfully light-minded at times, which didn't go with his years, and they said he hadn't been that way at all before. They said that before he had been some sort of adviser somewhere and had once somehow distinguished himself greatly in some mission he had been charged with. Having known him for a whole month, I would never have supposed any special ability in him for being an adviser. They noticed (though I did not) that after his fit a sort of special inclination developed in him to get married quickly, and that he supposedly set about this idea more than once in that year and a half. This was supposedly known in society, and was of interest to the right people. But since this impulse was far too discordant with the interests of certain persons around the prince, the old man was watched on all sides. His own family was small; he had been a widower for twenty years and had only one daughter, the general's widow, who was now expected any day from Moscow, a young person whose character he unquestionably feared. But he had no end of various distant relations, mostly on his deceased wife's side, who were all but destitute; besides, there was a multitude of various wards, male and female, who received his benefactions, and who all expected a share of his inheritance, and so they all assisted the general's widow in supervising the old man. On top of that, ever since he was a young man, he had had a certain quirk—only I don't know whether it was ridiculous or not—of marrying off impoverished girls. He had been marrying them off for twenty-five years on end—distant relations, or stepdaughters of his wife's cousins, or his goddaughters; he even married off his doorkeeper's daughter. He started by taking them into his house while they were still little girls, brought them up with governesses and French-

women, then educated them in the best schools, and in the end gave them away with a dowry. All this constantly crowded around him. The wards, naturally, once they married, would produce more girls, all the girls thus produced also aimed at becoming wards, he had to go everywhere to baptisms, all this showed up with congratulations on his birthdays, and he found it all extremely agreeable.

On entering his service, I noticed at once that a certain painful conviction had nested in the old man's mind—and it was quite impossible not to notice it—that everyone in society had supposedly begun to look at him strangely, that everyone had supposedly begun to treat him differently than before, when he had been in good health; this impression did not leave him even in the merriest social gatherings. The old man became insecure, began noticing something in everyone's eyes. The thought that he was still suspected of insanity obviously tormented him; even me he sometimes studied with mistrust. And if he had learned that someone was spreading or maintaining this rumor about him, I believe this gentlest of men would have become his eternal enemy. It is this circumstance that I ask you to take note of. I will add that this also decided me from the first day not to be rude to him; I was even glad if I sometimes had the chance to cheer him up or divert him; I don't think this confession can cast a shadow on my dignity.

The greater part of his money was invested. After his illness, he had joined a big shareholding company, a very solid one, by the way. And though the business was conducted by the others, he was also very interested in it, came to the shareholders' meetings, was elected a founding member, sat on the board, delivered long speeches, refuted, made noise, all with obvious pleasure. He very much liked making speeches: at least everyone could see his intelligence. And in general he began to be terribly fond of inserting especially profound things and bons mots into his conversation, even in his most intimate private life; that I understand only too well. In his house, downstairs, something like a home office was set up, and a clerk took care of the business, the accounts, and the bookkeeping, and also managed the household. This clerk, who served, besides, in a government post, would have been quite enough by himself; but, at the wish of the prince, they added me as well, as if to assist the clerk; but I was transferred at once to the study and often had no work in front of me, no papers, no books, not even for pretense.

I'm writing now like a man who has long since sobered up, and in many respects almost like an outsider; but how shall I depict my sadness of that time (which I vividly recall right now), as it lodged itself in my heart, and, above all, my agitation of that time, which would reach such a troubled and fervid state that I even didn't sleep at night—from my impatience, from the riddles that I set myself.

II

Asking for money is a vile affair, even when it's your salary, if you feel somewhere in the folds of your conscience that you haven't quite earned it. Meanwhile, the day before, my mother and sister were whispering together, in secret from Versilov ("so as not to upset Andrei Petrovich"), intending to go to a pawnshop with an icon from her icon stand, which for some reason was very dear to her. I was working for fifty roubles a month, but I had no idea how I would receive it; when I was appointed here, nobody told me anything. Some three days earlier, meeting the clerk downstairs, I had asked him who was responsible for the salaries here. The man looked at me with the smile of one astonished (he didn't like me):

"But do you get a salary?"

I thought that right after my reply he would add:

"And what for, sir?"

But he only answered drily that he "knew nothing" and buried himself in his ruled notebook, in which he was copying out accounts from some scraps of paper.

He was not unaware, however, that I did do something. Two weeks earlier I had sat for exactly four days over a job he himself had given me, making a copy from a rough draft, and it had almost come down to rewriting it. It was a whole crowd of the prince's "thoughts," which he had prepared to submit to the shareholders' committee. I had to put it together into a whole and touch up the style. Afterwards I spent a whole day sitting over this paper with the prince, and he argued with me very vehemently, though he remained pleased; only I don't know whether he submitted the paper or not. I won't even mention the two or three letters, also on business, which I wrote at his request.

It was also vexing for me to ask for my salary, because I had

already decided to give up my position, anticipating that I'd be forced to leave here as well, owing to ineluctable circumstances. Waking up that morning and getting dressed upstairs in my little closet, I felt my heart pound, and though I spat as I entered the prince's house, I again felt the same agitation: that morning the person was to arrive here, the woman from whose arrival I expected an explanation of all that tormented me! This was precisely the prince's daughter, General Akhmakov's widow, the young woman of whom I have already spoken and who was at bitter enmity with Versilov. At last I've written that name! Of course, I had never seen her, and could not imagine how I would speak to her, or whether I would; but I imagined to myself (perhaps on sufficient grounds) that her arrival would disperse the darkness that surrounded Versilov in my eyes. I couldn't remain firm: it was terribly vexing that from the very first step I was so pusillanimous and awkward; it was terribly curious, and above all disgusting—three full impressions. I remember that whole day by heart!

My prince knew nothing as yet about the probable arrival of his daughter, and assumed she would return from Moscow maybe in a week. But I learned of it the evening before, quite by accident: Tatyana Pavlovna, who had received a letter from the general's widow, let it slip to my mother in my presence. Though they whispered and used remote phrases, I guessed it. Of course, I wasn't eavesdropping; I simply couldn't help listening when I saw my mother suddenly become so agitated at the news of this woman's arrival. Versilov was not at home.

I didn't want to inform the old man of it, because I couldn't help noticing in all that time how afraid he was of her coming. He had even let slip three days earlier, though timidly and remotely, that he was afraid of her coming on account of me—that is, that on account of me he would get a scolding. I must add, however, that in family relations he still maintained his independence and domination, especially in managing money. My first conclusion about him was that he was a real woman; but then I had to reconclude, in the sense that, even if he was a woman, all the same there remained in him at times a sort of stubbornness, if not real courage. There were moments when it was almost impossible to do anything with his apparently cowardly and susceptible character. Versilov explained it to me later in more detail. I mention now, with curiosity, that he and I hardly ever spoke of the general's widow—that is, avoided speaking, as it were; I especially avoided

it, and he in turn avoided speaking of Versilov, and I surmised at once that he wouldn't answer me, if I were to ask any of the ticklish questions that interested me so much.

If anyone wants to know what we talked about during that whole month, I will reply that, essentially, it was about everything in the world, but all of it somehow strange. I very much liked the extreme artlessness with which he treated me. I sometimes studied the man with extreme perplexity, asking myself, "Where was he sitting before? He's just right for our high school, and for the fourth class at that—he'd make the nicest schoolmate." I also wondered more than once at his face: it looked extremely serious (almost handsome) and dry; thick, gray, curly hair, an open gaze; and his whole figure was lean, of a good height; but his face had a sort of unpleasant, almost indecent property of changing suddenly from the extraordinarily serious to the much-too-playful, so that someone seeing it for the first time would never expect it. I spoke of it with Versilov, who heard me out with curiosity; it seemed he hadn't expected me to be able to make such observations; yet he observed in passing that this property had appeared in the prince after his illness and maybe only quite recently.

We talked for the most part about two abstract subjects: about God and his being—that is, whether he exists or not—and about women. The prince was very religious and sentimental. In his office hung an enormous icon case with an icon lamp. But something would come over him—and he'd suddenly begin to doubt God's existence and say astonishing things, obviously challenging me to reply. My attitude to this idea was rather indifferent, generally speaking, but even so the two of us would get carried away, and always sincerely. Generally, even now I recall all those conversations with pleasure. But the sweetest thing of all for him was to chat about women, and since I, given my dislike of conversations on that topic, could not be a good interlocutor, he would sometimes even get upset.

He had just begun talking in this vein as I came in that morning. I found him in a playful mood, while the previous evening I had left him extremely sad for some reason. Yet I absolutely had to be done that day with the matter of my salary—before the arrival of certain persons. I calculated that we would be *interrupted* that day without fail (not for nothing was my heart pounding)—and then perhaps I wouldn't venture to talk about money. But since one couldn't just start talking about money, I naturally got angry at my

own stupidity and, as I remember it now, vexed at some much-too-merry question he asked me, I fired all my views of women at him at once, and that with extreme ardor. But the result was that he got still more carried away, worse luck for me.

III

"... I DON'T LIKE WOMEN, because they're rude, because they're awkward, because they're not independent, and because they wear indecent clothes," I concluded my lengthy tirade incoherently.

"Have mercy, dear heart!" he cried, terribly amused, which made me still angrier.

I'm yielding and trifling only in trifles, but I will never yield in the main thing. In trifles, in certain social manners, one can do God knows what with me, and I've always cursed this trait in myself. Out of some stinking goodnaturedness, I have sometimes been ready to yes even some society fop, seduced solely by his courtesy, or to get into an argument with a fool, which is most unpardonable. All from lack of self-control and from having grown up in a corner. You go away angry and swearing that tomorrow it won't be repeated, but tomorrow the same thing happens again. That's why I've sometimes been taken almost for a sixteen-year-old. But instead of acquiring self-control, I prefer even now to shut myself up still more in a corner, though it be in the most misanthropic way: "Maybe I'm awkward, but—farewell!" I say that seriously and forever. However, I am by no means writing this apropos of the prince, and not even apropos of our conversation that time.

"I am by no means saying it for your amusement," I almost shouted at him, "I am simply voicing a conviction."

"But how is it that women are rude and indecently dressed? That's novel."

"They're rude. Go to the theater, go for a promenade. Every man knows the right side, they come towards each other and pass each other, he on the right and I on the right. A woman, that is, a lady—I'm speaking of ladies—comes stomping straight at you, without even noticing you, as if it were your unfailing duty to jump aside and yield her the way. I'm ready to yield, as to a weaker being, but why is it her right, why is she so sure I must do it—that's what's offensive! I always spit when I run into them. And after

that they cry that they're humiliated and demand equality; what kind of equality is it, if she tramples me down or stuffs my mouth full of sand!"

"Sand!"

"Yes. Because they're indecently dressed; only a depraved man can fail to notice that. They shut the doors in courts when a case gets to indecency; why then do they allow it in the streets, where there are a lot more people? They pad themselves quite openly with some frou-frou behind, to show that they're belles-femmes. Openly! I can't help noticing it, and any young man will notice it, and a child, a beginning little boy, will also notice it. It's base. Let old philanderers admire it and run after them with their tongues hanging out, but there are pure young people who must be protected. The only thing left to do is spit. She goes down the boulevard and leaves a four-foot train behind her sweeping the dust; how about the one behind her: you either have to run ahead or jump aside, otherwise she'll stuff five pounds of sand in your nose and mouth. Besides, it's silk, and she frays it on the stones for three miles, just for the sake of fashion, and her husband earns five hundred roubles a year in the Senate:[7] there's where the bribes are sitting! I always spit on it, I spit and berate them out loud."

Though I'm writing down this conversation somewhat humorously here, and in a way characteristic of me then, the thinking is still mine.

"And get away with it?" the prince became curious.

"I spit and walk away. Naturally, she feels it, but she doesn't let it show, she stomps on majestically without turning her head. And there was only one time that I berated a couple of them quite seriously, both with trains, on the boulevard—naturally, not in nasty words, I merely observed out loud that trains were offensive."

"That's how you put it?"

"Of course. First, she's trampling on social conventions, and second, she's raising dust; and the boulevard is for everybody: I walk there, another person walks there, a third, Fyodor, Ivan, it makes no difference. So I spoke it all out. And generally I don't like the female gait, if you look from behind; I spoke that out, too, but in a hint."

"My friend, you could have gotten into a serious incident: they could have dragged you to the justice of the peace!"

"They could have done nothing at all. There were no grounds for complaint: a man walks by and talks to himself. Every man has

the right to voice his conviction into the air. I was speaking abstractly, I wasn't addressing them. They themselves did the pestering: they started berating me, they were much nastier than I was: milksop, ought to go without dinner, nihilist, hand him over to the police, and that I started pestering them because they were alone and weak women, and that if there had been a man with them, I'd have put my tail between my legs at once. I told them coolly that they should stop bothering me, and that I would cross to the other side. And in order to prove to them that I'm not afraid of their men and am ready to accept their challenge, I will follow twenty steps behind them right to their house, then stand in front of their house and wait for their men. And so I did."

"Really?"

"Of course, it was stupid, but I was worked up. They dragged me for over three miles, in hot weather, as far as the institutes, went into a one-story wooden house—quite a decent one, I must admit—and you could see lots of flowers inside, two canaries, three lapdogs, and some framed prints. I stood in the middle of the street in front of the house for about half an hour. They peeked out on the sly three times or so, and then drew all the blinds. Finally, an official came out of the gate, an elderly man; judging by his looks, he had been asleep and had been awakened on purpose; he was wearing, not quite a house robe, but something very informal; he stood by the gate, put his hands behind his back, and started looking at me, and I at him. He would glance away, then look at me again, and suddenly he began to smile at me. I turned around and left."

"My friend, this is something Schilleresque![8] It has always surprised me: you've got ruddy cheeks, your face is bursting with health, and—such a, one might say, aversion to women! How is it possible that at your age a woman does not make a certain impression? When I was just eleven, *mon cher*, my tutor observed to me that I gazed too much at the statues in the Summer Garden."[9]

"You'd like terribly for me to go and visit some local Josephine and come to let you know. There's no need. I myself, when I was just thirteen, saw a woman's nakedness, all of it; since then I've felt this loathing."

"Seriously? But, *cher enfant*, a beautiful, fresh woman smells just like an apple, what's there to loathe?"

"In my former little boarding school, at Touchard's, even before high school, I had a comrade—Lambert. He used to beat me,

because he was more than three years older, and I served him and took his boots off. When he went to confirmation, the abbé Rigaud visited him to congratulate him on his first communion,[10] and the two rushed in tears to embrace each other, and the abbé Rigaud started pressing him to his breast terribly hard, with various gestures. I also wept and was very envious. When his father died, he left school, and I didn't see him for two years, but after two years I met him in the street. He said he would come to see me. I was already in high school and was living with Nikolai Semyonovich. He came in the morning, showed me five hundred roubles, and told me to come with him. Though he had beaten me two years earlier, he had always needed me, not only for his boots; he used to tell me everything. He told me that he had stolen the money that day from his mother's cashbox, having duplicated the key, because his father's money was all his by law, and she dared not keep it from him, and that the abbé Rigaud had come the day before to admonish him—came in, stood over him and started whimpering, portraying horror, and raising his arms to the sky, "and I pulled my knife and said I'd cut his throat" (he pronounced it *thghroat*). We drove to Kuznetsky. On the way, he told me that his mother had relations with the abbé Rigaud, and that he had noticed it, and that he spat on it all, and that everything they said about communion was rubbish. He said a lot more, and I was frightened. In Kuznetsky he bought a double-barreled shotgun, a game bag, cartridges, a horsewhip, and then also a pound of candy. We drove out of town to shoot, and on our way met a birdcatcher with his cages; Lambert bought a canary from him. In the woods he let the canary out, because it couldn't fly far after being in a cage, and began shooting at it, but missed. It was the first time in his life he had shot a gun, but he had been wanting to buy a gun for a long time, still at Touchard's, and we had long dreamed of a gun. He was as if spluttering. His hair was terribly black, his face white and red-cheeked like a mask, his nose long and aquiline, such as Frenchmen have, his teeth white, his eyes black. He tied the canary to a branch with a thread, and with both barrels, point-blank, from four inches away, blasted it twice, and it scattered into a hundred little feathers. Then we went back, stopped at a hotel, took a room, began eating and drinking champagne; a lady came... I was very struck, I remember, by how magnificently she was dressed, in green silk. Here I saw all that... what I told you about... Afterwards, when we started drinking

again, he began to taunt her and abuse her; she was sitting there without her dress; he had taken her dress away, and when she began cursing and asking for her dress, so that she could put it on, he started whipping her as hard as he could on her bare shoulders with the whip. I stood up and seized him by the hair, so deftly that I threw him to the floor at once. He seized a fork and stuck it into my thigh. Then people rushed in, hearing the shouting, and I managed to escape. Since then the memory of nakedness has been loathsome to me; believe me, she was a beauty."

As I talked, the prince's face changed from playful to very sad.

"*Mon pauvre enfant!** I've always been convinced that there were a great many unhappy days in your childhood."

"Please don't worry."

"But you were alone, you told me so yourself, though there was this Lambert. The way you described it: the canary, the confirmation with tears on each other's breasts, and then, after a year or so, he speaks of his mother and this abbot... *O, mon cher*, this children question of our time is simply frightful: while these little golden heads, with their curls and innocence, in their earliest childhood, flutter before you and look at you with their bright laughter and bright little eyes—they're like God's angels or lovely little birds; but later... but later it so happens that it would be better for them not to grow up at all!"

"How unnerved you are, Prince! As if you had children yourself. You don't have children and never will."

"*Tiens!*"† His face changed instantly. "In fact, Alexandra Petrovna—the day before yesterday, heh, heh!—Alexandra Petrovna Sinitsky—I think you must have met her here about three weeks ago—imagine, suddenly, the day before yesterday, to my cheerful remark that if I marry now, at least I can rest assured that I won't have children—suddenly she says to me, and even with a sort of spite, 'On the contrary, you precisely will, such a one as you will *unfailingly* have children, even in the very first year, you'll see.' Heh, heh! And everybody imagined for some reason that I'd suddenly get married; but, though it's spiteful, you must agree it's witty."

"Witty, but offensive."

"Well, *cher enfant*, one cannot be offended by just anybody.

*My poor boy!
†Well!

What I appreciate most of all in people is wittiness, which is evidently disappearing, and what Alexandra Petrovna is going to say—who can take that into account!"

"What, what did you say?" I latched on. "Not by just anybody... precisely so! Not everybody's worth paying attention to—an excellent rule! That is precisely what I need. I'll write it down. You occasionally say the nicest things, Prince."

He beamed all over.

"*N'est-ce pas?** *Cher enfant*, true wit is disappearing more and more. *Eh, mais... C'est moi qui connais les femmes.*† Believe me, every woman's life, whatever she may preach, is an eternal search for someone to submit to... a thirst for submission, so to speak. And note—without a single exception."

"Perfectly true, splendid!" I cried in delight. At another time we would have launched at once into philosophical reflections on the subject, for a whole hour, but it was as if something suddenly bit me, and I blushed all over. I imagined that, by praising his bons mots, I was sucking up to him on account of the money, and that he would be sure to think of that when I began to ask. I mention it now on purpose.

"Prince, I humbly request that you pay me right now the fifty roubles you owe me for this month," I blurted out all at once, irritated to the point of rudeness.

I remember (just as I remember that whole morning in minute detail) that a scene then took place between us that was most vile in its real truth. At first he didn't understand me, looked for a long time and did not understand what money I was talking about. It was only natural that he never imagined I should receive a salary—and what for? True, he started assuring me later that he had forgotten, and, when he grasped it, he instantly started taking out the fifty roubles, but he became hurried and even turned red. Seeing how things were, I stood up and declared sharply that I could not accept the money now, that I had obviously been told of the salary either mistakenly or deceitfully, so that I would not reject the post, and that I now understood only too well that I had no reason to be paid, because there wasn't any work. The prince became frightened and started assuring me that I had worked terribly much, and that I would have still more work, and that fifty roubles

*Isn't it so?
†Eh, but... I'm the one who knows women.

was so insignificant that he, on the contrary, would increase it, because it was his duty, and that he himself had negotiated with Tatyana Pavlovna, but had "unpardonably forgotten all about it." I flared up and announced definitively that it would be mean of me to receive a salary for scandalous stories of how I had accompanied two trains to the institutes, that I had not been hired to amuse him, but to occupy myself with business, but since there was no business, it must be terminated, etc., etc. I couldn't even have imagined that it was possible to be as frightened as he was after these words of mine. Naturally, the end was that I stopped objecting, and he did stick me with the fifty roubles: to this day I blush to recall that I accepted it! Things always end in meanness in this world, and, worst of all, he almost managed to convince me then that I had unquestionably earned it, and I had the foolishness to believe it, and with that it was somehow decidedly impossible not to take it.

"*Cher, cher enfant!*" he exclaimed, kissing and embracing me (I confess, I myself was about to weep, devil knows why, though I instantly restrained myself, and even now, as I write, color comes to my face). "Dear friend, you're now like one of my own; in this month you've become like a piece of my own heart! In 'society' there is only 'society' and nothing more; Katerina Nikolaevna" (his daughter) "is a brilliant woman, and I'm proud of it, but she often offends me, my dear, very, very often... Well, and these girls (*elles sont charmantes**) and their mothers, who come on birthdays—they only bring their embroidery, but they don't know how to say anything. I've accumulated sixty pillows with their embroidery, all dogs and deer. I love them very much, but with you I'm almost as if with my own—and not with a son, but a brother, and I especially like it when you object; you're literary, you've read, you know how to admire..."

"I've read nothing and am not literary at all. I've read whatever happened along, but in the past two years I haven't read at all and don't intend to."

"Why not?"

"I have other goals."

"*Cher*... it's a pity to say at the end of your life, as I do, *je sais tout, mais je ne sais rien de bon.*† I decidedly do not know why

*They are charming.
†I know everything, but I don't know anything worthwhile.

I've lived in the world! But... I owe you so much... and I even wanted..."

He broke off somehow suddenly, went limp, and became pensive. After a shock (and with him the shocks could come every other minute, God knows why), he usually seemed to lose his good sense for a while and be unable to control himself; however, he would soon put himself to rights, so it was all harmless. We sat for a minute. His lower lip, which was very thick, hung down... Most of all, I was surprised that he had suddenly mentioned his daughter, and with such candor. Of course, I ascribed it to his being upset.

"*Cher enfant*, you're not angry that I address you familiarly, are you?" suddenly escaped him.

"Not in the least. I confess, in the beginning, the first few times, I was slightly offended and also wanted to address you familiarly, but I saw it was stupid, because you surely don't do it to humiliate me."

He was no longer listening and had forgotten his question.

"Well, how's your *father*?" he suddenly raised his pensive eyes to me.

I simply jumped. First, he had designated Versilov as my *father*—something he had never allowed himself with me; and, second, he had begun speaking of Versilov, something that had never happened before.

"Sits without money and mopes," I replied briefly, burning with curiosity myself.

"Yes, about money. Their case is to be decided today in the district court, and I'm waiting for Prince Seryozha and what he'll come with. He promised to come to me straight from court. Their whole destiny is involved; it's sixty or eighty thousand. Of course, I've also always wished the best for Andrei Petrovich" (Versilov, that is), "and it seems he'll come out the winner and the princes will be left with nothing. Law!"

"In court today?" I exclaimed, struck.

The thought that Versilov had neglected to inform me even of that struck me in the extreme. "That means he said nothing to mother, or maybe to anybody," it occurred to me all at once. "What character!

"And is Prince Sokolsky in Petersburg?" another thought suddenly struck me.

"Since yesterday. Straight from Berlin, especially for this day."

Another extremely important piece of news for me. "And he'll come here today, this man who gave *him* a slap!"

"Well, what of it?" The prince's whole face suddenly changed. "He still preaches God as he used to, and, and... maybe still goes after the girls, after unfledged little girls? Heh, heh! Right now, too, there's a most amusing anecdote hatching... Heh, heh!"

"Who preaches? Who goes after the girls?"

"Andrei Petrovich! Would you believe, he pestered us all back then like a burr—what do we eat, what do we think?—or almost like that. Frightened us and purified us: 'If you're religious, why don't you go and become a monk?' He demanded almost that. *Mais quelle idée!** Even if it's right, isn't it too severe? It was me especially that he liked to frighten with the Last Judgment, me of all people."

"I haven't noticed any of that, and I've lived with him for a month now," I replied, listening impatiently. It was terribly vexing that he hadn't quite come to his senses and mumbled so incoherently.

"He just doesn't say it now, but, believe me, it's so. The man is clever, indisputably, and deeply educated; but is that the right kind of intelligence? It all happened to him after his three years abroad. And, I confess, he shocked me very much... he shocked everybody... *Cher enfant, j'aime le bon Dieu*†... I believe, I believe as much as I can, but—I was certainly beside myself then. Suppose I used a frivolous method, but I did it on purpose, in vexation—and besides, the essence of my objection was as serious as it has been from the beginning of the world: 'If there is a supreme being,' I say to him, 'and it exists *personally*, and not in the form of some sort of spirit poured over creation in the form of a liquid or whatever (because that is still more difficult to understand)—where, then, does it live?' My friend, *c'était bête*,‡ undoubtedly, but that's what all objections boil down to. *Un domicile*§ is an important matter. He was terribly angry. He converted to Catholicism there."

"I've also heard about that idea. Nonsense, surely."

"I assure you by all that's holy. Look at him well... However, you say he's changed. Well, but at that time he tormented us all so! Would you believe, he behaved as if he were a saint and his

*But what an idea!
†Dear boy, I love God ...
‡It was stupid.
§A residence.

relics were about to be revealed.[11] He demanded an account of our behavior from us, I swear to you! Relics! *En voilà une autre!** Well, let him be a monk or an anchorite—but here's a man going around in a tailcoat and all the rest... and then suddenly—his relics! A strange wish for a man of the world and, I confess, a strange taste. I don't say anything about it: of course, it's all holy, and anything can happen... Besides, it's all *de l'inconnu*,† but for a man of the world it's even indecent. If it should somehow happen to me, or they should offer it to me, I swear I'd refuse. Why, suddenly I'm dining today in a club, and then suddenly—I *reveal* myself! No, I'd be a laughing-stock! I told him all that then... He wore chains."[12]

I turned red with anger.

"Did you see the chains yourself?"

"I didn't myself, but..."

"Then I declare to you that it's all a lie, a tissue of vile machinations and enemy slander, that is, of one enemy, the chiefest and most inhuman one, because he has only one enemy—your daughter!"

The prince flushed in his turn.

"*Mon cher*, I beg you and I insist that in the future my daughter's name never be mentioned again in my presence together with this vile story."

I rose slightly. He was beside himself; his chin was trembling.

"*Cette histoire infâme!*‡... I didn't believe it, I never wanted to believe it, but... they tell me: believe it, believe it, I..."

Here the valet suddenly came in again and announced a visitor. I sank back down on my chair.

IV

Two ladies came in, both young, one the stepdaughter of one of the cousins of the prince's late wife, or something of the sort, his ward, for whom he had already allotted a dowry, and who (I note it for the future) had money of her own; the other was Anna Andreevna Versilov, Versilov's daughter, three years older than I, who lived with her brother at Mme. Fanariotov's and whom before

*There's another one!
†Unknown.
‡This infamous story!

then I had seen only once in my life, fleetingly in the street, though I had already had a skirmish with her brother, also fleetingly, in Moscow (quite possibly I'll mention that skirmish later on, if there's room, though essentially it's not worth it). This Anna Andreevna had been a special favorite of the prince's since childhood (Versilov's acquaintance with the prince began terribly long ago). I was so embarrassed by what had just transpired that I didn't even stand up when they came in, though the prince stood up to meet them; and afterwards I thought it embarrassing to stand up, and remained in my place. Above all, I was thrown off, because the prince had been shouting at me just three minutes before, and I still didn't know whether I should leave or not. But my old man had already forgotten everything completely, as was his wont, and was all pleasantly animated at the sight of the girls. He even managed, with a quick change of physiognomy and a sort of mysterious wink, to whisper to me hastily, just before they came in:

"Take a look at Olympiada, look closely, closely... I'll tell you later..."

I looked at her quite closely and found nothing special: not a very tall girl, plump, and with extremely ruddy cheeks. Her face, however, was rather pleasant, the kind that the materialists like. Her expression was kind, perhaps, but with a wrinkle. She could not have been especially brilliant intellectually, at least not in a higher sense, but one could see cunning in her eyes. No more than nineteen years old. In short, nothing remarkable. We'd have called her a "pillow" in high school. (If I describe her in such detail, it's solely because I'll need it in the future.)

By the way, everything I've been describing so far, with such apparently unnecessary detail, all leads to the future and will be needed there. It will all echo in its own place: I've been unable to avoid it; and if it's boring, I beg you not to read it.

Versilov's daughter was quite a different sort of person. Tall, even slightly lean; an elongated and remarkably pale face, but black, fluffy hair; big, dark eyes, a profound gaze; small and red lips, a fresh mouth. The first woman whose gait did not fill me with loathing; however, she was thin and lean. The expression of her face was not entirely kind, but imposing; twenty-two years old. Hardly a single external feature resembling Versilov, and yet, by some miracle, an extraordinary resemblance to him in her facial expression. I don't know if she was good-looking; that's a matter of taste. Both women were dressed very modestly, so it's not worth

describing. I expected to be offended at once by some look or gesture from Miss Versilov, and I prepared myself; for her brother had offended me in Moscow, at our very first confrontation in life. She couldn't have known me by my face, but she had certainly heard that I visited the prince. Everything the prince proposed or did aroused interest and was an event among that whole heap of his relations and "expectant ones"—the more so his sudden partiality for me. I knew positively that the prince was very interested in the fate of Anna Andreevna and was seeking a fiancé for her. But it was more difficult to find a fiancé for Miss Versilov than for the ones who embroidered on canvas.

And so, contrary to all expectation, Miss Versilov, having shaken the prince's hand and exchanged some cheerful social phrases with him, looked at me with extraordinary curiosity and, seeing that I was also looking at her, suddenly bowed to me with a smile. True, she had just walked in and her bow was in greeting, but her smile was so kind that it was obviously deliberate. And I recall that I experienced an extraordinarily pleasant feeling.

"And this . . . this is my dear and young friend Arkady Andreevich Dol . . ."—the prince murmured, noticing that she had bowed to me, while I was still sitting—and suddenly broke off: perhaps he became embarrassed that he was introducing me to her (that is, essentially, a brother to a sister). The pillow also gave me a bow; but I suddenly flew into a stupid rage and jumped up from my seat: a surge of affected pride, completely senseless, all from self-love!

"Excuse me, Prince, I am not Arkady Andreevich, but Arkady Makarovich," I cut off cuttingly, quite forgetting that I ought to have responded to the ladies' bows. Devil take that indecent moment!

"*Mais . . . tiens!*" the prince cried out, striking himself on the forehead with his finger.

"Where did you study?" I heard beside me the silly and drawn-out question of the pillow, who had come over to me.

"In a high school in Moscow."

"Ah! So I heard. And do they teach well there?"

"Very well."

I went on standing, and spoke like a soldier reporting.

The girl's questions were indisputably unresourceful, but, nevertheless, she did manage to cover up my stupid escapade and to ease the embarrassment of the prince, who listened at the same time with a merry smile to something Miss Versilov was merrily whispering

to him—evidently not about me. A question, though: why should this girl, a total stranger to me, volunteer to cover up my stupid escapade and all the rest? At the same time, it was impossible to imagine that she had addressed me just like that; there was an intention here. She looked at me all too curiously, as if she also wanted me to take as much notice of her as possible. I figured it all out afterwards and was not mistaken.

"What, today?" the prince cried suddenly, leaping up from his place.

"So you didn't know?" Miss Versilov was surprised. "*Olympe!* The prince didn't know that Katerina Nikolaevna would be here today. We came to see her, we thought she took the morning train and had long been at home. We only just met her on the porch; she came straight from the station and told us to go to you, and that she would come presently... Here she is!"

The side door opened and—*that woman appeared!*

I already knew her face from an astonishing portrait that hung in the prince's office; I had studied that portrait all month. In her presence, I spent some three minutes in the office and not for one second did I tear my eyes from her face. But if I hadn't known the portrait and had been asked, after those three minutes, "What is she like?"—I wouldn't have been able to answer, because everything became clouded in me.

I only remember from those three minutes a truly beautiful woman, whom the prince was kissing and making crosses over, and who suddenly—just as soon as she entered—quickly began looking at me. I clearly heard how the prince, obviously pointing to me, murmured something, with a sort of little laugh, about a new secretary, and spoke my last name. She somehow jerked her face up, gave me a nasty look, and smiled so insolently that I suddenly made a step, went up to the prince, and murmured, trembling terribly, without finishing a single word and, I think, with chattering teeth:

"From then on I... my own affairs now... I'm going."

And I turned and went out. No one said a word to me, not even the prince; they all merely looked. The prince later told me that I turned so pale that he was "simply frightened."

Well, who could care!

Chapter Three

I

PRECISELY, WHO COULD CARE? The highest consideration absorbed all trifles, and one powerful feeling satisfied me for everything. I went out in a sort of rapture. Stepping into the street, I was ready to start singing. As if on purpose, it was a lovely morning, sun, passersby, noise, movement, joy, the crowd. But hadn't this woman insulted me? From whom would I have borne such a look and such an insolent smile without an immediate protest, even the stupidest—it makes no difference—on my part? Note that she was coming just so as to insult me the sooner, without ever having seen me: in her eyes, I was "Versilov's agent," and she was convinced even then and for a long time afterwards that Versilov held her entire fate in his hands and had the means to ruin her at once, if he wished to, by means of a certain document; she suspected as much at least. This was a duel to the death. And here—I was not insulted! There was an insult, but I didn't feel it! Far from it! I was even glad; having come to hate her, I even felt I was beginning to love her. "I don't know, can a spider hate the fly it has picked out and wants to catch? Sweet little fly! It seems to me that one loves one's victim; at least one may. You see, I love my enemy: I find it terribly pleasing, for instance, that she's so beautiful. I find it terribly pleasing, madam, that you are so haughty and majestic; if you were a bit meeker, the satisfaction wouldn't be so great. You spat upon me, but I'm triumphant; if you were actually to spit in my face with real spit, I really might not get angry, because you are my victim—*mine*, and not *his*. What a fascinating thought! No, the secret awareness of power is unbearably more enjoyable than manifest domination. If I were worth a hundred million, I think I'd precisely enjoy going around in my old clothes, so as to be taken for the measliest of men, who all but begs for alms, and be pushed around and despised; for me, the consciousness alone would be enough."

That was how I would have translated my thoughts and my joy at that time, and much of what I felt. I will add only that here, in what I've just written, it has come out more light-minded: in

reality, I was more profound and modest. Maybe even now I'm more modest in myself than in my words and deeds. God grant it!

Maybe I've done a very bad thing in sitting down to write; there is immeasurably more left inside than what comes out in words. Your thought, even a bad one, while it is with you, is always more profound, but in words it is more ridiculous and dishonorable. Versilov told me that the complete opposite happens only with the worst people. They just lie, it's easy for them; while I'm trying to write the whole truth, which is terribly hard!

II

On this nineteenth day of the month, I took one more "step."

For the first time since my arrival, I had money in my pocket, because my sixty roubles, which I had saved up over two years, I had given to my mother, as I mentioned above; but several days earlier I had resolved that, on the day I got my salary, I would make a "test" I had long been dreaming of. Just the day before, I had cut out an address from a newspaper—an announcement by "the bailiff of the St. Petersburg Civil Court," and so on and so forth, that "on the nineteenth of September instant, at twelve noon, in the Kazan quarter, such-and-such precinct, etc., etc., at house number whatever, the sale of the movable property of Mrs. Lebrecht will take place," and that "the description, value, and property itself can be seen on the day of the sale," etc., etc.

It was just past one o'clock. I hurried on foot to the address. It was over two years since I'd taken a cab—I gave my word (otherwise I wouldn't have saved sixty roubles). I never went to auctions, I couldn't *afford* it yet; and though my present "step" was only *tentative*, even this step I had resolved to resort to only when I had finished school, when I had broken with everyone, when I had shrunk into my shell and become completely free. True, I was still far from being in a "shell" and far from being free; but I resolved to take the step only as a test—just so, in order to see, almost to dream a little, as it were, and then perhaps not to come for a long time, until it was a serious beginning. For everyone else it was only a small, stupid little auction, but for me it was the first log for the ship in which Columbus went to discover America. Those were my feelings at the time.

Reaching the place, I went into the courtyard indicated on the announcement, and entered Mrs. Lebrecht's apartment. The apartment consisted of a front hall and four not very big, not very high-ceilinged rooms. In the first room beyond the hall there was a crowd of up to thirty people, of whom half were buyers and the rest, judging by their looks, were either curious, or amateurs, or sent from Mrs. Lebrecht; there were both merchants and Jews, who had their eye on the gold things, and there were several people dressed "properly." Even the physiognomies of some of these gentlemen are imprinted on my memory. In the room to the right, in the open doorway, a table had been placed squarely between the doorposts, so that it was impossible to enter that room: the objects being perquisitioned and sold were there. To the left was another room, but the doors to it were closed, though they kept opening every moment by a little crack, through which someone could be seen peeking out—it must have been one of Mrs. Lebrecht's numerous family, who naturally felt very ashamed at the moment. At the table between the doors, facing the public, Mr. Bailiff sat on a chair, wearing a badge, and carried out the sale of the objects. I found the business almost half over already; as soon as I entered, I made my way through the crowd to the table. Bronze candlesticks were being sold. I began to look.

I looked and at once began to think: what can I buy here? And what was I going to do right now with bronze candlesticks, and would I achieve my goal, and was this how things were done, and would my calculation succeed? And wasn't my calculation childish? I thought of all this and waited. It was the same sort of sensation as at the gambling table, at the moment when you haven't played a card yet, but have come over with the intention of playing: "I'll play if I want, and I'll leave if I want—it's my choice." Your heart isn't pounding yet, but somehow hesitates and thrills slightly—a sensation not without pleasure. But indecision quickly begins to weigh you down, and you somehow turn blind: you reach out, you take a card, but mechanically, almost against your will, as if someone else was guiding your hand; finally you make up your mind and play—here the sensation is quite different, tremendous. I'm writing not about the auction, but only about myself: who else would have a pounding heart at an auction?

There were some who got excited, there were some who kept silent and bided their time, there were some who bought and regretted it. I felt no pity at all for a gentleman who, by mistake,

having misheard, bought a nickel silver pitcher instead of a silver one, for five roubles instead of two; I even began to feel rather merry. The bailiff varied the objects: after the candlesticks came earrings, after the earrings, an embroidered morocco pillow, followed by a box—probably for the sake of diversity or in line with the buyers' demands. I didn't even hold out for ten minutes, was tending towards the pillow, then towards the box, but each time I stopped at the decisive moment: the objects seemed quite impossible to me. Finally, an album turned up in the bailiff's hands.

"A family album, bound in red morocco, worn, with drawings in watercolor and ink, in a carved ivory case with silver clasps—the starting price is two roubles!"

I went up: the object looked refined, but there was a flaw in one place in the ivory carving. I was the only one who went up, everybody was silent; there were no competitors. I could have unfastened the clasps and taken the album out of the case to examine it, but I didn't exercise my right and only waved a trembling hand, as if to say: "It makes no difference."

"Two roubles, five kopecks," I said, again, I believe, with chattering teeth.

It fell to me. I took out the money at once, paid, snatched the album, and went into a corner of the room; there I took it out of the case and feverishly, hurriedly, began to examine it: excepting the case, it was the trashiest thing in the world—a little album the size of small-format letter paper, thin, with worn gilt edges—exactly the kind that girls used to start keeping in the old days, as soon as they left the institute. Temples on hills, cupids, a pond with swans floating on it, were drawn in watercolors and ink; there were verses:

> I am setting out for far away,
> I am leaving Moscow for many a day,
> To all my dear ones I say good-bye,
> By stagecoach to the Crimee I fly.

(They've been preserved in my memory!) I decided that I had "failed"; if there was anything nobody needed, this was precisely it.

"Never mind," I decided, "you always lose on the first card; it's even a good omen."

I was decidedly cheerful.

"Ah, I'm too late! It's yours? Did you acquire it?" I suddenly

heard beside me the voice of a gentleman in a dark blue coat, well dressed and of an imposing air. He was too late.

"I'm too late. Ah, what a pity! How much?"

"Two roubles, five kopecks."

"Ah, what a pity! Won't you let me have it?"

"Let's step out," I whispered to him, my heart skipping a beat.

We went out to the stairway.

"I'll let you have it for ten roubles," I said, feeling a chill in my spine.

"Ten roubles! Good heavens, how can you!"

"As you wish."

He stared wide-eyed at me; I was well dressed, in no way resembled a Jew or a retailer.

"Merciful heavens, it's a trashy old album, who needs it? The case is in fact quite worthless, you won't sell it to anybody."

"You want to buy it."

"But mine is a special case, I found out only yesterday, *I'm* the only one like that! Good heavens, how can you!"

"I should have asked twenty-five roubles; but since there was a risk that you'd let it go, I asked only ten so as to be sure. I won't go down even a kopeck."

I turned and walked away.

"Take four roubles," he overtook me in the courtyard, "or make it five."

I said nothing and walked on.

"All right, here!" He took out ten roubles, and I gave him the album.

"But you must agree it's dishonest! Two roubles and ten—eh?"

"Why dishonest? It's the market!"

"What kind of market is this?" (He was angry.)

"Where there's demand, there's the market. If you hadn't asked, I wouldn't have been able to sell it for forty kopecks."

Though I wasn't laughing out loud and looked serious, I did laugh my head off inwardly, not really with delight, but I don't know why myself, slightly out of breath.

"Listen," I murmured quite irrepressibly, but amiably and loving him terribly, "listen: when James Rothschild,[13] the late one, in Paris, the one who left seventeen hundred million francs" (the man nodded), "while still a young man, when he chanced to learn a few hours ahead of everybody else about the murder of the Duke of Berry, he rushed off at once to inform the right people, and with

that one trick, in one instant, made several million—that's the way to do it!"

"So you're Rothschild, are you?" he shouted at me indignantly, as at a fool.

I quickly left the house. One step—and I'd made seven roubles, ninety-five kopecks! The step was meaningless, child's play, I agree, but even so it coincided with my thought and couldn't help stirring me extremely deeply... However, there's no point in describing feelings. The ten-rouble bill was in my waistcoat pocket, I stuck two fingers in to feel it—and walked along that way, without taking my hand out. Having gone about a hundred steps down the street, I took it out to look at it, looked, and wanted to kiss it. A carriage suddenly clattered at the porch of a house; the doorkeeper opened the door, and a lady came out of the house to get into the carriage, magnificent, young, beautiful, rich, in silk and velvet, with a five-foot train. Suddenly a pretty little pocketbook dropped from her hand and fell on the ground; she got in; the valet bent down to pick up the little thing, but I ran over quickly, picked it up, and handed it to the lady, tipping my hat. (It was a top hat, I was dressed like a young gentleman, not so badly.) With restraint, but smiling most pleasantly, the lady said to me, "*Merci, m'sieu.*" The carriage clattered off. I kissed the ten-rouble bill.

III

THAT SAME DAY I had to see Efim Zverev, one of my former high-school comrades, who had dropped out of school and enrolled in some specialized higher institute in Petersburg. He himself is not worth describing, and in fact I wasn't friends with him; but I had looked him up in Petersburg; he could (owing to various circumstances that are also not worth talking about) tell me the address of a certain Kraft, a man I needed very much, once he came back from Vilno. Zverev expected him precisely that day or the next, and had informed me of it two days before. I had to walk to the Petersburg side, but I wasn't tired at all.

I found Zverev (who was also about nineteen years old) in the courtyard of his aunt's house, where he was living temporarily. He had just had dinner and was walking around the courtyard on stilts; he informed me at once that Kraft had arrived the day before and stopped off at his former apartment, also there on the Petersburg

side, and that he wished to see me himself as soon as possible, to inform me immediately of something necessary.

"He's going away again," Efim added.

Since in my present circumstances it was of capital importance for me to see Kraft, I asked Efim to take me at once to his apartment, which turned out to be two steps away in a lane. But Zverev declared that he had met Kraft an hour before and that he had gone to see Dergachev.[14]

"So let's go to Dergachev's, why do you keep making excuses—are you scared?"

Indeed, Kraft might spend a long time at Dergachev's, and then where was I to wait for him? I wasn't scared of going to Dergachev's, but I didn't want to, though this was already the third time Efim tried to drag me there. And this "scared" he always pronounced with the nastiest smile on my score. It wasn't a matter of being scared, I declare beforehand, and if I was afraid, it was of something quite different. This time I decided to go; it was also just two steps away. As we went, I asked Efim whether he still intended to run away to America.

"I may wait a little," he answered with a slight laugh.

I didn't much like him, I even didn't like him at all. His hair was very blond, he had a full, much too white face, even indecently white, to the point of infantility, and he was even taller than I, but you wouldn't have taken him for more than seventeen years old. I had nothing to talk about with him.

"And what's there? Always a crowd?" I asked for the sake of solidity.

"But why do you keep getting scared?" he laughed again.

"Go to the devil!" I got angry.

"Not a crowd at all. Only acquaintances come, and all our people, rest assured."

"But what the devil business is it of mine whether they're all your people or not? Am I one of your people? Why should they go and trust me?"

"I'm bringing you, and that's enough. They've even heard about you. Kraft can also speak for you."

"Listen, will Vasin be there?"

"I don't know."

"If he is, nudge me as soon as we go in and point to Vasin—as soon as we go in, you hear?"

I had heard a lot about Vasin and had long been interested.

Dergachev lived in a little wing in the courtyard of a wooden house that belonged to a merchant's widow, but the whole wing was at his disposal. There were three good rooms in all. The four windows all had their blinds lowered. He was a technician and had a job in Petersburg; I had heard in passing that he had been offered a profitable private post in the provinces and that he was about to set off.

As soon as we went into the tiny front hall, we heard voices; there seemed to be a heated argument and someone shouted: "*Quae medicamenta non sanant, ferrum sanat; quae ferrum non sanat, ignis sanat.*"*[15]

I was actually somewhat worried. Of course, I wasn't used to company, even whatever it might be. In high school I had addressed all my comrades informally, but I was comrades with almost none of them; I had made myself a corner and lived in my corner. But that was not what troubled me. In any case, I had promised myself not to get into any arguments and to say only what was most necessary, so that no one could draw any conclusions about me; above all—don't argue.

In the room, which was even much too small, there were some seven people, ten including the women. Dergachev was twenty-five years old, and he was married. His wife had a sister and another female relation; they also lived at Dergachev's. The room was furnished haphazardly, though sufficiently, and was even clean. On the wall hung a lithographic portrait, but a very cheap one, and in the corner an icon without a casing, but with a lighted icon lamp. Dergachev came over to me, shook hands, and invited me to sit down.

"Sit down, they're all our people here."

"Be so kind," a young woman added at once. She was rather pretty, very modestly dressed, and having bowed slightly to me, she at once went out. This was his wife, and it seemed by the look of it that she, too, had been arguing, but had now gone to nurse the baby. The other two ladies remained in the room—one very short, about twenty years old, in a black dress, and also not a bad-looking sort, while the other was about thirty, dry and sharp-eyed. They sat, listened very much, but did not enter into the conversation.

*What is not cured by medicines, will be cured by iron; what is not cured by iron, will be cured by fire.

As far as the men were concerned, they were all standing, and the only ones seated, apart from me, were Kraft and Vasin. Efim pointed them out to me at once, because I was now seeing Kraft as well for the first time in my life. I got up from my seat and went over to make their acquaintance. I'll never forget Kraft's face: no special beauty, but something as if all too meek and delicate, though personal dignity showed everywhere. Twenty-six years old, rather lean, of above-average height, blond, his face grave but soft; overall there was something gentle in him. And yet, if you had asked me, I would never have traded my maybe even very banal face for his face, which I found so attractive. There was something in his face that I wouldn't want to have in mine, something all too calm in a moral sense, something like a sort of secret, unconscious pride. However, I was probably unable to judge so literally then; it seems to me now that I judged that way then, that is, after the event.

"I'm very glad you've come," said Kraft. "I have a letter that concerns you. We'll sit here a while and then go to my place."

Dergachev was of medium height, broad-shouldered, very dark-haired, with a big beard; in his glance once could see quick-wittedness and restraint in everything, a certain constant wariness; though he was mainly silent, he was obviously in control of the conversation. Vasin's physiognomy did not impress me very much, though I had heard he was extremely intelligent: blond, with big light gray eyes, a very open face, but at the same time there was something as if excessively hard in it: one sensed little sociability, but his gaze was decidedly intelligent, more intelligent than Dergachev's, more profound—the most intelligent in the room; however, maybe I'm exaggerating it all now. Of the rest, I recall only two faces among all those young men: one tall, swarthy man with black side-whiskers, who talked a lot, about twenty-seven years old, a teacher or something of that sort, and also a young fellow of my age, in a long Russian vest—with a wrinkle in his face, taciturn, a listener. He turned out later to be of peasant stock.

"No, that's not the way to put it," began the teacher with black side-whiskers, who was the most excited of them all, obviously taking up the previous argument again. "I'm not saying anything about mathematical proofs, but this idea, which I'm ready to believe even without mathematical proofs..."

"Wait, Tikhomirov," Dergachev interrupted loudly, "the latest arrivals don't understand. This, you see," he suddenly turned to me alone (and, I confess, if his intention was to examine me as a

newcomer or make me speak, the method was very clever on his part; I immediately sensed it and prepared myself), "this, you see, is Mr. Kraft, whose character and solid convictions are quite well-known to us all. Starting from a rather ordinary fact, he has arrived at a rather extraordinary conclusion, which has surprised everybody. He has deduced that the Russian people are a second-rate people..."

"Third-rate," someone cried.

"...second-rate, whose fate is to serve merely as material for a more noble race, and not to have its own independent role in the destinies of mankind. In view of this possibly correct deduction of his, Mr. Kraft has come to the conclusion that any further activity of any Russian man should be paralyzed by this idea, so to speak, that everyone should drop their hands and..."

"Permit me, Dergachev, that's not the way to put it," Tikhomirov again picked up impatiently (Dergachev yielded at once). "In view of the fact that Kraft has done serious research, has deduced deductions on the basis of physiology, which he considers mathematical, and has killed maybe two years on his idea (which I would quite calmly accept *a priori*), in view of that, that is, in view of Kraft's anxieties and seriousness, this matter presents itself as a phenomenon. A question arises from all this which Kraft cannot comprehend, and that is what we should occupy ourselves with, that is, Kraft's incomprehension, because it is a phenomenon. We should decide whether this is a clinical phenomenon, as a singular case, or is a property that may normally be repeated in others; this is of interest in view of the common cause. I shall believe Kraft about Russia and even say that I am perhaps also glad; if this idea were adopted by everyone, it would unbind hands and free many from patriotic prejudice..."

"It's not out of patriotism," said Kraft, as if with strain. This whole debate seemed disagreeable to him.

"Patriotism or not, that can be left aside," said Vasin, who was very silent.

"But, tell me, how could Kraft's deduction weaken the striving for the general human cause?" shouted the teacher (he alone shouted, all the rest spoke quietly). "Suppose Russia is destined to be second-rate; but it is possible not to work for Russia alone. And, besides, how can Kraft be a patriot, if he has ceased to believe in Russia?"

"Anyhow he's German," a voice was heard again.

"I'm Russian," said Kraft.

"That question is not directly related to the matter," Dergachev pointed out to the one who had interrupted.

"Abandon the narrowness of your idea." Tikhomirov wouldn't listen to anything. "If Russia is only material for nobler races, why shouldn't she serve as such material? It's a handsome enough role. Why not settle on this idea with a view to broadening the task? Mankind is on the eve of its regeneration, which has already begun. Only blind men can deny the forthcoming task. Leave Russia, if you've lost faith in her, and work for the future—for the future of a still unknown people, but which will be composed of all mankind, with no distinction of races. Even without that, Russia will die one day; peoples, even the most gifted of them, live no more than fifteen hundred, two thousand years at most; what difference does it make, two thousand or two hundred years? The Romans didn't survive even fifteen hundred years as a living entity, and they also became material. They're long gone, but they left an idea, and it entered into the destinies of mankind as an element of things to come. How can you tell a man there's nothing to do? I can't imagine a situation in which there could ever be nothing to do! Do it for mankind and don't worry about the rest. There's so much to do that a lifetime won't be enough, if you look around attentively."

"We must live by the law of nature and truth,"[16] Mrs. Dergachev said from behind the door. The door was slightly ajar, and she could be seen standing there, holding the baby to her breast, with her breast covered, and listening ardently.

Kraft listened, smiling slightly, and finally said, as if with a somewhat weary look, though with great sincerity:

"I don't understand how it's possible, while under the influence of some dominant idea, to which your mind and heart are totally subject, to live by anything that lies outside that idea."

"But if you're told logically, mathematically, that your deduction is mistaken, that the whole thought is mistaken, that you do not have the least right to exclude yourself from general useful activity only because Russia is predestined to be second-rate; if you are shown that, instead of a narrow horizon, an infinity is open to you, that instead of a narrow idea of patriotism..."

"Eh!" Kraft quietly waved his hand, "but I told you it's not a matter of patriotism."

"There's obviously a misunderstanding here," Vasin suddenly mixed in. "The mistake is that for Kraft it's not just a logical

deduction, but, so to speak, a deduction that has turned into a feeling. Not all natures are the same; for many, a logical deduction sometimes turns into the strongest feeling, which takes over their whole being, and which it is very difficult to drive out or alter. To cure such a person, it's necessary in that case to change the feeling itself, which can be done only by replacing it with another that is equally strong. That is always difficult, and in many cases impossible."

"Mistake!" the arguer yelled. "A logical deduction in itself already breaks down prejudices. An intelligent conviction generates the same feeling. Thought proceeds from feeling and, installing itself in a person in its turn, formulates the new!"

"People are very varied: some change their feelings easily, others with difficulty," replied Vasin, as if not wishing to prolong the argument; but I was delighted with his idea.

"It's precisely as you say!" I suddenly turned to him, breaking the ice and suddenly beginning to speak. "It's precisely necessary to put one feeling in the place of another, so as to replace it. Four years ago, in Moscow, a certain general... You see, gentlemen, I didn't know him, but... Maybe he, indeed, could not inspire respect on his own... And besides, the fact itself might seem unreasonable, but... However, you see, his child died, that is, as a matter of fact, two girls, one after the other, of scarlet fever... Well, he was suddenly so crushed that he was sad all the time, so sad that he went around and you couldn't even look at him—and he ended by dying in about half a year. That he died of it is a fact! What, then, could have resurrected him? Answer: a feeling of equal strength! Those two girls should have been dug up from the grave and given to him—that's all, or something of the sort. So he died. And meanwhile you could have presented him with beautiful deductions: that life is fleeting, that everyone is mortal; presented him with calendar statistics,[17] how many children die of scarlet fever... He was retired..."

I stopped, breathless, and looked around.

"That's not it at all," someone said.

"The fact you cite, though not of the same kind as the given case, still resembles it and clarifies the matter," Vasin turned to me.

IV

HERE I MUST confess why I was delighted with Vasin's argument about the "idea-feeling," and along with that I must confess to an infernal shame. Yes, I was scared to go to Dergachev's, though not for the reason Efim supposed. I was scared because I had already been afraid of them in Moscow. I knew that they (that is, they or others of their sort—it makes no difference) were dialecticians and would perhaps demolish "my idea." I was firmly convinced in myself that I would not betray or tell my idea to them; but they (that is, again, they or their sort) might tell me something on their own that would make me disappointed in my idea, even without my mentioning it to them. There were questions in "my idea" that I hadn't resolved yet, but I didn't want anyone to resolve them except me. In the last two years I had even stopped reading books, afraid of coming across some passage that would not be in favor of the "idea," that might shake me. And suddenly Vasin resolves the problem at a stroke and sets me at peace in the highest sense. Indeed, what was I afraid of, and what could they do to me with no matter what dialectics? Perhaps I was the only one there who understood what Vasin said about the "idea-feeling"! It's not enough to refute a beautiful idea, one must replace it with something equally beautiful; otherwise, in my heart, unwilling to part with my feeling for anything, I will refute the refutation, even by force, whatever they may say. And what could they give me instead? And therefore I should have been braver, I was obliged to be more courageous. Delighted with Vasin, I felt shame, felt myself an unworthy child!

This resulted in yet another shame. Not the vile little urge to boast of my intelligence that had made me break the ice there and start talking, but also a desire to "throw myself on their necks." This desire to throw myself on people's necks so that they recognize me as good and start embracing me or something like that (swinishness, in short), I consider the most loathsome of all my shames, and I had suspected it in myself for a very long time—namely, ever since the corner I had kept myself in for so many years, though I don't regret it. I knew that I had to be gloomier among people. What comforted me, after each such disgrace, was simply that the "idea" was with me all the same, in secret as always, and that I

hadn't betrayed it to them. With a sinking feeling, I sometimes imagined that once I had spoken my idea to someone, I would suddenly have nothing left, so that I'd become like everybody else, and might even abandon the idea; and so I preserved and cherished it and trembled at the thought of babbling. And then at Dergachev's, almost with the first encounter, I had been unable to hold out, I hadn't betrayed anything, of course, but I had babbled inadmissibly; the result was disgrace. A nasty recollection! No, it's impossible for me to live with people; I think so even now; I say it for forty years to come. My idea is—my corner.

V

As soon as Vasin praised me, I suddenly felt an irrepressible urge to speak.

"In my opinion, each of us has the right to have his own feelings... if it's from conviction... so that no one should reproach him for them," I addressed Vasin. Though I spoke glibly, it was as if it wasn't me, but as if somebody else's tongue was moving in my mouth.

"Re-e-eally, sir?" a voice picked up at once, drawling ironically, the same that had interrupted Dergachev and had shouted to Kraft that he was a German.

Considering him a total nonentity, I turned to the teacher, as if it was he who had shouted.

"My conviction is that I cannot judge anyone," I trembled, already knowing that I was going to fly off.

"Why such secrecy?" the nonentity's voice rang out again.

"Each of us has his idea," I looked point-blank at the teacher, who, on the contrary, was silent and studied me with a smile.

"Do you?" shouted the nonentity.

"It's too long to tell... But part of my idea is precisely that I should be left in peace. As long as I've got two roubles, I want to live alone, not depending on anybody (don't worry, I know the objections), and not doing anything—even for that great future of mankind for which Mr. Kraft has been invited to work. Personal freedom, I mean my own, sir, is foremost, and I do not want to know anything beyond that."

My mistake was that I got angry.

"That is, you preach the placidity of a sated cow?"

"Let it be so. There's no insult in a cow. I don't owe anyone anything, I pay society money in the form of fiscal impositions, so that I won't be robbed, beaten, or killed, and no one dares to demand anything more from me. I personally may have other ideas, and would like to serve mankind, and will, and maybe even ten times more than all the preachers, but I only want it to be so that no one *dares to demand* it of me, or forces me, like Mr. Kraft; my full freedom, even if I don't lift a finger. And to run around throwing yourself on other people's necks out of love for mankind, and burn with tears of tenderness—that is merely a fashion. And why should I necessarily love my neighbor or your future mankind, which I'll never see, which will not know about me, and which in its turn will rot without leaving any trace or remembrance (time means nothing here), when the earth in its turn will become an icy stone and fly through airless space together with an infinite multitude of identical icy stones, that is, more meaningless than anything one can possibly imagine! There's your teaching! Tell me, why should I necessarily be noble, especially if it all lasts no more than a minute?"

"B-bah!" shouted the voice.

I had fired all this off nervously and spitefully, snapping all the ropes. I knew I was falling into a pit, but I hurried for fear of objections. I sensed only too well that I was pouring as if through a sieve, incoherently, and skipping ten thoughts to get to the eleventh, but I was in a hurry to convince and reconquer them. This was so important for me! I'd been preparing for three years! But, remarkably, they suddenly fell silent, said absolutely nothing, and listened. I went on addressing the teacher:

"Precisely, sir. A certain extremely intelligent man said, among other things, that there is nothing more difficult than to answer the question, 'Why must one necessarily be noble?' You see, sir, there are three sorts of scoundrels in the world: naïve scoundrels, that is, those who are convinced that their meanness is the highest nobility; ashamed scoundrels, that is, those who are ashamed of their meanness, but fully intend to go through with it anyway; and, finally, sheer scoundrels, purebred scoundrels. With your permission, sir: I had a friend, Lambert, who at the age of sixteen said to me that when he was rich, his greatest pleasure would be to feed dogs bread and meat, while the children of the poor were dying of hunger, and when they had no wood for their stoves, he would buy a whole lumberyard, stack it up in a field, and burn it there, and

give not a stick to the poor. Those were his feelings! Tell me, what answer should I give this purebred scoundrel when he asks, 'Why should I necessarily be noble?' And especially now, in our time, which you have so refashioned. Because it has never been worse than it is now. Things are not at all clear in our society, gentlemen. I mean, you deny God, you deny great deeds, what sort of deaf, blind, dull torpor can make me act this way, if it's more profitable for me otherwise? You say, 'A reasonable attitude towards mankind is also to my profit'; but what if I find all these reasonablenesses unreasonable, all these barracks and phalansteries?[18] What the devil do I care about them, or about the future, when I live only once in this world? Allow me to know my own profit myself: it's more amusing. What do I care what happens to this mankind of yours in a thousand years, if, by your code, I get no love for it, no future life, no recognition of my great deed? No, sir, in that case I shall live for myself in the most impolite fashion, and they can all go to blazes!"

"An excellent wish!"

"However, I'm always ready to join in."

"Even better!" (This was still that same voice.)

The rest went on being silent, they went on peering at me and studying me; but tittering gradually began to come from different ends of the room, still quiet, but they all tittered right in my face. Only Vasin and Kraft did not titter. The one with the black side-whiskers also grinned; he looked at me point-blank and listened.

"Gentlemen," I was trembling all over, "I won't tell you my idea for anything, but, on the contrary, I will ask you from your own point of view—don't think it's mine, because it may be that I love mankind a thousand times more than all of you taken together! Tell me—and you absolutely must answer me now, you are duty bound, because you're laughing—tell me, how will you entice me to follow you? Tell me, how will you prove to me that with you it will be better? Where are you going to put the protest of my person in your barracks? I have long wished to meet you, gentlemen! You will have barracks, communal apartments, *stricte necessaire*,* atheism, and communal wives without children—that's your finale, I know it, sirs. And for all that, for that small share of middling profit that your reasonableness secures for me, for a crust and some warmth, you take my whole person in exchange! With your

*The strictly necessary.

permission, sir: say my wife is taken away; are you going to subdue my person so that I won't smash my rival's head in? You'll say that I myself will become more reasonable then; but what will the wife of such a reasonable husband say, if she has the slightest respect for herself? No, it's unnatural, sirs; shame on you!"

"And you're what—a specialist in the ladies' line?" the gleeful voice of the nonentity rang out.

For a moment I had the thought of throwing myself at him and pounding him with my fists. He was a shortish fellow, red-haired and freckled... but, anyhow, devil take his looks!

"Don't worry, I've never yet known a woman," I said curtly, addressing him for the first time.

"Precious information, which might have been given more politely, in view of the ladies!"

But they all suddenly began stirring densely; they all started taking their hats and preparing to leave—not on account of me, of course, but because the time had come; but this silent treatment of me crushed me with shame. I also jumped to my feet.

"Allow me, however, to know your name, you did keep looking at me," the teacher suddenly stepped towards me with the meanest smile.

"Dolgoruky."

"Prince Dolgoruky?"

"No, simply Dolgoruky, the son of the former serf Makar Dolgoruky and the illegitimate son of my former master, Mr. Versilov. Don't worry, gentlemen, I'm not saying it so that you'll throw yourselves on my neck and we'll all start lowing like calves from tenderness!"

A loud and most unceremonious burst of laughter came at once, so that the baby who had fallen asleep behind the door woke up and squealed. I was trembling with fury. They all shook hands with Dergachev and left, paying no attention to me.

"Let's go," Kraft nudged me.

I went up to Dergachev, squeezed his hand as hard as I could, and shook it several times, also as hard as I could.

"I apologize for the constant insults from Kudriumov" (that was the red-haired one), Dergachev said to me.

I followed Kraft out. I wasn't ashamed of anything.

VI

Of course, between me as I am now and me as I was then there is an infinite difference.

Continuing to be "not ashamed of anything," I caught up with Vasin while still on the stairs, having left Kraft behind as second-rate, and with the most natural air, as if nothing had happened, asked:

"It seems you know my father—that is, I mean to say, Versilov?"

"We're not, in fact, acquainted," Vasin answered at once (and without a whit of that offensive, refined politeness assumed by delicate people when speaking with someone who has just disgraced himself), "but I know him slightly; I've met him and listened to him."

"If you've listened to him, then, of course, you know him, because you are—you! What do you think of him? Forgive the hasty question, but I need to know. Precisely what *you* would think, *your own* proper opinion is necessary."

"You're asking a lot of me. It seems to me that the man is capable of placing enormous demands on himself and, perhaps, of fulfilling them—but he renders no account to anyone."

"That's right, that's very right, he's a very proud man! But is he a pure man? Listen, what do you think of his Catholicism? However, I forgot that you may not know..."

If I hadn't been so excited, I naturally would not have fired off such questions, and so pointlessly, at a man I had never spoken with, but had only heard about. It surprised me that Vasin seemed not to notice my madness.

"I've also heard something about that, but I don't know how correct it might be," he answered as calmly and evenly as before.

"Not a bit! It's not true about him! Do you really think he can believe in God?"

"He's a very proud man, as you just said yourself, and many very proud people like to believe in God, especially those who are somewhat contemptuous of people. In many strong people there seems to be a sort of natural need—to find someone or something to bow down to. It's sometimes very hard for a strong man to bear his own strength."

"Listen, that must be terribly right!" I cried out again. "Only I wish I could understand..."

"Here the reason is clear: they choose God so as not to bow down before people—naturally, not knowing themselves how it comes about in them: to bow down before God is not so offensive. They become extremely ardent believers—or, to put it more correctly, they ardently desire to believe; but they take the desire for belief itself. In the end they very often become disappointed. As for Mr. Versilov, I think there are also extremely sincere traits of character in him. And generally he interests me."

"Vasin!" I cried out, "you make me so glad! I'm not surprised at your intelligence, I'm surprised that you, a man so pure and so immeasurably far above me—that you can walk with me and speak so simply and politely, as if nothing had happened!"

Vasin smiled.

"You praise me too much, and all that happened there was that you're too fond of abstract conversation. You were probably silent for a very long time before this."

"I was silent for three years, I've been preparing to speak for three years... To you, naturally, I couldn't have seemed a fool, because you are extremely intelligent yourself, though it would be impossible to behave more stupidly than I did—but a scoundrel!"

"A scoundrel?"

"Yes, undoubtedly! Tell me, don't you secretly despise me for saying that I was Versilov's illegitimate son... and boasting that I was the son of a serf?"

"You torment yourself too much. If you find that you spoke badly, you need only not speak that way the next time; you still have fifty years ahead of you."

"Oh, I know I should be very silent with people. The meanest of all debauches is to throw yourself on people's necks; I just said it to them, and here I am throwing myself on yours! But there's a difference, isn't there? If you've understood that difference, if you were capable of understanding it, I'll bless this moment!"

Vasin smiled again.

"Come and see me, if you want to," he said. "I have work now and am busy, but you'll give me pleasure."

"I concluded earlier, from your physiognomy, that you were all too firm and uncommunicative."

"That may very well be so. I knew your sister, Lizaveta Makarovna, last year in Luga... Kraft has stopped and seems to be waiting for you; he has to turn there."

I firmly shook Vasin's hand and ran to join Kraft, who had gone

ahead of us while I was talking with Vasin. We silently went as far as his quarters; I did not want to speak to him yet, and could not. One of the strongest traits of Kraft's character was his delicacy.

Chapter Four

I

KRAFT USED TO be in government service somewhere, and along with that had also helped the late Andronikov (for a remuneration from him) to conduct some private affairs, which the latter had always engaged in on top of his government work. For me the important thing was that Kraft, owing to his particular closeness to Andronikov, might be informed of much that so interested me. But I knew from Marya Ivanovna, the wife of Nikolai Semyonovich, with whom I lived for so many years while I was in school—and who was the niece, the ward, and the favorite of Andronikov—that Kraft had even been "charged" with delivering something to me. I had been waiting for him that whole month.

He lived in a small two-room apartment, completely separate, and at the present moment, having only just returned, was even without a servant. The suitcase, though unpacked, had not been put away; things were strewn over chairs, and laid out on the table in front of the sofa were a valise, a traveling strongbox, a revolver, and so on. Coming in, Kraft was extremely pensive, as if he had totally forgotten about me; he may not even have noticed that I hadn't spoken to him on the way. He at once began looking for something, but, glancing into the mirror in passing, he stopped and studied his face closely for a whole minute. Though I noticed this peculiarity (and later recalled it very well), I was sad and very confused. I couldn't concentrate. There was a moment when I suddenly wanted to up and leave and thus abandon all these matters forever. And what were all these matters essentially? Weren't they simply self-inflicted cares? I was beginning to despair that I was maybe spending my energy on unworthy trifles out of mere sentimentality, while I had an energetic task before me. And meanwhile my incapacity for serious business was obviously showing itself, in view of what had happened at Dergachev's.

"Kraft, will you go to them again?" I suddenly asked him. He slowly turned to me, as if he hadn't quite understood me. I sat down on a chair.

"Forgive them!" Kraft said suddenly.

To me, of course, this seemed like mockery; but, looking at him attentively, I saw such a strange and even astonishing ingenuousness in his face, that I was even astonished at how seriously he had asked me to "forgive" them. He moved a chair and sat down beside me.

"I myself know that I'm maybe a rag-bag of all the vanities and nothing more," I began, "but I don't ask forgiveness."

"And there's no one to ask," he said softly and seriously. He spoke softly and very slowly all the time.

"Let me be guilty before myself... I like being guilty before myself... Kraft, forgive me for babbling here with you. Tell me, can it be that you're also in that circle? That's what I wanted to ask."

"They're no more stupid than others, nor more intelligent; they're crazy, like everybody."

"So everybody's crazy?" I turned to him with involuntary curiosity.

"Among the better sort of people now, everybody's crazy. Only mediocrity and giftlessness are having a heyday... However, that's all not worth..."

As he spoke, he somehow stared into space, began phrases and broke them off. Especially striking was a sort of despondency in his voice.

"Can it be that Vasin's with them? Vasin has a mind, Vasin has a moral idea!" I cried.

"There aren't any moral ideas now; suddenly not one can be found, and, above all, it looks as if there never were any."

"Before there weren't?"

"Better drop that," he said with obvious fatigue.

I was touched by his woeful seriousness. Ashamed of my egoism, I started to fall into his tone.

"The present time," he began himself, after a couple of minutes of silence and still staring somewhere into space, "the present time is a time of the golden mean and insensibility, a passion for ignorance, idleness, an inability to act, and a need to have everything ready-made. No one ponders; rarely does anyone live his way into an idea."

He broke off again and was silent for a little while. I listened.

"Now they're deforesting Russia, exhausting her soil, turning it into steppe, and preparing it for the Kalmyks.[19] If a man of hope were to appear and plant a tree, everyone would laugh: 'Do you think you'll live so long?' On the other hand, those who desire the

good talk about what will be in a thousand years. The binding idea has disappeared completely. Everyone lives as if in a flophouse, and tomorrow it's up and out of Russia; everyone lives only so far as there's enough for him . . ."

"Excuse me, Kraft, you said, 'They're concerned about what will be in a thousand years.' Well, but your despair . . . about the fate of Russia . . . isn't it the same sort of concern?"

"That . . . that is the most urgent question there is!" he said irritably and quickly got up from his place.

"Ah, yes! I forgot!" he said suddenly in a completely different voice, looking at me in bewilderment. "I invited you on business, and meanwhile . . . For God's sake, forgive me."

It was as if he suddenly came out of some sort of dream, almost embarrassed; he took a letter from a briefcase that lay on the table and gave it to me.

"That is what I was to deliver to you. It is a document having a certain importance," he began with attentiveness and with a most businesslike air.

Long afterwards I was struck when I remembered this ability of his (at such a time for him!) to treat another's business with such heartfelt attentiveness, to tell of it so calmly and firmly.

"This is a letter of that same Stolbeev, following whose death a case arose between Versilov and the Princes Sokolsky over his will. That case is now being decided in court and will surely be decided in Versilov's favor; the law is with him. Meanwhile, in this letter, a personal one, written two years ago, the testator himself sets forth his actual will, or, more correctly, his wish, and sets it forth rather in the princes' favor than in Versilov's. At least the points that the Princes Sokolsky base themselves on in disputing the will gain much strength from this letter. Versilov's opponents would give a lot for this document, which, however, has no decisive legal significance. Alexei Nikanorovich (Andronikov), who was handling Versilov's case, kept this letter and, not long before his death, gave it to me, charging me to 'stow it away'—perhaps fearing for his papers in anticipation of his death. I have no wish now to judge Alexei Nikanorovich's intentions in this matter, and, I confess, after his death I was painfully undecided about what to do with this document, especially in view of the impending decision of the court case. But Marya Ivanovna, in whom Alexei Nikanorovich seems to have confided very much while he lived, brought me out of this difficulty: three weeks ago she wrote to me very resolutely

that I should give the document precisely to you, and that this would also *seem* (her expression) to coincide with Andronikov's will. So here is the document, and I'm very glad that I can finally deliver it."

"Listen," I said, puzzled by such unexpected news, "what am I going to do now with this letter? How am I to act?"

"That's as you will."

"Impossible, I'm terribly unfree, you must admit! Versilov has been waiting so for this inheritance... and, you know, he'll die without this help—and suddenly there exists such a document!"

"It exists only here in this room."

"Can it be so?" I looked at him attentively.

"If you yourself can't find how to act in this case, what advice can I give you?"

"But I can't turn it over to Prince Sokolsky either; I'll kill all Versilov's hopes and, besides that, come out as a traitor before him... On the other hand, by giving it to Versilov, I'll reduce innocent people to poverty, and still put Versilov in an impossible position: either to renounce the inheritance or to become a thief."

"You greatly exaggerate the significance of the matter."

"Tell me one thing. Does this document have a decisive, definitive character?"

"No, it doesn't. I'm not much of a jurist. The lawyer for the opposing side would, of course, know how to put this document to use and derive all possible benefit from it; but Alexei Nikanorovich found positively that this letter, if presented, would have no great legal significance, so that Versilov's case could be won anyway. This document sooner represents, so to speak, a matter of conscience..."

"But that's the most important thing of all," I interrupted, "that's precisely why Versilov will be in an impossible position."

"He can destroy the document, however, and then, on the contrary, he'll deliver himself from any danger."

"Do you have special grounds for supposing that of him, Kraft? That's what I want to know, it's for that that I'm here!"

"I think anyone in his place would do the same."

"And you yourself would do the same?"

"I'm not getting an inheritance, and therefore don't know about myself."

"Well, all right," I said, putting the letter in my pocket. "The matter's finished for now. Listen, Kraft. Marya Ivanovna, who, I assure you, has revealed a lot to me, told me that you and you

alone could tell the truth about what happened in Ems a year and a half ago between Versilov and the Akhmakovs. I've been waiting for you like a sun that would light up everything for me. You don't know my position, Kraft. I beseech you to tell me the whole truth. I precisely want to know what kind of man *he* is, and now—now I need it more than ever!"

"I'm surprised that Marya Ivanovna didn't tell you everything herself; she could have heard all about it from the late Andronikov and, naturally, has heard and knows maybe more than I do."

"Andronikov himself was unclear about the matter, that's precisely what Marya Ivanovna says. It seems nobody can clear it up. The devil would break a leg here! I know, though, that you were in Ems yourself then..."

"I didn't witness all of it, but what I know I'll willingly tell you, if you like—only will that satisfy you?"

II

I WON'T QUOTE his story word for word, but will give only the brief essence of it.

A year and a half ago, Versilov, having become a friend of the Akhmakovs' house through old Prince Sokolsky (they were all abroad then, in Ems), made a strong impression, first, on Akhmakov himself, a general and not yet an old man, but who, in the space of three years of marriage, had lost all the rich dowry of his wife, Katerina Nikolaevna, at cards, and had already had a stroke from his intemperate life. He had recovered from it and was convalescing abroad, but was living in Ems for the sake of his daughter from his first marriage. She was a sickly girl of about seventeen, who suffered from a weak chest, and was said to be extremely beautiful, but at the same time also fantastical. She had no dowry; hopes were placed, as usual, in the old prince. Katerina Nikolaevna was said to be a good stepmother. But the girl, for some reason, became especially attached to Versilov. He was then preaching "something passionate," in Kraft's expression, some new life, "was in a religious mood in the loftiest sense"—in the strange, and perhaps also mocking, expression of Andronikov, which was reported to me. But, remarkably, everyone soon took a dislike to him. The general was even afraid of him. Kraft in no way denies the rumor that Versilov somehow managed to instill it into the

sick husband's mind that Katerina Nikolaevna was not indifferent to the young Prince Sokolsky (who had then absented himself from Ems to Paris). And he did it not directly, but, "as was his wont"—by slander, hints, and various meanderings, "at which he was a great master," as Kraft put it. Generally, I will say that Kraft considered him, and wished to consider him, sooner a crook and a born intriguer than a man indeed imbued with anything lofty or at least original. I knew even apart from Kraft that Versilov, who first exercised an extraordinary influence on Katerina Nikolaevna, gradually went so far as to break with her. What the whole game consisted of, I could not get from Kraft, but everyone confirmed the mutual hatred that arose between them after their friendship. Then a strange circumstance occurred: Katerina Nikolaevna's sickly stepdaughter apparently fell in love with Versilov, or was struck by something in him, or was inflamed by his talk, or I have no idea what else; but it is known that for some time Versilov spent almost every day near this girl. It ended with the girl suddenly announcing to her father that she wished to marry Versilov. That this actually happened, everyone confirms—Kraft and Andronikov and Marya Ivanovna—and once even Tatyana Pavlovna let something slip about it in my presence. It was also affirmed that Versilov himself not only wished but even insisted on marrying the girl, and that this concord of two dissimilar beings, an old one and a young one, was mutual. But the father was frightened at the thought; to the extent that he was turning away from Katerina Nikolaevna, whom he had formerly loved very much, he had begun almost to idolize his daughter, especially after his stroke. But the most violent opponent of the possibility of such a marriage was Katerina Nikolaevna herself. There took place an extreme number of some sort of secret, extremely unpleasant family confrontations, arguments, grievances, in short, all kinds of nastiness. The father finally began to give in, seeing the persistence of his daughter, who was in love with and "fanaticized" by Versilov—Kraft's expression. But Katerina Nikolaevna continued to rebel with implacable hatred. And here begins the tangle that no one understands. Here, however, is Kraft's direct conjecture, based on the given facts, but still only a conjecture.

Versilov supposedly managed to instill into the young person, *in his own way,* subtly and irrefutably, that the reason why Katerina Nikolaevna would not consent was that she was in love with him herself and had long been tormenting him with her jealousy, pursuing him, intriguing, had already made him a declaration, and

was now ready to burn him up for loving another woman—in short, something like that. The worst of it was that he supposedly also "hinted" it to the father, the husband of the "unfaithful" wife, explaining that the prince was only an amusement. Naturally, there began to be real hell in the family. According to some versions, Katerina Nikolaevna loved her stepdaughter terribly, and now, being slandered before her, was in despair, to say nothing of her relations with the sick husband. But then, next to that there exists another version, in which, to my sorrow, Kraft fully believed, and in which I also believed myself (I had already heard about all that). It was affirmed (Andronikov is said to have heard it from Katerina Nikolaevna herself) that, on the contrary, Versilov, still earlier, before the beginning of the young girl's feelings, had offered Katerina Nikolaevna his love; that she, being his friend, and even in exaltation over him for some time, though constantly disbelieving and contradicting him, met this declaration of Versilov's with extreme hatred and mocked him venomously. She formally drove him away from her, because the man had proposed directly that she be his wife, in view of her husband's supposedly impending second stroke. Thus Katerina Nikolaevna must have felt a particular hatred for Versilov when she saw afterwards that he was openly seeking her stepdaughter's hand. Marya Ivanovna, conveying all this to me in Moscow, believed both the one variant and the other, that is, all of it together: she precisely affirmed that it could all occur at once, that it was something like *la haine dans l'amour*,* an offended love's pride on both sides, etc., etc., in short, something in the way of some most subtle novelistic entanglement, unworthy of any serious and sober-minded person, and with meanness to boot. But Marya Ivanovna herself had been stuffed with novels from childhood and read them day and night, despite her excellent character. As a result, Versilov's obvious meanness was displayed, a lie and an intrigue, something black and vile, the more so in that the end was indeed tragic: they say the poor inflamed girl poisoned herself with phosphorus matches; however, I don't know even now whether this last rumor was accurate; at least they tried their best to stifle it. The girl was sick for no more than two weeks and then died. The matches thus remained in doubt, but Kraft firmly believed in them as well. Soon after that, the girl's father also died—of grief, they say, which caused a second stroke, though

*Hate in love.

not before three months had passed. But after the girl's funeral, the young Prince Sokolsky, having returned to Ems from Paris, gave Versilov a slap in the face publicly in the garden, and the latter did not respond with a challenge; on the contrary, the very next day he appeared at a promenade as if nothing had happened. It was then that everyone turned away from him, in Petersburg as well. Versilov, though he continued to have acquaintances, had them in a totally different circle. His society acquaintances all accused him, though, incidentally, very few of them knew all the details; they only knew something about the novelistic death of the young lady and about the slap. Only two or three persons had possibly full information; the late Andronikov, who had long had business connections with the Akhmakovs, and particularly with Katerina Nikolaevna on a certain matter, knew most of all. But he kept all these secrets even from his own family, and only revealed something to Kraft and Marya Ivanovna, and that out of necessity.

"Above all, there's now a certain document involved," Kraft concluded, "which Mme. Akhmakov is extremely afraid of."

And here is what he told me about that as well.

Katerina Nikolaevna had had the imprudence, while the old prince, her father, was abroad and had already begun to recover from his fit, to write to Andronikov in great secret (Katerina Nikolaevna trusted him fully) an extremely compromising letter. At that time, they say, the recuperating prince indeed showed an inclination to spend his money and all but throw it to the winds: while abroad he started buying totally unnecessary but valuable objects, paintings, vases; gave and donated large sums to God knows what, even to various institutions there; he almost bought a ruined estate, encumbered with litigations, from a Russian society squanderer, sight unseen, for an enormous sum; finally, he seemed indeed to begin dreaming of marriage. And so, in view of all that, Katerina Nikolaevna, who never left her father's side during his illness, sent to Andronikov, as a lawyer and an "old friend," the inquiry, "Would it be possible legally to declare the prince under guardianship or somehow irresponsible; and if so, what would be the best way to do it without a scandal, so that no one could accuse anyone and her father's feelings would be spared, etc., etc." They say Andronikov brought her to reason then and advised against it; and afterwards, when the prince had fully recovered, it was no longer possible to go back to the idea; but the letter stayed with Andronikov. And

now he dies. Katerina Nikolaevna remembered at once about the letter. If it should be discovered among the deceased's papers and get into the hands of the old prince, he would undoubtedly throw her out for good, disinherit her, and not give her a kopeck while he lived. The thought that his own daughter had no faith in his reason, and even wanted to declare him mad, would turn this lamb into a savage beast. While she, having become a widow, was left without any means, thanks to her gambler husband, and had only her father to count on; she fully hoped to get a new dowry from him as rich as the first one!

Kraft knew very little about the fate of this letter, but he observed that Andronikov "never tore up necessary papers" and, besides, was a man not only of broad intelligence, but also of "broad conscience." (I even marveled then at such an extraordinarily independent view on the part of Kraft, who had so loved and respected Andronikov.) But all the same Kraft was certain that the compromising document had fallen into the hands of Versilov, through his closeness to Andronikov's widow and daughters. It was known that they had presented Versilov at once and dutifully with all the papers the deceased had left behind. He also knew that Katerina Nikolaevna was informed that Versilov had the letter, and that this was what she feared, thinking that Versilov would at once go to the old prince with the letter; that, having returned from abroad, she had already searched for the letter in Petersburg, had visited the Andronikovs, and was now continuing to search, since the hope still remained in her that the letter was perhaps not with Versilov, and, in conclusion, that she had also gone to Moscow solely with that aim and had pleaded with Marya Ivanovna there to look among the papers she had kept. She had found out about Marya Ivanovna's existence and her relations with the late Andronikov quite recently, on returning to Petersburg.

"Do you think she didn't find it at Marya Ivanovna's?" I asked, having a thought of my own.

"If Marya Ivanovna didn't reveal anything even to you, then maybe she doesn't have anything."

"So you suppose that Versilov has the document?"

"Most likely he does. However, I don't know, anything is possible," he said with visible fatigue.

I stopped questioning him. What was the point? All the main things had become clear to me, in spite of this unworthy tangle; everything I was afraid of—had been confirmed.

"That's all like dreams and delirium," I said in profound sorrow, and took my hat.

"Is this man very dear to you?" Kraft asked with visible and great sympathy, which I read on his face at that moment.

"I anticipated," I said, "that I wouldn't learn the full story from you anyway. Mme. Akhmakov is the one remaining hope. I did have hope in her. Maybe I'll go to see her, and maybe not."

Kraft looked at me in some perplexity.

"Good-bye, Kraft! Why foist yourself on people who don't want you? Isn't it better to break with it all—eh?"

"And then where?" he asked somehow sternly and looking down.

"To yourself, to yourself! Break with it all and go to yourself!"

"To America?"

"To America! To yourself, to yourself alone! That's the whole of 'my idea,' Kraft!" I said ecstatically.

He looked at me somehow curiously.

"And you have this place: 'to yourself'?"

"I do. Good-bye, Kraft. I thank you, and I'm sorry to have troubled you! In your place, since you've got such a Russia in your head, I'd send everybody to the devil: away with you, scheme, squabble among yourselves—what is it to me!"

"Stay a while," he said suddenly, having already seen me to the front door.

I was a little surprised, went back, and sat down again. Kraft sat down facing me. We exchanged smiles of some sort, I can see it all as if it were now. I remember very well that I somehow wondered at him.

"What I like about you, Kraft, is that you're such a polite man," I said suddenly.

"Oh?"

"It's because I'm rarely able to be polite myself, though I'd like to be able... But then, maybe it's better that people insult us. At least they deliver us from the misfortune of loving them."

"What time of day do you like best?" he asked, obviously not listening.

"What time? I don't know. I don't like sunset."

"Oh?" he said with a sort of special curiosity, but at once lapsed into thought again.

"Are you going somewhere again?"

"Yes... I am."

"Soon?"

"Soon."

"Do you really need a revolver to get to Vilno?" I asked without the least second thought: it didn't even enter my thoughts! I just asked, because the revolver flashed there, and I was at pains to find something to talk about.

He turned and looked intently at the revolver.

"No, I just do it out of habit."

"If I had a revolver, I'd have hidden it somewhere under lock and key. You know, by God, it's tempting! Maybe I don't believe in epidemics of suicides, but if that sticks up in front of your eyes—really, there are moments when it might be tempting."

"Don't speak of that," he said, and suddenly got up from his chair.

"I don't mean me," I added, also getting up. "I wouldn't use it. You could give me three lives—it would still be too little."

"Live more," as if escaped from him.

He smiled distractedly and, strangely, walked straight to the front hall, as if leading me out personally, naturally without knowing what he was doing.

"I wish you all luck, Kraft," I said, going out to the stairs.

"That may be," he replied firmly.

"See you later!"

"That also may be."

I remember his last look at me.

III

So this was the man after whom my heart had been throbbing for so many years! And what had I expected from Kraft, what new information?

When I left Kraft, I had a strong wish to eat; evening was already falling, and I had not had lunch. I went into a small tavern right there on the Petersburg side, on Bolshoi Prospect, intending to spend some twenty kopecks, twenty-five at the most—not for anything would I have allowed myself to spend more then. I ordered soup and, I remember, having finished it, I sat looking out the window. The room was full of people; there was a smell of burnt grease, tavern napkins, and tobacco. It was vile. Above my head, a voiceless nightingale, glum and brooding, tapped the bottom of its cage with its beak. The billiard room on the other

side of the wall was noisy, but I sat and thought intensely. The setting sun (why was Kraft surprised that I didn't like sunset?) inspired in me some new and unexpected sensations, quite out of place. I kept imagining my mother's gentle look, her dear eyes that had gazed at me so timidly for a whole month now. Lately I had been very rude at home, mostly to her; I wished to be rude to Versilov, but, not daring with him, out of my mean habit, I tormented her. I even thoroughly intimidated her: she often looked at me with such imploring eyes, when Andrei Petrovich came in, fearing some outburst from me... It was very strange that now, in the tavern, I realized for the first time that Versilov addressed me familiarly, and she—formally. I had wondered about it before, and not favorably for her, but here I realized it somehow particularly—and all sorts of strange thoughts came pouring into my head one after another. I went on sitting there for a long time, till it was completely dark. I also thought about my sister...

A fateful moment for me. I had to decide at all costs! Can it be that I'm incapable of deciding? What's so hard about breaking with them, if on top of it they don't want me themselves? My mother and my sister? But I won't leave them in any case—whatever turn things take.

It's true that the appearance of this man in my life, that is, for a moment, in early childhood, was the fateful push with which my consciousness began. If he hadn't come my way then, my mind, my way of thinking, my fate, would surely have been different, even despite the character fate determined for me, which I couldn't have escaped anyway.

But it now turned out that this man was only my dream, my dream since childhood. I had thought him up that way, but in fact he turned out to be a different man, who fell far below my fantasy. I had come to a pure man, not to this one. And why had I fallen in love with him, once and for all, in that little moment when I saw him while still a child? This "for all" had to go. Someday, if I find room, I'll describe our first meeting: it's a most empty anecdote, from which precisely nothing could come. But for me a whole pyramid came from it. I began on that pyramid while still under my child's blanket, when, as I was falling asleep, I would weep and dream—about what?—I myself don't know. About being abandoned? About being tormented? But I was tormented only a little, for just two years, while I was at Touchard's boarding school, where he tucked me away then and left forever. After that nobody

tormented me; even the contrary, I myself looked proudly at my comrades. And I can't stand this orphanhood whining about itself! There's no more loathsome role than when orphans, illegitimate children, all these cast-offs, and generally all this trash, for whom I have not the slightest drop of pity, suddenly rise up solemnly before the public and start their pitiful but admonitory whining: "Look at how we've been treated!" I'd thrash all these orphans. Not one of all that vile officialdom understands that it's ten times nobler for him to keep silent, and not to whine, and not *deign* to complain. And since you've started to deign, it serves you right, love-child. That's what I think!

But what is ridiculous is not that I used to dream "under the blanket," but that I came here for him, once again for this thought-up man, all but forgetting my main goals. I was coming to help him to smash slander, to crush his enemies. The document Kraft spoke of, that woman's letter to Andronikov, which she is so afraid of, which can smash her life and reduce her to poverty, and which she supposes to be in Versilov's possession—this letter was not in Versilov's possession, but in mine, sewn into my side pocket! I had sewn it myself, and no one in the whole world knew of it yet. That the novelistic Marya Ivanovna, who "had charge" of the document, found it necessary to turn it over to me and no one else, was merely her view and her will, and I'm not obliged to explain it; maybe someday I'll tell about it by the way; but, being so unexpectedly armed, I could not but be tempted by the wish to come to Petersburg. Of course, I proposed to help this man not otherwise than secretly, without showing off or getting excited, without expecting either his praise or his embraces. And never, never would I *deign* to reproach him with anything! And was it his fault that I had fallen in love with him and made him into a fantastic ideal? Maybe I didn't even love him at all! His original mind, his curious character, his intrigues and adventures of some sort, and the fact that my mother was with him—all this, I thought, could not stop me now; it was enough that my fantastic doll was smashed and that I could perhaps not love him anymore. And so, what was stopping me, what was I stuck on? That was the question. The upshot of it all was that I was the only stupid one, and nobody else.

But, since I demand honesty of others, I'll be honest myself: I must confess that the document sewn into my pocket did not only arouse in me a passionate desire to fly to Versilov's aid. That

is all too clear to me now, though even then I already blushed at the thought. I kept imagining a woman, a proud high-society being, whom I would meet face to face; she would despise me, laugh at me as at a mouse, not even suspecting that I was the master of her fate. This thought intoxicated me still in Moscow, and especially on the train as I was coming here; I've already confessed that above. Yes, I hated this woman, yet I already loved her as my victim, and this is all true, this was all actually so. But it was all such childishness as I hadn't expected even from someone like myself. I'm describing my feelings at that time, that is, what went through my head as I sat in the tavern under the nightingale and decided to break with them ineluctably that same evening. The thought of today's meeting with this woman suddenly brought a flush of shame to my face. A disgraceful meeting! A disgraceful and stupid little impression and—above all—the strongest proof of my inability to act! It proved simply, as I thought then, that I was unable to hold out even before the stupidest enticements, whereas I had just told Kraft that I had "my own place," my own business, and that if I had three lives, even that would be too little for me. I had said it proudly. That I had dropped my idea and gotten drawn into Versilov's affairs—that could still be excused in some way; but that I rush from side to side like a startled hare and get drawn into every trifle, that, of course, was only my own stupidity. What the deuce pushed me to go to Dergachev's and pop up with my stupid talk, if I had long known that I'm unable to tell anything intelligently and sensibly, and that the most advantageous thing for me is to be silent? And then some Vasin brings me to reason by saying that I still have "fifty years of life ahead of me, and so there's nothing to be upset about." His objection is splendid, I agree, and does credit to his indisputable intelligence; it's splendid already in that it's the simplest, and what is simplest is always understood only in the end, once everything cleverer or stupider has been tried; but I knew this objection myself even before Vasin; I had deeply sensed this thought more than three years ago; moreover, "my idea" partly consists in it. That's what I was thinking about in the tavern then.

I felt vile when I reached the Semyonovsky quarter that evening, between seven and eight, weary from walking and thinking. It was already quite dark, and the weather changed; it was dry, but a nasty Petersburg wind sprang up at my back, biting and sharp, and blew dust and sand around. So many sullen faces of simple folk, hurrying

back to their corners from work and trade! Each had his own sullen care on his face, and there was perhaps not a single common, all-uniting thought in that crowd! Kraft was right: everybody's apart. I met a little boy, so little that it was strange that he could be alone in the street at such an hour; he seemed to have lost his way; a woman stopped for a moment to listen to him, but understood nothing, spread her arms, and went on, leaving him alone in the darkness. I went over to him, but for some reason he suddenly became frightened of me and ran off. Nearing the house, I decided that I would never go to see Vasin. As I went up the stairs, I wanted terribly to find them at home alone, without Versilov, to have time before he came to say something kind to my mother or my dear sister, to whom I had hardly addressed a single special word for the whole month. It so happened that he was not at home...

IV

And by the way: bringing this "new character" on stage in my "Notes" (I'm speaking of Versilov), I'll give a brief account of his service record, which, incidentally, is of no significance. I do it to make things clearer for the reader, and because I don't see where I might stick this record in further on in the story.

He studied at the university, but went into the guards, into a cavalry regiment. He married Miss Fanariotov and resigned. He went abroad and, returning, lived in Moscow amidst worldly pleasures. On his wife's death, he came to his country estate; here occurred the episode with my mother. Then for a long time he lived somewhere in the south. During the war with Europe,[20] he again went into military service, but did not get to the Crimea and never saw action all that while. When the war ended, he resigned, went abroad, and even took my mother, whom, however, he left in Königsberg. The poor woman occasionally told with a sort of horror and shaking her head of how she had lived for a whole six months then, alone as could be, with a little daughter, not knowing the language, as if in a forest, and in the end also without any money. Then Tatyana Pavlovna came to fetch her and took her back to somewhere in Nizhny-Novgorod province. Later Versilov joined the arbiters of the peace at the first call-up,[21] and they say he performed his duties splendidly; but he soon quit and in Petersburg began to occupy himself with conducting various private civil suits.

Andronikov always thought highly of his capacities, respected him very much, and said only that he didn't understand his character. Later he also dropped that and went abroad again, this time for a long period, for several years. Then began his especially close connections with old Prince Sokolsky. During all this time his financial means underwent two or three radical changes: first he fell into poverty, then he suddenly got rich and rose again.

But anyhow, now that I've brought my notes precisely to this point, I've decided to tell about "my idea" as well. I'll describe it in words for the first time since its conception. I've decided to, so to speak, disclose it to the reader, also for the clarity of the further account. And not only the reader, but I myself am beginning to get entangled in the difficulty of explaining my steps without explaining what led me and prompted me to them. Because of this "figure of omission," I, in my lack of skill, have fallen back into those novelistic "beauties" that I myself derided above. On entering the door of my Petersburg novel, with all my disgraceful adventures in it, I find this preface necessary. But it was not "beauties" that tempted me to omission up to now, but also the essence of the matter, that is, the difficulty of the matter; even now, when all the past has already passed, I feel an insurmountable difficulty in telling about this "thought." Besides that, I undoubtedly should explain it in the form it had then, that is, in the way it took shape and conceived itself in me at that time, and not now, and that is a new difficulty. It's almost impossible to tell about certain things. Precisely those ideas that are the simplest, the clearest—precisely those are also hard to understand. If Columbus, before the discovery of America, had started telling his idea to others, I'm sure he wouldn't have been understood for a terribly long time. And in fact he wasn't. In saying this, I have no thought of equating myself with Columbus, and if anybody concludes that, he should be ashamed, that's all.

Chapter Five

I

My idea is—to become Rothschild. I invite the reader to calmness and seriousness.

I repeat: my idea is to become Rothschild, to become as rich as Rothschild; not simply rich, but precisely like Rothschild. Why, what for, precisely what goals I pursue—of that I shall speak later. First, I shall merely prove that the achievement of my goal is mathematically assured.

The matter is very simple, the whole secret lies in two words: *persistence* and *continuity.*

"We've heard all that," I'll be told, "it's nothing new. Every *Vater* in Germany repeats it to his children, and yet your Rothschild" (that is, the late James Rothschild, the Parisian, he's the one I'm speaking of) "was only one, while there are millions of *Vaters.*"

I would answer:

"You assure me that you've heard it all, and yet you haven't heard anything. True, you're also right about one thing: if I said that this was a 'very simple' matter, I forgot to add that it's also the most difficult. All the religions and moralities in the world come down to one thing: 'We must love virtue and flee from vice.' What, it seems, could be simpler? So go and do something virtuous and flee from at least one of your vices, give it a try—eh? It's the same here."

That's why your countless *Vaters* in the course of countless ages can repeat these two astonishing words, which make up the whole secret, and yet Rothschild remains alone. Which means it's the same and not the same, and the *Vaters* are repeating quite a different thought.

No doubt they, too, have heard about persistence and continuity; but to achieve my goal, it's not *Vater* persistence and *Vater* continuity that are needed.

Already this one word, that he's a *Vater*—I'm not speaking only of Germans—that he has a family, that he lives like everybody else, has expenses like everybody else, has duties like everybody else—here you don't become Rothschild, but remain only a moderate man. I understand all too clearly that, having become Rothschild,

or even only wishing to become him, not in a *Vater*-like way, but seriously—I thereby at once step outside of society.

A few years ago I read in the newspapers that on the Volga, on one of the steamboats, a certain beggar died, who had gone about in tatters, begging for alms, and was known to everybody there. After his death, they found as much as three thousand in banknotes sewn into his rags. The other day I again read about a certain beggar, from the nobility, who went around the taverns hat in hand. They arrested him and found as much as five thousand roubles on him. Two conclusions follow directly from this: first, *persistence* in accumulating, even by kopecks, produces enormous results later on (time means nothing here); and, second, that the most unsophisticated but *continuous* form of gain mathematically assures success.

And yet there are people, perhaps quite a few of them, who are respectable, intelligent, and restrained, but who (no matter how they try) do not have either three or five thousand, but who nevertheless want terribly much to have it. Why is that so? The answer is clear: because, despite all their wanting, not one of them *wants* to such a degree, for instance, as to become a beggar, if there's no other way of getting money; or is persistent to such a degree, even having become a beggar, as not to spend the very first kopecks he gets on an extra crust for himself or his family. And yet, with this method of accumulation, that is, with begging, one has to eat nothing but bread and salt in order to save so much money; at least that's my understanding. That is surely what the two above-mentioned beggars did, that is, ate nothing but bread and lived all but under the open sky. There is no doubt that they had no intention of becoming Rothschild: these were Harpagons or Plyushkins[22] in the purest form, nothing more; but conscious money-making in a completely different form, and with the goal of becoming Rothschild, will call for no less wanting and strength of will than with these two beggars. A *Vater* won't show such strength. There is a great diversity of strengths in the world, strengths of will and wanting especially. There is the temperature of boiling water, and there is the temperature of red-hot iron.

Here it's the same as a monastery, the same ascetic endeavor. Here's it's a feeling, not an idea. What for? Why? Is it moral, and is it not ugly, to go about in sackcloth and eat black bread all your life, while carrying such huge money on you? These questions are for later, but now I'm only talking about the possibility of achieving the goal.

When I thought up "my idea" (and it consists of red-hot iron), I began testing myself: am I capable of the monastery and asceticism? To that end I spent the whole first month eating nothing but bread and water. It came to no more than two and a half pounds of black bread a day. To carry it out, I had to deceive the clever Nikolai Semyonovich and the well-wishing Marya Ivanovna. I insisted, to her distress and to a certain perplexity in the most delicate Nikolai Semyonovich, that dinner be brought to my room. There I simply destroyed it: the soup I poured out the window into the nettles or a certain other place, the beef I either threw out the window to the dog, or wrapped in paper, put in my pocket, and took out later, well, and all the rest. Since they served much less than two and a half pounds of bread for dinner, I bought myself more bread on the sly. I held out for that month, only I may have upset my stomach somewhat; but the next month I added soup to the bread, and drank a glass of tea in the morning and evening—and, I assure you, I spent a whole year that way in perfect health and contentment, and morally—in rapture and continuous secret delight. Not only did I not regret the meals, I was in ecstasy. By the end of the year, having made sure that I was able to endure any fast you like, I began to eat as they did and went back to having dinner with them. Not satisfied with this test, I made a second one: apart from my upkeep, which was paid to Nikolai Semyonovich, I was allocated a monthly sum of five roubles for pocket money. I decided to spend only half of it. This was a very hard test, but in a little over two years, when I came to Petersburg, I had in my pocket, apart from other money, seventy roubles saved up solely by this economy. The result of these two experiments was tremendous for me: I learned positively that I was able to want enough to achieve my goal, and that, I repeat, is the whole of "my idea." The rest is all trifles.

II

However, let us examine the trifles as well.

I have described my two experiments; in Petersburg, as is already known, I made a third—went to the auction and, at one stroke, made a profit of seven roubles, ninety-five kopecks. Of course, that wasn't a real experiment, but just a game, for fun: I wanted to steal a moment from the future and experience how I would go about

and behave. But generally, still at the very beginning, in Moscow, I postponed the real setting out in business until I was completely free; I understood only too well that I at least had, for instance, to finish high school first. (I sacrificed the university, as is already known.) Indisputably, I went to Petersburg with repressed wrath: I had just finished high school and become free for the first time, when I suddenly saw that Versilov's affairs would again distract me from starting business for an unknown period! But though I was wrathful, I still went completely at ease about my goal.

True, I knew nothing of practical life; but I had been thinking it over for three years on end and could not have any doubts. I had imagined a thousand times how I would set about it: I suddenly turn up, as if dropped from the sky, in one of our two capitals[23] (I chose to begin with our capitals, and namely with Petersburg, to which, by a certain reckoning, I gave preference), and so, I've dropped from the sky, but am completely free, not dependent on anybody, healthy, and have a hundred roubles hidden in my pocket for an initial working capital. It's impossible to begin without a hundred roubles, otherwise the very first period of success would be delayed for too long. Besides a hundred roubles, I have, as is already known, courage, persistence, continuity, total solitude, and secrecy. Solitude is the main thing: I terribly disliked till the very last minute any contact or association with people; generally speaking, I decided absolutely to begin the "idea" alone, that was *sine qua*. People are a burden to me, and I would be troubled in spirit, which would harm my goal. And generally all my life till now, in all my dreams of how I would deal with people—I always have it come out very intelligent; as soon as it's in reality—it's always very stupid. And I confess this with indignation and sincerely, I have always betrayed myself with words and hurried, and therefore I resolved to cancel people. The gain was independence, peace of mind, clarity of goal.

Despite the terrible Petersburg prices, I determined once and for all that I would not spend more than fifteen kopecks on food, and I knew I would keep my word. I had pondered this question of food thoroughly and for a long time; I proposed, for instance, to eat only bread and salt for two days in a row, so as to spend the money saved in two days on the third day; it seemed to me that it would be more profitable for my health than an eternally regular fast on the minimum of fifteen kopecks. Then I needed a corner to live in, literally a corner, only to have a good night's sleep or

take refuge on a particularly nasty day. I proposed to live in the street, and if necessary I was prepared to sleep in night shelters, where, on top of a night's lodging, they give you a piece of bread and a glass of tea. Oh, I'd be only too able to hide my money, so that it wouldn't be stolen in my corner or in the shelter; they wouldn't even catch a glimpse of it, I promise you! "Steal from me? No, the real fear is that I'll steal from them!"—I heard this merry phrase once from some rascal in the street. Of course, I apply only the prudence and cunning to myself, and have no intention of stealing. Moreover, still in Moscow, maybe from the very first day of the "idea," I decided that I would not be a pawnbroker or a usurer: there are Yids for that, and those Russians who lack both intelligence and character. Pawnbroking and usury are for mediocrities.

As for clothes, I proposed to have two outfits: an everyday one and a decent one. Once I had them, I was sure I'd wear them for a long time; I purposely spent two and a half years learning how to wear clothes and even discovered a secret: for suits to stay always new and not wear out, they should be cleaned with a brush as often as possible, five or six times a day. Cloth has no fear of the brush, believe me, what it fears is dust and dirt. Dust is the same as stones, looked at under a microscope, while even the stiffest brush is, after all, almost wool itself. I also learned how to wear boots evenly: the secret is that you must carefully put your foot down with the whole sole at once, avoiding as far as possible bringing it down on the side. It can be learned in two weeks, after which it becomes unconscious. In this way boots can be worn, on the average, one-third longer. Two years' experience.

Then the activity itself begins.

I started from this consideration: I have a hundred roubles. In Petersburg there are so many auctions, sales, small shops at flea markets, and people in need of things, that it's impossible, once you've bought an object for such-and-such a price, not to sell it for a little more. With the album I made a profit of seven roubles, ninety-five kopecks on a capital expenditure of two roubles, five kopecks. This enormous profit was taken without risk: I saw from his eyes that the buyer wouldn't back out. Naturally, I understand very well that it was mere chance: but those are the kinds of chances I seek, that's why I decided to live in the street. Well, granted such chances may even be extremely rare; all the same, my main rule will be not to risk anything, and the second—to be sure to earn at

least something each day over and above the minimum spent on my subsistence, so that the accumulation doesn't stop for a single day.

They'll tell me: these are all dreams, you don't know the street, and you'll be cheated from the first step. But I have will and character, and street science is a science like any other, it yields to persistence, attention, and ability. In high school I was among the first right up to the final grade; I was very good at mathematics. Well, as if experience and street science should be extolled to such an idolizing degree as to predict certain failure! The only ones who say it are always those who have never experimented with anything, never started any life, and went on vegetating with everything provided. "If one gets his nose smashed, another will do the same." No, I won't get my nose smashed. I have character, and with my attentiveness, I'll learn everything. Well, is it possible to imagine that with constant persistence, constant keen-sightedness, and constant reflection and calculation, with boundless activity and running around, you will not attain finally to a knowledge of how to earn an extra twenty kopecks a day? Above all, I decided never to aim at the maximum profit, but always to remain calm. Later on, once I've already made a thousand or two, I will, of course, inevitably get out of trading and street dealing. Of course, I still know very little about the stock exchange, shares, banking, and all the rest. But, instead of that, I know, like the back of my hand, that in my own time I'll learn and master all this exchanging and banking like nobody else, and that this study will come quite easily to me, merely because matters will reach that point. Does it take so much intelligence? Is it some kind of wisdom of Solomon? All I need is character; skill, adroitness, knowledge will come by themselves. So long as I don't stop "wanting."

Above all, take no risks, and that is precisely possible only with character. Just recently, when I was already in Petersburg, there was a subscription for railway shares; those who managed to subscribe made a lot. For some time the shares were going up. And then suppose, suddenly, somebody who didn't manage to subscribe, or just turned greedy, seeing me with the shares in my hand, offered to buy them from me, with a premium of so much percent. Why, I'd certainly sell them to him at once. They'd start laughing at me, of course, saying: if you'd waited, you would have made ten times more. Right, sirs, but my premium is more certain, since it's already in my pocket, while yours is still flying around. They'll say you can't make much that way; excuse me, but there's your mistake, the

mistake of all these Kokorevs, Polyakovs, Gubonins.[24] Know the truth: constancy and persistence in making money and, above all, in accumulating it, are stronger than momentary profits, even of a hundred percent!

Not long before the French Revolution, a man named Law[25] appeared in Paris and undertook a project that was brilliant in principle (afterwards, in fact, it crashed terribly). All Paris was astir; Law's shares were snapped up, there was a stampede. Money came pouring from all over Paris, as if from a sack, into the house where the subscription was announced; but the house, finally, was not enough: the public crowded in the street—all estates, conditions, ages; bourgeois, nobility, their children, countesses, marquises, public women—everything churned up into a raging, half-crazed mass of people bitten by a rabid dog; ranks, prejudices of breeding and pride, even honor and good name—everything was trampled in the same mud; everyone sacrificed (even women) in order to obtain a few shares. The subscription finally passed into the street, but there was nowhere to write. Here one hunchback was asked to lend his hump for a time, as a table for subscribing to shares. The hunchback accepted—you can imagine for what price! Some time later (very little), it all went bankrupt, it all crashed, the idea went to the devil, and the shares lost all value. Who profited? Only the hunchback, precisely because he did not take shares, but cash in louis d'ors. Well, sirs, I am that very same hunchback! Didn't I have strength enough not to eat and to save up seventy-two roubles out of kopecks? I'll also have enough to restrain myself, right in the whirl of the fever that overcomes everybody, to prefer sure money to big money. I'm trifling only in trifles, but in great things I'm not. I often lacked the character for a small forbearance, even after the "idea" was born, but for a big one I'll always have enough. When my mother served me cold coffee in the morning before I went to work, I got angry and was rude to her, and yet I was the same man who survived a whole month on nothing but bread and water.

In short, not to make money, not to learn how to make money, would be unnatural. It would also be unnatural, with continuous and regular accumulation, with continuous attention and sober-mindedness, restraint, economy, with ever-increasing energy, it would be unnatural, I repeat, not to become a millionaire. How did the beggar make his money, if not by fanaticism of character and persistence? Am I worse than that beggar? "And, finally,

suppose I don't achieve anything, suppose my calculation is wrong, suppose I crash and fail—all the same, I'm going. I'm going because I want it that way." That's what I said still in Moscow.

They'll tell me there's no "idea" here, and precisely nothing new. But I say, and for the last time now, that there's incalculably much idea and infinitely much that's new.

Oh, I did anticipate how trivial all the objections would be, and how trivial I myself would be, explaining the "idea": well, what have I said? I didn't say even a hundredth part; I feel that it came out petty, crude, superficial, and even somehow younger than my years.

III

It remains to answer the "what for" and "why," the "moral or not," and so on, and so forth. I've promised to answer that.

I feel sad to disappoint the reader at once, sad but glad as well. Be it known that the goals of my "idea" have absolutely no feeling of "revenge," nothing "Byronic"—no curse, no orphaned complaints, no tears of illegitimacy, nothing, nothing. In short, a romantic lady, if she were to come across my "Notes," would be crestfallen at once. The whole goal of my "idea" is—solitude.

"But one can achieve solitude without any bristling up about becoming Rothschild. What has Rothschild got to do with it?"

"Just this, that, besides solitude, I also need power."

I'll preface that. The reader will perhaps be horrified at the frankness of my confession and will ask himself simpleheartedly: how is it that the author doesn't blush? I reply that I'm not writing for publication; I'll probably have a reader only in some ten years, when everything is already so apparent, past and proven, that there will no longer be any point in blushing. And therefore, if I sometimes address the reader in my notes, it's merely a device. My reader is a fantastic character.

No, it was not the illegitimacy for which they taunted me so much at Touchard's, not my sad childhood years, not revenge or the right to protest that was the beginning of my "idea"; my character alone is to blame for it all. From the age of twelve, I think, that is, almost from the birth of proper consciousness, I began not to like people. Not so much not to like, but they somehow became oppressive to me. It was sometimes all too sad for me myself, in

my pure moments, that I could in no way speak everything out even to those close to me, that is, I could, but I didn't want to, I restrained myself for some reason; that I was mistrustful, sullen, and unsociable. Then, too, I had long noticed a feature in myself, almost from childhood, that I all too often accuse others, that I'm all too inclined to accuse them; but this inclination was quite often followed immediately by another thought, which was all too oppressive for me: "Is it not I myself who am to blame, instead of them?" And how often I accused myself in vain! To avoid resolving such questions, I naturally sought solitude. Besides, I never found anything in the company of people, however I tried, and I did try; at least all my peers, all my comrades to a man, proved to be inferior to me in thinking; I don't remember a single exception.

Yes, I'm glum, I'm continually closed. I often want to leave society. I may also do good to people, but often I don't see the slightest reason for doing good to them. And people are not at all so beautiful that they should be cared for so much. Why don't they come forward directly and openly, and why is it so necessary that I should go and foist myself on them? That's what I asked myself. I'm a grateful being, and I've already proved it by a hundred follies. I would instantly respond with openness to an open person and begin to love him at once. And so I did; but they all cheated me at once and closed themselves to me in mockery. The most open of them was Lambert, who used to beat me badly in childhood; but he, too, was merely an open scoundrel and robber; and here, too, his openness came merely from stupidity. These were my thoughts when I came to Petersburg.

Having left Dergachev's then (God knows what pushed me to go there), I approached Vasin and, on a rapturous impulse, praised him to the skies. And what then? That same evening I already felt that I liked him much less. Why? Precisely because, by praising him, I had lowered myself before him. Yet it seems it should have been the opposite: a man so just and magnanimous as to give another his due, even to his own detriment, such a man is almost superior in his personal dignity to everyone else. And what, then—I knew this, and still I liked Vasin less, even much less, I purposely give an example already familiar to the reader. Even Kraft I remembered with a bitter and sour feeling, because he brought me out to the front hall himself, and so it remained right up to another day, when everything about Kraft became perfectly clear and it was impossible to be angry. From the very lowest grade in school, as

soon as any of my comrades got ahead of me in studies, or in witty answers, or in physical strength, I at once stopped keeping company with him and speaking to him. Not that I hated him or wished him to fail; I simply turned away, because such was my character.

Yes, I've thirsted for power all my life, power and solitude. I dreamed of them even at such an age that decidedly anyone would have laughed in my face if he had made out what I had inside my skull. That is why I came to love secrecy so much. Yes, I dreamed with all my might and to a point where I had no time to talk, this led to the conclusion that I was unsociable, and my absentmindedness led to a still worse conclusion in my regard, but my rosy cheeks proved the contrary.

I was especially happy when, going to bed and covering myself with a blanket, I began, alone now, in the most complete solitude, with no people moving around and not a single sound from them, to re-create life in a different key. The fiercest dreaming was my companion until I discovered the "idea," when all my dreams went at once from stupid to reasonable, and from a dreamy form of novel passed on to the rationalistic form of reality.

Everything merged into a single goal. However, they weren't so stupid even before, though there were myriad upon myriad and thousand upon thousand of them. But I had some favorites... However, there's no point bringing them in here.

Power! I'm convinced that a great many people would find it very funny to learn that such "trash" was aiming at power. But I'll amaze them still more: maybe from my very first dreams, that is, almost from my very childhood, I was unable to imagine myself otherwise than in the first place, always and in all turns of life. I'll add a strange confession: maybe that goes on even to this day. And I'll also note that I'm not apologizing.

In this lies my "idea," in this lies its strength, that money is the only path that will bring even a nonentity to the *first place*. Maybe I'm not a nonentity, but I know from the mirror, for instance, that my appearance does me harm, because my face is ordinary. But if I were as rich as Rothschild—who would question my face, and wouldn't thousands of women rush to me with their charms if I merely whistled? I'm even certain that, in the end, they themselves would quite sincerely find me handsome. Maybe I'm also intelligent. But even if I had a forehead seven inches wide, there would inevitably turn up in society a man with a forehead eight inches wide, and that would be the end of me.

Whereas if I were Rothschild—would this smarty with the eight-inch forehead mean anything next to me? He wouldn't even be allowed to speak next to me! Maybe I'm witty; yet here next to me is Talleyrand or Piron[26]—and I'm put in the shade; but once I'm Rothschild—where is Piron, and maybe even Talleyrand? Money is, of course, a despotic power, but at the same time it's also the highest equalizer, and that is its chief strength. Money equalizes all inequalities. I had already decided all that in Moscow.

You will, of course, see nothing in this thought but impudence, violence, the triumph of nonentity over talent. I agree that it's a bold thought (and therefore sweet). But so what, so what? Do you think I wished for power then in order to crush unfailingly, to take revenge? That's just the point, that the ordinary man would unfailingly behave that way. Moreover, I'm certain that if Rothschild's millions were heaped on them, the thousands of talents and smarties, who are so above it all, would lose control at once and behave like the most banal of ordinary men, and crush more than anybody else. My idea is not that. I'm not afraid of money; it won't crush me and won't make me crush others.

I don't need money, or, better, it's not money that I need; it's not even power; I need only what is obtained by power and simply cannot be obtained without power: the solitary and calm awareness of strength! That is the fullest definition of freedom, which the world so struggles over! Freedom! I have finally inscribed that great word... Yes, the solitary awareness of strength is fascinating and beautiful. I have strength, and I am calm. Jupiter holds thunderbolts in his hand, and what then? He's calm. Do we often hear him thunder? A fool might think he was asleep. But put some writer or foolish peasant woman in Jupiter's place—oh, what thunder, what thunder there will be!

If only I had power, I reasoned, I'd have no need at all to use it; I assure you that I myself, of my own free will, would take the last place everywhere. If I were Rothschild, I'd go about in an old coat and carry an umbrella. What do I care if I'm jostled in the street, if I'm forced to go skipping through the mud so as not to be run over by cabs? The awareness that it was I, Rothschild himself, would even amuse me at that moment. I know that I can have a dinner like nobody else, and from the world's foremost chef, and it's enough for me that I know it. I'll eat a piece of bread and ham and be satisfied with my awareness. I think so even now.

It's not I who will get in with the aristocracy, but they who will

get in with me; it's not I who will chase after women, but they who will flow to me like water, offering me everything a woman can offer. The "banal" ones will come running for money, but the intelligent ones will be drawn by curiosity to a strange, proud, closed being, indifferent to everything. I'll be nice to the ones and to the others, and maybe give them money, but I won't take anything from them myself. Curiosity gives rise to passion, maybe I'll also inspire passion. They'll go away with nothing, I assure you, except perhaps a few presents. I'll only become twice as curious for them.

> . . . enough for me
> Is the awareness of it.[27]

The strange thing is that this picture (a correct one, by the way) tempted me when I was no more than seventeen.

I don't want to crush or torment anyone and I won't; but I know that if I did want to ruin such-and-such a person, my enemy, no one would keep me from doing it, but everyone would be obliging; and again, enough. I wouldn't even take revenge on anyone. I was always surprised at how James Rothschild could agree to become a baron! Why, what for, when he's superior to everyone in the world without that? "Oh, let this insolent general offend me at the posting station, where we're both waiting for horses; if he knew who I was, he'd run to hitch them up himself and jump out and hasten to seat me in my modest tarantass! They wrote that a certain foreign count or baron, at a certain Viennese railway station, before the public, helped a certain local banker into his shoes, and the man was so ordinary that he allowed it. Oh, let her, let this fearsome beauty (precisely fearsome, there are such!)—the daughter of this magnificent and high-born aristocratic lady, having met me by chance on a steamboat or wherever, look askance and, turning up her nose, wonder scornfully how this humble and puny little man with a newspaper or book in his hands could dare to show up beside her in first class! But if she only knew who was sitting next to her! And she will know—she will know, and will sit down next to me, obedient, timid, gentle, seeking my eyes, glad of my smile . . ." I have purposely introduced these early pictures in order to express my idea more vividly, but the pictures are pale and perhaps trivial. Reality alone justifies everything.

They'll say it's stupid to live like that. Why not have a mansion, an open house, gather society, exert influence, get married? But

what would Rothschild be then? He'd become like everybody else. All the charm of the "idea" would vanish, all its moral force. As a child I had already learned by heart the monologue of Pushkin's covetous knight; Pushkin never produced a higher idea than that! I'm also of the same mind now.

"But your ideal is too low," they'll say with scorn. "Money, riches! A far cry from social usefulness and humane endeavors!"

But who knows how I'll use my riches? What is immoral, what is low, in having these millions flow out of a multitude of dirty and pernicious Jewish hands, into the hands of a sober and firm ascetic, who keenly studies the world? Generally, all these dreams of the future, all these conjectures—all this is still like a novel now, and maybe I shouldn't be writing it down; it should have stayed inside my skull; I also know that maybe no one will read these lines; but if anyone does, would he believe that maybe I, too, was unable to endure the Rothschildian millions? Not because they would crush me, but in quite a different sense, the opposite. In my dreams, I had more than once seized on that moment in the future when my consciousness would be too well satisfied and power would seem all too little. Then—not from boredom, and not from aimless anguish, but because I will desire something boundlessly greater—I will give all my millions away to people; let society distribute all my riches, and I—I will once more mingle with nonentity! Maybe I'll even turn into that beggar who died on the steamboat, with this difference, that they won't find anything sewn into my rags. The awareness alone that I had had millions in my hands and had flung them into the mud, would feed me in my wilderness like a raven.[28] I'm prepared to think so even now. Yes, my "idea" is that fortress in which I can always and in any case hide from all people, be it even like the beggar who died on the steamboat. This is my poem! And know that I need precisely my *whole* depraved will—solely to prove *to myself* that I'm strong enough to renounce it.

They'll undoubtedly object that this is poetry, and that I'll never let go of millions, if I've got them, and will not turn into a Saratov beggar. Maybe I won't let go; I've merely traced out the ideal of my thought. But I'll add seriously now: if, in the accumulation of wealth, I should reach the same figure as Rothschild, then it might indeed end with my flinging it to society. (However, it would be hard to do that before the Rothschildian figure.) And I wouldn't give away half, because then it would be nothing but a banality: I'd only become twice poorer and nothing more; but precisely all,

all to the last kopeck, because, having become a beggar, I'd suddenly become twice as rich as Rothschild! If they don't understand that, it's not my fault; I won't explain.

"Fakirism, the poetry of nonentity and impotence," people will decide, "the triumph of untalentedness and mediocrity!" Yes, I admit that it's partly the triumph of both untalentedness and mediocrity, but hardly of impotence. I liked terribly to imagine a being, precisely an untalented and mediocre one, standing before the world and telling it with a smile: you are Galileos and Copernicuses, Charlemagnes and Napoleons, you are Pushkins and Shakespeares, you are field marshals and hofmarshals, and here I am—giftlessness and illegitimacy, and all the same I'm superior to you, because you submit to it yourselves. I confess, I've pushed this fantasy to such a verge that I've even ruled out education. It seemed to me that it would be more beautiful if this person was even filthily uneducated. This already exaggerated dream even influenced my results then in the final grade of high school; I stopped studying precisely out of fanaticism: it was as if lack of education added beauty to the ideal. Now I've changed my convictions on this point; education doesn't hurt.

Gentlemen, can it be that independence of mind, even the least bit of it, is so painful for you? Blessed is he who has his ideal of beauty, even if it's a mistaken one! But I believe in mine. Only I've explained it improperly, clumsily, primitively. Ten years from now, of course, I'll explain it better. And this I'll keep as a memento.

IV

I'VE FINISHED THE "idea." If the description is banal, superficial—I'm to blame, and not the "idea." I've already warned you that the simplest ideas are the hardest to understand; I'll now add that they are also the hardest to explain, the more so as I've described the "idea" still in its former shape. There is also an inverse law for ideas: banal, hasty ideas are understood extraordinarily quickly, and invariably by a crowd, invariably by the whole street; moreover, they are considered the greatest and most brilliant, but only on the day of their appearance. What's cheap is not durable. Quick understanding is only a sign of the banality of what is understood. Bismarck's idea was instantly regarded as brilliant, and Bismarck himself as a brilliant man;[29] but this quickness is

precisely suspicious: I wait for Bismarck ten years from now, and then we'll see what's left of his idea, and maybe of Mr. Chancellor himself. Of course, I haven't introduced this highly extraneous and inappropriate observation for the sake of comparison, but also as a reminder. (An explanation for the overly crude reader.)

And now I'll tell two anecdotes, so as to finish with the "idea" altogether, and not have it interfere in any way with the story.

In the summer, in July, two months before I came to Petersburg, and when I was already completely free, Marya Ivanovna asked me to go to Troitsky Posad to see a certain old maid who had settled there, on an errand too uninteresting to mention in detail. Coming back that same day, I noticed a certain puny young man on the train, not badly but uncleanly dressed, with blackheads, a dark-haired, dirtily swarthy type. He was distinguished by the fact that, at every station, large or small, he unfailingly got off and drank vodka. By the end of the journey, a merry little circle had formed around him—an utterly trashy company, incidentally. There was a shopkeeper, also slightly drunk, who was especially admiring of the young man's ability to drink continuously while remaining sober. There was yet another very pleased young fellow, terribly stupid and terribly talkative, dressed in German fashion, who gave off a rather nasty smell—a lackey, as I learned later; this one even struck up a friendship with the drinking young man and, each time the train stopped, got him to his feet with the invitation, "Time now for some vodka"—and the two would go out in each other's embrace. The drinking young man hardly said a word, but more and more interlocutors sat down around him; he merely listened to them all, grinning continuously with a slobbery titter and producing from time to time, but always unexpectedly, a sort of sound like "tir-lir-li!" and placing a finger on his nose in a very caricaturish way. It was this that delighted the merchant, and the lackey, and all of them, and they laughed extremely loudly and casually. It's impossible to understand why people laugh sometimes. I, too, went over—and I don't understand why I also found this young man likable, as it were; maybe by his all-too-spectacular violation of conventional and banalized proprieties; in short, I failed to discern the fool in him; anyhow, we were on familiar terms there and then, and as we got off the train, I learned from him that he would be coming to Tverskoy Boulevard that evening after eight. He turned out to be a former student. I went to the boulevard, and here's what trick he taught me: we went around all

the boulevards together, and later on, the moment we spotted a woman of a decent sort walking along, but so that there was no public close by, we'd immediately start pestering her. Without saying a word to her, we'd place ourselves, he on one side, I on the other, and with the most calm air, as if not noticing her at all, would begin a most indecent conversation between ourselves. We called things by their real names with a most unperturbed air, as if it was quite proper, and went into such details, explaining various vile and swinish things, as the dirtiest imagination of the dirtiest debaucher could not have thought up. (I, of course, had already acquired all this knowledge at school, even before high school, but only in words, not in deeds.) The woman would be very frightened and hurriedly walk away, but we would also quicken our pace and—go on with our thing. For the victim, of course, it was impossible to do anything; she couldn't shout: there were no witnesses, and it would somehow be strange to complain. Some eight days were spent on these amusements; I don't understand how I could have liked it; and in fact I didn't like it, I just did it. At first I found it original, as if it went outside everyday trite conventions; besides, I can't stand women. I once told the student that Jean-Jacques Rousseau admits in his *Confessions*[30] that, as a youth, he liked to expose himself on the sly, from around the corner, uncovering the usually covered parts of the body, and waited like that for passing women. The student answered me with his tir-lir-li. I noticed that he was frightfully ignorant and interested in surprisingly little. There was no trace of the hidden idea I had hoped to find in him. Instead of originality, I found only an overwhelming monotony. I disliked him more and more. Finally it all ended quite unexpectedly. Once when it was already quite dark, we began to pester a girl who was walking quickly and timidly down the boulevard, a very young girl, maybe only sixteen or even less, dressed very neatly and modestly, who maybe lived by her own labor and was going home from work to her old mother, a poor widow with children; however, there's no need to fall into sentimentality. The girl listened for some time, walking faster and faster, her head lowered and her face covered by a veil, afraid and trembling, but suddenly she stopped, threw back the veil from her very pretty, as far as I remember, but thin face, and with flashing eyes cried to us:

"Ah, what scoundrels you are!"

Maybe she would also have burst into tears here, but something else happened: she swung her small, skinny arm and planted a slap

on the student's face, than which a more deft has maybe never been given. What a smack! He cursed and rushed at her, but I held him back, and the girl had time to run away. Left there, we began quarreling at once. I told him everything that had been smoldering in me all that time; I said he was nothing but a pathetic giftlessness and ordinariness, and that there had never been the least sign of an idea in him. He called me a . . . (I had explained to him once about my being illegitimate), then we spat at each other, and I've never seen him since. That evening I was very vexed, the next day less so, the third day I almost forgot all about it. And so, though I sometimes remembered this girl afterwards, it was just by chance and fleetingly. It was only on arriving in Petersburg some two weeks later that I suddenly remembered that whole scene—remembered, and then felt so ashamed that tears of shame literally poured down my cheeks. I suffered all evening, all night, I'm partly suffering now as well. I couldn't understand at first how it had been possible to fall so low and disgracefully then, and above all—to forget the incident, not to be ashamed of it, not to be repentant. Only now did I realize what was the matter: the "idea" was to blame. In short, I draw the direct conclusion that if you have in mind something fixed, perpetual, strong, something terribly preoccupying, it is as if you thereby withdraw from the whole world into a desert, and everything that happens takes place in passing, apart from the main thing. Even impressions are received wrongly. And besides that, the main thing is that you always have an excuse. However much I tormented my mother all that time, however much I neglected my sister: "Ah, I have my 'idea,' those are all trifles"—that's what I seemed to say to myself. I'd get insulted myself, and painfully—I'd go out insulted and then suddenly say to myself, "Ah, I'm base, but all the same I have an 'idea,' and they don't know about it." The "idea" comforted me in my disgrace and nonentity; but all my abominations were also as if hiding under the idea; it eased everything, so to speak, but it also clouded everything over before me; and such a blurred understanding of events and things may, of course, even harm the "idea" itself, to say nothing of the rest.

Now the other anecdote.

On the first of April last year, Marya Ivanovna had a name-day party. In the evening some guests came, a very few. Suddenly Agrafena comes in, breathless, and announces that there's a foundling baby squealing in the entry, by the kitchen door, and that she

doesn't know what to do. Excited by the news, we all went and saw a basket, and in the basket a three- or four-week-old squealing girl. I took the basket, brought it to the kitchen, and at once found a folded note: "Dear benefactors, render your well-wishing aid to the baptized girl Arina, and with her we will ever send up our tears to the throne of God for you, and we congratulate you on your angel's day. People unknown to you." Here Nikolai Semyonovich, whom I so respect, upset me very much: he made a very serious face and decided to send the girl to the orphanage immediately. I felt very sad. They lived very economically, but had no children, and Nikolai Semyonovich was always glad of it. I carefully took Arinochka out of the basket and held her up by her little shoulders; the basket gave off a sort of sour and sharp smell, as of a long-unwashed nursing baby. After some arguing with Nikolai Semyonovich, I suddenly announced to him that I was taking the girl at my own expense. He began to object with a certain severity, despite all his mildness, and though he ended with a joke, he left his intention about the orphanage in full force. It worked out my way, however: on the same courtyard, but in another wing, lived a very poor cabinetmaker, already an old man and a drunkard, but his wife, a very healthy woman and not old at all, had just lost her nursing baby, and above all her only one, who had been born after eight years of childless marriage, also a girl, and by strange luck also named Arinochka. I say luck, because as we were arguing in the kitchen, this woman, hearing about the incident, came running to see, and when she learned that it was Arinochka, her heart melted. Her milk was not gone yet; she opened her bodice and put the baby to her breast. I fell before her and began begging her to take Arinochka with her, and said I'd pay her monthly. She feared her husband wouldn't allow it, but took her for the night. In the morning, the husband allowed it for eight roubles a month, and I counted them out to him for the first month in advance. He drank up the money at once. Nikolai Semyonovich, still smiling strangely, agreed to vouch for me to the cabinetmaker that the money, eight roubles a month, would be paid regularly. I tried to give Nikolai Semyonovich my sixty roubles in cash, by way of security, but he wouldn't take it; however, he knew I had the money and trusted me. This delicacy on his part smoothed over our momentary quarrel. Marya Ivanovna said nothing, but was surprised at my taking on such a care. I especially appreciated their delicacy in that neither of them allowed themselves the slightest mockery of me,

but, on the contrary, began to treat the matter with the proper seriousness. I ran by Darya Rodionovna's every day, three times a day or so, and a week later I gave her personally, in her own hand, on the quiet from her husband, three more roubles. For another three I bought swaddling clothes and a little blanket. But ten days later, Rinochka suddenly got sick. I brought a doctor at once, he prescribed something, and we spent the whole night fussing about and tormenting the tiny thing with his nasty medicine, but the next day he declared that it was too late, and to my entreaties—though they seemed more like reproaches—he said with noble evasiveness, "I am not God." The girl's tongue, lips, and whole mouth got covered with a sort of fine white rash, and towards evening she died, gazing at me with her big dark eyes, as if she already understood. I don't understand how it didn't occur to me to take a photograph of her dead. Well, would you believe that I did not weep but simply howled that evening, something I had never allowed myself to do, and Marya Ivanovna was forced to comfort me—and again, totally without mockery either on her own or on his part. The cabinetmaker made a little coffin; Marya Ivanovna trimmed it with ruche and put a pretty little pillow in it, and I bought flowers and strewed them over the little baby; and so they took away my poor little wisp, whom, believe me, to this day I cannot forget. A while later, though, this whole almost unexpected occurrence even made me reflect a lot. Of course, Rinochka had not cost me much—thirty roubles in all, including the coffin, the burial, the doctor, the flowers, and the payments to Darya Rodionovna. I reimbursed myself for this money, as I was leaving for Petersburg, from the forty roubles Versilov had sent me for my trip, and by selling some things before I left, so that my whole "capital" remained intact. "But," I thought, "if I can be sidetracked like that, I won't get very far." From the story with the student, it followed that the "idea" can fascinate one to the point of a blurring of impressions and distract one from the flow of actualities. From the story with Rinochka the opposite followed, that no "idea" can be so intensely fascinating (for me, at least) that I cannot stop suddenly before some overwhelming fact and sacrifice to it at once all that I had done for the idea during years of toil. Both conclusions were nonetheless correct.

Chapter Six

I

My hopes were not fully realized; I didn't find them alone: though Versilov wasn't there, my mother was sitting with Tatyana Pavlovna—an outsider after all. Half of my magnanimous mood fell off of me at once. It's astonishing how quick I am to turn about on such occasions; a hair or a grain of sand is enough to disperse the good and replace it with the bad. But my bad impressions, to my regret, are not so soon driven out, though I'm not rancorous. As I entered, it flashed in me that my mother at once and hastily broke off the thread of her conversation with Tatyana Pavlovna, which seemed quite animated. My sister had returned from work just a minute before me and had not come out of her little closet yet.

This apartment consisted of three rooms. The one in which everyone usually sat, our middle room, or drawing room, was rather large and almost decent. There were soft red sofas in it, though very shabby ones (Versilov couldn't stand slipcovers), rugs of some sort, several tables and needless little tables. Then to the right was Versilov's room, small and narrow, with one window; in it stood a pathetic writing table, on which several unused books and forgotten papers were scattered, and in front of the table, a no less pathetic soft armchair, with a broken spring sticking out at an angle, which often made Versilov groan and curse. His bed was made up in this same study, on a soft and also shabby sofa; he hated this study of his and, it seems, did nothing in it, but preferred to sit idly in the drawing room for hours at a time. To the left of the drawing room was exactly the same sort of room, in which my mother and sister slept. The entrance to the drawing room was from the corridor, which ended with the entrance to the kitchen, where lived the cook Lukerya, who, when she cooked, mercilessly filled the whole apartment with the smoke of burnt oil. There were moments when Versilov loudly cursed his life and his fate because of this kitchen smoke, and in that alone I fully sympathized with him; I also hate such smells, though they did not penetrate to me: I lived upstairs in a little room under the roof, which I climbed to by an extremely steep and creaky little staircase. Noteworthy in my place were the

fan-window, the terribly low ceiling, the oilcloth sofa, on which Lukerya spread a sheet and put a pillow for me at night, while the rest of the furniture was just two objects—the simplest plank table and a wicker chair with a hole in it.

However, our place still preserved the remains of a certain former comfort; in the drawing room, for instance, there was a rather good china lamp, and on the wall hung a fine, big engraving of the Dresden Madonna[31] and just opposite on the other wall, an expensive photograph, of huge dimensions, showing the cast bronze doors of the Florentine cathedral.[32] In a corner of the same room hung a big case with old family icons, one of which (of All Saints) had a big gilt-silver casing, the same one they had wanted to pawn, and another (of the Mother of God) a velvet casing embroidered with pearls. Before the icons hung an icon lamp that was lit for every feast. Versilov was obviously indifferent to the icons, in the sense of their meaning, and merely winced sometimes, visibly restraining himself, at the light of the icon lamp reflected in the gilt casing, complaining slightly that it hurt his eyes, but all the same he did not keep my mother from lighting it.

I usually entered silently and sullenly, looking somewhere into a corner, and sometimes without any greeting. I always came home earlier than this time, and had my dinner served upstairs. As I came in now, I suddenly said, "Hello, mama," something I had never done before, though somehow this time, too, out of shyness, I still could not force myself to look at her, and sat down at the opposite side of the room. I was very tired, but wasn't thinking of that.

"This ignoramus still comes into your house like a boor, just as he used to," Tatyana Pavlovna hissed at me; she had allowed herself abusive words before as well, and it had become a custom between us.

"Hello..." my mother answered, as if immediately at a loss because I had greeted her. "Dinner has been ready for a long time," she added, almost abashed, "if only the soup isn't cold, and I'll tell them right now about the cutlets..." She hurriedly started getting up to go to the kitchen, and maybe for the first time in the whole month, I suddenly felt ashamed that she should jump up so promptly to serve me, though before that was just what I myself had demanded.

"I humbly thank you, mama, I've already had dinner. If I'm not bothering you, I'll rest here."

"Ah . . . well, then . . . stay, of course . . ."

"Don't worry, mama, I'm not going to be rude to Andrei Petrovich anymore," I said abruptly . . .

"Ah, Lord, how magnanimous on his part!" cried Tatyana Pavlovna. "Sonya, darling, can it be that you still address him formally? Who is he that he should receive such honors, and that from his own mother! Look at you getting all abashed in front of him, what a shame!"

"It would be very nice for me, mama, if you addressed me informally."

"Ah . . . well, all right, then, I will," my mother hastened to say. "I—I didn't always . . . well, from now on I'll know."

She blushed all over. Decidedly her face could be extremely attractive on occasion . . . She had a simplehearted face, but not at all simpleminded, slightly pale, anemic. Her cheeks were very gaunt, even hollow, and little wrinkles were beginning to accumulate on her forehead, but there were none around her eyes yet, and her eyes, rather big and wide open, always shone with a gentle and quiet light, which had attracted me to her from the very first day. I also liked it that there was nothing sad or pinched in her face; on the contrary, its expression would even have been gay, if she hadn't been so frequently alarmed, sometimes for no reason, getting frightened and jumping up sometimes over nothing at all, or listening fearfully to some new conversation, until she was reassured that all was still well. With her, "all was well" meant precisely that "all was as before." If only nothing changed, if only nothing new happened, even something fortunate! . . . One might think she had somehow been frightened in childhood. Besides her eyes, I liked the elongated shape of her face, and, I believe, if her cheekbones had only been a little less wide, she might have been considered a beauty, not only in her youth, but even now as well. Now she was no more than thirty-nine years old, but her dark blond hair was already strongly streaked with gray.

Tatyana Pavlovna looked at her with decided indignation.

"Before such a whelp? To tremble like that before him! You're a funny one, Sofya; you make me angry, that's what!"

"Ah, Tatyana Pavlovna, why are you like this with him now! Or maybe you're joking, eh?" my mother added, noticing something like a smile on Tatyana Pavlovna's face. Indeed, Tatyana Pavlovna's abuse was sometimes impossible to take seriously, but she smiled (if she did smile), of course, only at my mother, because she loved

her kindness terribly and had undoubtedly noticed how happy she was just then at my submissiveness.

"I, of course, can't help feeling it, if you yourself fall upon people, Tatyana Pavlovna, and precisely now, when I came in and said, 'Hello, mama,' which is something I've never done before," I finally found it necessary to point out to her.

"Just imagine," she boiled up at once, "he considers it a great deed? Should we go down on our knees to you or something, because you've been polite for once in your life? And as if that's politeness! Why do you look off into the corner when you come in? As if I don't know how you storm and rage at her! You might greet me as well, I swaddled you, I'm your godmother."

Naturally, I disdained to reply. Just then my sister came in, and I quickly turned to her:

"Liza, I saw Vasin today, and he asked me about you. You're acquainted?"

"Yes, we met in Luga last year," she answered quite simply, sitting down next to me and looking at me affectionately. I don't know why, but I thought she'd just turn bright red when I told her about Vasin. My sister was a blonde, a light blonde; her hair was quite unlike her mother's and her father's, but her eyes and the shape of her face were almost like her mother's. Her nose was very straight, small, regular; however, there was another peculiarity—small freckles on her face, something my mother didn't have at all. Of Versilov there was very little, perhaps only her slender waist, her tall stature, and something lovely in her gait. And not the least resemblance to me; two opposite poles.

"I knew himself for three months," Liza added.

"You're saying *himself* about Vasin, Liza? You ought to say *him*, and not *himself*. Excuse me, sister, for correcting you, but it distresses me that your education seems to have been quite neglected."

"It's mean on your part to make such observations in front of your mother," Tatyana Pavlovna flared up, "and you're wrong, it hasn't been neglected."

"I'm not saying anything about my mother," I put in sharply. "You should know, mama, that I look upon Liza as a second you; you've made of her the same loveliness of kindness and character as you surely were yourself, and are now, to this day, and will be eternally... What I meant was external polish, all that society stupidity, which is nevertheless indispensable. I'm only indignant that Versilov, if he heard you say *himself* instead of *him* about

Vasin, probably wouldn't correct you at all—he's so haughty and indifferent with us. That's what infuriates me!"

"He's a bear cub himself, and here he's teaching us about polish. Don't you dare, sir, to say 'Versilov' in front of your mother, or in my presence either—I won't stand for it!" Tatyana Pavlovna flashed fire.

"Mama, I received my salary today, fifty roubles, here, take it please!"

I went over and gave her the money; she became alarmed at once.

"Ah, I don't know how I can take it!" she said, as if afraid to touch the money. I didn't understand.

"For pity's sake, mama, if you both regard me as a son and a brother in the family, then..."

"Ah, I'm guilty before you, Arkady; I should confess certain things to you, but I'm so afraid of you..."

She said it with a timid and ingratiating smile; again I didn't understand and interrupted her:

"By the way, do you know, mama, that the case between Andrei Petrovich and the Sokolskys was decided today in court?"

"Ah, I know!" she exclaimed, pressing her hands together fearfully in front of her (her gesture).

"Today?" Tatyana Pavlovna gave a great start. "But it can't be, he would have told us. Did he tell you?" she turned to my mother.

"Ah, no, not that it was today, he didn't tell me about that. I've been so afraid all week. Even if he loses, I'd pray only so as to have it off our shoulders and be as we were before."

"So he didn't tell you either, mama!" I exclaimed. "What a fellow! There's an example of his indifference and haughtiness; what did I just tell you?"

"Decided how, how was it decided? And who told you?" Tatyana Pavlovna flung herself about. "Speak!"

"But here's the man himself! Maybe he'll tell us," I announced, hearing his footsteps in the corridor, and quickly sat down near Liza.

"Brother, for God's sake, spare mama, be patient with Andrei Petrovich..." my sister whispered to me.

"I will, I will, I came back with that in mind." I pressed her hand.

Liza looked at me very mistrustfully, and she was right.

II

He came in very pleased with himself, so pleased that he didn't find it necessary to conceal his state of mind. And in general he had become accustomed, lately, to opening himself up before us without the least ceremony, and not only to the bad in him, but even to the ridiculous, something everyone is afraid of; yet he was fully aware that we would understand everything to the last little jot. In the past year, by Tatyana Pavlovna's observation, he had gone very much to seed in his dress; his clothes were always decent, but old and without refinement. It's true that he was prepared to wear the same linen for two days, which even made mother upset; they considered it a sacrifice, and this whole group of devoted women looked upon it as outright heroism. The hats he wore were always soft, wide-brimmed, black; when he took his hat off in the doorway, the whole shock of his very thick but much-graying hair just sprang up on his head. I always liked looking at his hair when he took his hat off.

"Hello. Everybody's gathered, even including him? I could hear his voice in the front hall—denouncing me, it seems?"

One of the signs that he was in a merry mood was that he began sharpening his wit on me. I didn't reply, naturally. Lukerya came in with a whole bag of purchases and put it on the table.

"Victory, Tatyana Pavlovna! The suit is won, and, of course, the princes won't decide to appeal. The case is mine! I at once found where to borrow a thousand roubles. Sofya, put your work down, don't strain your eyes. Just home from work, Liza?"

"Yes, papa," Liza replied with an affectionate look. She called him father; I wouldn't submit to that for anything.

"Tired?"

"Yes."

"Leave work, don't go tomorrow; and drop it completely."

"It's worse for me that way, papa."

"I ask you to . . . I dislike it terribly when women work, Tatyana Pavlovna."

"How can they be without work? As if a woman shouldn't work! . . ."

"I know, I know, that's all splendid and right, and I agree beforehand; but—I mean hand work mainly. Imagine, it seems to be one

of my morbid, or, better, one of my incorrect impressions from childhood. In the vague memories from when I was five or six years old, I most often remember—with disgust, of course—a conclave of clever women at a round table, stern and severe, scissors, fabrics, patterns, and a fashion plate. They all divine and opine, shaking their heads slowly and gravely, measuring and calculating, as they prepare for the cutting out. All those affectionate faces, which love me so much, suddenly become unapproachable. If I should start acting up, I'd be taken away at once. Even my poor nanny, who holds me with one hand and doesn't respond to my crying and pulling, is mesmerized, gazing and listening as if to a bird of paradise. It's that sternness of clever faces and gravity before the start of cutting out that I find it painful to picture, for some reason, even now. You, Tatyana Pavlovna, are terribly fond of cutting out! Aristocratic as it may be, I still much prefer a woman who doesn't work at all. Don't take it to your own account, Sofya... Not that you could! A woman is a great power even without that. However, you know that, too, Sonya. What's your opinion, Arkady Makarovich? You probably protest?"

"No, not really," I replied. "It's particularly well put, that a woman is a great power, though I don't know why you connect it with work. And that one can't help working when one has no money—you know yourself."

"But now it's enough," he turned to my mother, who was beaming all over (when he addressed me, she gave a start), "at least for right now, I don't want to see any hand work, I ask for my own sake. You, Arkady, as a youth of our time, are surely a bit of a socialist. Well, would you believe it, my friend, those who have the greatest love of idleness are from the eternally laboring people!"

"Maybe not idleness, but rest."

"No, precisely idleness, total do-nothingness, that's the ideal! I knew one eternally laboring man, though not from the people; he was a rather developed man and able to generalize. All his life, maybe every day, he dreamed passionately and sweetly of the most total idleness, carrying his ideal to the absolute—to the boundless independence, to the eternal freedom of dreaming and idle contemplation. It went on like that till he broke down completely at work. He couldn't mend; he died in the hospital. I'm sometimes seriously ready to conclude that the notion of the delights of labor was thought up by idle people, of the virtuous sort, naturally. It's one of those 'Geneva ideas' from the end of the last century.[33] Tatyana

Pavlovna, two days ago I cut out an advertisement from the newspaper. Here it is." He took a scrap of paper from his waistcoat pocket. "It's from one of those endless students, who know classical languages and mathematics and are ready to relocate, live in a garret, or anywhere. Now listen: 'Female teacher prepares for all institutions of learning' (for all, listen to that) 'and gives lessons in arithmetic'—just one line, but a classic! Prepares for institutions of learning—of course, that also means in arithmetic? No, she mentions arithmetic separately. This—this is pure starvation, this is the ultimate degree of need. The touching thing here is precisely this lack of skill: obviously she never prepared herself to be a teacher, and is hardly able to teach anything. But it's either drown herself, or drag her last rouble to the newspaper and advertise that she prepares for all institutions of learning and, on top of that, gives lessons in arithmetic. *Per tutto mondo e in altri siti.*"*

"Ah, Andrei Petrovich, she must be helped! Where does she live?" exclaimed Tatyana Pavlovna.

"Oh, there are lots of them!" He put the address in his pocket. "This bag is full of all sorts of treats—for you, Liza, and for you, Tatyana Pavlovna; Sofya and I don't like sweets. You, too, if you please, young man. I bought it all myself at Eliseevs' and Ballet's.[34] For too long we've been 'sitting hungry,' as Lukerya says." (N.B. None of us ever sat hungry.) "There are grapes, bonbons, duchesse pears, and a strawberry tart; I even bought some excellent liqueur; also nuts. It's curious, Tatyana Pavlovna, ever since childhood I've loved nuts, you know, the simplest kinds. Liza takes after me: she also likes to crack nuts like a squirrel. But there's nothing lovelier, Tatyana Pavlovna, than chancing sometimes, among your childhood memories, to imagine yourself momentarily in the woods, in the bushes, when you were gathering nuts... The days are almost autumnal, but clear, sometimes so fresh, you hide in the thicket, you wander off into the forest, there's a smell of leaves... Do I see something sympathetic in your look, Arkady Makarovich?"

"The first years of my childhood were also spent in the country."

"Why, no, I believe you were living in Moscow... if I'm not mistaken."

"He was living with the Andronikovs in Moscow when you came that time; but before then he lived with your late aunt, Varvara Stepanovna, in the country," Tatyana Pavlovna picked up.

*Throughout the world and other places.

"Sofya, here's the money, put it away. They promised to give me five thousand one of these days."

"So there's no more hope for the princes?" asked Tatyana Pavlovna.

"None whatsoever, Tatyana Pavlovna."

"I've always sympathized with you, Andrei Petrovich, and all of yours, and have been a friend of your house; but, though the princes are strangers to me, by God, I feel sorry for them. Don't be angry, Andrei Petrovich."

"I have no intention of sharing, Tatyana Pavlovna."

"Of course, you know my thinking, Andrei Petrovich. They would have stopped the litigation if you had offered to go halves with them at the very beginning; now, of course, it's too late. However, I won't venture to judge... I say it because the deceased certainly wouldn't have cut them out of his will."

"Not only wouldn't have cut them out, he'd certainly have left everything to them and cut out just me alone, if he'd been able to do it and had known how to write a will properly; but now the law is with me—and it's finished. I cannot and do not want to share, Tatyana Pavlovna, and the matter ends there."

He uttered this even with anger, which he rarely allowed himself. Tatyana Pavlovna quieted down. Mother lowered her eyes somehow sadly: Versilov knew that she approved of Tatyana Pavlovna's opinion.

"It's the slap in Ems!" I thought to myself. The document procured by Kraft, which I had in my pocket, would fare badly if it fell into his hands. I suddenly felt that it was all still hanging on my neck; this thought, in connection with all the rest, of course, had an irritating effect on me.

"Arkady, I wish you'd dress better, my friend; you're not dressed badly, but in view of things to come, there's a good Frenchman I might recommend to you, a most conscientious man, and with taste."

"I beg you never to make me such offers," I suddenly ripped out.

"Why's that?"

"I, of course, do not find it humiliating, but we are not in such agreement; on the contrary, we even disagree, because one day, tomorrow, I'll stop going to the prince's, seeing not the least work to do there..."

"But the fact that you go there, that you sit with him—is already work!"

"Such notions are humiliating."

"I don't understand; however, if you're so ticklish, don't take money from him, just go there. You'll upset him terribly; he's already stuck on you, you can be sure . . . However, as you wish . . ."

He was obviously displeased.

"You tell me not to ask for money, but thanks to you I did a mean thing today. You didn't warn me, and today I demanded my month's salary from him."

"So you've already taken care of it; and, I'll confess, I thought you'd never begin to ask. How adroit you've all now become, though! There are no young people these days, Tatyana Pavlovna."

He was terribly irritated; I also became terribly angry.

"I ought to have settled accounts with you . . . it was you who made me do it—now I don't know how to be."

"By the way, Sophie, give Arkady back his sixty roubles immediately; and you, my friend, don't be angry at the hasty reckoning. I can guess from your face that you have some enterprise in mind, and that you're in need of . . . working capital . . . or something like that."

"I don't know what my face expresses, but I never expected of mama that she would tell you about that money, since I asked her not to." I looked at my mother, flashing my eyes. I can't even express how offended I was.

"Arkasha, darling, forgive me, for God's sake, there was no way I couldn't tell him . . ."

"My friend, don't hold it against her that she revealed your secrets," he turned to me. "Besides, she did it with good intentions—a mother simply wanted to boast of her son's feelings. But believe me, I'd have guessed that you're a capitalist even without that. All your secrets are written on your honest face. He has 'his idea,' Tatyana Pavlovna, I told you so."

"Let's forget my honest face," I went on ripping out. "I know you often see through things, though in other cases no further than a chicken's nose—and your perceptive abilities have surprised me. Well, yes, I do have my 'idea.' The fact that you put it that way is, of course, accidental, but I'm not afraid to admit it: I have an 'idea.' I'm not afraid and not ashamed."

"Above all, don't be ashamed."

"But all the same I won't ever reveal it to you."

"That is, you won't deign to reveal it. No need, my friend, I know the essence of your idea even so; in any case, it's this: 'To the desert I withdraw . . .'[35] Tatyana Pavlovna! I think he wants . . . to become

Rothschild, or something like that, and withdraw into his grandeur. Naturally, he will magnanimously grant you and me a pension—or maybe he won't grant me one—but in any case, that will be the last we see of him. He's like a new moon—it no sooner appears than it sets."

I shuddered inside. Of course, it was all chance: he knew nothing and wasn't speaking of that at all, though he did mention Rothschild. But how could he have defined my feelings so accurately: to break with them and withdraw? He had guessed it all and wanted to dirty the tragedy of the fact beforehand with his cynicism. There was no doubt that he was terribly irritated.

"Mama, forgive me my outburst, the more so as it's impossible to hide anything from Andrei Petrovich anyway!" I laughed insincerely, trying to move it all towards joking at least for a moment.

"The best thing, my dear, is that you laughed. It's hard to imagine how much every person gains by that, even in appearance. I'm speaking in the most serious way. You know, Tatyana Pavlovna, he always looks as if he has something so important on his mind that he's even ashamed of this circumstance himself."

"I beg you seriously to be more restrained, Andrei Petrovich."

"You're right, my friend; but it needs to be spoken out once and for all, so that we don't keep touching on it later. You came to us from Moscow in order to rebel at once—that's what we know so far about the purpose of your coming. Of the fact that you came in order to astonish us with something—of that I naturally make no mention. Then, you've been with us and snorting at us for a whole month—yet you're obviously an intelligent man and in that quality might have left such snorting to those who have no other way of taking revenge on people for their nonentity. You always close yourself up, whereas your honest air and red cheeks testify directly that you could look everyone in the eyes with perfect innocence. He's a hypochondriac, Tatyana Pavlovna; I don't understand, why are they all hypochondriacs now?"

"If you didn't even know where I grew up—how could you know what makes a man a hypochondriac?"

"There's the solution: you're offended that I could forget where you grew up!"

"Not at all! Don't ascribe stupidities to me. Mama, Andrei Petrovich just praised me for laughing, so let's laugh—why sit like this! Shall I tell you funny stories about myself? The more so as Andrei Petrovich knows nothing of my adventures?"

It was all smoldering in me. I knew we'd never sit together again like now, and that, having left this house, I would never come back, and therefore, on the eve of all that, I couldn't restrain myself. He himself had challenged me to such a finish.

"That's very nice, of course, if it really will be funny," he observed, peering at me keenly. "You turned a bit crude, my friend, wherever it was that you grew up, but, anyhow, you're still decent enough. He's quite nice today, Tatyana Pavlovna, and it's an excellent thing that you're finally untying that bag."

But Tatyana Pavlovna was frowning; she didn't even turn at his words and went on untying the bag and putting the treats on plates that had been brought. Mother also sat in complete bewilderment, of course, understanding and sensing that things were turning out wrong with us. My sister again touched my elbow.

III

"I SIMPLY WANT to tell you all," I began with the most casual air, "about how a certain father met his own dear son for the first time; this took place precisely 'where he grew up'..."

"But, my friend, won't this be... boring? You know: *tous les genres*..."*[36]

"Don't frown, Andrei Petrovich, it's not at all what you think. I precisely want everyone to laugh."

"Then may God hear you, my dear. I know you love us all and... you won't want to upset our evening," he murmured somehow affectedly, negligently.

"Here, too, of course, you've guessed by my face that I love you?"

"Yes, partly by your face."

"Well, and I've long guessed by Tatyana Pavlovna's face that she's in love with me. Don't look at me so ferociously, Tatyana Pavlovna, it's better to laugh! Better to laugh!"

She suddenly turned quickly to me and peered at me piercingly for half a minute.

"You watch out!" She shook her finger at me, but so seriously that it could no longer refer to my stupid joke, but was a warning about something else: "Does he intend to start something?"

*All genres ...

"So, Andrei Petrovich, you really don't remember how you and I met for the first time in our lives?"

"By God, I've forgotten, my friend, and I apologize from the bottom of my heart. I only remember that it was somehow very long ago and took place somewhere..."

"Mama, do you remember visiting the village where I grew up, I think it was before I was six or seven, and above all, did you really come to that village once, or did I only imagine, as in a dream, that I saw you there for the first time? I've long wanted to ask you, but I kept putting it off. Now the time has come."

"Why, yes, Arkashenka, yes! I visited Varvara Stepanovna there three times; the first time I came when you were only one year old, the second when you were already going on four, and then when you were just turning six."

"Well, there, I've been wanting to ask you about it all month."

Mother simply glowed from the quick rush of memories, and she asked me with feeling:

"Arkashenka, do you really remember me from then?"

"I don't remember and don't know anything, only something of your face has remained in my heart all my life, and, besides that, the knowledge remained that you were my mother. I see that village now as in a dream, I even forget my nanny. I have a drop of recollection of Varvara Stepanovna, only because she eternally had her cheek bound from toothache. I also remember huge trees near the house, lindens, I think, then strong sunlight sometimes coming through the open windows, a front garden with flowers, a path, and you, mama, I remember clearly only at one moment, when you took me to communion in the church there, and lifted me up to receive the gifts and kiss the chalice; that was in summer, and a dove flew across under the cupola, from window to window..."

"Lord! That's just how it all was," my mother clasped her hands, "and I remember that little dove as if it were now. You gave a start just at the chalice and cried, 'A dove, a little dove!'"

"Your face, or something of it, its expression, remained so well in my memory that five years later, in Moscow, I recognized you at once, though no one told me then that you were my mother. And when I first met Andrei Petrovich, I was taken from the Andronikovs; before that, I had quietly and cheerfully vegetated with them for five years on end. I remember their government apartment in detail, and all those ladies and girls, who have all now aged so much here, and the house full of everything, and

Andronikov himself, how he himself brought all the provisions from town in bags—fowl, perch, and suckling pig—and at table ladled out the soup for us, in place of his wife, who was too uppish, and the whole table always laughed at that, and he first of all. The young ladies there taught me French, but most of all I loved Krylov's fables,[37] learned many of them by heart, and recited one to Andronikov each day, going straight to his tiny study, whether he was busy or not. Well, so it was through a fable that you and I became acquainted, Andrei Petrovich . . . I see you're beginning to remember."

"I remember a thing or two, my dear, namely, that you recited something to me then . . . a fable, I believe, or a passage from *Woe from Wit*?[38] What a memory you have, though!"

"Memory! What else! I've remembered only this all my life."

"Well, well, my dear, you even liven me up."

He even smiled, and right after him my mother and sister began to smile. Trustfulness was returning; but Tatyana Pavlovna, having arranged the treats on the table and sat down in the corner, went on piercing me with her nasty gaze.

"It so happened," I went on, "that suddenly, one bright morning, a friend of my childhood appeared, Tatyana Pavlovna, who always appeared unexpectedly in my life, as in the theater, and took me in a carriage, and brought me to a grand house, to a magnificent apartment. You were then staying with Mme. Fanariotov, Andrei Petrovich, in her empty house, which she had once bought from you; she was abroad at the time. I had always worn short jackets; here suddenly I was dressed in a pretty blue frock coat and excellent linen. Tatyana Pavlovna fussed over me all that day and brought me many things; and I kept walking through the empty rooms, looking at myself in all the mirrors. In this way, at around ten o'clock the next morning, wandering about the apartment, I suddenly walked, quite by chance, into your study. I'd already seen you the day before, when I was brought there, but only fleetingly, on the stairs. You were coming down the stairs to get into a carriage and go somewhere; you had arrived in Moscow alone then, after an extremely long absence, and for a short time, so that you were snapped up by everybody and almost didn't live at home. Meeting me and Tatyana Pavlovna, you only drew out a long 'Ah!'—and didn't even stop."

"He describes it with particular love," observed Versilov, turning to Tatyana Pavlovna; she turned away and didn't answer.

"I can see you then as if it were now, flourishing and handsome. It's surprising how you've managed to age and lose your good looks in these nine years—forgive my frankness; however, back then you were already around thirty-seven, but I even gazed at you in wonder: you had such astonishing hair, almost perfectly black, with a lustrous shine, and not a trace of gray; moustache and side-whiskers of a jeweler's finish—there's no other way to put it; your face was matte pale, not the sickly pale that it is now, but like the face of your daughter Anna Andreevna, whom I had the honor of meeting today; burning dark eyes and gleaming teeth, especially when you laughed. You precisely burst out laughing as you looked me over when I came in; I had little discernment then, only my heart rejoiced at your smile. That morning you were in a dark blue velvet jacket, on your neck a scarf of bright Solferino crimson over a magnificent shirt with Alençon lace, standing in front of a mirror with a notebook in your hand and rehearsing, declaiming Chatsky's last monologue, and especially his last cry:

'My carriage, my carriage!'"

"Ah, my God," cried Versilov, "but he's right! Despite the shortness of my stay in Moscow, I had undertaken then to play Chatsky in Alexandra Petrovna Vitovtov's home theater, because Zhileiko was sick!"[39]

"Had you really forgotten?" laughed Tatyana Pavlovna.

"He's reminded me! And I confess, those few days in Moscow were perhaps the best moment of my whole life! We were all still so young then... and everyone was so ardently expectant... In Moscow then I unexpectedly met so many... But go on, my dear, you did very well this time to recall it in such detail..."

"I stood, looked at you, and suddenly cried, 'Ah, how good, the real Chatsky!' You suddenly turned to me and asked, 'So you already know Chatsky?'—and sat down on the sofa and turned to your coffee in the most charming mood—I could have kissed you. Then I told you that at Andronikov's everybody read a lot, and the young ladies knew many poems by heart and played scenes from *Woe from Wit* among themselves, and that last week we all read *A Hunter's Sketches*[40] aloud together, and that I loved Krylov's fables most of all and knew them by heart. You told me to recite something by heart, and I recited 'The Fussy Bride' for you: 'A maiden-bride was thinking on a suitor.'"

"Precisely, precisely, now I remember everything," Versilov cried

again, "but, my friend, I remember you clearly, too: you were such a nice boy then, even a nimble boy, and, I swear to you, you've also lost a bit in these nine years."

Here everybody, even Tatyana Pavlovna herself, burst out laughing. Clearly, Andrei Petrovich was joking and had "paid" me in my own coin for my barb about his having aged. Everybody cheered up; and it had indeed been well put.

"As I recited, you were smiling, but before I reached the middle, you stopped me, rang the bell, and, when the servant came in, told him to send for Tatyana Pavlovna, who came running with such a cheerful look that, though I had seen her the day before, I almost didn't recognize her now. In front of Tatyana Pavlovna, I began 'The Fussy Bride' again and finished brilliantly, even Tatyana Pavlovna smiled, and you, Andrei Petrovich, you even shouted 'Bravo!' and observed warmly that if I had recited 'The Grasshopper and the Ant,' it wouldn't have been so surprising, that any sensible boy my age could read it sensibly, but that this fable:

> A maiden-bride was thinking on a suitor.
> In that there's yet no sin...

'Just listen to how he articulates: "In that there's yet no sin"!' In short, you were delighted. Here you suddenly began speaking to Tatyana Pavlovna in French, and she instantly frowned and began to object to you, even very vehemently; but since it was impossible to contradict Andrei Petrovich if he suddenly wanted something, Tatyana Pavlovna hurried me off to her rooms; there my face and hands were washed again, my shirt was changed, my hair was pomaded and even curled. Then towards evening Tatyana Pavlovna herself got dressed up quite magnificently, even more so than I could have expected, and took me with her in a carriage. I found myself in a theater for the first time in my life, at an amateur performance at Mme. Vitovtov's: candles, chandeliers, ladies, military men, generals, young ladies, a curtain, rows of chairs—I had never seen anything like it before. Tatyana Pavlovna took a most modest seat in one of the back rows and sat me down beside her. Naturally, there were other children like me there, but I no longer looked at anything and waited with a fainting heart for the performance. When you came out, Andrei Petrovich, I was rapturous, rapturous to the point of tears—why, over what, I don't understand myself. Why tears of rapture?—that's what I've found so wild, remembering it all these nine years! I followed the comedy with

bated breath; of course, the only thing I understood about it was that *she* was unfaithful to *him*, that stupid people not worth his little finger laughed at him. When he declaimed at the ball, I understood that he was humiliated and insulted, that he was reproaching all these pathetic people, but that he was great, great! Of course, my preparation at the Andronikovs' contributed to my understanding, but—so did your acting, Andrei Petrovich! I was seeing the stage for the first time! In the final scene, when Chatsky cries, 'My carriage, my carriage!' (and you cried it remarkably well), I tore from my seat and, together with the whole audience, which burst into applause, I clapped and shouted 'Bravo!' with all my might! I vividly remember at that same moment a furious pinch from Tatyana Pavlovna piercing me from behind, 'below the lower back,' but I paid no attention! Naturally, right after *Woe from Wit*, Tatyana Pavlovna brought me home: 'You can't stay for the dancing, and it's only because of you that I can't stay,' you, Tatyana Pavlovna, hissed at me all the way in the carriage. All night I was delirious, and the next day at ten o'clock I was already standing by your study, but the study was closed. You had people with you, you were busy with them; then you suddenly drove off for the whole day, till late at night—and so I didn't see you! What it was that I wanted to tell you then—I've forgotten, of course, and didn't know then, but I had a burning desire to see you as soon as possible. But the next morning, by eight o'clock, you were so good as to leave for Serpukhov: you had just sold your Tula estate in order to pay off your creditors, but you were still left holding a handsome sum, that was why you had come to Moscow, which you couldn't visit before then for fear of creditors; and there was only this one boor from Serpukhov, alone of all your creditors, who refused to take half the debt instead of the whole. Tatyana Pavlovna wouldn't even respond to my questions: 'It's nothing to you, and the day after tomorrow I'll be taking you to boarding school; get ready, gather your notebooks, put your books in order, and get into the habit of packing your own trunk, you're not to grow up into a do-nothing, sir!' and this and that—oh, how you drummed away at me for those three days, Tatyana Pavlovna! It ended with my being taken to Touchard's boarding school, in love with you and innocent, Andrei Petrovich, and it may have been the stupidest incident, this whole encounter with you, but, would you believe it, six months later I wanted to run away from Touchard's to you!"

"You've told it beautifully and reminded me so vividly of every-

thing," Versilov pronounced distinctly, "but what chiefly strikes me in your account is the wealth of certain strange details, about my debts, for instance. To say nothing of a certain impropriety in these details, I don't understand how you could even have gotten hold of them."

"Details? How I got hold of them? But, I repeat, the only thing I've done is get hold of details about you all these nine years."

"A strange confession and a strange pastime!"

He turned, half reclined in his armchair, and even yawned slightly—whether on purpose or not, I don't know.

"So, then, shall I go on with how I wanted to run away to you from Touchard's?"

"Forbid him, Andrei Petrovich, suppress him, and throw him out," Tatyana Pavlovna snapped.

"Impossible, Tatyana Pavlovna," Versilov answered her imposingly. "Arkady obviously has something in mind, and therefore we absolutely must allow him to finish. Well, and let him! He'll tell it and get it off his chest, and for him the main thing is to get it off his chest. Begin your new story, my dear—that is, I'm only calling it new; don't worry, I know the ending."

IV

"I RAN AWAY, that is, I wanted to run away to you, very simply. Tatyana Pavlovna, you remember how Touchard wrote you a letter two weeks after I was installed there, don't you? Marya Ivanovna showed me the letter later, it also wound up among the late Andronikov's papers. Touchard suddenly thought he had asked too little money, and in his letter announced to you 'with dignity' that, in his institution, princes and senators' children were educated, and that he considered it beneath his institution to keep a pupil with such an origin as mine, unless he was paid extra."

"*Mon cher*, you might..."

"Oh, never mind, never mind," I interrupted, "I'll tell only a little about Touchard. You replied to him from the provinces, Tatyana Pavlovna, two weeks later, and sharply refused. I remember him then, all purple, coming into our classroom. He was a very short and very stocky little Frenchman of about forty-five, and indeed of Parisian origin, from cobblers, of course, but from time immemorial he had held a government post in Moscow as a teacher of

French, and even had some rank, which he was extremely proud of—a profoundly uneducated man. We, his pupils, were only six in number; among us there was indeed some nephew of a Moscow senator, and we all lived there in a completely family situation, more under the supervision of his wife, a very affected lady, the daughter of some Russian official. During those two weeks I put on airs terribly in front of my comrades, boasting of my dark blue frock coat and my papa, Andrei Petrovich, and their questions—why was I Dolgoruky and not Versilov—didn't embarrass me in the least, precisely because I didn't know why myself."

"Andrei Petrovich!" cried Tatyana Pavlovna in an almost threatening voice. My mother, on the contrary, could not tear her eyes from me, and obviously wanted me to continue.

"*Ce Touchard*... indeed, I recall him now, was small and fidgety," Versilov said through his teeth, "but he was recommended to me then from the best side..."

"*Ce Touchard* came in holding the letter, went over to our big oak table, at which all six of us were grinding away at something, seized me firmly by the shoulder, raised me from my chair, and told me to pick up my notebooks.

"'Your place is not here, but there.' He pointed to a tiny room to the left of the front hall, in which stood a simple table, a wicker chair, and an oilcloth sofa—exactly as I have now in my little room upstairs. I went there with astonishment and greatly intimidated; never before had I been treated rudely. Half an hour later, when Touchard left the classroom, I began exchanging glances and laughter with my comrades; they, of course, were laughing at me, but I didn't guess that and thought we were laughing because we were having fun. Here Touchard fell on me all at once, seized me by the forelock, and started pulling.

"'You dare not sit together with noble children, you're of mean origin and the same as a lackey!'

"And he hit me painfully on my plump red cheek. He liked that at once and hit me a second and a third time. I wept and sobbed, I was terribly astonished. For a whole hour I sat, covering my face with my hands, and wept and wept. Something had taken place that I could in no way understand. I don't understand how someone like Touchard, a foreigner, who was not a wicked man, who even rejoiced at the emancipation of the Russian peasants, could beat such a stupid child as I. However, I was only astonished, not insulted; I was still unable to be insulted. It seemed to me that I

had done some mischief, but when I improved, I'd be forgiven, and we'd all suddenly become merry again, go and play in the yard, and have the best possible life."

"My friend, if I'd only known..." Versilov drawled with the careless smile of a somewhat weary man. "What a scoundrel this Touchard was, though! However, I still haven't lost hope that you'll somehow gather your strength and finally forgive us for it all, and again we'll have the best possible life."

He decidedly yawned.

"But I'm not accusing anybody, not at all, and, believe me, I'm not complaining about Touchard!" I cried, somewhat thrown off. "And he beat me only for two months or so. I remember I kept wanting to disarm him in some way, rushed to kiss his hands, and kissed them and kept weeping and weeping. My comrades laughed at me and despised me, because Touchard started using me as a servant, ordered me to hold his clothes while he dressed. Here my lackey character was instinctively of use to me. I tried as hard as I could to cater to him, and wasn't insulted in the least, because I understood none of it yet, and I'm even astonished to this day that I was so stupid then as not to understand how unequal I was to them all. True, my comrades had already explained a lot to me—it was a good schooling. Touchard ended by preferring to kick me from behind with his knee, rather than slap my face; and six months later he even began to be gentle with me at times; only now and then, but once a month for certain, he would give me a beating, so that I wouldn't forget myself. Soon I was also seated together with the other children and allowed to play with them, but not once in two and a half years did Touchard forget the difference in our social position, and he still went on using me as a servant, though not too much—I think precisely as a reminder to me.

"As for my running away, that is, my wanting to run away, that was five months after those first two months. And generally all my life I've been slow to make decisions. When I went to bed and covered myself with the blanket, I at once began dreaming of you, Andrei Petrovich, of you alone; I don't know at all why it worked out that way. I even saw you in my sleep. Above all, I dreamed passionately that you would suddenly walk in, and I'd rush to you, and you would take me out of that place and bring me to your house, to that study, and we'd go to the theater again, well, and so on. Above all, we wouldn't part—that was above all! And when I had to wake up in the morning, then suddenly the boys' mockery

and scorn would begin. One of them would begin straight off by beating me and making me bring him his boots; he would abuse me in the nastiest terms, especially trying to explain my origin to me, to the delight of all the listeners. And when Touchard himself suddenly appeared, something unbearable started in my soul. I felt that I'd never be forgiven here—oh, I was gradually beginning to understand precisely what would not be forgiven and precisely where my fault lay! And so I finally resolved to run away. I dreamed of it terribly for a whole two months, and finally decided; it was September then. I waited till all my comrades went away for the weekend, and meanwhile, on the sly, I carefully tied myself up a little bundle of the most necessary things. I had two roubles. I was going to wait till it got dark. 'I'll creep down the stairs,' I thought, 'and go out, and then go on.' Where? I knew that Andronikov had already been transferred to Petersburg, so I decided to find Mme. Fanariotov's house on the Arbat. 'I'll spend the night walking or sitting somewhere, and in the morning I'll ask somebody in the courtyard: where is Andrei Petrovich now, and if not in Moscow, then in what city or country? They'll surely tell me, I'll leave, and then in another place somewhere I'll ask somebody which gate to take in order to go to such and such city, and so I'll go out, and go on, go on. I'll keep on going; I'll spend the nights somewhere under the bushes, and I'll eat nothing but bread, and for two roubles I'll have enough bread for a very long time.' On Saturday, however, I didn't manage to run away; I had to wait for the next day, Sunday, and, as if on purpose, Touchard and his wife went somewhere on Sunday; Agafya and I were the only ones left in the whole house. I waited for night in terrible anguish, I remember, sitting in our classroom by the window and looking at the dusty street with its little wooden houses and the rare passersby. Touchard lived on the outskirts, and the city gate could be seen from the windows: is that the one? I kept imagining. The setting sun was so red, the sky was so cold, and a sharp wind, just like today, blew the sand about. It finally became completely dark. I stood in front of an icon and began to pray, only quickly, quickly, I was in a hurry; I seized my little bundle and tiptoed down the creaky stairs, terribly afraid that Agafya would hear me from the kitchen. The door was locked, I opened it, and suddenly—dark, dark night stood black before me like an endless and dangerous unknown, and the wind tore at my visored cap. I went out; from across the pavement came the hoarse, drunken bellowing of an abusive passerby; I stood,

looked, and quietly turned back, quietly went upstairs, quietly undressed, put down my bundle, and lay facedown, without tears and without thoughts, and it was from that very moment, Andrei Petrovich, that I began to think! From that very moment, when I realized that, besides being a lackey, I was also a coward, my real and correct development began!"

"And at this very moment I see through you once and for all!" Tatyana Pavlovna suddenly jumped up from her place, and even so unexpectedly that I was quite unprepared for it. "Not only were you a lackey then, you're a lackey now, you have a lackey soul! What would it have cost Andrei Petrovich to send you to be a cobbler? He'd even have done a good deed, teaching you a craft! Who would ask or demand that he do any more for you? Your father, Makar Ivanych, did not so much ask as almost demand that you, his children, not be taken from the lower estates. No, you don't appreciate that he got you as far as the university, and that through him you acquired rights.[41] The boys teased him, you see, and so he swore to take revenge on mankind... Scum that you are!"

I confess, I was astounded by this outburst. I stood up and stared for some time, not knowing what to say.

"Why, Tatyana Pavlovna has indeed told me something new," I finally turned firmly to Versilov. "I'm indeed so much of a lackey that I can in no way be satisfied merely with the fact that Versilov did not send me to be a cobbler; even 'rights' didn't appease me, but give me, say, the whole of Versilov, give me my father... that's what I was demanding—am I not a lackey? Mama, it has been on my conscience for eight years, how you came alone to Touchard's to visit me, and how I received you then, but there's no time for that now, Tatyana Pavlovna won't let me tell it. Till tomorrow, mama, maybe you and I can still see each other. Tatyana Pavlovna! Well, what if I'm once again a lackey to such a degree that I cannot even allow a man whose wife is still living to marry yet another wife? And that's nearly what happened with Andrei Petrovich in Ems! Mama, if you don't want to stay with a husband who might marry another woman tomorrow, remember that you have a son, who promises to be a respectful son forever—remember, and let's go, only with the understanding that it's 'either him or me.' Do you want to? I'm not asking for an answer now; I know it's impossible to answer such questions straight off..."

But I couldn't finish, first of all, because I became excited and confused. My mother turned all pale and her voice seemed to fail

her: she couldn't utter a word. Tatyana Pavlovna was saying a lot and very loudly, so that I couldn't even make it out, and twice she shoved me on the shoulder with her fist. I only remember her shouting that my words were "affected, fostered in a petty soul, dug out with a finger." Versilov sat motionless and very serious, not smiling. I went to my room upstairs. The last look to accompany me out of the room was my sister's look of reproach; she sternly shook her head behind me.

Chapter Seven

I

I'm describing all these scenes without sparing myself, in order to recall it all clearly and restore the impression. Going upstairs to my room, I had absolutely no idea whether I should be ashamed of myself or triumphant, like someone who has done his duty. If I had been a bit more experienced, I would have guessed that the least doubt in such a matter should be interpreted for the worse. But I was thrown off by another circumstance: I don't understand what I was glad about, but I was terribly glad, in spite of my doubts and the clear awareness that I had flunked it downstairs. Even the fact that Tatyana Pavlovna had abused me so spitefully struck me as only ridiculous and amusing, but didn't anger me at all. Probably that was all because I had broken the chain anyway and for the first time felt myself free.

I also felt that I had harmed my situation: still greater darkness surrounded the question of how I should now act with the letter about the inheritance. They would now decidedly take it as a wish to be revenged on Versilov. But while still downstairs, during all those debates, I had resolved to submit the matter of the letter about the inheritance to arbitration, and to appeal to Vasin as arbiter, and, failing Vasin, to yet another person, I already knew whom. Once, this time only, I'll go to Vasin, I thought to myself, and then—disappear from them all for a long time, for several months, and I'll even especially disappear from Vasin; only maybe I'll see my mother and sister every once in a while. All this was disorderly; I felt I had done something, though not in the right way, and—and I was pleased; I repeat, all the same I was glad of something.

I had decided to go to bed early, foreseeing a lot of running around the next day. Besides renting an apartment and moving, I took a few other decisions which I resolved to carry out in one way or another. But the evening was not to end without its curiosity, and Versilov did manage to astonish me greatly. He had decidedly never come up to my little room, and suddenly, I hadn't been there an hour when I heard his footsteps on the little stairs: he called me

to light his way. I brought a candle and, reaching out my hand, which he seized, helped him to drag himself up.

"*Merci*, friend, I never once crept up here, not even when I was renting the apartment. I sensed it was something like this, but all the same I never supposed it was quite such a kennel," he stood in the middle of my room, looking around with curiosity. "Why, it's a coffin, a perfect coffin!"

Indeed, it had a certain resemblance to the inside of a coffin, and I even marveled at how correctly he had defined it with a single word. It was a long and narrow closet; at the height of my shoulder, not more, the angle between the wall and the roof began, the top of which I could touch with my palm. For the first minute, Versilov instinctively stooped, for fear of bumping his head on the ceiling, though he didn't and ended by sitting down quite calmly on my sofa, where my bed was already made up. As for me, I did not sit down and looked at him in deep astonishment.

"Your mother tells me she didn't know if she should take the money you offered her today for your monthly upkeep. In view of this coffin, not only should the money not be taken, but, on the contrary, a deduction should be made from us in your favor! I've never been here and... can't imagine that it's possible to live here."

"I'm used to it. But what I can't get used to is seeing you here after all that went on downstairs."

"Oh, yes, you were considerably rude downstairs, but... I also have my particular goals, which I'll explain to you, though, anyhow, there's nothing extraordinary in my visit. Even what took place downstairs is also perfectly in the order of things. But explain this to me, for Christ's sake: what you told us there, downstairs, and which you prepared for us and set about so solemnly—can that be all you intended to reveal or tell? Was there nothing else?"

"That was all. That is, let's say it was all."

"A bit lacking, my friend; I confess, judging by the way you set about it, and how you invited us to laugh—in short, seeing how anxious you were to tell it, I expected more."

"But isn't it all the same to you?"

"I'm concerned, essentially, with the sense of measure: it wasn't worth such noise, and so the measure was upset. For a whole month you were silent, making ready, and suddenly—nothing!"

"I wanted to go on longer, but I'm ashamed that I told even that much. Not everything can be told in words, certain things it's

better never to tell. I did tell enough, though, but you didn't understand me."

"Ah! so you, too, suffer sometimes because a thought won't go into words! It's a noble suffering, my friend, and granted only to the chosen; a fool is always pleased with what he says, and, besides, he always says more than he needs to; they like extras."

"As I did downstairs, for instance. I also said more than I needed to; I demanded 'the whole of Versilov,' which is much more than I need. I don't need any Versilov at all."

"My friend, I see you want to make up for what you lost downstairs. You're obviously repentant, and since with us to repent means immediately to fall upon someone again, you don't want to miss the mark with me a second time. I came early, you haven't cooled off yet, and, besides, you have difficulty putting up with criticism. But sit down, for God's sake, I've come to tell you something; that's right, thank you. From what you said to your mother downstairs, on your way out, it's only too clear that it will be better, even in any case, if we live separately. I've come in order to persuade you to do it as softly as possible and without a scandal, so as not to upset or frighten your mother still more. Even the fact that I've come here myself has already cheered her up; she somehow believes that we'll still manage to be reconciled, well, and everything will go as before. I think if you and I laughed loudly now once or twice, we'd fill their timid hearts with delight. They may be simple hearts, but they are sincerely and artlessly loving, why shouldn't we pamper them on occasion? Well, that's one thing. Second: why should we necessarily part still with a thirst for vengeance, with a grinding of teeth, with curses, and so on? Without any doubt, it won't do at all for us to go hanging on each other's necks, but we can part, so to speak, with mutual respect, isn't that true, eh?"

"That's all nonsense! I promise I'll move out without a scandal—and enough. Are you going to this trouble because of my mother? Yet to me it seems that my mother's peace makes decidedly no difference to you, and you're only saying it."

"You don't believe me?"

"You speak to me decidedly as to a child!"

"My friend, I'm ready to ask your forgiveness for it a thousand times, and for all you've laid to my account, for all those years of your childhood and so on, but, *cher enfant*, what will come of it? You're intelligent enough not to want to wind up in such a stupid position. I say nothing of the fact that even up to this moment I

quite fail to understand the character of your reproaches: indeed, what is it, essentially, that you blame me for? That you weren't born a Versilov? Or what? Bah! you laugh scornfully and wave your arms—does that mean no?"

"Believe me, no. Believe me, I find no honor in being named Versilov."

"Let's leave honor out of it; besides, your answer was bound to be democratic. But if so, what do you blame me for?"

"Tatyana Pavlovna just said everything I needed to know and never could understand before: that you didn't send me to be a cobbler, consequently I should be grateful. I fail to understand why I'm not grateful even now, when I've been brought to reason. Or is it your proud blood speaking, Andrei Petrovich?"

"Probably not. And, besides, you must agree that all your outbursts downstairs, instead of falling on me, as you meant, only tyrannized and tormented her. Yet it seems it's not for you to judge her. And how is she guilty before you? Explain to me also, by the way, my friend: why was it and with what purpose that you spread it around in school, and in high school, and all your life, and in front of every first comer, as I've heard, that you are illegitimate? I've heard that you did it with a sort of special eagerness. And yet it's all nonsense and vile slander: you are legitimate, a Dolgoruky, the son of Makar Ivanych Dolgoruky, a respectable man, remarkable for his intelligence and character. And if you have received higher education, that is in fact owing to your former master, Versilov, but what of it? Above all, by proclaiming your illegitimacy, which in itself is a slander, you thereby revealed your mother's secret and, out of some sort of false pride, dragged your mother to judgment before the first scum to come along. My friend, that is very ignoble, the more so as your mother is not personally guilty of anything: hers is the purest character, and if she is not Mrs. Versilov, it is solely because she is still married."

"Enough, I agree with you completely, and I believe so much in your intelligence that I fully hope you will stop this already too-lengthy scolding of me. You have such a love of measure; and yet everything has its measure, even your sudden love of my mother. This will be better: since you've ventured to come to me and sit here for a quarter or half an hour (I still don't know what for; well, let's suppose it's for my mother's peace of mind)—and, moreover, you talk to me with such eagerness, in spite of what happened downstairs, it would be better if you told me about my father—

this Makar Ivanovich, the wanderer.[42] I'd like to hear about him precisely from you; I've long meant to ask you. Since we're parting, and maybe for a long time, I'd also like very much to get an answer from you to this question: how is it possible that in this whole twenty years you could have no effect on my mother's prejudices, and now also my sister's, enough to dispel with your civilizing influence the surrounding darkness of her original milieu? Oh, I'm not talking about her purity! Even without that she has always been infinitely superior to you morally, forgive me, but... this is merely an infinitely superior corpse. Only Versilov lives, and all the rest around him, and everything connected with him, vegetates under the unfailing condition that it has the honor of nourishing him with its forces, its living juices. But wasn't she alive once? Wasn't there something you loved in her? Wasn't she a woman once?"

"My friend, if you like, she never was," he answered me, twisting at once into that former manner he had had with me, which I remembered so well, and which infuriated me so much; that is, he was apparently the most sincere simpleheartedness, but look—and everything in him was just the deepest mockery, so that sometimes I couldn't figure out his face at all, "she never was! A Russian woman can never be a woman."

"And a Polish woman, a French woman, can be? Or an Italian, a passionate Italian woman, there's what's capable of captivating a civilized Russian man of a higher milieu like Versilov?"

"Well, who would have expected to run into a Slavophile?"[43] Versilov laughed.

I remember his story word for word; he even began talking with great eagerness and obvious pleasure. It was all too clear to me that he had by no means come to me for a chat, and not at all so as to calm my mother, but probably with other goals in mind.

II

"All these twenty years, your mother and I have lived in complete silence," he began his palaver (affected and unnatural in the highest degree), "and all that has been between us has taken place in silence. The main quality of our twenty-year-long liaison has been—speechlessness. I don't think we even quarreled once. True, I often went away and left her alone, but in the end I always

came back. *Nous revenons toujours*,* that's a fundamental quality of men; it's owing to their magnanimity. If the matter of marriage depended on women alone, no marriage would stay together. Humility, meekness, lowliness, and at the same time firmness, strength, real strength—that is your mother's character. Note that she's the best of all the women I've met in the world. And that there is strength in her—that I can testify to; I've seen how that strength nourishes her. Where it's a matter, I wouldn't say of convictions, there can be no proper convictions here, but of what they consider convictions, which, to their minds, also means sacred, there even torture would be to no avail. Well, but you can judge for yourself: do I look like a torturer? That's why I preferred to be silent about almost everything, not only because it's easier, and, I confess, I don't regret it. In this way everything went over by itself, broadly and humanely, so that I don't even ascribe to myself any praise for it. I'll say, by the way, in parenthesis, that for some reason I suspect she never believed in my humaneness, and therefore always trembled; but while trembling, at the same time she never yielded to any culture. They somehow know how to do it, and there's something here that we don't understand, and generally they know better than we how to manage their own affairs. They can go on living in their own way in situations that are most unnatural for them, and remain completely themselves in situations that are most not their own. We can't do that."

"They who? I don't quite understand you."

"The people, my friend, I'm speaking of the people. They have demonstrated this great, vital force and historical breadth both morally and politically. But to return to what we were saying, I'll observe about your mother that she's not always silent; your mother occasionally says things, but says them in such a way that you see straight off that you've only wasted your time talking, even if you've spent five years beforehand gradually preparing her. Besides, her objections are quite unexpected. Note once again that I don't consider her a fool at all; on the contrary, there's a certain kind of intelligence here, and even a most remarkable intelligence; however, maybe you won't believe me about her intelligence..."

"Why not? I only don't believe that you really believe in her intelligence yourself, and are not pretending."

"Oh? You consider me such a chameleon? My friend, I allow

*We always come back.

you a bit too much . . . as a spoiled son . . . but let it remain so for this time."

"Tell me about my father—the truth, if you can."

"Concerning Makar Ivanovich? Makar Ivanovich is, as you already know, a household serf, who had, so to speak, a desire for a certain glory . . ."

"I'll bet that at this moment you envy him for something!"

"On the contrary, my friend, on the contrary, and, if you wish, I'm very glad to see you in such whimsical spirits; I swear that precisely now I am in a highly repentant humor, and precisely now, at this moment, and maybe for the thousandth time, I impotently regret all that happened twenty years ago. Besides, as God is my witness, it all happened quite inadvertently . . . well, and afterwards, as far as it was in my power, also humanely; at least so far as I then understood the endeavor of humaneness. Oh, we were all boiling over then with the zeal to do good, to serve civic goals, high ideas; we condemned ranks, our inherited rights, estates, and even moneylenders, at least some of us did . . . I swear to you. We weren't many, but we spoke well and, I assure you, we sometimes even acted well."

"That was when you wept on his shoulder?"

"My friend, I agree with you in everything beforehand; by the way, you heard about the shoulder from me, which means that at this moment you are making wicked use of my own simple-heartedness and trustfulness; but you must agree that that shoulder really wasn't as bad as it seems at first sight, especially for that time; we were only beginning then. I was faking, of course, but I didn't know I was faking. Don't you ever fake, for instance, in practical cases?"

"Just now, downstairs, I waxed a little sentimental, and felt very ashamed, as I was coming up here, at the thought that you might think I was faking. It's true that on some occasions, though your feelings are sincere, you sometimes pretend; but downstairs just now it was all natural."

"That's precisely it; you've defined it very happily in a single phrase: 'though your feelings are sincere, all the same you pretend.' Well, that's exactly how it was with me: though I was pretending, I wept quite sincerely. I won't dispute that Makar Ivanovich might have taken that shoulder as an added mockery, if he had been more clever; but his honesty then stood in the way of his perspicacity. Only I don't know whether he pitied me then or not; I remember I very much wanted that."

"You know," I interrupted him, "you're mocking now, too, as you say that. And generally all the time, whenever you spoke to me during this whole month, you did it mockingly. Why did you always do that when you spoke to me?"

"You think so?" he replied meekly. "You're very suspicious. However, if I do laugh, it's not at you, or at least not at you alone, rest assured. But I'm not laughing now, and back then—in short, I did all I could then, and, believe me, not for my own benefit. We, that is, the beautiful people, as opposed to the common folk, did not know at all how to act for our own benefit then; on the contrary, we always mucked things up for ourselves as much as possible, and I confess, among us then we considered that some sort of 'higher benefit of our own'—in a higher sense, naturally. The present generation of advanced people is much more grasping than we were. At that time, even before the sin, I explained everything to Makar Ivanovich with extraordinary directness. I now agree that much of it didn't need to be explained at all, still less with such directness; to say nothing of humaneness, it would simply have been more polite. But try restraining yourself when you're dancing away, and want to perform a nice little step! And maybe such are the demands of the beautiful and the lofty[44] in reality, all my life I've been unable to resolve that. However, it's too profound a theme for our superficial conversation, but I swear to you that I sometimes die of shame when I remember it. I offered him three thousand roubles then, and, I remember, he said nothing, I alone did the talking. Imagine, I fancied he was afraid of me, that is, of my serf-owning rights, and, I remember, I tried as hard as I could to encourage him; I persuaded him not to be afraid of anything and to voice all his wishes, and even with all possible criticism. As a guarantee, I gave him my word that if he didn't accept my conditions, that is, the three thousand, freedom (for him and his wife, naturally), and that he should go off on a journey any which way (without his wife, naturally)—he should tell me so directly, and I would at once grant him his freedom, let him have his wife, reward them both with the same three thousand, I believe, and it would not be they who would go off any which way, but I myself would go away to Italy for three years, all alone. *Mon ami*, I wouldn't have taken Mlle. Sapozhkov to Italy, I assure you; I was extremely pure at that time. And what then? This Makar understood excellently well that I would do just what I said; but he went on saying nothing, and only when I was about to fall down before him a third time, he

drew back, waved his arm, and went out even somewhat unceremoniously, I assure you, which even surprised me then. I saw myself for a moment in the mirror then, and cannot forget it. In general, when they don't say anything, it's worst of all, and he was a gloomy character, and, I confess, not only did I not trust him, when I summoned him to my study, but I was even terribly afraid: there are characters in that milieu, and terribly many of them, who contain in themselves, so to speak, the incarnation of unrespectability, and that is something one fears more than a beating. *Sic.* And what a risk, what a risk I took! What if he had shouted for the whole yard to hear, howled, this provincial Uriah[45]—well, how would it have been then for me, an undersized David, and what could I have done? That was why I resorted to the three thousand first, it was instinctive, but, fortunately, I was mistaken; this Makar Ivanovich was something quite different..."

"Tell me, was there a sin? You said you sent for the husband even before the sin?"

"That depends, you see, on how you understand..."

"Meaning there was. You just said you were mistaken about him, that he was something different. What was different?"

"Precisely what, I don't know even now. But it was something else, and, you know, even quite respectable; I conclude that because by the end I felt three times more ashamed in his presence. The very next day he agreed to go on a journey, without a word—naturally, not forgetting any of the rewards I had offered."

"He took the money?"

"What else! You know, my friend, on this point he even quite surprised me. Naturally, I didn't happen to have three thousand in my pocket at the time, but I got hold of seven hundred roubles and handed them to him to start with. And what then? He requested the remaining two thousand three hundred from me, just to be sure, in the form of a promissory note in the name of some merchant. Two years later he used this letter to request the money from me through the court, and with interest, so that he surprised me again, the more so as he literally went about collecting money for building a church of God, and since then he's been wandering for twenty years. I don't understand why a wanderer needs so much money for himself... money's such a worldly thing... At that moment, of course, I offered it sincerely and, so to speak, with an initial fervor, but later, when so much time had passed, I naturally might have thought better of it... and I hoped

he would at least spare me . . . or, so to speak, spare *us*, her and me, would at least wait. However, he didn't even wait . . ."

(I'll make a necessary *nota bene* here: if my mother should happen to outlive Mr. Versilov, she would be left literally without a kopeck in her old age, if it weren't for that three thousand of Makar Ivanovich's, which had long been doubled by interest, and which he left to her in its entirety, to a rouble, last year in his will. He had divined Versilov even then.)

"You once said that Makar Ivanovich came to visit you several times, and always stayed in my mother's apartment?"

"Yes, my friend, and I confess, at first I was terribly afraid of those visits. In all this period, in twenty years, he came only six or seven times, and on the first occasions, if I was at home, I hid myself. I didn't even understand at first what it meant and why he came. But then, owing to certain considerations, it seemed to me that it was not at all that stupid on his part. Then, by chance, I decided out of curiosity to go and look at him, and, I assure you, my impression was most original. This was his third or fourth visit, precisely at the time when I was about to become an arbiter of the peace and when, naturally, I was setting out with all my strength to study Russia. I even heard a great many new things from him. Besides, I met in him precisely what I had never expected to meet: a sort of good humor, an evenness of character, and, most surprisingly, all but mirth. Not the slightest allusion to *that* (*tu comprend*[*]), and, in the highest degree, an ability to talk sense and to talk excellently well, that is, without that stupid homegrown profundity, which, I confess, I cannot stand, despite all my democratism, and without all those strained Russicisms in which 'real Russian people' speak in novels or on stage. With all that, extremely little about religion, unless you brought it up yourself, and even quite nice stories of their own sort about monasteries and monastery life, if you yourself became curious. And above all—deference, that modest deference, precisely the deference that is necessary for the highest equality, moreover, without which, in my opinion, one cannot attain to superiority. Precisely here, through the lack of the least arrogance, one attains to the highest respectability, and there appears a person who undoubtedly respects himself, and precisely whatever the situation he finds himself in, and whatever his destiny happens to be. This

[*]You understand.

ability to respect oneself in one's own situation—is extremely rare in the world, at least as rare as a true sense of one's own dignity... You'll see for yourself, once you've lived. But what struck me most afterwards, precisely afterwards, and not at the beginning" (Versilov added), "was that this Makar was of extremely stately appearance and, I assure you, was extremely handsome. True, he was old, but

Dark-faced, tall, and straight,[46]

simple and grave; I even marveled at how my poor Sofya could have preferred me *then*; he was fifty then, but was still such a fine fellow, and I was such a whirligig beside him. However, I remember he was already unpardonably gray then, which meant he was just as gray when he married her... That might have had an influence."

This Versilov had the most scoundrelly high-toned manner: having said (when it was impossible not to) several quite clever and beautiful things, suddenly to end on purpose with some stupidity like this surmise about Makar Ivanovich's gray hair and its influence on my mother. He did it on purpose, probably not knowing why himself, from a stupid society habit. To listen to him—it seemed he was speaking very seriously, and yet within himself he was faking or laughing.

III

I DON'T UNDERSTAND why I was suddenly overcome then by terrible anger. Generally, I recall some of my outbursts in those minutes with great displeasure. I suddenly got up from my chair.

"You know what," I said, "you say you came mainly so that my mother would think we've made peace. Enough time has passed for her to think that; would you kindly leave me alone?"

He blushed slightly and got up from his place.

"My dear, you are extremely unceremonious with me. However, good-bye; love can't be forced. I'll allow myself only one question: do you really want to leave the prince?"

"Aha! I just knew you had special goals..."

"That is, you suspect I came to persuade you to stay with the prince, because I stand to profit from it myself. But, my friend, you don't think I also invited you from Moscow with some sort of

profit in mind, do you? Oh, how suspicious you are! On the contrary, I wished for your own good in everything. And even now, when my means have improved so much, I wish that, at least occasionally, you would allow your mother and me to help you."

"I don't like you, Versilov."

"And it's even 'Versilov.' By the way, I regret very much that I couldn't pass this name on to you, for in fact my whole fault consists only in that, if it is a fault, isn't that so? But, once again, I couldn't marry a married woman, judge for yourself."

"That's probably why you wanted to marry an unmarried one?"

A slight spasm passed over his face.

"You mean Ems. Listen, Arkady, you allowed yourself that outburst downstairs, pointing the finger at me in front of your mother. Know, then, that precisely here you went widest of the mark. You know exactly nothing of the story of the late Lydia Akhmakov. Nor do you know how much your mother herself participated, yes, even though she wasn't there with me; and if I ever saw a good woman, it was then, as I looked at your mother. But enough, this is all still a mystery, and you—you say who knows what and in somebody else's voice."

"The prince said precisely today that you were an amateur of unfledged girls."

"The prince said that?"

"Yes. Listen, do you want me to tell you exactly why you came to me now? I've been sitting all this while asking myself what was the secret of this visit, and now, it seems, I've finally guessed it."

He was already on his way out, but he stopped and turned his head to me in expectation.

"Earlier I let slip in passing that Touchard's letter to Tatyana Pavlovna got in with Andronikov's papers and wound up, after his death, with Marya Ivanovna in Moscow. I saw something suddenly twitch in your face, and only now did I guess why, when something just twitched in your face again in exactly the same way: it occurred to you then, downstairs, that if one of Andronikov's letters had already wound up with Marya Ivanovna, why shouldn't another do the same? And Andronikov might have left some highly important letters, eh? Isn't that so?"

"And I came to you wanting to make you blab about something?"

"You know it yourself."

He turned very pale.

"You didn't figure that out on your own; there's a woman's

influence here. And how much hatred there is in your words—in your coarse guess!"

"A woman's? And I saw that woman just today! Maybe you want to have me stay with the prince precisely in order to spy on her?"

"Anyhow, I see you'll go extremely far on your new road. Mightn't this be 'your idea'? Go on, my friend, you have unquestionable ability along the sleuthing line. Given talent, one must perfect it."

He paused to catch his breath.

"Beware, Versilov, don't make me your enemy!"

"My friend, in such cases no one speaks his last thoughts, but keeps them to himself. And now give me some light, I beg you. You may be my enemy, but not so much, probably, as to wish me to break my neck. *Tiens, mon ami*,* imagine," he continued, going down, "all this month I've been taking you for a good soul. You want so much to live and thirst so much to live, that it seems if you were given three lives, it wouldn't be enough for you; it's written on your face. Well, and such men are most often good souls. And see how mistaken I've been!"

IV

I CAN'T EXPRESS how my heart was wrung when I was left alone: as if I had cut off a piece of my own living flesh! Why I had suddenly gotten so angry, and why I had offended him like that—so intensely and deliberately—I couldn't tell now, of course, or then either. And how pale he had turned! And what, then? Maybe that paleness was an expression of the most sincere and pure feelings and the deepest grief, and not of anger and offense. It always seemed to me that there were moments when he loved me very much. Why, why should I not believe that now, the more so as so much has now been completely explained?

But maybe indeed I grew angry all at once and drove him out because of the sudden guess that he had come to me hoping to find out whether any more of Andronikov's letters had been left to Marya Ivanovna? That he must have been looking for those letters and was looking for them—that I knew. But who knows, maybe then, precisely at that moment, I was terribly mistaken! And who

*Say, my friend.

knows, maybe it was I, by that very mistake, who prompted him afterwards in the thought of Marya Ivanovna and the possibility of her having letters?

And, finally, again a strange thing: again he had repeated word for word my own thought (about three lives), which I had told to Kraft earlier that day and, above all, in my own words. The coincidence of words was once again chance, but all the same how well he knows the essence of my character: what insight, what perception! But if he understands one thing so well, why doesn't he understand another at all? And can it be that he wasn't faking, but was indeed unable to guess that what I needed was not Versilovian nobility, that it was not my birth that I couldn't forgive him, but that all my life I've needed Versilov himself, the whole man, the father, and that this thought has already entered my blood? Can it be that such a subtle man can be so dull and crude? And if not, then why does he enrage me, why does he pretend?

Chapter Eight

I

The next morning I tried to get up as early as possible. Ordinarily we got up at around eight o'clock, that is, my mother, my sister, and I; Versilov indulged himself till half-past nine. Precisely at half-past eight my mother would bring me coffee. But this time, not waiting for coffee, I slipped out of the house at exactly eight o'clock. The evening before, I had made up a general plan of action for this whole day. In this plan, despite my passionate resolve to set about fulfilling it at once, I sensed that there was a great deal that was unstable and uncertain at the most important points; that was why almost all night I had been as if in half-sleep, delirious, had an awful lot of dreams, and hardly a moment of proper sleep. Nevertheless I got up brisker and fresher than ever. I especially did not want to meet my mother. I couldn't talk to her otherwise than on a certain subject, and I was afraid to distract myself from the goals I had set myself by some new and unexpected impression.

The morning was cold, and a damp, milky fog lay upon everything. I don't know why, but I always like the busy early morning in Petersburg, despite its extremely nasty look, and all these egoistic and ever-pensive folk, hurrying about their business around eight in the morning, have some special attraction for me. I especially like, as I hurry on my way, either to ask somebody something businesslike, or to have somebody ask me something: both question and answer are always brief, clear, sensible, given without stopping, and are almost always friendly, and the readiness to respond is greatest at that hour. The Petersburger becomes less communicative in the middle of the day or towards evening, and is ready to abuse or deride at the least opportunity; it's quite different in the early morning, before work, at the most sober and serious time. I've noticed that.

I was again heading for the Petersburg side. Since I absolutely had to be back on the Fontanka by twelve to see Vasin (who could most often be found at home at twelve), I hurried and didn't stop, in spite of a great urge to have coffee somewhere. Besides, I also had absolutely to catch Efim Zverev at home; I was going to him

again and in fact almost came too late; he was finishing his coffee and getting ready to go out.

"What brings you so often?" he met me without getting up from his place.

"I'm about to explain that."

Any early morning, a Petersburg one included, has a sobering effect on man's nature. Some flaming night's dream even evaporates completely with the coming of morning's light and cold, and I myself have happened of a morning to recall some of my night's only just-passed reveries, and sometimes also acts, with reproach and shame. However, I'll observe in passing that I consider the Petersburg morning, seemingly the most prosaic on the whole earth, to be all but the most fantastic in the world. That is my personal view, or, better to say, impression, but I'll stand up for it. On such a Petersburg morning, foul, damp, and foggy, the wild dream of some Pushkinian Hermann from the "Queen of Spades" (a colossal character, an extraordinary, perfectly Petersburgian type—a type from the Petersburg period!)[47]—it seems to me, should grow still stronger. A hundred times, in the midst of this fog, a strange but importunate reverie has come to me: "And if this fog breaks up and lifts, won't this whole foul, slimy city go with it, rise up with the fog and vanish like smoke, and leave only the former Finnish swamp, and in the middle, perhaps, for the beauty of it, a bronze horseman on a hot-breathed, overridden steed?"[48] In short, I can't convey my impressions, because it's all finally fantasy, poetry, and therefore rubbish. Nevetheless, one totally meaningless question has often come to me and comes to me now: "Here they all are rushing and throwing themselves about, and who knows, maybe it's all somebody's dream, and there's not a single true, genuine person here, not a single real act? The somebody whose dream it is will suddenly wake up—and everything will suddenly vanish." But I'm getting carried away.

I'll say beforehand: there are projects and dreams in every life so seemingly eccentric that at first sight they might unmistakably be taken for madness. It was with one of these fantasies that I went that morning to Zverev—to Zverev, because I had no one else in Petersburg to whom I could turn this time. And yet Efim was precisely the last person to whom, if I had had a choice, I would have turned with such a suggestion. When I sat down facing him, it even seemed to me myself that I, the incarnation of fever and delirium, was sitting down facing the incarnation of the golden

mean and prose. But on my side was an idea and a right feeling, while on his there was only the practical conclusion that it's never done that way. In short, I explained to him, briefly and clearly, that apart from him I had absolutely no one in Petersburg whom I could send, in view of an urgent matter of honor, to act as a second; that he was an old comrade and therefore did not even have the right to refuse, and that I wanted to challenge the lieutenant of the guards, Prince Sokolsky, on the grounds that, a little more than a year ago, in Ems, he had given my father, Versilov, a slap in the face. I'll note, at the same time, that Efim knew even in great detail all my family circumstances, my relations with Versilov, and almost all that I myself knew of Versilov's history; I had told it to him myself at various times, except, of course, for certain secrets. He sat and listened, as he usually did, ruffled up like a sparrow in a cage, silent and serious, puffy-faced, with his disheveled flaxen hair. A motionless, mocking smile never left his lips. This smile was the nastier in that it was involuntary and not at all deliberate; it was evident that he really and truly considered himself at that moment vastly superior to me in intelligence and character. I also suspected that, besides that, he also despised me for yesterday's scene at Dergachev's; that was as it should have been: Efim was the crowd, Efim was the street, and that always bows down only to success.

"And Versilov doesn't know of it?" he asked.

"Of course not."

"Then what right do you have to interfere in his affairs? That's the first thing. And, second, what do you want to prove by it?"

I knew the objections and at once explained to him that it was not at all as stupid as he supposed. First, it would be proved to the insolent prince that there were still people of our estate who understood honor, and, second, Versilov would be shamed and learn a lesson. And, third, and most important, even if Versilov, owing to certain convictions of his own, was right not to have challenged the prince and to have decided to bear with the slap, he would at least see that there was a being who was able to feel his offense so strongly that he took it as his own, and was ready even to lay down his life for his interests . . . in spite of the fact that he had parted with him forever . . .

"Wait, don't shout, my aunt doesn't like it. Tell me, is it the same Prince Sokolsky that Versilov is in litigation with over an inheritance? In that case, it will be a totally new and original way of winning in court—by killing your opponents in a duel."

I explained to him *en toutes lettres** that he was simply stupid and insolent, and that if his mocking smile spread wider and wider, that only proved his smugness and ordinariness, that he couldn't really suppose that the thought of the litigation had not been in my head right from the very start, but had deigned to visit only his much-thinking head. Then I told him that the litigation had already been won, and besides, that it had been conducted not against Prince Sokolsky, but against the Princes Sokolsky, so that if one prince was killed, the others would remain, but that the challenge would undoubtedly have to be put off till after the period of appeal (though the princes would not appeal), solely for the sake of decency. Once the period was over, the duel would follow; but I had come now because the duel would not be at once, but I had to secure a second, because I didn't have one, I didn't know anybody, so as to find one at least by the time I needed him, if he, Efim, refused. That's why I came, I said.

"Well, come back and talk then, there's no point rolling ten miles for nothing."

He got up and took his cap.

"And you'll go then?"

"Naturally not."

"Why?"

"I won't go for this reason alone, that if I agree now to go then, you'll spend the whole period of appeal dragging yourself to me every day. And the main thing is that it's all nonsense, and that's that. Why should I ruin my career because of you? The prince would up and ask me, 'Who sent you?' 'Dolgoruky.' 'And what has Dolgoruky got to do with Versilov?' So then I should explain your genealogy to him? He'll just laugh!"

"Then give him one in the mug!"

"Well, that's all fairy tales."

"Afraid? You're so tall; you were the strongest one in high school."

"Afraid, of course I'm afraid. The prince won't fight, because they only fight with equals."

"I'm also a gentleman by development, I have the right, I'm equal... on the contrary, it's he who's unequal."

"No, you're little."

"Why little?"

*Spelling it all out.

"You're just little; we're both little, but he's big."

"You're a fool! By law I could have gotten married a year ago."

"So go and get married, and even so you're a pipsqueak; you're still growing!"

I realized, of course, that he had decided to jeer at me. Undoubtedly this whole stupid anecdote could have gone untold, and it would be even better if it died unknown; besides, it's disgusting in its pettiness and uselessness, though it had quite serious consequences.

But to punish myself still more, I'll tell it in full. Having perceived that Efim was jeering at me, I allowed myself to give him a shove on the shoulder with my right hand, or, better to say, with my right fist. He then took me by the shoulders, turned me face to the field; and—really proved to me that he was indeed the strongest one in our high school.

II

The reader, of course, will think that I was in a terrible mood going out of Efim's, and yet he will be mistaken. I realized only too well that it was childish, a schoolboy incident, but the seriousness of the matter remained intact. I had my coffee only on Vassilievsky Island, purposely skipping my yesterday's tavern on the Petersburg side; both the tavern and the nightingale had become doubly hateful to me. A strange quality: I'm capable of hating places and objects as if they were people. On the other hand, there are also several happy places in Petersburg, that is, places where, for some reason, I was happy—and I cherish those places and purposely don't visit them for as long as possible, so that later, when I'm quite alone and unhappy, I can go there to grieve and recall. Over coffee I did full justice to Efim and his common sense. Yes, he was more practical than I, but hardly more realistic. Realism that is limited to the end of one's nose is more dangerous than the most insane fantasticality, because it's blind. But in doing justice to Efim (who at that moment probably thought I was going down the street cursing him), I still did not yield anything of my convictions, as I haven't up till now. I've seen people who, at the first bucket of cold water, renounce not only their actions, but even their idea, and begin to laugh at something they considered sacred only an hour before. Oh, how easily it's done with them! Grant that Efim, even

in the essence of the matter, was more right than I, and I was stupider than all that's stupid and merely clowning, but still, in the very depth of the matter, there lay a point, standing upon which I, too, was right, there was something correct on my side, too, and, above all, something that they could never understand.

I wound up at Vasin's, on the Fontanka by the Semyonovsky Bridge, almost exactly at twelve o'clock, but I didn't find him at home. He had his work on Vassilievsky, and came home strictly at certain hours, among others almost always before twelve. Since, besides that, it was some holiday, I had supposed I would be sure to find him; not finding him, I settled down to wait, despite the fact that I had come to see him for the first time.

I reasoned like this: the matter of the letter about the inheritance was a matter of conscience, and I, in choosing Vasin as a judge, was thereby showing him the whole depth of my respect, which, of course, should be flattering to him. Naturally, I was truly concerned about this letter and really convinced of the necessity for arbitration; but I suspect, nevertheless, that even then I could have wriggled out of the difficulty without any outside help. And, above all, I knew it myself; to wit: I had only to hand the letter over to Versilov personally, and he could do whatever he wanted; that was the solution. And to make myself the supreme judge and arbiter in a matter like this was even quite wrong. In removing myself by handing the letter over, and that precisely silently, I would profit at once by that very thing, putting myself in a higher position than Versilov, for by renouncing all profit from the inheritance, so far as it concerned me (because, being Versilov's son, I would, of course, have something coming to me, if not now, then later), I would forever preserve for myself a superior moral view of Versilov's future action. And, again, no one could reproach me for ruining the princes, because the document had no decisive legal significance. All this I thought over and figured out completely, while sitting in Vasin's empty room, and it even entered my head that I had come to see Vasin so desirous of his advice about what to do, with the sole purpose of letting him see what a highly noble and umercenary man I was, and thus taking revenge on him for my humiliation before him yesterday.

Having realized all that, I felt great vexation; nevertheless, I did not leave but stayed, though I knew for certain that my vexation would only grow greater every five minutes.

First of all, I began to take a terrible dislike to Vasin's room.

"Show me your room, and I'll know your character"—you really can say that. Vasin lived in a furnished room, renting from tenants, obviously poor ones, who earned their living that way and had other lodgers. I was acquainted with these narrow little rooms, hardly filled with furniture, and yet with pretensions to a comfortable look; here was the inevitable soft sofa from the flea market, which it was dangerous to move, the washstand, and the iron bed behind a screen. Vasin was obviously the best and most reliable tenant. A landlady is sure to have one such best tenant, who receives special favors for it: his room is cleaned and swept more thoroughly, some lithograph gets hung over the sofa, a consumptive little rug gets spread under the table. People who like this musty cleanness and, above all, the landlady's obsequious deference—are themselves suspect. I was convinced that the title of best tenant flattered Vasin. I don't know why, but the sight of those two tables piled high with books gradually began to infuriate me. Books, papers, an inkstand—everything was in the most disgusting order, the ideal of which coincides with the worldview of a German landlady and her maid. There were quite a few books—not magazines or newspapers, but real books—and he obviously read them, and probably sat down to read or began to write with an extremely grave and precise look. I don't know, but I like it better when books are scattered about in disorder, when studies are at least not turned into a sacred rite. Probably this Vasin is extremely polite with visitors, but probably his every gesture tells the visitor, "I'll now sit with you for an hour and a half or so, and then, when you leave, I'll get down to business." Probably you can start up an extremely interesting conversation with him and hear something new, but—"I'm now going to have a talk with you, and I'll get you very interested, but when you leave I'll get down to what's most interesting..." And, nevertheless, I still didn't leave, but sat there. By then I was thoroughly convinced that I had no need at all of his advice.

I had already been sitting for an hour and more, and was sitting by the window on one of the two wicker chairs that stood by the window. It also infuriated me that time was passing and I still had to find quarters before evening. I wanted to pick up some book out of boredom, but I didn't; the very thought of amusing myself made it doubly disgusting. The extraordinary silence had gone on for more than an hour, and then suddenly, somewhere very close by, behind the door screened by the sofa, I began to make out, involuntarily and gradually, a whispering that grew louder and

louder. Two voices were speaking, obviously women's by the sound of them, though it was quite impossible to make out their words; and nevertheless, out of boredom, I somehow began to listen. It was clear that they were speaking animatedly and passionately, and that the talk was not about patterns: they were arranging or arguing about something, or one voice persuaded and begged while the other disobeyed and objected. Must have been some other tenants. I soon got bored and my ear grew accustomed to it, so that, though I went on listening, I did so mechanically, sometimes even quite forgetting that I was listening, when suddenly something extraordinary happened, just as if someone had jumped from a chair with both feet or had suddenly jumped up from his place and stamped; then came a groan and a sudden cry, not even a cry, but a shriek, animal, angry, that no longer cared whether other people heard it or not. I rushed to the door and opened it; at the same time another door opened at the end of the corridor, the landlady's as I learned afterwards, from which two curious heads peeked out. The cry, however, subsided at once; then suddenly the door next to mine, the women neighbors', opened, and a young woman, as it seemed to me, quickly burst out of it and ran down the stairs. The other woman, an elderly one, wanted to hold her back, but couldn't, and only moaned behind her:

"Olya, Olya, where are you going? Oh!"

But, seeing our two open doors, she quickly closed hers, leaving a crack and listening through it to the stairs, till the sound of Olya's running footsteps died away completely. I went back to my window. Everything was quiet. A trifling incident, and maybe also ridiculous. I stopped thinking about it.

Around a quarter of an hour later, a loud and brash male voice rang out in the corridor, just by Vasin's door. Somebody grasped the door handle and opened it enough so that I could make out some tall man in the corridor, who obviously also saw me and was even already studying me, though he did not yet come into the room, but, still holding the door handle, went on talking with the landlady all the way down the corridor. The landlady called out to him in a thin and gay little voice, and one could tell by her voice that she had long known the visitor, and respected and valued him as both a solid guest and a merry gentleman. The merry gentleman shouted and cracked jokes, but the point was only that Vasin was not at home, that he never could find him at home, that it had been so ordained, and that he would wait again, as the other time,

and all this undoubtedly seemed the height of wittiness to the landlady. Finally the visitor came in, thrusting the door fully open.

This was a well-dressed gentleman, obviously from one of the best tailors, in "high-class fashion," as they say, and yet he had very little of the high-class about him, and that, it seemed, despite a considerable desire to have it. He was not really brash, but somehow naturally insolent, which was in any case less offensive than insolence that rehearsed itself in front of a mirror. His hair, dark blond gone slightly gray, his black eyebrows, big beard, and big eyes, not only did not personalize his character, but seemed precisely to endow it with something general, like everyone else. Such a man laughs, and is ready to laugh, yet for some reason you never feel merry with him. He passes quickly from a laughing to a grave look, from a grave to a playful or winking one, but it is all somehow scattered and pointless... However, there's no sense describing it beforehand. Later I came to know this gentleman much better and more closely, and therefore I have involuntarily presented him now more knowingly than then, when he opened the door and came into the room. Though now, too, I would have difficulty saying anything exact or definite about him, because the main thing in these people is precisely their unfinishedness, scatteredness, and indefiniteness.

He had not yet had time to sit down, when I suddenly fancied that this must be Vasin's stepfather, a certain Mr. Stebelkov, of whom I had already heard something, but so fleetingly that I could not have said precisely what: I only remembered that it was not something nice. I knew that Vasin had lived for a long time as an orphan under his authority, but that he had long since gotten out from under his influence, that their goals and their interests were different, and that they lived separately in all respects. I also remembered that this Stebelkov had some capital, and that he was even some sort of speculator and trafficker; in short, it may be that I already knew something more specific about him, but I forget. He sized me up at a glance, though without any greeting, placed his top hat on the table in front of the sofa, pushed the table aside peremptorily with his foot, and did not so much sit as sprawl directly on the sofa, on which I had not ventured to sit, so that it let out a creak, dangled his legs, and, lifting up the right toe of his patent leather boot, began to admire it. Of course, he turned to me at once and again sized me up with his big, somewhat immobile eyes.

"I never find him at home!" he nodded his head to me slightly.

I said nothing.

"Unpunctual! His own view of things. From the Petersburg side?"

"You mean that you have come from the Petersburg side?" I returned the question.

"No, I'm asking you."

"I . . . I came from the Petersburg side, but how did you find out?"

"How? Hm." He winked, but did not deign to explain.

"That is, I don't live on the Petersburg side, but I was on the Petersburg side just now and then came here."

He went on silently smiling some sort of significant smile, which I disliked terribly. There was something stupid in this winking.

"At Mr. Dergachev's?" he said finally.

"What, at Dergachev's?" I opened my eyes wide.

He looked at me victoriously.

"I don't even know him."

"Hm."

"As you wish," I replied. I was beginning to find him repulsive.

"Hm, yes, sir. No, sir, pardon me; you buy something in a shop, in another shop next to it another buyer buys something else, and what do you think it is? Money, sir, from a merchant who is known as a moneylender, sir, because money's also a thing, and the moneylender is also a merchant . . . Do you follow?"

"Perhaps so."

"A third buyer walks past and, pointing at one of the shops, says, 'That's substantial,' then, pointing at another of the shops, says, 'That's insubstantial.' What conclusion can I draw about this buyer?"

"How should I know?"

"No, sir, pardon me. I'll give an example; man lives by good example. I go down Nevsky Prospect and notice that on the other side of the street, walking down the sidewalk, is a gentleman whose character I should like to determine. We reach, on different sides, the same turn onto Morskaya Street, and precisely there, where the English shop is, we notice a third pedestrian who has just been run over by a horse. Now get this: a fourth gentleman passes by and wishes to determine the character of the three of us, including the run-over one, in the sense of practicality and substantiality . . . Do you follow?"

"Excuse me, but with great difficulty."

"Very well, sir; just as I thought. I'll change the subject. I've been more than once to the spas in Germany, mineral water spas, it makes no difference which. I walk on the waters and see Englishmen. As you know, it's hard to strike up an acquaintance with an Englishman; but then, after two months, having finished the cure, we're all in a mountainous region, a whole company, with alpenstocks, going up a mountain, this one or that, it makes no difference. At a turn, that is, at a stopping-place, precisely where the monks make Chartreuse liqueur—note that—I met a native, standing solitarily, gazing silently. I wish to conclude about his substantiality: what do you think, could I turn for a conclusion to the crowd of Englishmen, with whom I was proceeding solely because I was unable to strike up a conversation with them at the spa?"

"How should I know? Excuse me, but I find it very hard to follow you."

"Hard?"

"Yes, you tire me."

"Hm." He winked and made some sort of gesture with his hand, probably meant to signify something very triumphant and victorious; then, quite solidly and calmly, he drew from his pocket a newspaper, obviously just bought, opened it, and began reading the last page, apparently leaving me completely alone. For some five minutes he didn't look at me.

"The Brest-Graevs[49] didn't go bust, eh? They took off, they keep going! I know many that went bust straightaway."

He looked at me from the bottom of his heart.

"I understand little about the stock exchange as yet," I replied.

"Denial?"

"Of what?"

"Money, sir."

"I don't deny money, but... but, it seems to me, first comes the idea, and then money."

"That is, pardon me, sir... here stands a man, so to speak, before his own capital..."

"First a lofty idea, and then money, but without a lofty idea along with money, society will collapse."

I don't know why I began to get heated. He looked at me somewhat dully, as if confused, but suddenly his whole face extended into the merriest and slyest smile:

"That Versilov, eh? He snapped it up, snapped it right up! It was decided yesterday, eh?"

I suddenly and unexpectedly perceived that he had long known who I was, and maybe knew much more as well. Only I don't understand why I suddenly blushed and stared most stupidly, without taking my eyes off him. He was visibly triumphant, he looked at me merrily, as if he had found me out and caught me at something in the slyest manner.

"No, sir," he raised both eyebrows, "you're now going to ask me about Mr. Versilov! What did I just tell you about substantiality? A year and a half ago, on account of that baby, he could have brought off a perfect little deal—yes, sir, but he went bust, yes, sir."

"On account of what baby?"

"On account of a nursing baby that he's now nurturing on the side, only he won't get anything through that... because..."

"What nursing baby? What is this?"

"His baby, of course, his very own, sir, by Mademoiselle Lydia Akhmakov... 'A lovely maiden did caress me...'[50] Those phosphorus matches—eh?"

"What nonsense, what wildness! He never had a baby by Miss Akhmakov!"

"Go on! And where have I been then? I'm both a doctor and a male midwife. Name's Stebelkov, haven't you heard? True, I had long ceased to practice by then, but I could give practical advice in a practical matter."

"You're a male midwife... you delivered Miss Akhmakov's baby?"

"No, sir, I didn't deliver Miss Akhmakov's anything. In that suburb there was a Doctor Granz, burdened with a family, they paid him half a thaler, that's the situation there with doctors, and on top of that nobody knew him, so he was there in my place... It was I who recommended him, for the darkness of the unknown. Do you follow? And I only gave one piece of practical advice, to a question from Versilov, sir, Andrei Petrovich, to a most highly secret question, sir, eye to eye. But Andrei Petrovich preferred two birds."

I was listening in profound amazement.

"You can't kill two birds with one stone, says a folk, or, more correctly, a simple-folk's proverb. But I say exceptions that constantly repeat themselves turn into a general rule. He tried to hit a second bird, that is, translating it into Russian, to chase after another lady—and got no results. Once you grab something, hold on to it. Where things need speeding up, he hems and haws.

Versilov is a 'women's prophet,' sir—that's how young Prince Sokolsky beautifully designated him to me then. No, you should come to me! If you want to learn a lot about Versilov, come to me."

He obviously admired my mouth gaping in astonishment. Never had I heard a thing up till then about a nursing baby. And it was at that moment that the neighbors' door suddenly banged and somebody quickly went into their room.

"Versilov lives in the Semyonovsky quarter, on Mozhaiskaya Street, at Mrs. Litvinov's house, number seventeen, I went to the address bureau myself!" an irritated female voice cried loudly. We could hear every word. Stebelkov shot up his eyebrows and raised a finger over his head.

"We talk about him here, and there he's already . . . There's those exceptions that constantly repeat themselves! *Quand on parle d'une corde** . . ."

With a quick jump, he sat up on the sofa and began listening at the door where the sofa stood.

I was also terribly struck. I realized that this woman shouting was probably the same one who had run out earlier in such agitation. But how did Versilov figure in it? Suddenly someone shrieked again as earlier, the furious shriek of a person turned savage with wrath, who is not being given something or is being held back from something. The only difference from the previous time was that the cries and shrieks went on longer. A struggle could be heard, some words, rapid, quick: "I don't want to, I don't want to, give it back to me, give it back to me right now!" or something like that—I can't quite remember. Then, as the other time, someone rushed swiftly to the door and opened it. Both women ran out to the corridor, one of them, as earlier, obviously holding the other back. Stebelkov, who had long ago jumped up from the sofa and was listening delightedly, now darted to the door and quite frankly jumped out to the corridor, right onto the neighbors. Naturally, I also ran to the door. But his appearance in the corridor was like a bucket of cold water: the women quickly disappeared and noisily slammed the door behind them. Stebelkov was about to leap after them, but paused, raising his finger, smiling, and thinking; this time I discerned something extremely bad, dark, and sinister in his smile. Having spotted the landlady, who was again standing by her door, he quickly ran to her on tiptoe down the corridor; after

*When you speak of a rope [in the hanged man's house].

exchanging whispers with her for about two minutes and certainly receiving information, he came back to the room, imposingly and resolutely now, took his top hat from the table, looked fleetingly in the mirror, ruffled up his hair, and, with self-confident dignity, not even glancing at me, went to the neighbors. He listened at the door for a moment, putting his ear to it and winking victoriously to the landlady, who shook her finger at him and wagged her head as if to say, "Ah, naughty boy, naughty boy!" Finally, with a resolute but most delicate look, even as if hunched over with delicacy, he rapped with his knuckles on the neighbors' door. A voice was heard:

"Who's there?"

"Will you allow me to come in on most important business?" Stebelkov pronounced loudly and imposingly.

They did open, albeit slowly, just a little at first, a quarter; but Stebelkov firmly seized the handle at once and would not have let the door close again. A conversation began. Stebelkov spoke loudly, trying all the while to push his way into the room; I don't remember his words, but he spoke about Versilov, saying that he could inform them, could explain everything—"no, ma'am, just ask me," "no, ma'am, just come to me"—along that line. They very soon let him in. I went back to the sofa and tried to eavesdrop, but I couldn't make out everything, I only heard that Versilov was mentioned frequently. By the tone of his voice, I guessed that Stebelkov was already in control of the conversation, was already speaking not insinuatingly but peremptorily, and sprawling as earlier with me: "do you follow," "now kindly get this," and so on. However, he must have been extraordinarily affable with the women. Twice already I had heard him guffaw loudly and, probably, quite inappropriately, because along with his voice, and sometimes overpowering his voice, I heard the voices of the two women, which expressed no gaiety at all, mainly the young woman's, the one who had shrieked earlier; she spoke a lot, nervously, quickly, apparently denouncing something and complaining, seeking justice and a judge. But Stebelkov would not leave off, raised his voice more and more, and guffawed more and more often; such people cannot listen to others. I soon left the sofa, because it seemed shameful to me to eavesdrop, and moved to my old place on the wicker chair by the window. I was convinced that Vasin considered this man as nothing, but that if I were to declare the same opinion, he would at once defend him with serious dignity and observe didactically

that he was "a practical man, one of those present-day businesslike people, who cannot be judged from our general and abstract points of view." At that moment, however, I remember that I was all somehow morally shattered, my heart was pounding, and I was undoubtedly expecting something. Some ten minutes went by, and suddenly, right in the middle of a rolling burst of laughter, someone shot up from the chair, exactly as earlier, then I heard the cries of the two women, I heard Stebelkov jump up as well and start saying something in a completely different voice, as if vindicating himself, as if persuading them to listen to him... But they didn't listen; wrathful shouts came: "Out! you blackguard, you shameless man!" In short, it was clear that he was being driven out. I opened the door just at the moment when he leaped into the corridor from the neighbors' room, literally pushed, it seemed, by their hands. Seeing me, he suddenly shouted, pointing at me:

"Here's Versilov's son! If you don't believe me, then here's his son, his own son! If you please!" And he seized me peremptorily by the arm.

"This is his son, his own son!" he repeated, bringing me to the ladies, adding nothing more, however, by way of explanation.

The young woman was standing in the corridor, the elderly one a step behind her, in the doorway. I only remember that this poor girl was not bad-looking, about twenty years old, but thin and sickly, with reddish hair and a face that somewhat resembled my sister's; this feature flashed and remained in my memory; only Liza had never been and certainly never could be in such a wrathful frenzy as this person who now stood before me: her lips were white, her pale gray eyes flashed, she was trembling all over with indignation. I also remember that I myself was in an extremely stupid and undignified position, because I was decidedly unable to find anything to say, thanks to this insolent fellow.

"So what if he's his son! If he's with you, he's a blackguard. If you are Versilov's son," she suddenly turned to me, "tell your father from me that he's a blackguard, that he's an unworthy, shameless man, that I don't need his money... Take it, take it, take it, give him this money at once!"

She quickly pulled several banknotes out of her pocket, but the elderly woman (that is, her mother, as it turned out later) seized her by the hand:

"Olya, maybe it's not true, maybe he's not his son!"

Olya quickly looked at her, understood, looked at me scornfully,

and went back into the room, but before slamming the door, standing on the threshold, she once again shouted in frenzy at Stebelkov:

"Out!"

And she even stamped her foot at him. Then the door slammed and this time was locked. Stebelkov, still holding me by the shoulder, raised his finger and, extending his mouth into a long and pensive smile, rested his questioning gaze on me.

"I find your action with me ridiculous and unworthy," I muttered in indignation.

But he wasn't listening to me, though he didn't take his eyes off me.

"This ought to be in-ves-tigated!" he said pensively.

"But, anyhow, how dared you drag me out? What is this? Who is that woman? You seized me by the shoulder and led me—what's going on here?"

"Eh, the devil! Some sort of lost innocence... 'the oft-repeated exception'—do you follow?"

And he rested his finger on my chest.

"Eh, the devil!" I pushed his finger away.

But he suddenly and quite unexpectedly laughed softly, inaudibly, lengthily, merrily. In the end he put on his hat and, his face changed and now glum, observed, furrowing his brows:

"And the landlady ought to be instructed... they ought to be driven out of the apartment—that's what, and as soon as possible, otherwise they'll... You'll see! Remember my words, you'll see! Eh, the devil!" he suddenly cheered up again, "so you're waiting for Grisha?"

"No, I won't wait any longer," I answered resolutely.

"Well, it's all one..."

And without adding another sound, he turned, walked out, and went down the stairs without even deigning to look at the landlady, who was obviously waiting for explanations and news. I also took my hat and, after asking the landlady to report that I, Dolgoruky, had been there, ran down the stairs.

III

I HAD MERELY wasted time. On coming out, I set off at once to look for an apartment; but I was distracted, I wandered the streets

for several hours and, though I stopped at five or six places with rooms to let, I'm sure I went past twenty without noticing them. To my still greater vexation, I had never imagined that renting lodgings was so difficult. The rooms everywhere were like Vasin's, and even much worse, and the prices were enormous, that is, not what I had reckoned on. I directly requested a corner,[51] merely to be able to turn around, and was given to know that in that case I should go "to the corners." Besides, there was a multitude of strange tenants everywhere, whom by their looks alone I would have been unable to live next to; I would even have paid not to live next to them. Some gentlemen without frock coats, in waistcoats only, with disheveled beards, casual and curious. There were about ten of them sitting in one tiny room over cards and beer, and I was offered the room next door. In other places, I myself gave such absurd answers to the landlords' questions that they looked at me in astonishment, and in one apartment I even had a quarrel. However, I can't really describe all these worthless things; I only want to say that, having gotten very tired, I ate something in some cookshop when it was already almost dark. I made a final resolve that I would go right now, by myself and alone, give Versilov the letter about the inheritance (without any explanations), pack my things upstairs into a suitcase and a bundle, and move at least for that night to a hotel. I knew that at the end of Obukhovsky Prospect, by the Triumphal Arch, there were inns where I could even get a separate little room for thirty kopecks; I decided to sacrifice for one night, only so as not to spend it at Versilov's. And then, going past the Technological Institute, it suddenly occurred to me for some reason to call on Tatyana Pavlovna, who lived just there, across from the Institute. In fact, the pretext for calling was the same letter of inheritance, but the insuperable impulse to call on her had, of course, other reasons, which, however, I'm unable to explain even now: there was some confusion of mind here about a "nursing baby," about "exceptions that make up the general rule." Whether I wanted to tell, or to show off, or to fight, or even to weep—I don't know, only I did go up to Tatyana Pavlovna's. Till then I had only visited her once, when I had just come from Moscow, on some errand from my mother, and I remember that, having come and given what I was charged with, I left after a minute, without even sitting down, and without her inviting me to.

I rang the bell, and the cook opened for me at once and silently

let me in. All these details are precisely needed, to make it possible to understand how the crazy adventure could take place, which had such enormous influence on all that came afterwards. And, first, about the cook. She was a spiteful, snub-nosed Finn, who seemed to hate her mistress, Tatyana Pavlovna, who, on the contrary, could not part with her, owing to some sort of partiality, something like what old maids feel for wet-nosed pugs or eternally sleeping cats. The Finn was either angry and rude, or, having quarreled, would be silent for weeks on end in order to punish her lady. I must have hit on one of those silent days, because even to my question, "Is the lady at home?"—which I positively remember having asked her—she gave no reply and silently went to her kitchen. After which, naturally convinced that the lady was at home, I went in and, finding no one, began to wait, supposing that Tatyana Pavlovna would presently come out of the bedroom; otherwise why would the cook have let me in? I did not sit down and waited for two or three minutes; it was almost evening, and Tatyana Pavlovna's dark little apartment looked still more cheerless because of the endless chintz that hung everywhere. Two words about this vile little apartment, in order to understand the terrain where the thing happened. Tatyana Pavlovna, with her stubborn and imperious character, and as a result of her old landowning preferences, could not have lived in furnished rooms along with other tenants, and rented this parody of an apartment only so as to live separately and be her own mistress. These two rooms were exactly like two canary cages placed side by side, one smaller than the other, on the third floor, with windows facing the courtyard. Entering the apartment, you stepped directly into a narrow little corridor less than four feet wide, to the left were the above-mentioned canary cages, and straight down the corridor, at the bottom of it, was the door to the tiny kitchen. There might have been in these little rooms the ten cubic feet of air a man needs for twelve hours, but hardly more. They were grotesquely low, but the stupidest thing was that the windows, the doors, the furniture—all, all of it was hung or upholstered with chintz, fine French chintz, and adorned with little festoons; but this made the room seem twice as dark and like the interior of a traveling coach. In the room where I was waiting, you could still turn around, though it was all cluttered with furniture, and, by the way, not bad furniture: there were various little inlaid tables with bronze fittings, chests, an elegant and even costly toilet table. But the next room,

from which I expected her to come, the bedroom, separated from this room by a heavy curtain, consisted, as it turned out later, literally of nothing but a bed. All these details are necessary in order to understand the stupid thing I did.

And so I was waiting and suspecting nothing, when the bell rang. I heard the cook pass through the corridor with unhurried steps and silently, exactly as with me earlier, let the people in. They were two ladies, and both were talking loudly, but what was my amazement when I recognized by their voices that one of them was Tatyana Pavlovna and the other precisely the woman whom I was least of all prepared to meet now, and in such circumstances at that! I couldn't be mistaken: I had heard that sonorous, strong, metallic voice yesterday, for only three minutes, true, but it had remained in my soul. Yes, it was "yesterday's woman." What was I to do? I'm not asking the reader this question, I'm only imagining that moment to myself, and I'm utterly unable to explain even now how it happened that I suddenly rushed behind the curtain and found myself in Tatyana Pavlovna's bedroom. In short, I hid, and barely had time to jump there as they came in. Why I didn't go to meet them, but hid myself—I don't know. It all happened accidentally, in the highest degree unaccountably.

Having jumped into the bedroom and stumbled over the bed, I noticed at once that there was a door from the bedroom to the kitchen, which meant a way out of my trouble and a possibility of escape, but—oh, horror!—the door was locked and the key was not in the lock. I lowered myself onto the bed in despair; I saw clearly that it meant I would now be eavesdropping, and from the first phrases, from the first sounds of the conversation, I realized that it was a secret and ticklish one. Oh, of course, an honest and noble person ought to have gotten up, even now, come out and said loudly, "I'm here, wait!"—and, despite his ridiculous position, walked past; but I did not get up and come out; I didn't dare, I turned coward in the meanest way.

"My dear Katerina Nikolaevna, you upset me deeply," Tatyana Pavlovna implored. "Calm yourself once and for all, it doesn't even suit your character. Wherever you are, there is joy, and now suddenly . . . At least me, I think, you continue to trust, knowing how devoted I am to you. Surely no less than to Andrei Petrovich, to whom, once again, I do not conceal my eternal devotion . . . Well, believe me, then, I swear to you on my honor, he doesn't have this document in his hands, and maybe no one does; and he's incapable

of such skullduggery, it's sinful of you even to suspect it. The two of you have simply invented this hostility—"

"The document exists, and he is capable of anything. Why, I came in yesterday and the first thing I met was *ce petit espion** that he foisted on the prince."

"Eh, *ce petit espion*. First of all, he's not an *espion* at all, because it was I, I who insisted on placing him with the prince, otherwise he'd go crazy in Moscow, or starve to death—that was how they arrested him from there, and above all, the crude brat is even a perfect little fool, how could he be a spy?"

"Yes, some little fool, which, however, doesn't prevent him from becoming a scoundrel. I was vexed yesterday, otherwise I'd have died of laughter: he turned pale, rushed to me, bowed and scraped, spoke French. And in Moscow, Marya Ivanovna assured me he was a genius. That the unfortunate letter has survived and exists somewhere in a most dangerous place—that I concluded mainly from Marya Ivanovna's face."

"My beauty! But you yourself said she had nothing!"

"The thing is that she has, she's merely lying, and what a crafty one she is, let me tell you! Back before Moscow I still had hopes that no papers had been left, but here, here—"

"Ah, my dear, on the contrary, they say she's a kind and sensible being, Andronikov valued her above any of his nieces. True, I don't know her that well, but—you could seduce her, my beauty! It's nothing for you to win people over, I'm an old woman and here I am in love with you, and in a minute I'll start kissing you. Well, what would it cost you to seduce her!"

"I tried to seduce her, Tatyana Pavlovna, I did, I even sent her into raptures, but she's also very clever. No, there's a whole character here, and a special one, a Moscow one. And imagine, she advised me to address a certain man here, Kraft, Andronikov's former assistant, she said he might know something. I already have an idea of this Kraft, and I even remember him fleetingly, but when she told me about this Kraft, I became convinced at once that it wasn't simply that she didn't know, but that she was lying and knew everything."

"But why, why? Anyway, perhaps it might be possible to consult him! He's German, this Kraft, not a babbler, and, as I recall, a

*This little spy.

most honest man—really, why not question him! Only it seems he's not in Petersburg now..."

"Oh, he came back yesterday, I was just at his place... I've come precisely to you in such anxiety, my arms and legs are trembling, I wanted to ask you, my angel, Tatyana Pavlovna, since you know everybody, couldn't we find out from his papers at least, because surely he left some papers, so where would they go now from him? Perhaps they'll fall into dangerous hands again? I've come running to ask your advice."

"What papers do you mean?" Tatyana Pavlovna did not understand. "And you say you yourself were just at Kraft's?"

"I was, I was, just now, but he shot himself. Yesterday evening."

I jumped up from the bed. I could sit it out when they called me a spy and an idiot; and the further they went in their conversation, the less possible it seemed for me to appear. It would have been unimaginable! I had decided to myself that I would sit it out, with a sinking heart, until Tatyana Pavlovna sent her visitor away (if I was lucky and she didn't come into the bedroom earlier for something), and later, once Mme. Akhmakov was gone, I might just have a fight then with Tatyana Pavlovna!... But suddenly now, when I heard about Kraft, I jumped up from the bed, I was all seized as if by a convulsion. Not thinking of anything, not reasoning or imagining, I took a step, raised the portière, and appeared before the two of them. There was still enough light for them to make me out, pale and trembling... They both screamed. How could they not?

"Kraft?" I murmured, addressing Mme. Akhmakov. "Shot himself? Yesterday? At sunset?"

"Where were you? Where did you come from?" shrieked Tatyana Pavlovna, and she literally clutched my shoulder. "Have you been spying? Eavesdropping?"

"What was I just telling you?" Katerina Nikolaevna got up from the sofa, pointing at me.

I lost my temper.

"Lies, nonsense!" I interrupted her furiously. "You just called me a spy, oh, God! Is it worth not only spying, but even living in the world alongside such people as you? A magnanimous man commits suicide; Kraft has shot himself—because of an idea, because of Hecuba... However, you don't know about Hecuba![52]... And here—go and live amidst your intrigues, hang around with your lies, deceptions, snares... Enough!"

"Slap his face! Slap his face!" cried Tatyana Pavlovna, and since Katerina Nikolaevna, though she looked at me (I remember it all down to the smallest trace) without taking her eyes away, didn't move from her place, Tatyana Pavlovna would probably have carried out her own advice in a moment, so that I inadvertently raised my hand to protect my face; and from this gesture it seemed to her that I was swinging my own arm.

"Yes, hit me, hit me! Prove you're a born lout! You're stronger than women, why stand on ceremony!"

"Enough of your slander, enough!" I cried. "I've never raised my hand against a woman! You're shameless, Tatyana Pavlovna, you've always despised me. Oh, one must deal with people without respecting them! You, Katerina Nikolaevna, are probably laughing at my figure; yes, God hasn't given me a figure like your adjutants. And, nevertheless, I don't feel humiliated before you, but, on the contrary, exalted... Well, it makes no difference how it's expressed, only I'm not to blame! I wound up here accidentally, Tatyana Pavlovna, the one to blame is your Finnish cook, or, better to say, your partiality for her: why did she refuse to answer my question and bring me straight here? And then, you must agree, it seemed so *monstrueuse** to me to come jumping out of a woman's bedroom, that I decided sooner to endure your spitting silently than to show myself... You're laughing again, Katerina Nikolaevna?"

"Get out, get out, go away!" cried Tatyana Pavlovna, almost pushing me. "Don't take his pack of lies for anything, Katerina Nikolaevna, I told you they attested him as crazy there!"

"As crazy? There? Who would that be, and from where? Enough, it makes no difference. Katerina Nikolaevna! I swear to you by all that's holy, this conversation and all that I've heard will remain between us... Is it my fault that I learned your secrets? The more so as I'm ending my work with your father tomorrow, so that, as regards the document you're looking for, you may be at peace!"

"What's that?... What document are you talking about?" Katerina Nikolaevna was at a loss, so much so that she even turned pale, or maybe it just seemed so to me. I realized that I had said too much.

I left quickly; they followed me silently with their eyes, and there was the highest degree of astonishment in their gaze. In short, I had set them a riddle...

*Monstrous.

Chapter Nine

I

I WAS HURRYING home and—wondrous thing—I was very pleased with myself. Of course, one doesn't speak that way with women, and with such women at that—or, more precisely, with such a woman, because I didn't count Tatyana Pavlovna. Maybe it's quite impossible to tell a woman of that category to her face: "I spit on your intrigues," but I had said it and was pleased precisely with that. Not to mention other things, I was sure at least that by that tone I had blotted out all that was ridiculous in my position. But I had no time to think very much about it: Kraft was sitting in my head. Not that he tormented me so much, but all the same I was shaken to my foundations; and even to the point that the ordinary human feeling of a certain pleasure at another's misfortune, that is, when somebody breaks a leg, loses his honor or a beloved being, and so on, even that ordinary feeling of mean satisfaction yielded in me without a trace to another extremely wholesome sensation, namely grief, regret for Kraft, that is, I don't know whether it was regret, but some very strong and kindly feeling. I was also very pleased by that. It's astonishing how many extraneous thoughts can flash through your mind precisely when you're all shaken by some colossal news, which in reality, it seems, ought to overpower all other feelings and scatter all extraneous thoughts, especially petty ones; but it's the petty ones, on the contrary, that get at you. I also remember that I was gradually overcome by a rather palpable nervous trembling, which went on for several minutes, and even all the while I was at home and having a talk with Versilov.

This talk took place under strange and extraordinary circumstances. I have already mentioned that we lived in a separate wing in the yard; this apartment bore the sign of number thirteen. Even before I went through the gate, I heard a woman's voice asking someone loudly, with impatience and vexation, "Where's apartment number thirteen?" It was a lady asking, just by the gate, opening the door of a grocery shop; but it seems they gave her no reply or even chased her away, and she was coming down the steps in distress and anger.

"But where's the caretaker here?" she cried, stamping her foot. I had long since recognized the voice.

"I'm going to apartment number thirteen," I went up to her, "whom do you want?"

"For a whole hour I've been looking for the caretaker, I've asked everybody, climbed all the stairs."

"It's in the yard. Don't you recognize me?"

But she had already recognized me.

"You want Versilov; you have business with him, and so do I," I went on. "I've come to say good-bye to him forever. Come along."

"Are you his son?"

"That means nothing. However, let's suppose I am his son, though my name is Dolgoruky. I'm illegitimate. This gentleman has endless illegitimate children. When conscience and honor demand, a son can leave home. It's in the Bible.[53] Besides, he got an inheritance, but I don't want my share, I go by the labor of my hands. When need be, a magnanimous man even sacrifices his life; Kraft shot himself, Kraft, because of an idea, imagine, a young man, who gave one hopes . . . This way, this way! We're in a separate wing. It's in the Bible that children leave their fathers and start their own nest . . . If an idea beckons . . . if there's an idea! The idea's the main thing, the idea's everything . . ."

I babbled to her like that all the while we were climbing up to our place. The reader has probably noticed that I don't spare myself much and, where needed, give myself an excellent attestation: I want to learn to tell the truth. Versilov was at home. I came in, but didn't take off my coat, and neither did she. Her clothes were terribly flimsy: over a dark dress hung a scrap of something intended to be a cape or a mantilla; on her head was an old, peeling sailor hat, very unbecoming to her. When we entered the drawing room, my mother was sitting in her usual place over her work, and my sister came out of her room and stopped in the doorway. Versilov was doing nothing, as usual, and rose to meet us; he fixed me with a stern, questioning look.

"I have nothing to do with it." I hastened to wave it away and stood to one side. "I met this person by the gate; she was looking for you, and nobody could direct her. I've come on business of my own, which I shall have the pleasure of explaining after her . . ."

Versilov nevertheless went on looking at me curiously.

"Permit me," the girl began impatiently. Versilov turned to her. "I've long been thinking about why you decided to leave money

with me yesterday... I... in short... Here's your money!" she almost shrieked, as earlier, and flung a wad of banknotes on the table. "I had to look for you through the address bureau, otherwise I'd have brought it sooner. Listen, you!" She suddenly turned to my mother, who became all pale. "I don't want to insult you, you have an honest look and maybe this is even your daughter. I don't know if you're his wife, but you should know that this gentleman cuts out newspaper advertisements that governesses and teachers publish with their last money, and goes to these unfortunate women, looking for a dishonorable profit and getting them into trouble through money. I don't understand how I could have taken money from him yesterday! He looked so honest!... Away, not one word! You're a blackguard, my dear sir! Even if you had honest intentions, I don't want your charity. Not a word! Not a word! Oh, how glad I am to have exposed you now in front of your women! A curse on you!"

She quickly ran out, but turned on the threshold for a moment, only to shout:

"They say you've received an inheritance!"

And then she vanished like a shadow. I remind you once more: she was beside herself. Versilov was deeply struck; he stood as if pondering and trying to understand; at last he turned suddenly to me:

"You don't know her at all?"

"Earlier today I accidentally saw her raging in the corridor at Vasin's, shrieking and cursing you; but I didn't get into conversation with her and know nothing, and just now we met by the gate. She's probably yesterday's teacher 'who gives lessons in arithmetic'?"

"The very same. Once in my life I did a good deed and... But, anyhow, what have you got?"

"Here's this letter," I answered. "I consider it unnecessary to explain: it comes from Kraft, who got it from the late Andronikov. You'll find out from the contents. I'll add that no one in the whole world knows of this letter now except me, because Kraft, having given me the letter yesterday, shot himself just after I left..."

While I spoke, breathless and hurrying, he took the letter and, holding it out in his left hand, watched me attentively. When I announced Kraft's suicide to him, I peered into his face with particular attention to see the effect. And what?—the news didn't make the slightest impression on him; he didn't even raise his eyebrows! On the contrary, seeing that I had stopped, he pulled

out his lorgnette, which never left him and hung on a black ribbon, brought the letter over to a candle, and, after glancing at the signature, began to study it closely. I can't express how I was even offended by this arrogant unfeelingness. He must have known Kraft very well; besides, it was in any case such extraordinary news! Finally, I naturally wanted it to produce an effect. Having waited for half a minute, and knowing that the letter was long, I turned and went out. My suitcase had long been ready, I only had to pack several things into a bundle. I thought of my mother and that I had not gone over to her. Ten minutes later, when I was quite ready and wanted to go for a cab, my sister came into my room.

"Here, mama sends you your sixty roubles and again asks you to forgive her for having told Andrei Petrovich about it, and there's another twenty roubles. You gave her fifty roubles yesterday for your keep; mother says it's simply impossible to take more than thirty from you, because she hadn't spent fifty on you, so she's sending you twenty roubles in change."

"Well, thanks, if only she's telling the truth. Good-bye, sister, I'm going away!"

"Where to now?"

"To an inn for the time being, only so as not to spend the night in this house. Tell mama that I love her."

"She knows that. She knows that you also love Andrei Petrovich. You ought to be ashamed to have brought that unfortunate girl!"

"I swear to you, it wasn't me; I met her by the gate."

"No, you brought her."

"I assure you..."

"Think, ask yourself, and you'll see that you, too, were the reason."

"I was only very glad that Versilov was disgraced. Imagine, he has a nursing baby by Lydia Akhmakov... however, why am I telling you..."

"He has? A nursing baby? But it's not his baby! Where did you hear such a lie?"

"Well, as if you'd know."

"Who else should know? It was I who took care of this baby in Luga. Listen, brother: I saw long ago that you know nothing about anything, and yet you insult Andrei Petrovich, well, and mama, too."

"If he's right, then I'll be wrong, that's all, and I don't love you

any less. Why did you blush so, sister? And still more now! Well, all right, but even so I'll challenge that princeling to a duel for Versilov's slap in Ems. The more so if Versilov was in the right with Miss Akhmakov."

"Brother, come to your senses, really!"

"Since the court has now closed the case . . . Well, and now you've turned pale."

"But the prince won't fight a duel with you," Liza smiled a pale smile through her fright.

"Then I'll disgrace him publicly. What's wrong, Liza?"

She became so pale that she couldn't stand on her feet and lowered herself onto the sofa.

"Liza!" mother called from downstairs.

She put herself to rights and stood up; she was smiling tenderly at me.

"Brother, leave these trifles, or wait for a while, till you learn much more: you know so terribly little."

"I'll remember, Liza, that you turned pale when you learned I'd be going to a duel!"

"Yes, yes, remember that, too!" she smiled once more in farewell and went downstairs.

I called a cab and, with the driver's help, carried my things out of the apartment. None of my family opposed me or stopped me. I did not go to say good-bye to my mother, so as not to meet Versilov. When I was already sitting in the cab, a thought suddenly flashed in me.

"To the Fontanka, the Semyonovsky Bridge," I ordered suddenly, and went to Vasin's again.

II

It suddenly occurred to me that Vasin already knew about Kraft, and maybe a hundred times more than I did; and that's how it turned out to be. Vasin at once and dutifully told me all the details—without great warmth, however; I concluded that he was tired, and so he was. He had been at Kraft's himself that morning. Kraft had shot himself with a revolver (that same one) the night before, in full darkness, as was made clear by his diary. The last entry in the diary was made just before the shot, and he notes in it that he was writing almost in the dark, barely making out the

letters; and he didn't want to light a candle for fear of leaving a fire behind him. "And I don't want to light it, only to put it out again before the shot, like my life," he added strangely in almost the last line. He had undertaken this death diary two days earlier, as soon as he returned to Petersburg, before the visit to Dergachev; after I left, he wrote in it every quarter of an hour; the very last three or four entries were written every five minutes. I voiced my surprise that Vasin, having had this diary under his eyes for so long (it was given him to read), had not made a copy, the more so as it was no more than a printer's sheet in all, and the entries were short—"at least the last page!" Vasin observed to me with a smile that he remembered it as it was, and moreover the notes were without any system, about whatever came to mind. I tried to argue that that was the precious thing in this case, but dropped it and began pestering him to remember at least something, and he remembered several lines, about an hour before the shot, saying "that he had chills; that he contemplated drinking a glass in order to warm up, but the thought that it would perhaps cause a bigger hemorrhage stopped him."—"It's almost all that sort of thing," concluded Vasin.

"And you call that trifles!" I exclaimed.

"When did I call it that? I simply didn't make a copy. But though it's not trifles, the diary is actually quite ordinary, or, rather, natural, that is, precisely as it ought to be in this case . . ."

"But it's his last thoughts, his last thoughts!"

"Last thoughts can sometimes be extremely insignificant. One such suicide precisely complains in the same sort of diary that at such an important hour at least one 'lofty thought' should have visited him, but, on the contrary, they were all petty and empty."

"And that he had chills is also an empty thought?"

"That is, you mean the chills proper, or the hemorrhage? Yet it's a known fact that a great many of those who are capable of contemplating their imminent death, self-willed or not, are quite often inclined to be concerned with the handsome appearance in which their corpse will be left. In this sense, Kraft, too, feared an excessive hemorrhage."

"I don't know whether that's a known fact . . . or whether it's so," I murmured, "but I'm surprised that you consider it all so natural, and yet was it long ago that Kraft spoke, worried, sat among us? Can it be that you're not at least sorry for him?"

"Oh, of course I'm sorry for him, and that's quite another matter;

but in any case Kraft himself pictured his death as a logical conclusion. It turns out that everything said about him at Dergachev's was correct: he left behind a notebook this big, full of learned conclusions, based on phrenology, craniology, and even mathematics, proving that the Russians are a second-rate breed of people, and that, consequently, it's not at all worth living as a Russian. If you wish, what's most characteristic here is that it's possible to draw any logical conclusion you like, but to up and shoot oneself as the result of a conclusion—that, of course, doesn't happen all the time."

"At least we must give credit to his character."

"And maybe not only that," Vasin observed evasively, but clearly he had in mind stupidity or weakness of reason. All this irritated me.

"You yourself spoke about feelings yesterday, Vasin."

"Nor do I deny them now; but in view of the accomplished fact, something in him presents itself as so badly mistaken that a severe view of the matter somehow unwillingly drives out pity itself."

"You know, I could tell earlier by your eyes that you would revile Kraft, and so as not to hear it, I decided not to seek your opinion; but you've voiced it yourself, and I'm unwillingly forced to agree with you; but still I'm displeased with you! I feel sorry for Kraft!"

"You know, we've gone too far..."

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, "but it's comforting at least that in such cases those who are left alive, the judges of the deceased, can always say of themselves, 'Though the man who shot himself was worthy of all regret and indulgence, we're still left, and therefore there's no point in grieving too much.'"

"Yes, naturally, if you see it from that angle... Ah, yes, it seems you were joking! And most wittily. This is my tea time and I'll have it brought at once—you'll probably keep me company."

And he went out, measuring my suitcase and bundle with his eyes.

I actually had wanted to say something malicious, in revenge for Kraft; and I had said it as I could, but, curiously, he had first taken my thought that "the likes of us are left" as serious. But be that as it may, he was still more right than I in everything, even feelings. I admitted all that without any displeasure, but I decidedly felt that I did not like him.

When tea was brought, I explained to him that I was asking for his hospitality for only one night, and that if it was impossible, he

should say so and I would move to the inn. Then I briefly told him my reasons, stating simply and directly that I had quarreled definitively with Versilov, without going into details. Vasin listened attentively, but without any emotion. Generally, he only answered questions, though he answered affably and with sufficient fullness. I passed over in total silence the letter with which I had come to him previously to ask for advice; and I explained my previous call as a simple visit. Having given Versilov my word that no one would know of the letter besides me, I considered myself as no longer having the right to tell anyone about it. For some reason it became particularly repugnant to me to inform Vasin of certain things. Of certain things, but not of others: I still managed to get him interested in my stories about those scenes in the corridor and with the women in the neighboring room, culminating in Versilov's apartment. He listened with great attention, especially about Stebelkov. He asked me to repeat twice how Stebelkov inquired about Dergachev, and he even fell to pondering; however, he still smiled in the end. It suddenly seemed to me at that moment that nothing could ever disconcert Vasin; however, the first thought of it, I remember, presented itself to me in a form quite flattering to him.

"Generally, I couldn't gather much from what Mr. Stebelkov said," I concluded about Stebelkov. "He speaks somehow confusedly . . . and there seemed to be something light-minded in him . . ."

Vasin immediately assumed a serious look.

"He indeed has no gift of eloquence, but that's only at first sight. He has managed to make extremely apt observations; and generally—these are more people of business, of affairs, than of generalizing thought; they should be judged from that angle . . ."

Exactly as I had guessed earlier.

"Anyhow he acted up terribly at your neighbors', and God knows how it might have ended."

About the neighbors, Vasin told me that they had lived there for about three weeks and had come from somewhere in the provinces; that their room was extremely small, and everything indicated that they were very poor; that they were sitting and waiting for something. He didn't know that the young one had advertised in the newspapers as a teacher, but he had heard that Versilov had visited them; this had happened while he was away, and the landlady had told him. The neighbors, on the contrary, avoided everybody, even the landlady herself. In the last few days he had begun

to notice that something was indeed not right with them, but there had been no such scenes as today's. All this talk of ours about the neighbors I recall now with a view to what followed; meanwhile a dead silence reigned behind their door. Vasin listened with particular interest when I said that Stebelkov thought it necessary to talk with the landlady about them, and that he had twice repeated, "You'll see, you'll see!"

"And you will see," Vasin added, "that it didn't come into his head for nothing; he has a very keen eye in that regard."

"So, then, in your opinion, the landlady should be advised to throw them out?"

"No, I'm not saying they should be thrown out, but so that some sort of story doesn't happen... However, all such stories end one way or another... Let's drop it."

As for Versilov's visit to the women, he resolutely refused to offer any conclusion.

"Everything is possible; the man felt money in his pocket... However, it's also probable that he simply offered charity; it suits his tradition, and maybe also his inclination."

I told him what Stebelkov had babbled that day about the "nursing baby."

"Stebelkov in this case is completely mistaken," Vasin said with particular seriousness and particular emphasis (and that I remember all too well).

"Stebelkov," he went on, "sometimes trusts all too much in his practical sense, and because of that rushes to a conclusion in accordance with his logic, which is often quite perspicacious; yet the event may in fact have a much more fantastic and unexpected coloration, considering the characters involved. And so it happened here: having partial knowledge of the matter, he concluded that the baby belongs to Versilov; however, the baby is not Versilov's."

I latched on to him, and here is what I learned, to my great astonishment: the baby was Prince Sergei Sokolsky's. Lydia Akhmakov, either owing to her illness, or simply because of her fantastic character, sometimes behaved like a crazy woman. She became infatuated with the prince still before Versilov, and the prince "had no qualms about accepting her love," as Vasin put it. The liaison lasted only a moment: they quarreled, as is already known, and Lydia chased the prince away, "of which, it seems, the man was glad."

"She was a very strange girl," Vasin added, "it's even very possible

that she was not always in her right mind. But, as he was leaving for Paris, the prince had no idea of the condition in which he had left his victim, and he didn't know it to the very end, until his return. Versilov, having become the young person's friend, offered to marry her precisely in view of the emergent circumstance (which it seems the parents did not suspect almost to the end). The enamored girl was delighted, and saw in Versilov's proposal 'not only his self-sacrifice,' which, however, she also appreciated. However, he certainly knew how to do it," Vasin added. "The baby, a girl, was born a month or six weeks before term, was placed somewhere in Germany, then Versilov took it back, and it is now somewhere in Russia, maybe in Petersburg."

"And the phosphorus matches?"

"I know nothing about that," concluded Vasin. "Lydia Akhmakov died two weeks after the delivery; what happened there—I don't know. The prince, only just returned from Paris, found out that there was a baby, and, it seems, did not believe at first that it was his... Generally, the story is kept secret on all sides even to this day."

"But how about this prince!" I cried in indignation. "How about the way he behaved with the sick girl!"

"She wasn't so sick then... Besides, she chased him away herself... True, maybe he was unnecessarily quick to take advantage of his dismissal."

"You vindicate such a scoundrel?"

"No, I merely don't call him a scoundrel. There's much else here besides direct meanness. Generally, it's a very ordinary affair."

"Tell me, Vasin, did you know him closely? I'd especially like to trust your opinion, in view of a circumstance that concerns me greatly."

But here Vasin's answers became somehow all too restrained. He knew the prince, but with obvious deliberateness he said nothing about the circumstances under which he had made his acquaintance. Next he said that his character was such that he merited a certain indulgence. "He's full of honest inclinations and he's impressionable, but he possesses neither the sense nor the strength of will to sufficiently control his desires. He's an uneducated man; there is a host of ideas and phenomena that are beyond him, and yet he throws himself upon them. For instance, he would insistently maintain something like this: 'I am a prince and a descendant of Rurik,[54] but why shouldn't I be a shoemaker's apprentice, if I have

to earn my bread and am incapable of doing anything else? My shingle will say: "Prince So-and-so, Shoemaker"—it's even noble.' He'll say it, and he'll do it—that's the main thing," Vasin added, "and yet there's no strength of conviction here, but just the most light-minded impressionability. But afterwards repentance would undoubtedly come, and then he would always be ready for some totally contrary extreme; and so for his whole life. In our age many people come a cropper like that," Vasin concluded, "precisely because they were born in our time."

I involuntarily fell to thinking.

"Is it true that he was thrown out of his regiment earlier?" I inquired.

"I don't know if he was thrown out, but he did indeed leave the regiment on account of some unpleasantness. Is it known to you that last autumn, precisely being retired, he spent two or three months in Luga?"

"I... I knew that you were living in Luga then."

"Yes, I, too, for a while. The prince was also acquainted with Lizaveta Makarovna."

"Oh? I didn't know. I confess, I've spoken so little with my sister... But can it be that he was received in my mother's house?" I cried.

"Oh, no. He was too distantly acquainted, through a third house."

"Yes, what was it my sister told me about this baby? Wasn't the baby in Luga as well?"

"For a while."

"And where is it now?"

"Undoubtedly in Petersburg."

"Never in my life will I believe," I cried in extreme agitation, "that my mother participated in any way in this story with this Lydia!"

"Apart from all these intrigues, which I don't undertake to sort out, the personal role of Versilov in this story had nothing particularly reprehensible about it," Vasin observed, smiling condescendingly. It was apparently becoming hard for him to speak with me, only he didn't let it show.

"Never, never will I believe," I cried again, "that a woman could give up her husband to another woman, that I will not believe!... I swear that my mother did not participate in it!"

"It seems, however, that she didn't oppose it."

"In her place, out of pride alone, I wouldn't have opposed it!"

"For my part, I absolutely refuse to judge in such a matter," Vasin concluded.

Indeed, Vasin, for all his intelligence, may have had no notion of women, so that a whole cycle of ideas and phenomena remained unknown to him. I fell silent. Vasin was working temporarily in a joint-stock company, and I knew that he brought work home. To my insistent question, he confessed that he had work then, too, some accounts, and I warmly begged him not to stand on ceremony with me. That seemed to afford him pleasure; but before sitting down with his papers, he began to make a bed for me on the sofa. First of all he tried to yield me his bed, but when I didn't accept, that also seemed to please him. He obtained a pillow and a blanket from the landlady. Vasin was extremely polite and amiable, but it was somehow hard for me to see him going to such trouble on my account. I had liked it better when once, about three weeks ago, I had chanced to spend the night on the Petersburg side, at Efim's. I remember him concocting a bed for me, also on a sofa and in secret from his aunt, supposing for some reason that she would get angry on learning that his comrades came to spend the night. We laughed a lot, spread out a shirt instead of a sheet, and folded an overcoat for a pillow. I remember Zverev, when he had finished work, giving the sofa a loving flick and saying to me:

*"Vous dormirez comme un petit roi."**

Both his stupid gaiety and the French phrase, which suited him like a saddle on a cow, had the result that I slept with extreme pleasure then at this buffoon's place. As for Vasin, I was extremely glad when he finally sat down to work, his back turned to me. I sprawled on the sofa and, looking at his back, thought long and about much.

III

And there was plenty to think about. My soul was very troubled, and there was nothing whole in it; but some sensations stood out very definitely, though no one of them drew me fully to itself, owing to their abundance. Everything flashed somehow without connection or sequence, and I remember that I myself had

*You'll sleep like a little king.

no wish to stop at anything or introduce any sequence. Even the idea of Kraft moved imperceptibly into the background. What excited me most of all was my own situation, that here I had already "broken away," and my suitcase was with me, and I wasn't at home, and was beginning everything entirely anew. Just as if up to now all my intentions and preparations had been a joke, and only "now, suddenly and, above all, *unexpectedly*, everything had begun in reality." This idea heartened me and, however troubled my soul was about many things, cheered me up. But... but there were other sensations as well; one of them especially wanted to distinguish itself from the others and take possession of my soul, and, strangely, this sensation also heartened me, as if summoning me to something terribly gay. It began, however, with fear: I had been afraid for a long while, since that very moment earlier when, in my fervor and taken unawares, I had told Mme. Akhmakov too much about the document. "Yes, I said too much," I thought, "and perhaps they'll guess something... that's bad! Naturally, they won't leave me in peace if they begin to suspect, but... let them! Perhaps they won't even find me—I'll hide! But what if they really start running after me..." And then I began to recall down to the last detail and with growing pleasure how I had stood before Katerina Nikolaevna and how her bold but terribly astonished eyes had looked straight at me. And I had gone out leaving her in that astonishment, I recalled; "her eyes are not quite black, however... only her eyelashes are very black, that's what makes her eyes, too, look so dark..."

And suddenly, I remember, it became terribly loathsome for me to recall... and I was vexed and sickened, both at them and at myself. I reproached myself for something and tried to think about other things. "Why is it that I don't feel the least indignation at Versilov for the story with the woman next door?" suddenly came into my head. For my part, I was firmly convinced that his role here had been amorous and that he had come in order to have some fun, but that in itself did not make me indignant. It even seemed to me that he couldn't be imagined otherwise, and though I really was glad that he had been disgraced, I didn't blame him. That was not important for me. What was important for me was that he had looked at me so angrily when I came in with the woman, looked at me as he never had before. "He finally looked at me *seriously*!" I thought, and my heart stood still. Oh, if I hadn't loved him, I wouldn't have been so glad of his hatred!

I finally dozed off and fell sound asleep. I only remember through my sleep that Vasin, having finished his work, put things away neatly, gave my sofa an intent look, undressed, and blew out the candle. It was past midnight.

IV

Almost exactly two hours later I awoke with a start like a halfwit and sat up on my sofa. Dreadful cries, weeping and howling, were coming from behind the neighbors' door. Our door was wide open, and in the already lighted corridor people were shouting and running. I was about to call Vasin, but guessed that he was no longer in bed. Not knowing where to find matches, I felt for my clothes and hurriedly began to dress in the darkness. The landlady, and maybe also the tenants, had obviously come running to the neighbors' room. One voice was screaming, however, that of the elderly woman, while yesterday's youthful voice, which I remembered only too well, was completely silent; I remember that that was the first thought that came to my head then. Before I had time to dress, Vasin came hurrying in; instantly, with an accustomed hand, he found the matches and lighted the room. He was only in his underwear, dressing gown, and slippers, and he immediately began to dress.

"What's happened?" I cried to him.

"A most unpleasant and troublesome business!" he replied almost angrily. "This young neighbor, the one you were telling me about, has hanged herself in her room."

I let out a cry. I can't convey how much my heart was wrung! We ran out to the corridor. I confess, I didn't dare go into the women's room, and I saw the unfortunate girl only later, when she had been taken down, and then, to tell the truth, at some distance, covered with a sheet, from under which the two narrow soles of her shoes stuck out. For some reason I never looked at her face. The mother was in a dreadful state; our landlady was with her, not much frightened, however. All the tenants of the apartments came crowding around. There weren't many: only one elderly sailor, always very gruff and demanding, though now he became very quiet; and some people from Tver province, an old man and woman, husband and wife, quite respectable and civil-service people. I won't describe the rest of that night, the fuss, and then

the official visits; till dawn I literally shivered and considered it my duty not to go to bed, though, anyhow, I didn't do anything. And everybody had an extremely brisk look, even somehow especially brisk. Vasin even drove off somewhere. The landlady turned out to be a rather respectable woman, much better than I had supposed her to be. I persuaded her (and I put it down to my credit) that the mother couldn't be left like that, alone with her daughter's corpse, and that she should take her to her room at least till the next day. She agreed at once and, no matter how the mother thrashed and wept, refusing to leave the corpse, in the end, nevertheless, she still moved in with the landlady, who at once ordered the samovar prepared. After that, the tenants went to their rooms and closed the doors, but I still wouldn't go to bed and sat for a long time at the landlady's, who was even glad of an extra person, and one who could, for his part, tell a thing or two about the matter. The samovar proved very useful, and generally the samovar is a most necessary Russian thing, precisely in all catastrophes and misfortunes, especially terrible, unexpected, and eccentric ones; even the mother had two cups, of course after extreme entreaties and almost by force. And yet, sincerely speaking, I had never seen more bitter and outright grief than when I looked at this unfortunate woman. After the first bursts of sobbing and hysterics, she even began speaking eagerly, and I listened greedily to her account. There are unfortunate people, especially among women, for whom it is even necessary that they be allowed to speak as much as possible in such cases. Besides, there are characters that are, so to speak, all too worn down by grief, who have suffered all their lives long, who have endured extremely much both from great griefs and from constant little ones, and whom nothing can surprise anymore, no sort of unexpected catastrophes, and who, above all, even before the coffin of the most beloved being, do not forget a single one of the so-dearly-paid-for rules of ingratiating behavior with people. And I don't condemn them; it's not the banality of egoism or coarseness of development; in these hearts maybe one can find even more gold than in the most noble-looking heroines; but the habit of longtime abasement, the instinct of self-preservation, a long intimidation and inhibition finally take their toll. The poor suicide did not resemble her mother in this. Their faces, however, seemed to resemble each other, though the dead girl was positively not bad-looking. The mother was not yet a very old woman, only about fifty, also blond, but with hollow eyes and cheeks, and with big, uneven

yellow teeth. And everything in her had some tinge of yellowness: the skin of her face and hands was like parchment; her dark dress was so threadbare that it also looked quite yellow; and the nail on the index finger of her right hand was, I don't know why, plastered over thoroughly and neatly with yellow wax.

The poor woman's story was incoherent in some places. I'll tell it as I understood it and as I have remembered it.

V

They came from Moscow. She had long been a widow, "though the widow of a court councillor,"[55] her husband had been in the service, left almost nothing "except two hundred roubles, though, in a pension. Well, what is two hundred roubles?" She raised Olya, though, and had her educated in high school... "And how she studied, how she studied; she was awarded a silver medal at graduation..." (Long tears here, naturally.) The deceased husband had lost nearly four thousand in capital with one merchant here in Petersburg. Suddenly this merchant became rich again. "I had papers, got some advice, they said, 'Make a claim, you're sure to get everything...' So I began, and the merchant started to agree. 'Go in person,' they said. Olya and I made ready and came a month ago now. Our means were only so much; we took this room because it was the smallest, and we saw it was an honorable house, and that was the most important thing for us. We're inexperienced women, anybody can offend us. Well, we paid you for a month, with one thing and another, Petersburg's expensive, our merchant flatly refused us. 'I don't know who you are,' and the paper I had was not in order, I understood that myself. So they advise me, 'Go to this famous lawyer, he was a professor, not simply a lawyer, but a jurist, he'll tell you for certain what to do.' I took my last fifteen roubles to him; the lawyer came out, and didn't listen to me for even three minutes: 'I see,' he says, 'I know,' he says, 'if he wants to,' he says, 'the merchant will pay you back, if he doesn't, he won't, but if you start a case, you may have to pay more, best of all is to make peace.' And he made a joke from the Gospel: 'Agree with thine adversary,' he says, 'whiles thou art in the way, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.'[56] He sends me away, laughing. That was the end of my fifteen roubles! I came to Olya, we sit facing each other, I began to weep. She doesn't weep, she sits there proud,

indignant. And she's always been like that, all her life, even when she was little, she never sighed, never wept, so she sits, glaring terribly, it's even eerie to look at her. And, would you believe it, I was afraid of her, completely afraid, long afraid; and I'd feel like whining now and then, but I don't dare in front of her. I went to the merchant for a last time, wept my fill there. 'All right,' he says, and doesn't even listen. Meanwhile, I must confess, since we hadn't counted on staying so long, we'd already been without money for some time. I gradually began to pawn my clothes, and we lived on that. We pawned everything we had, she began giving up her last bit of linen, and here I started weeping bitter tears. She stamped her foot, jumped up, and ran to the merchant herself. He's a widower; he talked to her: 'Come the day after tomorrow at five o'clock,' he said, 'maybe I'll tell you something.' She came back cheered up: 'See,' she says, 'maybe he'll tell me something.' Well, I was glad, too, only my heart somehow went cold in me: what's going to happen, I think, but I don't dare ask her. Two days later she came back from the merchant pale, all trembling, threw herself on the bed—I understood everything, but I don't dare ask. What do you think: he gave her fifteen roubles, the robber, 'and if I meet with full honor in you,' he says, 'I'll add another forty roubles.' That's what he said right to her face, shamelessly. She rushed at him then, she told me, but he pushed her back and even locked himself away from her in another room. And meanwhile, I confess to you in all conscience, we have almost nothing to eat. We took and sold a jacket lined with rabbit fur, and she went to the newspaper and advertised: preparation in all subjects, and also arithmetic. 'They'll pay at least thirty kopecks,' she says. And towards the very end, dear lady, I even began to be horrified at her: she says nothing to me, sits for hours on end at the window, looking at the roof of the house opposite, and suddenly shouts: 'At least to do laundry, at least to dig the earth!' She'd shout just some word like that and stamp her foot. And we have no acquaintances here, there's nobody to go to: 'What will become of us?' I think. And I keep being afraid to talk to her. Once she slept in the afternoon, woke up, opened her eyes, looked at me; I sit on the chest, also looking at her; she got up silently, came over to me, embraced me very, very tightly, and then the two of us couldn't help ourselves and wept, we sit and weep, without letting go of each other's arms. It was the first time like that in her whole life. So we're sitting like that with each other, and your Nastasya comes in and says, 'There's

some lady asking to see you.' This was just four days ago. The lady comes in. We see she's very well dressed, speaks Russian, but with what seems like a German accent: 'You advertised in the newspaper,' she says, 'that you give lessons?' We were so glad then, asked her to sit down, she laughs so sweetly: 'It's not me,' she says, 'but my niece has small children; if you like, kindly come to see us, we'll discuss things there.' She gave the address, by the Voznesensky Bridge, number such-and-such, apartment number such-and-such. She left. Olechka set off, she went running that same day, and what then? She came back two hours later in hysterics, thrashing. Later she told me: 'I asked the caretaker,' she says, 'where apartment number such-and-such was. The caretaker looked at me,' she says. '"And what," he says, "do you want with that apartment?" He said it so strangely that I might have thought better of it.' But she was imperious, impatient, she couldn't stand these questions and rudeness. 'Go,' he says, jabbing his finger towards the stairs, turned and went back to his lodge. And what do you think? She goes in, asks, and women come running at once from all sides: 'Come in, come in!'—all the women, laughing, painted, foul, piano-playing, rush to her and pull her. 'I tried to get out of there,' she says, 'but they wouldn't let me go.' She got frightened, her legs gave way under her, they don't let her go, and then it's all sweet talk, coaxing her, they opened a bottle of port, give it to her, insist. She jumped up, shouting with all her might, trembling: 'Let me go, let me go!' She rushed to the door, they hold the door, she screams; then the one that had come to us ran up to her, slapped my Olya twice in the face, and shoved her out the door: 'You're not worthy, you slut,' she says, 'to be in a noble house!' And another shouts after her on the stairs: 'You came here yourself, since you've got nothing to eat, but we wouldn't even look at such a mug!' All that night she lay in a fever, raving, and the next morning her eyes flashed, she'd get up and pace: 'To court,' she says, 'I'll take her to court!' I said nothing: well, I thought, what can you do about it in court, what can you prove? She paces, she wrings her hands, her tears pour down, her lips are pressed together, unmoving. And since that same time, her whole face turned dark till the very end. On the third day she felt better, she was silent, she seemed to have calmed down. It was then, at four o'clock in the afternoon, that Mr. Versilov paid us a visit.

"And I'll say it outright: I still can't understand how Olya, mistrustful as she was, could have begun to listen to him then almost

from the first word. What attracted us both most of all then was that he had such a serious look, stern even, he speaks softly, thoroughly, and so politely—ever so politely, even respectfully, and yet there's no self-seeking to be seen in him: you see straight off that the man has come with a pure heart. 'I read your advertisement in the newspaper,' he says. 'You didn't write it correctly, miss,' he says, 'and you may even do yourself harm by it.' And he began to explain, I confess I didn't understand, there was something about arithmetic, only I can see Olya blushed, and became as if animated, she listens, gets into conversation so willingly (he really must be an intelligent man!), I hear how she even thanks him. He asked her about everything so thoroughly, and you could see he'd lived a long time in Moscow, and, it turned out, knew the directress of her high school personally. 'I'm sure I'll find lessons for you,' he says, 'because I have many acquaintances here and can even appeal to many influential persons, so that if you want a permanent position, then that, too, can be kept in view... and meanwhile,' he says, 'forgive me one direct question to you: may I not be of use to you right now in some way? It will not be I who give you pleasure,' he says, 'but, on the contrary, you who give it to me, if you allow me to be of use to you in any way at all. Let it be your debt,' he says, 'and once you get a position, you can pay it back to me in the shortest time. And, believe me on my honor, if I ever fell into such poverty afterwards, while you were provided with everything—I'd come straight to you for a little help, I'd send my wife and daughter...' That is, I don't remember all his words, only at this point I shed a few tears, because I saw Olya's lips quiver with gratitude. 'If I accept,' she answers him, 'it's because I trust an honorable and humane man who could be my father...' She said it to him so beautifully, briefly and nobly: 'a humane man,' she says. He stood up at once: 'I'll find lessons and a post for you without fail, without fail,' he says, 'I'll busy myself with it starting today, because you have quite enough qualifications for that...' And I forgot to say that at the very beginning, when he came in, he looked over all her documents from high school, she showed them to him, and he examined her in various subjects... 'He examined me in some subjects, mama,' Olya says to me later, 'and how intelligent he is,' she says, 'it's not every day you get to talk with such a developed and educated man...' And she's just beaming all over. The money, sixty roubles, is lying on the table. 'Put it away, mama,' she says, 'we'll get a post and pay it back to him first thing,

we'll prove that we're honest, and that we're delicate he's already seen.' She fell silent then, I see, she's breathing so deeply: 'You know, mama,' she suddenly says to me, 'if we were coarse people, maybe we wouldn't have accepted it out of pride, but now that we've accepted it, we've proved our delicacy to him, showing that we trust him in everything, as a respectable, gray-haired man, isn't it true?' At first I didn't understand right and said, 'Why not accept the benevolence of a noble and wealthy man, Olya, if on top of that he's kindhearted?' She frowned at me: 'No, mama,' she says, 'it's not that, we don't need his benevolence, what's precious is his "humaneness." And as for the money, it would even be better not to take it, mama. Since he's promised to find me a position, that would be enough... though we are in need.' 'Well, Olya,' I say, 'our need is such that we simply can't refuse'—I even smiled. Well, in myself I'm glad, only an hour later she slipped this in for me: 'You wait, mama,' she says, 'and don't spend the money.' She said it so resolutely. 'What?' I say. 'Just don't,' she said, broke off, and fell silent. She was silent the whole evening; only past one o'clock at night I wake up and hear Olya tossing on her bed. 'You're not asleep, mama?' 'No,' I say, 'I'm not.' 'Do you know,' she says, 'that he wanted to insult me?' 'How can you, how can you?' I say. 'It has to be so; he's a mean man, don't you dare spend one kopeck of his money.' I tried to talk to her, I even cried a little right there in bed—she turned to the wall: 'Be quiet,' she says, 'let me sleep!' The next morning I watch her, she goes about not looking herself; and believe me or not, I'll say it before God's judgment seat: she wasn't in her right mind then! Ever since they insulted her in that mean house, she got troubled in her heart... and in her mind. I look at her that morning and I have doubts about her; I feel frightened; I won't contradict her, I thought, not in a single word. 'Mama,' she says, 'he didn't even leave his address.' 'Shame on you, Olya,' I say, 'you heard him yourself yesterday, you praised him yourself afterwards, you were about to weep grateful tears yourself.' As soon as I said it, she shrieked, stamped her foot: 'You're a woman of mean feelings,' she says, 'you're of the old upbringing on serfdom!'... and despite all I said, she snatched her hat, ran out, and I shouted after her. 'What's the matter with her,' I think, 'where has she run to?' And she ran to the address bureau, found out where Mr. Versilov lived, came back. 'Today,' she says, 'right now, I'll bring him the money and fling it in his face; he wanted to insult me,' she says, 'like Safronov' (that's our merchant); 'only

Safronov insulted me like a crude peasant, and this one like a cunning Jesuit.' And here suddenly, as bad luck would have it, that gentleman from yesterday knocked: 'I heard you speaking about Versilov, I can give you information.' When she heard about Versilov, she fell on the man, totally beside herself, she talks and talks, I look at her, wondering: she's so taciturn, she never speaks like that with anyone, and here it's a complete stranger. Her cheeks are burning, her eyes flashing... And he up and says, 'You're perfectly right, miss,' he says. 'Versilov,' he says, 'is exactly like these generals here, that they describe in the newspapers; the general would deck himself out with all his medals and go calling on governesses who advertise in the newspapers, he'd go about and find what he wanted; and if he didn't find what he wanted, he'd sit and talk and promise heaps of things, and go away—even so he provides himself with entertainment.' Olya even burst out laughing, only so spitefully, and this gentleman, I see, takes her hand, puts it to his heart. 'I, too, miss,' he says, 'have capital of my own, and I could always offer it to a beautiful girl, but it's better,' he says, 'if I first kiss her sweet little hand...' And I see him pulling her hand to kiss it. She just jumped up, but here I jumped up with her, and the two of us chased him out. Then, before evening, Olya snatched the money from me, ran out, comes back: 'Mama,' she says, 'I took revenge on the dishonorable man!' 'Ah, Olya, Olya,' I say, 'maybe we've missed our chance, you've insulted a noble, benevolent man!' I wept from vexation at her, I couldn't help myself. She shouts at me: 'I don't want it,' she shouts, 'I don't want it! Even if he's the most honorable man, even then I don't want his charity! If anybody pities me, even that I don't want!' I lay down, and there was nothing in my thoughts. How many times I had looked at that nail in your wall, left over from the mirror—it never occurred to me, never once occurred to me, not yesterday, not before, and I never thought of it, never dreamed of it at all, and never, ever expected it of Olya. I usually sleep soundly, I snore, it's the blood flowing to my head, but sometimes it goes to my heart, I cry out in my sleep, so that Olya wakes me up in the night: 'You sleep so soundly, mama,' she says, 'it's even impossible to wake you up if I need to.' 'Oh, Olya,' I say, 'soundly, so soundly!' So I must have started snoring last night, she waited a while, and then she was no longer afraid, and she got up. This long strap from the suitcase was there all the time, this whole month, I was still thinking about it yesterday morning: 'Put it away, finally, so that it doesn't lie about.' And the chair she

must have pushed away with her foot, and she spread her skirt beside it so that it wouldn't make any noise. And I must have woken up long, long after, a whole hour or more. 'Olya!' I call, 'Olya!' I suspected something at once. I call her. It was either that I couldn't hear her breathing in bed, or perhaps I made out in the darkness that her bed was empty—only I suddenly got up and felt with my hand: there was no one in the bed, and the pillow was cold. My heart just sank, I stand where I am as if senseless, my mind goes dim. 'She went out,' I thought—took a step, and I see her there by the bed, in the corner, near the door, as if she's standing there herself. I stand, silent, look at her, and she also seems to be looking at me out of the darkness, without stirring... 'Only why,' I think, 'did she get up on a chair?' 'Olya,' I whisper, getting scared, 'Olya, do you hear?' Only suddenly it was as if it all dawned on me, I took a step, thrust both arms out, straight at her, put them around her, and she sways in my arms, I clutch her, and she sways, I understand everything, and I don't want to understand... I want to cry out, but no cry comes... 'Ah!' I think. I dropped to the floor, and then I cried out..."

"Vasin," I said in the morning, already past five o'clock, "if it hadn't been for your Stebelkov, maybe this woudn't have happened."

"Who knows, it probably would. It's impossible to judge like that here, it was all prepared for even without that... True, this Stebelkov sometimes..."

He didn't finish and winced very unpleasantly. Before seven he went out again; he kept bustling about. I was finally left completely alone. Dawn had broken. My head was spinning slightly. I kept imagining Versilov; this lady's story presented him in a totally different light. To think it over more comfortably, I lay down on Vasin's bed, as I was, dressed and with my boots on, for a moment, with no intention of sleeping—and suddenly fell asleep. I don't even remember how it happened. I slept for nearly four hours; nobody woke me up.

Chapter Ten

I

I WOKE UP at around half-past ten and for a long time could not believe my eyes: on the sofa where I had slept the night before sat my mother, and beside her—the unfortunate neighbor, the mother of the suicide. They were holding each other's hands, speaking in whispers, probably so as not to wake me up, and both were weeping. I got out of bed and rushed straight to kiss mama. She beamed all over, kissed me, and crossed me three times with her right hand. We had no time to say a word: the door opened, and Versilov and Vasin came in. Mama stood up at once and took the neighbor with her. Vasin gave me his hand, but Versilov didn't say a word to me and lowered himself into an armchair. He and mama had evidently been there for some time. His face was somber and preoccupied.

"I regret most of all," he began saying measuredly to Vasin, obviously continuing a conversation already begun, "that I didn't manage to settle it last evening, and—surely this dreadful thing wouldn't have come about! And there was time enough: it wasn't eight o'clock yet. As soon as she ran away from us last night, I at once resolved mentally to follow her here and reassure her, but this unforeseen and urgent matter, which, however, I could very well have put off until today... or even for a week—this vexatious matter hindered and ruined everything. That things should come together like that!"

"But maybe you wouldn't have managed to reassure her; even without you, it seems a lot was seething and smoldering there," Vasin remarked in passing.

"No, I'd have managed, I'd surely have managed. And the thought occurred to me of sending Sofya Andreevna in my place. It flashed, but only flashed. Sofya Andreevna alone would have won her over, and the unfortunate girl would have remained alive. No, never again will I meddle... with 'good deeds'... Just once in my life I tried meddling! And here I'm thinking that I haven't lagged behind your generation and understand contemporary youth. Yes, our old folk grow old almost before they mature. Incidentally, there are actually an awful lot of people nowadays who, out of habit, still consider

themselves the younger generation, because yesterday they still were, and they don't notice that they're already *verbannte*."*

"A misunderstanding occurred here, all too clear a misunderstanding," Vasin observed sensibly. "Her mother says that after the cruel insult in the public house, it was as if she lost her mind. Add to that the surroundings, the original insult from the merchant... all this could have happened in the same way in former times, and I don't think it's in any way especially characteristic of present-day youth."

"They're a bit impatient, these present-day youth, and besides, naturally, there's little understanding of actualities, which, though it's characteristic of any youth at any time, is somehow especially so of our youth... Tell me, and what mischief did Mr. Stebelkov do here?"

"Mr. Stebelkov," I suddenly cut in, "is the cause of it all. If it hadn't been for him, nothing would have happened; he poured oil on the fire."

Versilov listened, but he didn't look at me. Vasin frowned.

"I also reproach myself for one ridiculous circumstance," Versilov went on unhurriedly and drawing the words out as before. "It seems that I, as is my nasty habit, allowed myself a certain sort of merriment then, this light-minded little laugh—in short, I was insufficiently sharp, dry, and gloomy, three qualities that seem to be of great value among the contemporary younger generation... In short, I gave her reasons to take me for a wandering Céladon."[57]

"Quite the contrary," I again cut in abruptly, "her mother affirms in particular that you made an excellent impression precisely by your seriousness, sternness even, sincerity—her own words. The deceased girl praised you for it after you left."

"D-did she?" Versilov mumbled, giving me a fleeting glance at last. "Take this scrap of paper, it's necessary to the case"—he handed a tiny bit of paper to Vasin. The latter took it and, seeing that I was looking with curiosity, gave it to me to read. It was a note, two uneven lines scrawled with a pencil and maybe in the dark.

"Mama dear, forgive me for having stopped my life's debut. Your distressing Olya."

"It was found only in the morning," Vasin explained.

"What a strange note!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

*On the way out.

"Strange in what way?" asked Vasin.

"How can one write in humorous expressions at such a moment?"

Vasin looked at me questioningly.

"And the humor's strange," I went on, "the conventional high-school language among schoolmates... Well, at such a moment and in such a note to an unfortunate mother—and it turns out she did love her mother—who could write 'stopped my life's debut'!"

"Why can't one write it?" Vasin still didn't understand.

"There's no humor here at all," Versilov finally observed. "The expression is, of course, inappropriate, totally in the wrong tone, and indeed might have come from high-school talk or some sort of conventional language among schoolmates, as you said, or from some sort of feuilletons, but the deceased girl used it in this terrible note quite simpleheartedly and seriously."

"That can't be, she completed her studies and graduated with a silver medal."

"A silver medal means nothing here. Nowadays there are many who complete their studies."

"Down on the youth again," Vasin smiled.

"Not in the least," Versilov replied, getting up from his place and taking his hat. "If the present generation is not so literary, then it undoubtedly possesses... other virtues," he added with extraordinary seriousness. "Besides, 'many' is not 'all,' and I don't accuse you, for instance, of poor literary development, and you're also still a young man."

"Yes, and Vasin didn't find anything wrong in 'debut'!" I couldn't help observing.

Versilov silently gave Vasin his hand; the latter also seized his cap to go out with him, and shouted good-bye to me. Versilov left without noticing me. I also had no time to lose: I had at all costs to run and look for an apartment—now I needed it more than ever! Mama was no longer with the landlady, she had left and taken the neighbor with her. I went outside feeling somehow especially cheerful... Some new and big feeling was being born in my soul. Besides, as if on purpose, everything seemed to contribute: I ran into an opportunity remarkably quickly and found a quite suitable apartment; of this apartment later, but now I'll finish about the main thing.

It was just getting past one o'clock when I went back to Vasin's again for my suitcase and happened to find him at home again. Seeing me, he exclaimed with a merry and sincere air:

"How glad I am that you found me, I was just about to leave! I can tell you a fact that I believe will interest you very much."

"I'm convinced beforehand!" I cried.

"Hah, how cheerful you look! Tell me, did you know anything about a certain letter that had been kept by Kraft and that Versilov got hold of yesterday, precisely something to do with the inheritance he won? In this letter the testator clarifies his will in a sense opposite to yesterday's court decision. The letter was written long ago. In short, I don't know precisely what exactly, but don't you know something?"

"How could I not? Two days ago Kraft took me to his place just for that... from those gentlemen, in order to give me that letter, and yesterday I gave it to Versilov."

"Did you? That's what I thought. Then imagine, the business Versilov mentioned here today—which kept him from coming last evening and persuading that girl—this business came about precisely because of that letter. Last evening Versilov went straight to Prince Sokolsky's lawyer, gave him the letter, and renounced the entire inheritance he had won. At the present moment this renunciation has already been put in legal form. Versilov isn't giving it to them, but in this act he recognizes the full right of the princes."

I was dumbstruck, but delighted. In reality I had been completely convinced that Versilov would destroy the letter. Moreover, though I did talk with Kraft about how it would not be noble, and though I had repeated it to myself in the tavern, and that "I had come to a pure man, not to this one"—still deeper within myself, that is, in my innermost soul, I considered that it was even impossible to act otherwise than to cross out the document completely. That is, I considered it a most ordinary matter. If I were to blame Versilov later, I'd do it only on purpose, for appearances, that is, to retain my superior position over him. But, hearing about Versilov's great deed now, I was sincerely delighted, fully so, condemning with repentance and shame my cynicism and my indifference to virtue, and that instant, having exalted Versilov infinitely above me, I nearly embraced Vasin.

"What a man! What a man! Who else would have done that?" I exclaimed in ecstasy.

"I agree with you that a great many would not have done it... and that, indisputably, the act is highly disinterested..."

"'But'?... finish what you're saying, Vasin, you have a 'but'?"

"Yes, of course there's a 'but.' Versilov's act, in my opinion, is a little bit hasty and a little bit not so straightforward," Vasin smiled.

"Not straightforward?"

"Yes. There's something like a 'pedestal' here. Because in any case he could have done the same thing without hurting himself. If not half, then still, undoubtedly, a certain portion of the inheritance could go to Versilov now, too, even taking the most ticklish view of the matter, the more so as the document did not have decisive significance, and he had already won the case. That is the opinion held by the lawyer of the opposite side; I've just spoken with him. The act would remain no less handsome, but owing solely to a whim of pride it has happened otherwise. Above all, Mr. Versilov became overexcited and—needlessly over-hasty. He said himself today that he could have put it off for a whole week..."

"You know what, Vasin? I can't help agreeing with you, but... I like it better this way! It pleases me better this way!"

"Anyhow, it's a matter of taste. You challenged me yourself; I would have kept silent."

"Even if there is a 'pedestal' here, that's all the better," I went on. "A pedestal's a pedestal, but in itself it's a very valuable thing. This 'pedestal' is the same old 'ideal,' and it's hardly better that it's missing from some present-day souls. Let it be, even with a slight deformity! And surely you think so yourself, Vasin, my dear heart Vasin, my darling Vasin! In short, I've talked my head off, of course, but you do understand me. That's what makes you Vasin; and in any case I embrace you and kiss you, Vasin!"

"With joy?"

"With great joy! For this man 'was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found!'[58] Vasin, I'm a trashy little brat and not worthy of you. I confess it precisely because there are some moments when I'm quite different, higher and deeper. Two days ago I praised you to your face (and praised you only because you had humiliated and crushed me), and for that I've hated you for two whole days! I promised myself that very night that I would never go to you, and I came to you yesterday morning only from spite, do you understand: *from spite.* I sat here on a chair alone and criticized your room, and you, and each of your books, and your landlady, trying to humiliate you and laugh at you..."

"You shouldn't be saying this..."

"Yesterday evening, concluding from one of your phrases that you didn't understand women, I was glad to have been able to

catch you in that. Earlier today, catching you on the 'debut,' I was again terribly glad, and all because I myself had praised you the other time..."

"Why, how could it be otherwise!" Vasin finally cried (he still went on smiling, not surprised at me in the least). "No, that's how it always happens, with almost everybody, and even first thing; only nobody admits it, and there's no need to, because in any case it will pass and nothing will come of it."

"Can it be the same with everybody? Everybody's like that? And you say it calmly? No, it's impossible to live with such views!"

"And in your opinion:

> Dearer to me than a thousand truths
> Is the falsehood that exalts?"[59]

"But that's right!" I cried. "Those two lines are a sacred axiom!"

"I don't know; I wouldn't venture to decide whether those two lines are right or not. It must be that the truth, as always, lies somewhere in between; that is, in one case it's a sacred truth, in another it's a lie. I only know one thing for certain: that this thought will remain for a long time one of the chief points of dispute among people. In any case, I notice that you now want to dance. So, dance then: exercise is good for you, and I've had an awful lot of work piled on me all at once this morning... and I'm late because of you!"

"I'm going, I'm going, I'm off! Only one word," I cried, seizing my suitcase. "If I just 'threw myself on your neck' again, it's solely because when I came in, you told me about this fact with such genuine pleasure and 'were glad' that I came in time to find you here, and that after yesterday's 'debut'; by that genuine pleasure you all at once turned my 'young heart' in your favor again. Well, good-bye, good-bye, I'll try to stay away for as long as possible, and I know that will be extremely agreeable to you, as I see even by your eyes, and it will even be profitable for both of us..."

Babbling like this and nearly spluttering from my joyful babble, I dragged my suitcase out and went with it to my apartment. I was, above all, terribly pleased that Versilov had been so unquestionably angry with me earlier, had not wanted to speak or look. Having transported my suitcase, I immediately flew to my old prince. I confess, it had even been somewhat hard for me those two days without him. And he had surely already heard about Versilov.

II

I JUST KNEW he'd be terribly glad to see me, and I swear I'd have called on him today even without Versilov. I was only frightened, yesterday and today, at the thought that I might somehow meet Katerina Nikolaevna; but now I no longer feared anything.

He embraced me joyfully.

"And Versilov? Have you heard?" I began straight off with the main thing.

"*Cher enfant*, my dear friend, it's so sublime, it's so noble – in short, even Kilyan" (that clerk downstairs) "was tremendously impressed! It's not sensible on his part, but it's brilliant, it's a great deed! We must value the ideal!"

"Isn't it true? Isn't it true? You and I always agreed about that."

"My dear, you and I have always agreed. Where have you been? I absolutely wanted to go to you myself, but I didn't know where to find you... Because all the same I couldn't go to Versilov... Though now, after all this... You know, my friend, it was with this, it seems, that he used to win women over, with these features, there's no doubt of it..."

"By the way, before I forget, I've saved this precisely for you. Yesterday one most unworthy buffoon, denouncing Versilov to my face, said of him that he's a 'women's prophet'; what an expression, eh? the expression itself? I saved it for you..."

"A 'women's prophet'! *Mais... c'est charmant!** Ha, ha! But it suits him so well, that is, it doesn't suit him at all – pah!... But it's so apt... that is, it's not apt at all, but..."

"Never mind, never mind, don't be embarrassed, look at it just as a bon mot!"

"A splendid bon mot, and, you know, it has a most profound meaning... a perfectly right idea! That is, would you believe... In short, I'll tell you a tiny secret. Did you notice that Olympiada? Would you believe it, her heart aches a little for Andrei Petrovich, and to the point that she even seems to be nurturing some..."

"Nurturing! How would she like this?" I cried out, making a fig[60] in my indignation.

"*Mon cher*, don't shout, it's just so, and perhaps you're right from

*But... that's charming!

your point of view. By the way, my friend, what was it that happened to you last time in front of Katerina Nikolaevna? You were reeling... I thought you were going to fall down and was about to rush to support you."

"Of that some other time. Well, in short, I simply got embarrassed for a certain reason..."

"You're blushing even now."

"Well, and you have to go smearing it around at once. You know there's hostility between her and Versilov... well, and all that, well, and so I got excited: eh, let's drop it, another time!"

"Let's drop it, let's drop it, I'm glad to drop it myself... In short, I'm extremely guilty before her, and, remember, I even murmured in front of you then... Forget it, my friend; she'll also change her opinion of you, I have a real presentiment... But here's Prince Seryozha!"

A young and handsome officer came in. I looked at him greedily, I had never seen him before. That is, I say handsome, just as everybody said it of him, yet there was something in that young and handsome face that was not entirely attractive. I precisely note this as the impression of the very first moment, of my first glance at him, which remained in me ever after. He was lean, of a fine height, dark blond, with a fresh face, though slightly yellowish, and with a resolute gaze. His fine dark eyes had a somewhat stern look, even when he was quite calm. But his resolute gaze precisely repelled one, because one felt for some reason that this resoluteness cost him all too little. However, I don't know how to put it... Of course, his face was able to turn suddenly from a stern to a surprisingly gentle, meek, and tender expression, the transformation being, above all, unquestionably simplehearted. And this simpleheartedness was attractive. I'll note another feature: despite the gentleness and simpleheartedness, this face never showed mirth; even when the prince laughed with all his heart, you still felt as if there was never any genuine, bright, easy mirth in his heart... However, it's extremely hard to describe a face like his. I'm quite incapable of it. The old prince straightaway rushed to introduce us, as was his stupid habit.

"This is my young friend, Arkady Andreevich Dolgoruky" (again that "Andreevich"!).

The young prince turned to me at once with a doubly polite expression on his face, but it was clear that my name was totally unknown to him.

"He's . . . a relation of Andrei Petrovich," my vexatious prince murmured. (How vexatious these little old men sometimes are with their habits!) The young prince caught on at once.

"Ah! I heard so long ago . . ." he said quickly. "I had the great pleasure of making the acquaintance of your sister, Lizaveta Makarovna, last year in Luga . . . She also spoke to me about you . . ."

I was even surprised: a decidedly sincere pleasure shone in his face.

"Excuse me, Prince," I babbled, putting both hands behind my back, "I must tell you sincerely—and I'm glad to be speaking before our dear prince—that I even wished to meet you, and wished it still recently, only yesterday, but with an entirely different intent. I say it directly, however surprised you may be. In short, I wanted to challenge you for insulting Versilov a year and a half ago in Ems. And though you, of course, might not accept my challenge, because I'm only a high-school boy and an underage adolescent, nevertheless, I would make the challenge anyway, however you might take it and whatever you might do . . . and, I confess, I'm still of the same intent."

The old prince told me afterwards that I had managed to say it extremely nobly.

Sincere grief showed in the prince's face.

"Only you didn't let me finish," he replied imposingly. "If I turned to you with words that came from the bottom of my heart, the reason was precisely my present genuine feelings for Andrei Petrovich. I'm sorry that I cannot tell you all the circumstances right now, but I assure you on my honor that for a long, long time I have looked upon my unfortunate act in Ems with the deepest regret. As I was preparing to come to Petersburg, I decided to give Andrei Petrovich all possible satisfaction, that is, directly, literally, to ask his forgiveness, in whatever form he indicated. The loftiest and most powerful influences were the cause of the change in my view. The fact that we had a lawsuit would not have influenced my decision in the least. His action towards me yesterday shook my soul, so to speak, and even at this moment, believe me, it's as if I still haven't come back to myself. And now I must tell you—I precisely came to the prince in order to tell him about an extraordinary circumstance: three hours ago, that is, exactly at the time when he and his lawyer were putting together this act, a representative of Andrei Petrovich's came to bring me a challenge from him . . . a formal challenge on account of the incident in Ems . . ."

"He challenged you?" I cried, and felt my eyes begin to glow and the blood rush to my face.

"Yes, he did. I accepted the challenge at once, but I decided that before our encounter I would send him a letter in which I would explain my view of my act, and all my regret for this terrible mistake... because it was only a mistake—an unfortunate, fatal mistake! I'll note that my position in the regiment made this risky; for such a letter before an encounter, I'd be subjecting myself to public opinion... you understand? But in spite even of that, I resolved on it, only I had no time to send the letter, because an hour after the challenge, I again received a note from him in which he asked me to forgive him for having troubled me and to forget the challenge, adding that he regretted this 'momentary impulse of pusillanimity and egoism'—his own words. So he has now made the step with the letter quite easy for me. I haven't sent it yet, but I precisely came to tell the prince a word or two about it... And believe me, I myself have suffered from the reproaches of my conscience far more, maybe, than anybody else... Is this explanation sufficient for you, Arkady Makarovich, at least now, for the time being? Will you do me the honor of believing fully in my sincerity?"

I was completely won over. I saw an unquestionable straightforwardness, which for me was highly unexpected. Nor had I expected anything like it. I murmured something in reply and held out both hands to him; he joyfully shook them in his. Then he took the prince away and talked with him for about five minutes in his bedroom.

"If you want to give me particular pleasure," he addressed me loudly and openly, as he was leaving the prince, "come with me now, and I'll show you the letter I'm about to send to Andrei Petrovich, along with his letter to me."

I agreed with extreme willingness. My prince began bustling about as he saw me off, and also called me to his bedroom for a moment.

"*Mon ami*, how glad I am, how glad... We'll talk about it all later. By the way, I have two letters here in my portfolio: one needs to be delivered and explained personally, the other is to the bank—and there, too..."

And here he charged me with two supposedly urgent errands, which supposedly called for extraordinary effort and attention. I had to go and actually deliver them, sign, and so on.

"Ah, you sly fox!" I cried, taking the letters. "I swear it's all nonsense, and there's nothing to it, but you invented these two errands to convince me that I'm working and not taking money for nothing!"

"*Mon enfant*, I swear to you, you're mistaken about that: these are two most urgent matters... *Cher enfant!*" he cried suddenly, waxing terribly emotional, "my dear youth!" (He placed both hands on my head.) "I bless you and your destiny... let us always be pure in heart, like today... kind and beautiful, as far as possible... let us love all that's beautiful... in all its various forms... Well, *enfin... enfin rendons grâce... et je te bénis!*"*

He didn't finish and began whimpering over my head. I confess, I almost wept, too; at least I embraced my old eccentric sincerely and with pleasure. We kissed warmly.

III

Prince Seryozha (that is, Prince Sergei Petrovich, and so I shall call him) brought me to his apartment in a jaunty droshky, and, first thing, I was surprised at the magnificence of his apartment. That is, not really magnificence, but this was an apartment such as the most "respectable people" have, with high, big, bright rooms (I saw two, the others were shut up), and the furniture once again was not God knows what Versailles or Renaissance, but soft, comfortable, abundant, in grand style; rugs, carved wood, figurines. Yet everyone said they were destitute, that they had precisely nothing. I had heard in passing, though, that this prince raised dust wherever he could, here, and in Moscow, and in his former regiment, and in Paris, that he even gambled and had debts. The frock coat I had on was wrinkled and moreover covered with down, because I had slept without undressing, and my shirt was going on its fourth day. However, my frock coat was still not totally bad, but, finding myself at the prince's, I remembered Versilov's offer to have clothes made for me.

"Imagine, on the occasion of a certain suicide, I slept in my clothes all night," I remarked with an absentminded air, and since he paid attention at once, I briefly told him about it. But he was obviously occupied most of all with his letter. Above all, I found it strange

*Well, finally... finally let's give thanks... and I bless you!

that he not only had not smiled, but had not shown the smallest reaction in that sense, when I had told him directly earlier that I wanted to challenge him to a duel. Though I should have been able to prevent him from laughing, still it was strange from a man of his sort. We sat down facing each other in the middle of the room, at his enormous writing table, and he gave me an already finished fair copy of his letter to Versilov to read through. This document was very much like all he had told me earlier at my prince's; it was even ardently written. True, I didn't know yet how I should finally take this apparent straightforwardness and readiness for everything good, but I was already beginning to yield to it, because, in fact, why shouldn't I have believed it? Whatever sort of man he was and whatever people told about him, he still could have good inclinations. I also looked through the last little seven-line note from Versilov—renouncing his challenge. Though he actually wrote about his "pusillanimity" and "egoism" in it, the note as a whole was as if distinguished by a certain arrogance . . . or, better, this whole action showed a sort of disdain. However, I didn't say so out loud.

"You, though, how do you look at this renunciation?" I asked. "You don't think he turned coward?"

"Of course not," the prince smiled, but with a somehow very serious smile, and generally he was becoming more and more preoccupied. "I know all too well that he's a courageous man. Here, of course, there's a special view . . . his own disposition of ideas . . ."

"Undoubtedly," I interrupted warmly. "A certain Vasin says that his action with this letter and the renouncing of the inheritance are a 'pedestal' . . . In my opinion, such things aren't done for show, but correspond to something basic, inner."

"I know Mr. Vasin very well," remarked the prince.

"Ah, yes, you must have seen him in Luga."

We suddenly looked at each other and, I remember, it seems I blushed a little. In any case he broke off the conversation. I, however, wanted very much to talk. The thought of one meeting yesterday tempted me to ask him some questions, only I didn't know how to approach it. And in general I was somehow quite out of sorts. I was also struck by his astonishing courtesy, politeness, ease of manner—in short, all that polish of their tone, which they assume almost from the cradle. In his letter I found two gross errors in grammar. And generally, in such encounters, I never belittle myself, but become more curt, which sometimes may be bad. But in the present case it was especially aggravated by the

thought that I was covered with down, so that several times I even blundered into familiarity... I noticed on the sly that the prince occasionally studied me very intently.

"Tell me, Prince," I suddenly popped out with a question, "don't you find it ridiculous within yourself that I, who am still such a 'milksop,' wanted to challenge you to a duel, and for somebody else's offense at that?"

"One can be very offended by an offense to one's father. No, I don't find it ridiculous."

"And to me it seems terribly ridiculous... in someone else's eyes... that is, of course, not in my own. The more so as I'm Dolgoruky and not Versilov. And if you're not telling me the truth or are softening it somehow from the decency of social polish, then does it mean you're also deceiving me in everything else?"

"No, I don't find it ridiculous," he replied terribly seriously. "How can you not feel your father's blood in you?... True, you're still young, because... I don't know... it seems someone who is not of age cannot fight a duel, and his challenge cannot be accepted... according to the rules... But, if you like, there can be only one serious objection here: if you make a challenge without the knowledge of the offended person, for whose offense you are making the challenge, you are thereby expressing, as it were, a certain lack of respect for him on your own part, isn't that true?"

Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by a footman, who came to announce something. Seeing him, the prince, who seemed to have been expecting him, stood up without finishing what he was saying and quickly went over to him, so that the footman made his announcement in a low voice, and I, of course, didn't hear what it was.

"Excuse me," the prince turned to me, "I'll be back in a minute."

And he went out. I was left alone; I paced the room and thought. Strangely, I both liked him and terribly disliked him. There was something in him that I could not name myself, but something repellent. "If he's not laughing at me a bit, then without doubt he's terribly straightforward, but if he was laughing at me... then maybe he'd seem more intelligent..." I thought somehow strangely. I went over to the table and read Versilov's letter once more. I was so absorbed that I even forgot about the time, and when I came to my senses, I suddenly noticed that the prince's little minute had indisputably lasted a whole quarter of an hour already. That began to trouble me a little; I paced up and down

once more, finally took my hat and, I remember, decided to step out so as to meet someone, to send for the prince, and, when he came, to take leave of him at once, assuring him that I had things to do and could not wait any longer. It seemed to me that this would be most proper, because I was slightly pained by the thought that, in leaving me for so long, he was treating me negligently.

The two closed doors to this room were at two ends of the same wall. Having forgotten which door we came in by, or, rather, out of absentmindedness, I opened one of them and suddenly saw, sitting on a sofa in a long and narrow room—my sister Liza. There was no one there except her, and she was, of course, waiting for someone. But before I had time even to be surprised, I suddenly heard the voice of the prince, talking loudly to someone and going back to his study. I quickly closed the door, and the prince, coming in through the other door, noticed nothing. I remember he started apologizing and said something about some Anna Fyodorovna... But I was so confused and astounded that I made out almost none of it, and only muttered that I had to go home, and then insistently and quickly left. The well-bred prince, of course, must have looked at my manners with curiosity. He saw me off to the front hall and kept talking, but I did not reply and did not look at him.

IV

Going outside, I turned left and started walking at random. Nothing added up in my head. I walked slowly and, it seems, had gone quite far, some five hundred steps, when I suddenly felt a light tap on my shoulder. I turned and saw Liza: she had caught up with me and tapped me lightly with her umbrella. There was something terribly gay and a bit sly in her shining eyes.

"Well, how glad I am that you went this way, otherwise I wouldn't have met you today!" She was slightly breathless from walking quickly.

"How breathless you are."

"I ran terribly to catch up with you."

"Liza, was it you I just met?"

"Where?"

"At the prince's... Prince Sokolsky's..."

"No, not me, you didn't meet me..."

I said nothing, and we walked on some ten paces. Liza burst into loud laughter:

"Me, me, of course it was me! Listen, you saw me yourself, you looked into my eyes, and I looked into your eyes, so how can you ask whether you met me? Well, what a character! And you know, I wanted terribly to laugh when you stared into my eyes there, it was terribly funny the way you stared."

She laughed terribly. I felt all the anguish leave my heart at once.

"But, tell me, how did you wind up there?"

"I was at Anna Fyodorovna's."

"What Anna Fyodorovna?"

"Stolbeev. When we lived in Luga, I sat with her for whole days; she received mama at her place and even called on us. And she called on almost nobody there. She's a distant relation of Andrei Petrovich's and a relation of the Princes Sokolsky; she's some sort of grandmother to the prince."

"So she lives with the prince?"

"No, the prince lives with her."

"So whose apartment is it?"

"It's her apartment, the apartment has been all hers for a whole year now. The prince has just arrived and is staying with her. And she herself has only been four days in Petersburg."

"Well... you know what, Liza, God be with the apartment, and the woman herself..."

"No, she's wonderful..."

"Let her be, and in spades. We're wonderful ourselves! Look, what a day, look, how good! How beautiful you are today, Liza. However, you're a terrible child."

"Arkady, tell me, that girl, the one yesterday."

"Ah, what a pity, Liza, what a pity!"

"Ah, what a pity! What a fate! You know, it's even sinful that you and I go along so merrily, and her soul is now flying somewhere in the darkness, in some bottomless darkness, sinner that she is, and offended... Arkady, who's to blame for her sin? Ah, how frightful it is! Do you ever think about that darkness? Ah, how afraid I am of death, and how sinful that is! I don't like the dark, I much prefer this sun! Mama says it's sinful to be afraid... Arkady, do you know mama well?"

"Little so far, Liza, I know her very little."

"Ah, what a being she is; you must, must get to know her! She has to be understood in a special way..."

"But see, I didn't know you either, and now I know the whole of you. I came to know the whole of you in one minute. Though you're afraid of death, Liza, it must be that you're proud, bold, courageous. Better than I, much better than I! I love you terribly, Liza! Ah, Liza! Let death come when it must, and meanwhile—live, live! We'll pity that unfortunate girl, but even so we'll bless life, right? Right? I have an 'idea,' Liza. Liza, do you know that Versilov renounced the inheritance?"

"How could I not know! Mama and I already kissed each other."

"You don't know my soul, Liza, you don't know what this man has meant for me..."

"Well, how could I not know, I know everything."

"You know everything? Well, what else! You're intelligent; you're more intelligent than Vasin. You and mama—you have penetrating, humane eyes, that is, looks, not eyes, I'm wrong... I'm bad in many ways, Liza."

"You need to be taken in hand, that's all."

"Take me, Liza. How nice it is to look at you today. Do you know that you're very pretty? I've never seen your eyes before... Only now I've seen them for the first time... Where did you get them today, Liza? Where did you buy them? How much did you pay? Liza, I've never had a friend, and I look upon the idea as nonsense; but with you it's not nonsense... If you want, let's be friends! You understand what I want to say?..."

"I understand very well."

"And you know, without any conditions, any contract—we'll simply be friends!"

"Yes, simply, simply, only with one condition: if we ever accuse each other, if we're displeased with something, if we ourselves become wicked, bad, if we even forget all this—let's never forget this day and this very hour! Let's promise ourselves. Let's promise that we will always remember this day, when we walked hand in hand, and laughed so, and were so merry... Yes? Yes?"

"Yes, Liza, yes, and I swear it; but, Liza, it's as if I'm hearing you for the first time... Liza, have you read a lot?"

"He never asked till now! Only yesterday, when I made a slip in speaking, he deigned to pay attention for the first time, my dear sir, Mister Wise Man."

"But why didn't you start talking to me yourself, since I was such a fool?"

"I kept waiting for you to become smarter. I saw through you

from the very beginning, Arkady Makarovich, and once I saw through you, I began to think like this: 'He'll come, he'll surely end up by coming'—well, and I supposed it was better to leave that honor to you, so that it was you who made the first step: 'No,' I thought, 'now you run after me a little!'"

"Ah, you little coquette! Well, Liza, confess outright: have you been laughing at me all this month or not?"

"Oh, you're very funny, you're terribly funny, Arkady! And you know, it may be that I loved you most of all this month because you're such an odd duck. But in many ways you're also a silly duck—that's so you don't get too proud. Do you know who else laughed at you? Mama laughed at you, mama and I together: 'What an odd duck,' we'd whisper, 'really, what an odd duck!' And you sat there and thought all the while that we're sitting there and trembling before you."

"Liza, what do you think of Versilov?"

"I think a great many things about him; but you know, we're not going to talk about him now. There's no need to talk about him today, right?"

"Perfectly right! No, you're terribly intelligent, Liza! You're certainly more intelligent than I am. You just wait, Liza, I'll finish with all this, and then maybe I'll tell you something..."

"Why are you frowning?"

"I'm not frowning, Liza, I'm just... You see, Liza, it's better to be direct: I have this feature, I don't like it when someone puts a finger on certain ticklish things in my soul... or, better to say, if you keep letting out certain feelings for everybody to admire, it's shameful, isn't it? And so I sometimes prefer to frown and say nothing. You're intelligent, you must understand."

"Not only that, I'm the same way myself; I understand you in everything. Do you know that mama is the same way, too?"

"Ah, Liza! If only we could live longer in this world! Eh? What did you say?"

"No, I didn't say anything."

"You're just looking?"

"Yes, and you're looking, too. I look at you and love you."

I took her almost all the way home and gave her my address. Saying good-bye, I kissed her for the first time in my life...

V

And all that would have been fine, but there was one thing that wasn't fine: one oppressive idea had been throbbing in me since nightfall and would not leave my mind. This was that when I had met that unfortunate girl by the gate last evening, I had told her that I myself was leaving my home, my nest, that one could leave wicked people and start one's own nest, and that Versilov had many illegitimate children. These words about a father from a son had most certainly confirmed in her all her suspicions about Versilov and about his having insulted her. I had accused Stebelkov, but maybe it was I myself, above all, who had poured oil on the fire. This thought was terrible, it's terrible even now... But then, that morning, though I was already beginning to suffer, it had still seemed nonsense to me: "Eh, even without me, a lot was 'seething and smoldering' there," I repeated at times. "Eh, never mind, it'll pass! I'll come right! I'll make up for it... by some good deed... I've still got fifty years ahead of me!"

But the idea still throbbed.

PART TWO

Chapter One

I

I FLY OVER a space of nearly two months; let the reader not worry: everything will be clear from the further account. I sharply mark off the day of the fifteenth of November—a day all too memorable to me for many reasons. And first of all, nobody would have recognized me who had seen me two months earlier, at least externally; that is, they'd have recognized me, but wouldn't have known what to make of it. I'm dressed like a fop—that's the first thing. That "conscientious Frenchman and with taste," whom Versilov once wanted to recommend me to, had not only already made all my clothes, but had already been rejected by me: other tailors stitch for me, higher class, the foremost, and I even have an account with them. I also have an account in a certain famous restaurant, but here I'm still afraid, and the moment I have money I pay it at once, though I know it's *mauvais ton** and that I compromise myself by it. A French barber on Nevsky Prospect is on familiar terms with me, and when he does my hair, he tells me anecdotes. I confess, I practice my French with him. Though I know the language, and even quite decently, I'm still somehow afraid to start speaking it in grand society; besides, my pronunciation must be far from Parisian. I have Matvei, a coachman with a trotter, and he appears to serve me when I send for him. He has a light bay stallion (I don't like grays). There are, however, also some irregularities: it's the fifteenth of November, and the third day since winter settled in, but my fur coat is old, a raccoon from Versilov's shoulders, worth twenty-five roubles if I were to sell it. I must buy a new one, but my pockets are empty, and besides, I must provide myself with money for this evening, and that at all costs—otherwise I'm "wretched and forlorn," those were my own utterances at the time. Oh, meanness! What then, where have they suddenly come from, these thousands, these trotters, and *les Borel*?[1] How could I so suddenly forget everything and change so much? Disgrace! Reader, I am now beginning the history of my

*Bad tone.

shame and disgrace, and nothing in life can be more shameful for me than these memories!

I speak thus as a judge, and I know that I'm guilty. In that whirl in which I then spun, though I was alone, without guide or counselor, I swear, I was already aware of my fall, and therefore had no excuse. And yet all those two months I was almost happy—why almost? I was only too happy! And even to the point that the consciousness of disgrace, flashing at moments (frequent moments!), which made my soul shudder—that very awareness—will anyone believe me?—intoxicated me still more: "And so what, if I fall, I fall; but I won't fall, I'll get out! I have my star!" I was walking on a slender bridge made of splinters, without railings, over an abyss, and it was fun for me to walk like that; I even peeked into the abyss. It was risky, and it was fun. And the "idea"? "The idea" later, the idea was waiting; all that was going on—"was only a deviation to the side": "why not amuse myself?" The bad thing about "my idea," I'll repeat it once more, is that it allows for decidedly all deviations; had it not been so firm and radical, I might have been afraid to deviate.

And meanwhile I still continued to occupy my wretched little apartment, to occupy it, but not to live in it: there lay my suitcase, bag, and some things; my main residence was at Prince Sergei Sokolsky's. I sat there, slept there, and did so for whole weeks even... How it happened, I shall tell presently, but meanwhile I'll tell about this wretched little apartment. It was already dear to me: here Versilov came to see me, of himself, for the first time after that quarrel, and later came many times. I repeat, this was a time of terrible disgrace, but also of enormous happiness... And everything turned out so well then, everything smiled at me! "And why all that former gloom?" I thought in some rapturous moments. "Why all those old, morbid strains, my lonely and sullen childhood, my stupid dreams under the blanket, vows, calculations, and even the 'idea'? I had imagined and invented all that, and it turned out that the world wasn't like that at all; here I am feeling so joyful and light: I have a father—Versilov; I have a friend—Prince Seryozha; I also have..." But let's drop that "also." Alas, it was all done in the name of love, magnanimity, honor, and later it turned out ugly, impudent, dishonorable.

Enough.

II

He came to see me for the first time on the third day after our breakup then. I wasn't at home, and he stayed to wait. When I came into my tiny closet, even though I had been waiting for him all those three days, my eyes clouded over, as it were, and my heart gave such a throb that I even stopped in the doorway. Fortunately, he was sitting with my landlord, who found it necessary, so that the visitor would not be bored waiting, to become acquainted at once and begin telling him heatedly about something. He was a titular councillor,[2] about forty years old, very pockmarked, very poor, burdened with a consumptive wife and a sick child; of an extremely gregarious and placid character, though also rather tactful. I was glad of his presence, and he even helped me out, because what would I have said to Versilov? I knew, seriously knew, all those three days, that Versilov would come on his own, first—exactly as I wanted, because I would not have gone to him first for anything in the world, and not out of contrariness, but precisely out of love for him, out of some sort of jealous love—I don't know how to express it. And generally the reader won't find any eloquence in me. But though I had been waiting for him all those three days, and had imagined to myself almost continuously how he would come in, still I had been quite unable to picture beforehand, though I tried as hard as I could to picture it, what he and I would suddenly start talking about after all that had happened.

"Ah, here you are." He held out his hand to me amicably, without getting up from his seat. "Sit down with us. Pyotr Ippolitovich tells the most interesting story about this stone, near the Pavlovsky barracks . . . or somewhere there . . ."

"Yes, I know that stone," I answered quickly, lowering myself into a chair beside them. They were sitting at the table. The whole room was precisely two hundred square feet. I took a deep breath.

A spark of pleasure flashed in Versilov's eyes: it seemed he had doubts and thought I might want to make gestures. He calmed down.

"Start again from the beginning, Pyotr Ippolitovich." They were already addressing each other by first name and patronymic.

"So, this happened under the late sovereign,[3] sir," Pyotr Ippolitovich addressed me, nervously and somewhat painfully, as if suffering

ahead of time over the success of the effect. "You know that stone—a stupid stone in the street, why, what for, it's in everybody's way, right, sir? The sovereign drove by many times, and each time there was this stone. In the end, the sovereign didn't like it, and indeed, a whole mountain, a mountain is standing in the street, ruining the street: 'The stone must not be!' Well, he said it must not be—you understand what 'it must not be' means? Remember the late tsar? What to do with the stone? Everybody's at their wit's end, including the Duma,[4] and mainly, I don't remember who precisely, but it was one of the foremost courtiers of the time who was charged with it. So this courtier listens: they say it would cost fifteen thousand, not less, in silver, sir (because paper banknotes had just been converted to silver under the late sovereign). 'How come fifteen thousand, that's wild!' First the Englishmen wanted to bring rails up to it, put it on rails, and take it away by steam; but what would that have cost? There were no railroads yet then, except for the one to Tsarskoe Selo[5]..."

"Well, look, they could have sawed it in pieces." I was beginning to frown; I was terribly vexed and ashamed in front of Versilov, but he listened with visible pleasure. I understood that he, too, was glad of the landlord, because he also felt abashed with me, I could see it; for me, I remember, that even seemed touching in him.

"Precisely saw it in pieces, sir, they precisely hit upon that idea, and it was precisely Montferrand; he was then building St. Isaac's Cathedral.[6] Saw it up, he says, and then take it away. Yes, sir, but what will that cost?"

"It won't cost anything. Simply saw it up and take it away."

"No, pardon me, but here you'd have to set up a machine, a steam engine, and then again, take it away where? And then again, such a mountain? Ten thousand, they say, you won't get away with less, ten or twelve thousand."

"Listen, Pyotr Ippolitovich, that's nonsense, it wasn't like that..." But just then Versilov winked at me inconspicuously, and in that wink I saw such delicate compassion for the landlord, even commiseration with him, that I liked it terribly much, and I burst out laughing.

"Well, so, so," rejoiced the landlord, who hadn't noticed anything and was terribly afraid, as such storytellers always are, that he would be thrown off by questions, "only just then some tradesman comes up to them, still a young man, well, you know, a Russian, wedge-shaped beard, in a long-skirted kaftan, and on the verge of

being a little drunk . . . though, no, not drunk, sir. So this tradesman stands there while they're talking about it, the Englishmen and Montferrand, and this person who's in charge also drives up in a carriage, listens, and gets angry: how is it they keep deciding and can't decide? And suddenly he notices this little tradesman standing some distance away and smiling sort of falsely, that is, not falsely, I got it wrong, but how should I say . . ."

"Mockingly," Versilov put in cautiously.

"Mockingly, sir, that is, slightly mockingly, with this kindly Russian smile, you know; well, the person, of course, takes it with vexation, you know: 'You in the beard, what are you waiting here for? Who are you?'

"'Oh,' he says, 'I'm just looking at this little stone, Your Highness.' Precisely, I believe, 'Your Highness'—it was all but Prince Suvorov of Italy, a descendant of the generalissimo[7] . . . Though, no, not Suvorov, and it's a pity I've forgotten precisely who, only you know, though he's a highness, he's such a pure Russian man, this Russian type, a patriot, a developed Russian heart, so he guessed it: 'What are you going to do,' he says, 'take the stone away? What are you grinning at?' 'More at the Englishmen, Your Highness, the price they're asking is way out of proportion, sir, because the Russian purse is fat, and they've got nothing to eat at home. Allot me a hundred little roubles, Your Highness, and by tomorrow night we'll remove this little stone.' Well, can you imagine such an offer? The Englishmen, of course, want to eat him up; Montferrand laughs; only this highness prince, he's a Russian heart: 'Give him a hundred roubles!' he says. 'So,' he says, 'you'll really take it away?' 'By tomorrow night it'll be to your satisfaction, Your Highness.' 'And how will you do it?' 'That—no offense to Your Highness—is our secret, sir,' he says, and you know, in such Russian language. This was liked: 'Eh, give him everything he asks for!' Well, so they left him there; and what do you think he did?"

The landlord paused and began looking at us with a sweet gaze.

"I don't know," Versilov smiled. I was frowning deeply.

"Here's what he did, sir," the landlord said with such triumph as if he had done it himself. "He hired some peasants with spades, simple Russian ones, and started digging a hole right by the stone, at the very edge; they dug all night, made an enormous hole, exactly the size of the stone, only a couple of inches deeper, and when they were done, he told them to gradually and carefully dig

the ground from under the stone. Well, naturally, when they dug away under it, the stone had no support, and the balance got tipsy; and once the balance got tipsy, they pushed the stone from the other side with their hands, with a hurrah, Russian-style: the stone plopped right into the hole! They straight away shoveled the dirt back over it, tamped it down with a tamper, paved it over—smooth, the stone vanished!"

"Fancy that!" said Versilov.

"I mean, people, people come running, untold numbers of them; those Englishmen, who had guessed long ago, stand there angry. Montferrand arrives: This is a peasant job, he says, it's too simple, he says. But that's the whole trick, that it's simple, and it didn't occur to you fools! And I'll tell you, that superior, that state personage, he just gasped, hugged him, kissed him: 'And where might the likes of you be from?' 'Yaroslavl province, Your Highness, myself I'm a tailor by trade, but in summer I come to the capital to sell fruit, sir.' Well, it reached the authorities; the authorities ordered a medal hung on him; he went around like that with the medal on his neck, and later they say he drank himself up; you know, a Russian man, can't help himself! That's why the foreigners prey on us to this day, yes, sir, so there, sir!"

"Yes, of course, the Russian mind . . ." Versilov began.

But here, fortunately for him, the storyteller was summoned by his ailing wife, and he ran off, otherwise I couldn't have stood it. Versilov was laughing.

"My dear, he entertained me for a whole hour before you came. That stone . . . that's everything there is of the most patriotically indecent among such stories, but how interrupt him? You saw him, he was melting with pleasure. And besides, the stone, it seems, is still standing there, unless I'm mistaken, and isn't buried in a hole at all . . ."

"Ah, my God!" I cried, "but that's true. How did he dare! . . ."

"What's with you? No, come now, it seems you're quite indignant. And he actually got it confused: I heard some such story about a stone back in the time of my childhood, only, naturally, it wasn't the same and wasn't about that stone. Good heavens, 'it reached the authorities.' His whole soul sang at that moment when it 'reached the authorities.' In this sorry milieu, it's impossible to do without such anecdotes. They have a host of them—above all from their lack of restraint. They haven't studied anything, they don't know anything precisely, well, and besides cards and

promotions, they want to talk about something generally human, poetic... What is he, who is he, this Pyotr Ippolitovich?"

"The poorest of beings, and also unfortunate."

"Well, so you see, maybe he doesn't even play cards! I repeat, while telling this rubbish, he satisfies his love for his neighbor: you see, he wanted to make us happy as well. The feeling of patriotism is also satisfied; for instance, they also have an anecdote that the English offered Zavyalov[8] a million only so that he wouldn't stamp his brand on his products..."

"Ah, my God, I've heard that anecdote."

"Who hasn't heard it, and he knows perfectly well, as he tells it, that you've certainly heard it already, but still he tells it, *deliberately* imagining that you haven't. It seems the vision of the Swedish king[9] has become outdated with them; but in my youth they repeated it with gusto, and in a mysterious whisper, as well as the one about somebody at the beginning of the century supposedly kneeling before the senators in the Senate.[10] There were also many anecdotes about Commandant Bashutsky[11] and how the monument was taken away. They're terribly fond of anecdotes about the court; for instance, the stories about Chernyshov,[12] a minister in the previous reign, how as a seventy-year-old man he made himself up so that he looked like a thirty-year-old, so much so that the late sovereign was astonished at his receptions..."

"I've heard that, too."

"Who hasn't? All these anecdotes are the height of indecency, but you should know that this type of the indecent is much deeper and more widespread than we think. Even in our most decent society, you meet with the wish to lie with the purpose of making your neighbor happy, for we all suffer from this unrestraint of the heart. Only with us the stories are of a different kind; what they tell about America alone is something awful, and that's even statesmen! I confess, I myself belong to this indecent type and have suffered from it all my life..."

"I've told the story about Chernyshov several times myself."

"Have you really?"

"There's another tenant here besides me, a clerk, also pock-marked, and already old, but he's a terribly prosaic man, and as soon as Pyotr Ippolitovich starts talking, he immediately sets about confusing and contradicting him. And he's driven him to such a state that Pyotr Ippolitovich serves him like a slave and humors him, only so as he listens."

"That's already another type of the indecent, and maybe even more loathsome than the first. The first is all rapture! 'Just let me tell you a lie—you'll see how well it comes out.' The second is all spleen and prose: 'I won't let you lie—when, where, in what year?' In short, he has no heart. My friend, always let a man lie a little—it's innocent. Even let him lie a lot. First, it will show your delicacy, and second, you'll also be allowed to lie in return—two enormous profits at once. *Que diable!** one must love one's neighbor! But it's time I left. You've settled in quite nicely," he added, getting up from his chair. "I'll tell Sofya Andreevna and your sister that I called and found you in good health. Good-bye, my dear."

What, could that be all? No, this was by no means what I needed; I was waiting for something else, the *main thing*, though I understood perfectly well that it couldn't be otherwise. I began showing him to the stairs with a candle; the landlord also jumped over, but, in secret from Versilov, I seized his arm with all my strength and shoved him away fiercely. He looked at me in amazement, but effaced himself at once.

"These stairs..." Versilov mumbled, drawing out the words, evidently so as to say something, and evidently for fear I might say something, "these stairs—I'm not used to them, and you're on the third floor, but, anyhow, I'll find my way now... Don't trouble yourself, my dear, you'll catch cold."

But I didn't leave. We were going down the second flight of stairs.

"I've been waiting for you all these three days," escaped me suddenly, as if of itself; I was breathless.

"Thank you, my dear."

"I knew you wouldn't fail to come."

"And I knew you knew I wouldn't fail to come. Thank you, my dear."

He fell silent. We had already reached the front door, and I was still walking behind him. He opened the door; the wind burst in at once and blew out my candle. Here I suddenly seized him by the hand; it was completely dark. He gave a start, but said nothing. I bent to his hand and suddenly began kissing it greedily, several times, many times.

"My dear boy, what makes you love me so much?" he said, but now in a quite different voice. His voice trembled, and something quite new rang in it, as if it was not he who was speaking.

*What the devil!

I wanted to answer something but couldn't, and ran upstairs. He waited without moving from the spot, and only when I reached my apartment did I hear the street door downstairs open and slam shut noisily. I slipped into my room past the landlord, who for some reason turned up there again, fastened the latch, and, without lighting a candle, threw myself onto the bed, face to the pillow, and—wept, wept. It was the first time I had wept since Touchard's! Sobs burst from me with such force, and I was so happy . . . but why describe it!

I've written this down now without being ashamed, because maybe it was all good, despite all its absurdity.

III

But, oh, did he get it from me for that! I became a terrible despot. Needless to say, we never mentioned this scene afterwards. On the contrary, we met three days later as if nothing had happened—what's more, I was almost rude that second evening, and he was also as if dry. It happened at my place again; for some reason I still wouldn't go to him myself, despite my desire to see my mother.

We talked all this time, that is, for these two whole months, only about the most abstract subjects. And that surprises me: all we did was talk about abstract subjects—the generally human and most necessary ones, of course, but not concerned in the least with the essential. Yet much, very much, of the essential needed to be defined and clarified, even urgently so, but of those things we didn't speak. I even said nothing about mother and Liza and . . . well, and finally about myself, about my whole story. Whether that was all from shame, or from some sort of youthful stupidity—I don't know. I suppose it was from stupidity, because shame could still have been surmounted. And I despotized him terribly and more than once even drove it as far as insolence, and even against my own heart: it was all done somehow of itself, uncontrollably, I couldn't control myself. His tone was of a subtle mockery, as before, though always extremely affectionate despite all. It also struck me that he much preferred coming to me himself, so that in the end I began to see mama terribly seldom, once a week, not more, especially in the most recent time, when I got into quite a whirl. He would come in the evening, sit in my room and chat; he was also very

fond of chatting with the landlord; this last infuriated me in such a man as he. The thought also came to me: can it be that he has no one to go to except me? But I knew for certain that he had acquaintances; lately he had even renewed many former connections in high society circles, which he had abandoned during that last year; but it seems he wasn't especially tempted by them, and many were renewed only officially, while he preferred coming to me. It sometimes touched me very much that, on coming in of an evening, he seemed to grow timid almost every time as he opened the door, and in the first moment always peeked into my eyes with a strange anxiousness, as if to say, "Won't I be bothering you? Tell me and I'll go away." He even said it sometimes. Once, for instance, precisely in the most recent time, he came in when I was already fully dressed in a suit I had just received from the tailor and was about to go to "Prince Seryozha," so as to set off with him where I had to go (I'll explain where later). But he came in and sat down, probably not noticing that I was about to leave; there were moments when he was overcome by an extremely strange absent-mindedness. As if on purpose, he began talking about the landlord. I blew up:

"Eh, devil take the landlord!"

"Ah, my dear," he suddenly got up from his place, "it seems you're about to go out, and I'm bothering you... Forgive me, please."

And he humbly hastened to leave. This humility towards me from such a man, from such a worldly and independent man, who had so much of his own, at once resurrected in my heart all my tenderness for him and all my trust in him. But if he loved me so, why didn't he stop me then in the time of my disgrace? A word from him then—and maybe I would have held back. However, maybe not. But he did see this foppishness, this fanfaronade, this Matvei (once I even wanted to give him a ride in my sledge, but he wouldn't get in, and it even happened several times that he didn't want to get in), he did see that I was throwing money around—and not a word, not a word, not even out of curiosity! That astonishes me to this day, even now. And I, naturally, was not the least bit ceremonious with him then and let everything show, though, of course, also without a word of explanation. He didn't ask, and I didn't speak.

However, two or three times it was as if we did also start speaking about the essential. I asked him once, at the beginning, soon after he renounced the inheritance, how he was going to live now.

"Somehow, my friend," he said with extraordinary calm.

Now I know that even Tatyana Pavlovna's tiny capital of about five thousand was half spent on Versilov in these last two years.

Another time we somehow began talking about mama:

"My friend," he suddenly said sadly, "I often said to Sofya Andreevna at the beginning of our union—at the beginning, and the middle, and the end as well, however: 'My dear, I'm tormenting you, and I'll torment you thoroughly, and I'm not sorry, as long as you're before me; but if you should die, I know I'd do myself in with punishment.'"

However, I remember he was especially open that evening:

"If only I were a weak-tempered nonentity and suffered from the awareness of it! But no, I know that I'm infinitely strong, and what do you think my strength is? Precisely this spontaneous power of getting along with anything, which is so characteristic of all intelligent people of our generation. Nothing can destroy me, nothing can exterminate me, nothing can astonish me. I'm as tenacious as a yard dog. I can feel in the most comfortable way two contrary feelings at the same time—and that, of course, not by my own will. But nonetheless I know it's dishonest, mainly because it's all too reasonable. I've lived to be nearly fifty, and so far I don't know whether it's good that I've done so, or bad. Of course, I love life, and that follows directly from things, but for a man like me, to love life is base. Lately something new has begun, and the Krafts don't survive, they shoot themselves. But it's clear that the Krafts are stupid; well, and we're intelligent—so it's impossible to draw any analogy here, and the question still remains open. And can it be only for such as we that the earth stands? Yes, in all likelihood; but that is too cheerless an idea. However... however, the question still remains open."

He spoke with sadness, and even so I didn't know whether he was sincere or not. There was always some wrinkle in him that he wouldn't drop for anything.

IV

I SHOWERED HIM with questions then, I threw myself on him like a hungry man on bread. He always answered me readily and straightforwardly, but in the final end he always brought it down to the most general aphorisms, so that, in essence, nothing could

be drawn from it. And yet all these questions had troubled me all my life, and, I confess frankly, while still in Moscow, I postponed their resolution precisely until our meeting in Petersburg. I even told it to him directly, and he didn't laugh at me—on the contrary, I remember, he shook my hand. On general politics and social questions, I could extract almost nothing from him, and it was these questions that troubled me most, in view of my "idea." Of the likes of Dergachev, I once tore the observation from him "that they were beneath any criticism," but at the same time he added strangely that he "reserved for himself the right not to attach any importance to his opinion." Of how the contemporary states and world would end and what would bring about a renewal of the social world, he kept silent for terribly long, but one day I finally tortured a few words out of him:

"I think it will all come about somehow in an extremely ordinary way," he said once. "Quite simply, all the states, despite all balancing of budgets and 'absence of deficits,' *un beau matin** will become utterly confused, and each and every one of them will refuse to pay up, so that each and every one of them will be renewed in a general bankruptcy. Meanwhile, all the conservative elements of the whole world will be opposed to that, for it will be they who are the shareholders and creditors, and they will not want to allow the bankruptcy. Then, of course, there will begin a general oxidation, so to speak; the Yid will arrive in quantity, and a kingdom of Yids will begin; but all those who never had any shares, and generally never had anything, that is, all the beggars, naturally will not want to participate in the oxidation... A struggle will begin, and after seventy-seven defeats, the beggars will annihilate the shareholders, take their shares from them, and sit in their place—as shareholders, of course. And maybe they'll say something new, or maybe not. Most likely they'll also go bankrupt. Beyond that, my friend, I can't predict anything in the destinies that will change the face of this world. However, look in the Apocalypse..."

"But can it all be so material? Can the present-day world end only because of finances?"

"Oh, naturally, I've taken only one little corner of the picture, but that corner is connected with everything by, so to speak, indissoluble bonds."

"What, then, is to be done?"

*One fine morning.

"Ah, my God, don't be in a hurry; it won't all come so soon. Generally, it's best to do nothing; at least your conscience is at peace, since you haven't taken part in anything."

"Eh, come on, talk business. I want to know precisely what I'm to do and how I'm to live."

"What are you to do, my dear? Be honest, never lie, don't covet your neighbor's house, in short, read the ten commandments: everything's written there for all time."

"Come on, come on, that's all so old, and besides—it's just words, and I need action."

"Well, if you're quite overcome with boredom, try loving someone, or something, or even simply becoming attached to something."

"You just laugh! And besides, what am I alone to do with your ten commandments?"

"But if you fulfill them, despite all your questions and doubts, you'll be a great man."

"Unknown to anyone."

"Nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest."[13]

"No, you're decidedly laughing!"

"Well, if you take it so much to heart, then it would be best to try and specialize quickly, take up construction or law; then you'll be occupied with real and serious business, and you can settle down and forget about trifles."

I said nothing—well, what could I get from that? And yet after each such conversation, I was more troubled than before. Besides, I saw clearly that there was always as if some mystery left in him; it was this that drew me to him more and more.

"Listen," I interrupted him one day, "I always suspected that you were saying all this just so, from spite and out of suffering, but secretly, within yourself, it's you who are a fanatic of some higher idea and are only hiding it or ashamed to admit it."

"Thank you, my dear."

"Listen, there's nothing higher than being useful. Tell me, how can I be of greatest use at this given moment? I know you can't decide that; but I'm only seeking your opinion: you tell me, and I'll go and do as you tell me, I swear to you! Well, what is the great thought?"

"Well, to turn stones into bread—there's a great thought."[14]

"The greatest? No, truly, you've pointed out a whole path; tell me, then: is it the greatest?"

"A very great one, my friend, a very great one, but not the greatest; great, but secondary, and only great in the given moment. Man eats and doesn't remember it; on the contrary, he'll say at once: 'Well, so I've eaten, and now what do I do?' The question remains eternally open."

"You once talked about 'Geneva ideas.' I didn't understand—what are 'Geneva ideas'?"

"Geneva ideas—it's virtue without Christ, my friend, today's ideas, or, better to say, the idea of the whole of today's civilization.[15] In short, it's—one of those long stories that are very boring to begin, and it would be much better if we talked about other things, and still better if we were silent about other things."

"All you want to do is be silent!"

"My friend, remember that to be silent is good, safe, and beautiful."

"Beautiful?"

"Of course. Silence is always beautiful, and a silent person is always more beautiful than one who talks."

"But to talk as you and I do is, of course, the same as being silent. Devil take that sort of beauty, and furthermore, devil take that sort of profit!"

"My dear," he said to me suddenly, in a somewhat changed tone, even with feeling and with a sort of special insistence, "my dear, I by no means want to seduce you with any sort of bourgeois virtue instead of your ideals, nor do I insist that 'happiness is better than heroism'; on the contrary, heroism is higher than any happiness, and the capacity for it alone already constitutes happiness. So that's settled between us. I respect you precisely for being able, in our soured time, to cultivate some sort of 'idea of your own' in your soul (don't worry, I remember it very well). But all the same it's impossible not to think about measure, too, because now you precisely want a resounding life, to set something on fire, to smash something, to rise higher than all Russia, to sweep over like a storm cloud and leave everyone in fear and admiration, and disappear into the North American States. Surely there's something of that kind in your soul, and that's why I consider it necessary to warn you, because I've sincerely come to love you, my dear."

What could I get from that as well? Here there was only a worry about me, about my material fate; it spoke for the father, with his prosaic though kindly feelings; but was that what I needed, in view of the ideas for which every honest father should send his son even

to his death, as the ancient Horatius sent his sons for the idea of Rome?[16]

I often pestered him with religion, but here the fog was thickest of all. To the question, What am I to do in this sense? he replied in the stupidest way, as to a little boy: "You must believe in God, my dear."

"Well, and what if I don't believe in all that?" I once cried in irritation.

"Splendid, my dear."

"How, splendid?"

"A most excellent sign, my friend; even the most trustworthy, because our Russian atheist, if only he's a true atheist and has a bit of intelligence, is the best man in the whole world and always inclined to treat God nicely, because he's unfailingly kind, and he's kind because he's immeasurably pleased that he's an atheist. Our atheists are respectable people and trustworthy in the highest degree, the support, so to speak, of the fatherland..."

That, of course, was something, but not what I wanted; only once did he speak his mind, only so strangely that he surprised me most of all then, especially in view of all these Catholicisms and chains I had heard about in connection with him.

"My dear," he said to me once, not at home, but one time in the street, after a long conversation; I was seeing him off. "My friend, to love people as they are is impossible. And yet one must. And therefore do good to them, clenching your feelings, holding your nose, and shutting your eyes (this last is necessary). Endure evil from them, not getting angry with them if possible, 'remembering that you, too, are a human being.' Naturally, you're in a position to be severe with them, if it's been granted you to be a little bit smarter than the average. People are mean by nature and love to love out of fear; don't give in to such love and don't cease to despise it. Somewhere in the Koran, Allah bids the prophet to look upon the 'recalcitrant' as mice, to do good to them and pass by—somewhat arrogant, but right. Know how to despise them even when they're good, for most often it's just here that they're nasty. Oh, my dear, I'm judging by myself in saying that! He who is only a little bit better than stupid cannot live and not despise himself—whether he's honest or dishonest makes no difference. To love one's neighbor and not despise him is impossible. In my opinion, man is created with a physical inability to love his neighbor. There's some mistake in words here, from the very beginning, and 'love

for mankind' should be understood as just for that mankind which you yourself have created in your soul (in other words, you've created your own self and the love for yourself), and which therefore will never exist in reality."

"Never exist?"

"My friend, I agree that this would be rather stupid, but here the blame isn't mine; and since I wasn't consulted at the time of the creation of the world, I reserve for myself the right to have my own opinion about it."

"How can they call you a Christian after that," I cried, "a monk with chains, a preacher? I don't understand!"

"But who calls me that?"

I told him; he listened very attentively, but stopped the conversation.

I simply can't remember what occasioned this conversation, which was so memorable for me; but he even became irritated, which almost never happened with him. He had spoken passionately and without mockery, as if he weren't saying it to me. But once again I didn't believe him: could he really speak seriously about such things with the likes of me?

Chapter Two

I

On that morning, the fifteenth of November, I precisely found him with "Prince Seryozha." It was I who brought him together with the prince, but they had enough points of contact even without me (I'm speaking of those former stories abroad and so on). Besides that, the prince had given his word to allot him at least one-third of the inheritance, which would certainly come to about twenty thousand. To me, I remember, it was terribly strange then that he allotted him only a third and not a whole half; but I said nothing. The prince gave this promise then on his own; Versilov had no part in it, never mentioned it by half a little word; the prince himself popped up with it, and Versilov only allowed it silently and never once recalled it afterwards, never even showed by a look that he remembered anything at all about the promise. I'll note incidentally that the prince was decidedly charmed by him at first, especially by his talk, he even went into raptures and several times spoke of it to me. Sometimes, alone with me, he exclaimed about himself, almost in despair, that he was "so uneducated, that he was on such a false path!..." Oh, we were still such friends then!...I kept trying then to instill only good things about the prince into Versilov, I defended his failings, though I saw them myself; but Versilov kept silent or smiled.

"If he does have failings, he has at least as many virtues as failings!" I once exclaimed, alone with Versilov.

"God, how you flatter him," he laughed.

"How do you mean, flatter?" I didn't understand at first.

"As many virtues! Why, then his relics will be revealed,[17] if he has as many virtues as he has failings!"

But, of course, this was not an opinion. Generally he somehow avoided speaking about the prince then, as he generally did about all essentials; but about the prince especially. I already suspected even then that he went to see the prince without me as well, and that they had special relations, but I allowed for that. I also wasn't jealous that he talked with him as if more seriously than with me, more positively, so to speak, and was less given to mockery; but I

was so happy then that it even pleased me. I also excused it by the fact that the prince was slightly limited, and therefore liked precision in words, and even didn't understand certain witticisms at all. And then, recently, he somehow began to emancipate himself. His feelings towards Versilov began to change, as it were. The sensitive Versilov noticed it. I'll also say beforehand that at that time the prince changed towards me as well, even all too visibly; there remained only some dead forms of our original, almost ardent friendship. Yet I still kept going to see him; I could hardly not go, however, having been drawn into all that. Oh, how unskillful I was then, and can it be that stupidity of heart alone can drive a person to such incompetence and humiliation? I took money from him and thought that it was nothing, that it was even right. Not so, however; I knew even then that it was wrong, but—I simply gave it little thought. It wasn't for money that I went to see him, though I needed money terribly. I knew that I didn't go there because of money, but I realized that I came every day to take money. But I was in a whirl and, besides all that, something else was in my soul then—was singing in my soul!

When I came in, at around eleven o'clock in the morning, I found Versilov just finishing some long tirade; the prince was listening, pacing the room, and Versilov was sitting down. The prince seemed to be somewhat agitated. Versilov could almost always make him agitated. The prince was an extremely susceptible being, naïvely so, which on many occasions made me look on him condescendingly. But, I repeat, in the last few days something spitefully tooth-baring had appeared in him. He stopped when he saw me, and something as if twitched in his face. I knew in myself what explained that shadow of displeasure that morning, but I hadn't expected his face to twitch so much. It was known to me that he had accumulated all sorts of troubles, but the disgusting thing was that I knew only the tenth part of them—the rest was a hard and fast secret for me. Therefore it was disgusting and stupid that I got at him so often with my consolations, with advice, and even grinned condescendingly at his weakness of getting beside himself "over such trifles." He said nothing, but it was impossible for him not to hate me terribly at such moments; I was in all too false a position and didn't even suspect it. Oh, God is my witness, I didn't suspect the main thing!

Nevertheless, he politely offered me his hand, and Versilov nodded his head without interrupting his speech. I sprawled on

the sofa. What tone I had then, what manners! I pranced still more, treating his acquaintances as my own... Oh, if it were possible to do it all over again now, I'd know how to behave myself very differently!

Two words, so as not to forget: the prince was living in the same apartment then, but occupied almost all of it; the owner of the apartment, Mrs. Stolbeev, had stayed for only a month and gone off somewhere again.

II

They were talking about the nobility. I'll note that this idea sometimes troubled the prince very much, despite all his air of progressism, and I even suspect that much that was bad in his life came and originated from this idea; valuing his princehood and being destitute, he squandered money all his life out of false pride and got entangled in debts. Versilov hinted to him several times that this was not what made for princehood, and wanted to implant a higher notion in his heart; but in the end it was as if the prince began to be offended at being taught. Evidently there had been something of the sort that morning, but I didn't catch the beginning. Versilov's words seemed retrograde to me at first, but then he got better.

"The word 'honor' means duty," he said (I'm conveying only the sense, as far as I remember it). "When the state is ruled by a dominant estate, the land stands firm. The dominant estate always has its honor and its profession of honor, which may also be wrong, but which almost always serves to bind and strengthen the land; it is useful morally, but more so politically. But the slaves suffer, that is, all who do not belong to that estate. So that they won't suffer, they are granted equal rights. That has been done with us as well, and it's splendid. But by all experience, everywhere so far (in Europe, that is), with the equalizing of rights has come a lowering of the sense of honor and therefore of duty. Egoism has replaced the former binding idea, and everything has broken down into the freedom of persons. Set free, left without a binding thought, they have finally lost all higher connection to such a degree that they have even stopped defending the freedom they obtained. But the Russian type of nobility has never resembled the European. Even now our nobility, having lost its rights, could remain a higher estate

as the guardian of honor, light, science, and the higher idea, and, above all, without shutting itself up in a separate caste, which would be the death of the idea. On the contrary, the gateway to this estate was thrown open with us all too long ago; and now the time has come to open it definitively. Let every deed of honor, science, and valor give anyone the right to join the higher category of people. In this way the estate turns by itself into what is merely a gathering of the best people, in the literal and true sense, and not in the former sense of a privileged caste. In this new or, better, renewed form, the estate might hold out."

The prince bared his teeth:

"What kind of nobility would it be then? That's some sort of Masonic lodge you're planning, not a nobility."

I repeat, the prince was terribly uneducated. I even swung around on the sofa in vexation, though I did not quite agree with Versilov. Versilov understood only too well that the prince was showing his teeth.

"I don't know in what sense you spoke of Masonry," he replied, "however, if even a Russian prince rejects such an idea, then, naturally, its time hasn't come yet. The idea of honor and enlightenment as the covenant of each one who wants to join the estate, which is open and continually renewed, is of course a utopia, but why is it impossible? If this thought still lives, though only in a few heads, it's not lost yet, but shines like a fiery spot in the deep darkness."

"You love to use the words 'higher thought,' 'great thought,' 'binding idea,' and so on. I'd like to know, what essentially do you mean by the words 'a great thought'?"

"I really don't know how to answer you on that, my dear prince." Versilov smiled subtly. "If I confess to you that I'm unable to answer it myself, that would be more accurate. A great thought is most often a feeling that sometimes goes without definition for too long. I know only that it was always that from which living life flowed—that is, not mental and contrived, but, on the contrary, amusing and gay; so that the higher idea from which it flows is decidedly necessary, to the general vexation, of course."

"Why vexation?"

"Because it's boring to live with ideas, and without ideas it's always fun."

The prince ate the pill.

"And what, in your opinion, is this living life?" (He was obviously angry.)

"I don't know that either, Prince; I only know that it must be something terribly simple, most ordinary, staring us in the face every day and every minute, and so simple that we just can't believe it could be so simple, and naturally we've been passing it by for many thousands of years now without noticing or recognizing it."

"I only wanted to say that your idea of the nobility is at the same time a denial of the nobility," said the prince.

"Well, since you're so insistent, maybe the nobility never existed among us."

"This is all terribly obscure and vague. If you speak, then, in my opinion, you have to develop..."

The prince furrowed his brow and glanced fleetingly at the wall clock. Versilov got up and took his hat.

"Develop?" he said. "No, better not develop, and what's more it's my passion—to speak without developing. That's really so. And here's another strange thing: if it happens that I begin to develop a thought I believe in, the result is almost always that by the end of the explanation I myself have ceased to believe in what I've explained. I'm afraid I'll fall into that now, too. Good-bye, dear Prince; I'm always unpardonably garrulous with you."

He left. The prince politely saw him off, but I felt offended.

"What are you so ruffled up for?" he suddenly shot out, not looking and walking past me to the desk.

"I'm ruffled up," I began with a tremor in my voice, "because, finding such a strange change in your tone towards me and even towards Versilov, I... Of course, Versilov maybe did begin in a somewhat retrograde way, but he got better and... his words maybe contained a profound thought, but you simply didn't understand and..."

"I simply don't want anybody popping up to teach me and considering me a little boy!" he snapped almost with wrath.

"Prince, such words..."

"Please, no theatrical gestures—do me a favor. I know that what I'm doing is mean, that I'm a squanderer, a gambler, maybe a thief... yes, a thief, because I lost my family's money at gambling, but I don't want any judges over me. Don't want it and won't allow it. I'm my own judge. And why these ambiguities? If he wanted to say something to me, then speak directly and don't prophesy in a foggy muddle. But to say that to me, you've got to have the right, you've got to be honorable yourself..."

"First of all, I didn't catch the beginning and don't know what

you were talking about, and second, how is Versilov dishonorable, may I ask?"

"Enough, I beg you, enough. Yesterday you asked for three hundred roubles—here it is..." He put the money on the table in front of me, and himself sat in an armchair, leaned back nervously, and crossed one leg over the other. I stopped in embarrassment.

"I don't know..." I murmured, "I did ask you... and I need the money very badly now, but in view of such a tone..."

"Forget the tone. If I said anything sharp, forgive me. I assure you, I have other things on my mind. Listen to this: I've received a letter from Moscow; my brother Sasha—he's still a child, you know—died four days ago. My father, as you're also aware, has been paralyzed for two years, and now they write that he's worse, can't say a word, and doesn't recognize anybody. They're glad of the inheritance there and want to take him abroad; but the doctor writes to me that it's unlikely he'll live even two weeks. Which means that mother, my sister, and I are left, and that means I'm almost alone now... Well, in short, I'm alone... This inheritance... This inheritance—oh, maybe it would be better if it didn't come at all! But here's precisely what I wanted to tell you: I promised Andrei Petrovich a minimum of twenty thousand from this inheritance... And meanwhile, imagine, owing to formalities, so far it's been impossible to do anything. I even... we, that is... that is, my father hasn't come into possession of this estate yet. Meanwhile, I've lost so much money these last three weeks, and that scoundrel Stebelkov charges such interest... I've now given you almost the last..."

"Oh, Prince, if so..."

"I don't mean that, I don't mean that. Stebelkov is sure to bring some today, and I'll have enough to tide me over, but devil knows about this Stebelkov! I begged him to get me ten thousand, so that I could at least give ten thousand to Andrei Petrovich. My promise to allot him a third torments me, tortures me. I gave my word and I must keep it. And, I swear to you, I'm dying to free myself of obligations at least on that side. They're a burden to me, a burden, unbearable! This burdensome connection... I can't see Andrei Petrovich, because I can't look him straight in the eye... Why, then, does he abuse it?"

"What does he abuse, Prince?" I stopped before him in amazement. "Has he ever as much as hinted to you?"

"Oh, no, and I appreciate that, but I've hinted to myself. And,

finally, I'm getting sucked in deeper and deeper... This Stebelkov..."

"Listen, Prince, please calm down. I see that the longer you go on, the more troubled you become, and yet maybe it's all just a mirage. Oh, I've gotten in deep myself, unpardonably, meanly; but I know it's only temporary... I just need to win back a certain figure, and then tell me, with this three hundred, I owe you about two thousand five hundred, is that right?"

"I don't believe I asked you for it," the prince suddenly snarled.

"You say: ten thousand to Versilov. If I do borrow from you now, then, of course, this money will be credited against Versilov's twenty thousand; I won't allow it otherwise. But... but I'll probably pay it back myself... No, can you possibly think Versilov comes to you for money?"

"It would be easier for me if he did come to me for money," the prince uttered mysteriously.

"You speak of some 'burdensome connection'... If you mean with Versilov and me, then, by God, that is offensive. And, finally, you say, why isn't he like what he teaches—that's your logic! And, first of all, it's not logic, allow me to inform you of that, because even if he weren't, he could still preach the truth... And, finally, what is this word 'preaches'? You say 'prophet.' Tell me, was it you who called him a 'women's prophet' in Germany?"

"No, it wasn't."

"Stebelkov told me it was you."

"He lied. I'm no expert at giving mocking nicknames. But if a man preaches honor, let him be honorable himself—that's my logic, and if it's wrong, it makes no difference. I want it to be so, and it will be so. And no one, no one dares to come and judge me in my own house and consider me a baby! Enough," he cried, waving his hand to keep me from going on. "Ah, at last!"

The door opened and Stebelkov came in.

III

He was still the same, dressed in the same foppish clothes, thrust his chest out in the same way, looked with the same stupid gaze, had the same fancy about his own slyness, and was greatly pleased with himself. This time, as he came in, he looked around somehow strangely; there was something peculiarly cautious and

keen in his gaze, as if he wanted to guess something from our physiognomies. However, he instantly calmed down, and a self-confident smile shone on his lips, that "ingratiatingly insolent" smile, which I still found unutterably vile.

I had long known that he tormented the prince greatly. He had already come once or twice while I was there. I... I also had had one contact with him that past month, but this time, for a certain reason, I was slightly surprised at his coming.

"One moment," the prince said to him without greeting him, and, turning his back to us, began taking the necessary papers and accounts out of his desk. As for me, I was decidedly offended by the prince's last words; the allusion to Versilov being dishonorable was so clear (and so astonishing!) that it was impossible to let it go without a radical explanation. But this was impossible in front of Stebelkov. I sprawled on the sofa again and opened a book that was lying in front of me.

"Belinsky, part two![18] That's something new; you wish to enlighten yourself?" I called out to the prince—very affectedly, it seems.

He was very busy and hurried, but he suddenly turned at my words.

"Leave that book alone, I beg you," he said sharply.

This was going beyond the limits, and above all—in front of Stebelkov! As if on purpose, Stebelkov grinned slyly and disgustingly, and nodded furtively to me towards the prince. I turned away from the stupid fellow.

"Don't be angry, Prince; I yield you up to the most important person, and efface myself for the time being..."

I decided to be casual.

"Is that me—the most important person?" Stebelkov picked up, merrily pointing his finger at himself.

"Yes, you; the most important person is you, and you know it yourself."

"No, sir, excuse me. There's a second person everywhere in the world. I am a second person. There's a first person, and there's a second person. The first person acts, and the second person takes. Which means the second person comes out as the first person, and the first person as the second person. Is that so or not?"

"It may be so, only as usual I don't understand you."

"Excuse me. There was a revolution in France and everybody was executed. Napoleon came and took everything. The revolution

is the first person, and Napoleon the second person. But it turned out that Napoleon became the first person, and the revolution became the second person. Is that so or not?"

I'll note, incidentally, that in his speaking to me about the French Revolution, I saw something of his earlier slyness, which amused me greatly: he still continued to regard me as some sort of revolutionary, and each time he met me, he found it necessary to speak about something of that sort.

"Let's go," said the prince, and they both went out to the other room. Left alone, I decided definitively to give him back his three hundred roubles as soon as Stebelkov left. I had extreme need of this money, but I decided.

They stayed there for about ten minutes quite unheard, and suddenly began talking loudly. They both began talking, but the prince suddenly started to shout, as if in strong irritation, reaching the point of fury. He could sometimes be very hot-tempered, so that even I let it pass. But at that moment a footman came in to announce someone; I pointed him to their room, and everything instantly quieted down there. The prince quickly came out with a preoccupied face, but smiling; the footman rushed off, and half a minute later the prince's visitor came in.

This was an important visitor, with aiguillettes and a coronet, a gentleman of no more than thirty, of a high-society and rather stern appearance. I warn the reader that Prince Sergei Petrovich did not yet belong in any real sense to Petersburg high society, despite all his passionate desire (I knew about the desire), and so he must have terribly appreciated such a call. This acquaintance, as I was informed, had only just begun, after great efforts on the prince's part; the guest was now returning a visit, but unfortunately he had caught the host unawares. I saw with what suffering and what a lost look the prince turned for an instant to Stebelkov; but Stebelkov endured his gaze as if nothing was wrong and, without the slightest thought of effacing himself, casually sat down on the sofa and began ruffling his hair with his hand, probably as a token of independence. He even made some sort of important face—in short, he was decidedly impossible. As for me, I was certainly able to behave myself by then and, of course, would not have disgraced anyone, but what was my amazement when I caught that same lost, pitiful, and spiteful gaze of the prince on myself as well: it meant he was ashamed of us both and put me on a par with Stebelkov. This idea drove me to fury; I sprawled still more and

began flipping through the book with such an air as if nothing concerned me. Stebelkov, on the contrary, goggled his eyes, leaned forward, and began listening to their conversation, probably supposing that this was both polite and amiable. The guest glanced once or twice at Stebelkov—and also at me, incidentally.

They began talking of family news; this gentleman had once known the prince's mother, who belonged to a well-known family. As far as I could conclude, the guest, despite his amiability and seeming ingenuousness of tone, was very stiff and, of course, valued himself enough to consider his visit a great honor even for whoever it might be. If the prince had been alone—that is, without us—I'm sure he would have been more dignified and resourceful; now, though, something peculiarly tremulous in his smile, maybe much too amiable, and some strange distractedness betrayed him.

They had not yet been sitting for five minutes when suddenly another guest was announced and, as if on purpose, also of a compromising sort. I knew this one well and had heard a lot about him, though he didn't know me at all. He was still a very young man, though already about twenty-three years old, charmingly dressed, of a good family, and a handsome fellow himself, but—unquestionably of bad society. A year ago he had still been serving in one of the most distinguished horse-guard regiments, but he had been forced to retire, and everyone knew the reasons why. His relations even published in the newspapers that they were not answerable for his debts, but he continued his carousing even now, obtaining money at ten percent a month, gambling terribly in the gambling houses, and squandering all he had on a notorious Frenchwoman. The thing was that about a week earlier he had managed to win some twelve thousand in one evening, and he was triumphant. He was on a friendly footing with the prince; they often gambled together as partners; but the prince even gave a start on seeing him, I noticed it from where I sat: this boy was as if in his own home everywhere, spoke loudly and gaily, was unembarrassed by anything, and said whatever came to his mind, and naturally it would never have come into his head that our host was trembling so before his guest on account of his company.

He came in, interrupting their conversation, and at once began telling about yesterday's gambling, even before he sat down.

"I believe you were also there," he turned at the third phrase to the important guest, taking him for one of his circle, but, seeing

better immediately, he cried, "Ah, forgive me, but I took you also for someone from yesterday!"

"Alexei Vladimirovich Darzan, Ippolit Alexandrovich Nashchokin," the prince hastily introduced them. The boy could, after all, be presented: the family name was good and well-known, but he hadn't introduced us earlier, and we went on sitting in our corners. I decidedly did not want to turn my head to them; but Stebelkov, at the sight of the young man, began to grin joyfully and obviously threatened to start talking. I was even beginning to find it all amusing.

"I met you often last year at Countess Verigin's," said Darzan.

"I remember you, but then, I believe, you were in uniform," Nashchokin replied benignly.

"Yes, in uniform, but thanks to... Ah, Stebelkov, so you're here? What brings him here? It's precisely thanks to these fine sirs that I'm no longer in uniform," he pointed straight at Stebelkov and burst out laughing. Stebelkov, too, laughed joyfully, probably taking it as a compliment. The prince blushed and hastily turned to Nashchokin with some question, while Darzan went over to Stebelkov and began talking to him very vehemently about something, but now in a low voice.

"It seems you became very well acquainted with Katerina Nikolaevna Akhmakov abroad?" the guest asked the prince.

"Oh, yes, I knew..."

"It seems there will be some news here soon. They say she's going to marry Baron Bjoring."

"That's right!" cried Darzan.

"You... know it for certain?" the prince asked Nashchokin, visibly agitated and uttering his question with particular emphasis.

"I was told so; it seems people are already talking about it; however, I don't know for certain."

"Oh, it's certain!" Darzan went over to them. "Dubasov told me yesterday; he's always the first to know such news. And the prince ought to know..."

Nashchokin paused for Darzan and again addressed the prince:

"She rarely appears in society now."

"Her father has been sick this last month," the prince observed somehow drily.

"She seems to be an adventurous lady!" Darzan blurted out suddenly.

I raised my head and straightened up.

"I have the pleasure of knowing Katerina Nikolaevna personally and take upon myself the duty of assuring you that all the scandalous rumors are nothing but lies and infamy... and have been invented by those... who circled around but didn't succeed."

Having broken off so stupidly, I fell silent, still looking at them all with a flushed face and sitting bolt upright. They all turned to me, but suddenly Stebelkov tittered; Darzan was struck at first, but then grinned.

"Arkady Makarovich Dolgoruky," the prince indicated me to Darzan.

"Ah, believe me, *Prince*," Darzan addressed me frankly and goodnaturedly, "I'm not speaking for myself; if there was any gossip, it wasn't I who spread it."

"Oh, I didn't mean you!" I answered quickly, but Stebelkov had already burst into inadmissible laughter, and that precisely, as became clear later, because Darzan had called me "prince." My infernal last name mucked things up here as well. Even now I blush at the thought that I—from shame, of course—did not dare at that moment to pick up this stupidity and declare aloud that I was simply Dolgoruky. It was the first time in my life that this had happened. Darzan gazed in perplexity at me and at the laughing Stebelkov.

"Ah, yes! Who was that pretty thing I just met on your stairs, sharp-eyed and fair-haired?" he suddenly asked the prince.

"I really don't know," the latter answered quickly, blushing.

"Then who would know?" Darzan laughed.

"Though it... it might have been..." the prince somehow faltered.

"It... but it was precisely his sister, Lizaveta Makarovna!" Stebelkov suddenly pointed at me. "Because I also met her earlier..."

"Ah, indeed!" the prince picked up, but this time with an extremely solid and serious expression on his face. "It must have been Lizaveta Makarovna, a close friend of Anna Fyodorovna Stolbeev, whose apartment I'm now living in. She must have come calling today on Darya Onisimovna, who is also a good friend of Anna Fyodorovna's and in charge of the house in her absence..."

That was all exactly how it was. This Darya Onisimovna was the mother of poor Olya, whose story I have already told and whom Tatyana Pavlovna finally sheltered with Mrs. Stolbeev. I knew perfectly well that Liza used to visit Mrs. Stolbeev and later occasionally visited poor Darya Onisimovna, whom they all

came to love very much; but suddenly, after this, incidentally, extremely sensible statement from the prince, and especially after Stebelkov's stupid outburst, or maybe because I had just been called "prince," suddenly, owing to all that, I blushed all over. Fortunately, just then Nashchokin got up to leave; he offered his hand to Darzan as well. The moment Stebelkov and I were left alone, he suddenly started nodding to me towards Darzan, who was standing in the doorway with his back to us. I shook my fist at Stebelkov.

A minute later Darzan also left, having arranged with the prince to meet the next day without fail at some place they had already settled on—a gambling house, naturally. On his way out he shouted something to Stebelkov and bowed slightly to me. As soon as he went out, Stebelkov jumped up from his place and stood in the middle of the room with a raised finger:

"Last week that little squire pulled off the following stunt: he gave a promissory note and falsified Averyanov's name on it. And the nice little note still exists in that guise, only one doesn't do such things! It's criminal. Eight thousand."

"And surely it's you who have this note?" I glanced at him ferociously.

"I have a bank, sir, I have a *mont-de-piété*,* not promissory notes. Have you heard of such a *mont-de-piété* in Paris? Bread and charity for the poor. I have a *mont-de-piété* . . ."

The prince stopped him rudely and spitefully:

"What are you doing here? Why did you stay?"

"Ah!" Stebelkov quickly began nodding with his eyes. "And that? What about that?"

"No, no, no, not that," the prince shouted and stamped his foot, "I told you!"

"Ah, well, if so . . . then so . . . Only it's not so . . ."

He turned sharply and, inclining his head and rounding his back, suddenly left. The prince called after him when he was already in the doorway:

"Be it known to you, sir, that I am not afraid of you in the least!"

He was highly vexed, made as if to sit down, but, having glanced at me, did not. It was as if his glance was also saying to me, "Why are you also sticking around?"

"Prince," I tried to begin . . .

"I really have no time, Arkady Makarovich, I'm about to leave."

*Pawn shop.

"One moment, Prince, it's very important to me; and, first of all, take back your three hundred."

"What's this now?"

He was pacing, but he paused.

"It's this, that after all that's happened... and what you said about Versilov, that he's dishonorable, and, finally, your tone all the rest of the time... In short, I simply can't accept."

"You've been *accepting* for a whole month, though."

He suddenly sat down on a chair. I stood by the table, flipping through Belinsky's book with one hand and holding my hat with the other.

"The feelings were different, Prince... And, finally, I'd never have brought it as far as a certain figure... This gambling... In short, I can't!"

"You simply haven't distinguished yourself in anything, and so you're frantic. I beg you to leave that book alone."

"What does 'haven't distinguished yourself' mean? And, finally, you almost put me on a par with Stebelkov in front of your guests."

"Ah, there's the answer!" he grinned caustically. "Besides, you were embarrassed that Darzan called you 'prince.'"

He laughed maliciously. I flared up:

"I don't even understand... I wouldn't take your princehood gratis..."

"I know your character. It was ridiculous the way you cried out in defense of Mme. Akhmakov... Leave the book alone!"

"What does that mean?" I also shouted.

"Le-e-eave the book alo-o-one!" he suddenly yelled, sitting up fiercely in his armchair, as if ready to charge.

"This goes beyond all limits," I said and quickly left the room. But before I reached the end of the hall, he called out to me from the door of the study:

"Come back, Arkady Makarovich! Come ba-a-ack! Come ba-a-ack right now!"

I paid no attention and walked on. He quickly overtook me, seized my arm, and dragged me back to the study. I didn't resist!

"Take it!" he said, pale with agitation, handing me the three hundred roubles I had left there. "You absolutely must take it... otherwise we... you absolutely must!"

"How can I take it, Prince?"

"Well, I'll ask your forgiveness, shall I? Well, forgive me!..."

"Prince, I always loved you, and if you also..."

"I also; take it..."

I took it. His lips were trembling.

"I understand, Prince, that you were infuriated by this scoundrel... but I won't take it, Prince, unless we kiss each other, as with previous quarrels..."

I was also trembling as I said it.

"Well, what softheartedness," the prince murmured with an embarrassed smile, but he leaned over and kissed me. I shuddered: in his face, at the moment of the kiss, I could decidedly read disgust.

"Did he at least bring you the money?..."

"Eh, it makes no difference."

"It's for you that I..."

"He did, he did."

"Prince, we used to be friends... and, finally, Versilov..."

"Well, yes, yes, all right!"

"And, finally, I really don't know ultimately, this three hundred..."

I was holding it in my hands.

"Take it, ta-a-ake it!" he smiled again, but there was something very unkind in his smile.

I took it.

Chapter Three

I

I TOOK IT because I loved him. To whoever doesn't believe it, I'll reply that at least at the moment when I took this money from him, I was firmly convinced that, if I had wanted to, I could very well have gotten it from another source. And therefore it means that I took it not out of extremity, but out of delicacy, only so as not to offend him. Alas, that was how I reasoned then! But even so I felt very oppressed on leaving him: I had seen an extraordinary change towards me that morning; there had never yet been such a tone; and against Versilov there was positive rebellion. Stebelkov, of course, had vexed him greatly with something earlier, but he had started even before Stebelkov. I'll repeat once more: it had been possible to notice a change compared with the beginning in all those recent days, but not like that, not to such a degree—that's the main thing.

The stupid news about this imperial aide-de-camp Baron Bjoring might have had an influence as well... I also left in agitation, but... That's just it, that something quite different was shining then, and I let so much pass before my eyes light-mindedly: I hastened to let it pass, I drove away all that was gloomy and turned to what was shining...

It was not yet one in the afternoon. From the prince, my Matvei drove me straight—will you believe to whom?—to Stebelkov! That's just it, that earlier that day he had surprised me not so much by his calling on the prince (because he had promised him to come), as by the fact that, though he winked at me out of his stupid habit, it was not at all on the subject I had expected. The evening before, I had received from him, through the city mail, a note I found quite mysterious, in which he urgently requested that I visit him precisely today, between one and two o'clock, and "that he could inform me of things I was not expecting." And yet just now, there at the prince's, he hadn't let anything show about the letter. What secrets could there be between Stebelkov and me? The idea was even ridiculous; but in view of everything that had happened, as I was going to him now, I even felt a little excited.

Of course, I turned to him for money once a couple of weeks before, and he was about to give it, but for some reason we had a falling-out then, and I didn't take it; he began muttering something vaguely then, as he usually does, and it seemed to me that he wanted to offer something, some special conditions; and since I treated him with decided condescension each time I met him at the prince's, I proudly cut off any thought of special conditions and left, despite the fact that he chased after me to the door. That time I borrowed from the prince.

Stebelkov lived completely by himself, and lived prosperously: an apartment of four splendid rooms, fine furniture, male and female servants, and some sort of housekeeper, rather elderly, however. I came in wrathfully.

"Listen, my dear fellow," I began from the doorway, "what, first of all, is the meaning of this note? I don't allow for any correspondence between myself and you. And why didn't you tell me what you wanted to earlier, right there at the prince's? I was at your service."

"And why did you also keep silent earlier and not ask?" he extended his mouth into a most self-satisfied smile.

"Because it's not I who have need of you, but you who have need of me," I cried, suddenly getting angry.

"Then why have you come to me, in that case?" he nearly jumped up and down with pleasure. I turned instantly and was about to leave, but he seized me by the shoulder.

"No, no, I was joking. It's an important matter; you'll see for yourself."

I sat down. I confess I was curious. We were sitting by the edge of a big writing table, facing each other. He smiled slyly and raised his finger.

"Please, without your sly tricks and without the finger, and above all without any allegories, but straight to business—otherwise I'm leaving!" I cried again in wrath.

"You're . . . proud!" he pronounced with some sort of stupid reproach, swinging himself towards me in his armchair and raising all the wrinkles on his forehead.

"One has to be with you!"

"You . . . took money from the prince today, three hundred roubles. I have money. My money's better."

"How do you know I took money?" I was terribly surprised. "Can he have told you that himself?"

"He told me. Don't worry, it was just so, side talk, it came up by the way, only just by the way, not on purpose. He told me. But it was possible not to take it from him. Is that so or not?"

"But I hear you fleece people at an unbearable rate."

"I have a *mont-de-piété*, but I don't fleece. I keep it only for friends, I don't lend to others. For others the *mont-de-piété* . . ."

This *mont-de-piété* was the most ordinary lending of money on pledges, under some other name, in a different apartment, and it was flourishing.

"But I lend large sums to friends."

"What, is the prince such a friend of yours?"

"A frie-e-end; but . . . he talks through his hat. And he dare not talk through his hat."

"Why, is he so much in your hands? Does he owe a lot?"

"He . . . owes a lot."

"He'll pay you back; he's come into an inheritance . . ."

"That's not his inheritance. He owes me money, and he owes me other things. The inheritance isn't enough. I'll lend to you without interest."

"Also as 'to a friend'? How have I deserved it?" I laughed.

"You will deserve it." He again thrust his whole body towards me and was about to raise his finger.

"Stebelkov! No fingers, or else I leave."

"Listen . . . he may marry Anna Andreevna!" And he squinted his left eye infernally.

"Listen here, Stebelkov, the conversation is taking on such a scandalous character . . . How dare you mention the name of Anna Andreevna?"

"Don't be angry."

"I'm only listening unwillingly, because I clearly see some sort of trick here and want to find out . . . But I may lose control, Stebelkov!"

"Don't be angry, don't be proud. Don't be proud for a little while and listen; then you can be proud again. You do know about Anna Andreevna? That the prince may marry her . . . you do know?"

"I've heard about this idea, of course, and I know everything, but I've never said anything to the prince about this idea. I only know that this idea was born in the mind of old Prince Sokolsky, who is still sick; but I've never said anything or taken part in anything. As I'm telling you that solely by way of explanation, I'll allow myself to ask you, first: what made you start talking with me

about this? And, second, can it be that the prince talks about such things with *you*?"

"He doesn't talk with me; he doesn't want to talk with me, but I talk with him, and he doesn't want to listen. He started yelling earlier."

"What else! I approve of him."

"Prince Sokolsky, the little old man, will give a big dowry with Anna Andreevna. She pleases him. Then Prince Sokolsky the suitor will pay me back all the money. And the non-money debt as well. He's sure to! But now he has no means to pay it back."

"But me, what do you need me for?"

"For the main question: you're an acquaintance; you know everybody there. You can find everything out."

"Ah, the devil... find what out?"

"Whether the prince wants it, whether Anna Andreevna wants it, whether the old prince wants it. Find out for certain."

"And you dare suggest that I be your spy, and do it for money!" I cried in indignation.

"Don't be proud, don't be proud. For just a little longer, don't be proud, for another five minutes." He sat me down again. He was evidently not afraid of my gestures and exclamations; but I decided to listen to the end.

"I need to find out soon, very soon, because... because soon it may be too late. Did you see how he ate the pill earlier, when the officer began talking about the baron and Mme. Akhmakov?"

It was decidedly humiliating to listen further, but my curiosity was invincibly enticed.

"Listen, you... you worthless man!" I said resolutely. "If I sit here and listen and allow you to speak of such persons... and even answer you myself, it's not at all because I allow you that right. I simply see some sort of meanness... And, first of all, what hopes can the prince have regarding Katerina Nikolaevna?"

"None, but he's frantic."

"That's not true."

"Frantic. Which means that Mme. Akhmakov is now—a pass. He's lost a trick here. Now he's only got Anna Andreevna. I'll give you two thousand... with no interest and no promissory note."

Having said this, he leaned back resolutely and importantly in his chair and goggled his eyes at me. I was also all eyes.

"Your suit comes from Bolshaya Millionnaya;[19] you need money,

money; my money's better than his. I'll give you more than two thousand."

"But what for? What for, devil take it?"

I stamped my foot. He leaned towards me and said expressively:

"So that you won't interfere."

"But it's no concern of mine anyway," I cried.

"I know you're keeping quiet. That's good."

"I don't need your approval. For my own part, I very much wish for it, but I consider that it's none of my business, and that it would even be indecent of me."

"You see, you see—indecent!" he raised his finger.

"See what?"

"Indecent... Heh!" and he suddenly laughed. "I understand, I understand that it's indecent for you, but... you're not going to interfere?" he winked, but in this winking there was something so insolent, even jeering, base! He precisely supposed some sort of baseness in me and was counting on that baseness... That was clear, but I still didn't understand what it was about.

"Anna Andreevna is also your sister, sir," he uttered imposingly.

"Don't you dare speak of that. And generally don't you dare speak of Anna Andreevna."

"Don't be proud, just for one more little minute! Listen: he'll get the money and provide for everybody," Stebelkov said weightily, "everybody, *everybody*, you follow?"

"So you think I'll take money from him?"

"Aren't you taking it now?"

"I'm taking my own!"

"What's your own?"

"This is Versilov's money; he owes Versilov twenty thousand."

"Versilov, not you."

"Versilov's my father."

"No, you're Dolgoruky, not Versilov."

"That makes no difference!"

Indeed, I was able to reason like that then. I knew it made a difference, I wasn't so stupid, but I reasoned like that then, again, out of "delicacy."

"Enough!" I cried. "I understand precisely nothing. And how dared you summon me for such trifles?"

"Can it be you really don't understand? Are you doing it on purpose or not?" Stebelkov said slowly, staring at me piercingly and with some sort of mistrustful smile.

"By God, I don't!"

"I say he can provide for everybody, *everybody*, only don't interfere and don't talk him out of it..."

"You must have lost your mind! What's this 'everybody' you keep trotting out? Is it Versilov he'll provide for?"

"You're not the only one in it, nor is Versilov... there are others. And Anna Andreevna is as much a sister to you *as Lizaveta Makarovna*!"

I stared at him goggle-eyed. Suddenly something like pity for me flashed in his vile gaze:

"You don't understand, and so much the better! It's good, it's very good that you don't understand. It's praiseworthy... if you really don't understand."

I became completely furious:

"Away with you and your trifles, you crazy man!" I cried, seizing my hat.

"They're not trifles! So it's a deal? But, you know, you'll come again."

"No," I snapped from the doorway.

"You'll come, and then... then there'll be a different talk. That will be the main talk. Two thousand, remember!"

II

He made such a filthy and murky impression on me that, going out, I even tried not to think of it and only spat. The idea that the prince could speak with him about me and this money pricked me as if with a pin. "I'll win and pay him back today," I thought resolutely.

Stupid and tongue-tied as Stebelkov was, I had seen a blazing scoundrel in all his splendor, and, above all, there certainly was some intrigue here. Only I had no time to go into any intrigues, and that was the main reason for my hen-blindness! I glanced worriedly at my watch, but it wasn't even two yet; that meant I could still make one visit, otherwise I'd have died of excitement before three o'clock. I drove to see Anna Andreevna Versilov, my sister. I had long ago become close with her at my little old prince's, precisely during his illness. The thought that I hadn't seen him for three or four days now nagged at my conscience, but it was precisely Anna Andreevna who helped me out: the prince was extremely

taken with her and, to me, even called her his guardian angel. Incidentally, the thought of marrying her to Prince Sergei Petrovich had indeed been born in the old man's head, and he had even told me of it more than once, in secret, of course. I had conveyed this idea to Versilov, having noticed before that, for all the essential things to which Versilov was so indifferent, nevertheless he was always somehow especially interested when I told him something about my meetings with Anna Andreevna. Versilov had muttered to me then that Anna Andreevna was all too intelligent and, in such a ticklish matter, could do without other people's advice. Naturally, Stebelkov was right that the old man would give her a dowry, but how could he dare to count on anything here? Today the prince had shouted after him that he wasn't afraid of him at all. Had Stebelkov indeed talked with him in his study about Anna Andreevna? I can imagine how infuriated I'd have been in his place.

Lately I had even been at Anna Andreevna's quite often. But here one strange thing always happened: it was always she herself who invited me to come, and she certainly always expected me, but when I entered, she unfailingly made it seem that I had come unexpectedly and unintendedly. I noticed this feature in her, but I became attached to her all the same. She lived with Mme. Fanariotov, her grandmother, as her ward, of course (Versilov gave nothing to provide for them)—but in a far different role from that in which wards are usually described in the houses of aristocratic ladies, for instance, the old countess's ward in Pushkin's "Queen of Spades."[20] Anna Andreevna was like a countess herself. She lived completely separately in this house, that is, on the same floor and in the same apartment as the Fanariotovs, but in two separate rooms, so that, for instance, coming and going, I never once met any of the Fanariotovs. She had the right to receive whomever she wanted, and to use her time however she liked. True, she was already going on twenty-three. During the last year, she had almost stopped appearing in society, though Mme. Fanariotov did not stint on expenses for her granddaughter, whom, as I heard, she loved very much. On the contrary, I precisely liked in Anna Andreevna the fact that I always found her in such modest dresses, always busy with something, with a book or handwork. There was something of the nunnery, almost nunlike, in the way she looked, and I liked that. She was not loquacious, but always spoke with weight, and was terribly good at listening, something I never knew how to do. When I told her that, though they didn't have a single feature in

common, she nevertheless bore a great resemblance to Versilov, she always blushed slightly. She blushed often and always quickly, but always only slightly, and I came to like very much this particularity of her face. With her I never called Versilov by his last name, but always Andrei Petrovich, and that came about somehow by itself. I even noticed very well that, generally, at the Fanariotovs', they must have been somehow ashamed of Versilov; I noticed it, however, from Anna Andreevna alone, though once again I don't know if one can use the word "ashamed" here; anyhow, there was something of the sort. I also talked to her about Prince Sergei Petrovich, and she listened very much and, it seemed to me, was interested in this information; but somehow it always happened that I told her things myself, while she never asked. Of the possibility of a marriage between them, I never dared to speak with her, though I often wished to, because I partly liked the idea myself. But in her room I stopped somehow venturing to talk about terribly many things, and, on the contrary, I found it terribly good to be in her room. I also liked it very much that she was very educated and had read a lot, and even serious books; she had read much more than I had.

She herself invited me to come the first time. I understood even then that she was maybe counting on occasionally worming a thing or two out of me. Oh, many people could have wormed a great many things out of me then! "But what of it," I thought, "she's not receiving me for that alone." In short, I was even glad that I could be of use to her, and... and when I sat with her, it aways seemed to me within myself that it was my sister sitting near me, though, incidentally, we never once spoke of our relation to each other, not a word, not a hint, as if it simply didn't exist. Sitting at her place, it seemed to me somehow quite unthinkable to start talking about it, and, really, looking at her, an absurd thought sometimes came to my head, that she maybe didn't know about this relation at all—so far as the way she behaved with me went.

III

On entering, I suddenly found Liza with her. It almost struck me. I was very well aware that they had seen each other before; it had happened at the "nursing baby's." I may tell later, if there's space, about this fantasy of the proud and modest Anna Andreevna's to see this baby, and about her meeting Liza there; but all

the same I never expected that Anna Andreevna would ever invite Liza to her place. This struck me pleasantly. Not letting it show, naturally, I greeted Anna Andreevna and, warmly pressing Liza's hand, sat down beside her. The two women were busy with *work*: on the table and on their knees lay an evening dress of Anna Andreevna's, expensive but old, that is, worn three times, which she wanted to alter somehow. Liza was a great "expert" in such matters and had taste, and so a solemn council of "wise women" was taking place. I remembered Versilov and laughed; and anyhow I was in the most radiant spirits.

"You're very cheerful today, and that's very pleasant," said Anna Andreevna, articulating the words imposingly and distinctly. Her voice was a dense and sonorous contralto, but she always spoke calmly and softly, always lowering her long lashes slightly, and with a smile barely flitting over her pale face.

"Liza knows how unpleasant I am when I'm not cheerful," I replied cheerfully.

"Maybe Anna Andreevna knows about that, too," the mischievous Liza needled me. The dear! If only I had known what was in her heart then!

"What are you doing now?" asked Anna Andreevna. (I'll note that she had precisely even asked me to call on her today.)

"I'm now sitting here and asking myself: why is it always more pleasant for me to find you over a book than over handwork? No, really, handwork doesn't suit you for some reason. In that sense I take after Andrei Petrovich."

"You still haven't made up your mind to enter the university?"

"I'm only too grateful that you haven't forgotten our conversations; that means you think of me occasionally; but... I haven't formed my idea yet concerning the university, and besides I have goals of my own."

"That is, he has his secret," observed Liza.

"Drop your jokes, Liza. A certain intelligent man said the other day that, with all this progressive movement of ours in the last twenty years, we've proved first of all that we're filthily uneducated. Here, of course, he was also speaking of our university men."

"Well, surely papa said that; you repeat his thoughts terribly often," observed Liza.

"Liza, it's as if you don't believe I have a mind of my own."

"In our time it's useful to listen to the words of intelligent people and remember them," Anna Andreevna defended me a little.

"Precisely, Anna Andreevna," I picked up hotly. "Whoever doesn't think about Russia's present moment is not a citizen! Maybe I look at Russia from a strange viewpoint: we lived through the Tartar invasion, then through two centuries of slavery,[21] and that, certainly, because both the one and the other were to our liking. Now we've been given freedom, and we have to endure freedom. Will we be able to? Will freedom prove as much to our taste? That's the question."

Liza glanced quickly at Anna Andreevna, who looked down at once and began searching for something around her; I saw that Liza was trying as hard as she could to control herself, but somehow accidentally our eyes suddenly met, and she burst out laughing. I flared up:

"Liza, you're inconceivable!"

"Forgive me!" she said suddenly, ceasing to laugh and almost with sadness. "I've got God knows what in my head..."

And it was as if tears suddenly trembled in her voice. I felt terribly ashamed; I took her hand and kissed it hard.

"You're very kind," Anna Andreevna observed to me softly, seeing me kiss Liza's hand.

"I'm glad most of all, Liza, that I find you laughing this time," I said. "Would you believe it, Anna Andreevna, these past few days she met me each time with some strange look, and in this look there was as if a question: 'So, have you found anything out? Is everything going well?' Really, there's something like that with her."

Anna Andreevna gave her a slow and keen look. Liza dropped her eyes. I could see very well, however, that the two were much better and more closely acquainted than I'd have supposed when I came in earlier. The thought pleased me.

"You just said I was kind; you won't believe how the whole of me changes for the better with you, and how pleasant it is for me to be with you, Anna Andreevna," I said with feeling.

"And I'm very glad you say that to me precisely now," she replied meaningly. I must say that she never talked to me about my disorderly life and of the abyss I had plunged into, though I knew she not only knew about it all, but even made inquiries indirectly. So that now it was like a first hint, and—my heart turned to her still more.

"How's our invalid?" I asked.

"Oh, he's much better. He's walking, and he went for a ride

yesterday and today. But didn't you go to see him today either? He's waiting so much for you."

"I'm guilty towards him, but you visit him now and have fully replaced me. He's a great traitor and has exchanged me for you."

She made a very serious face, very possibly because my joke was trivial.

"I was at Prince Sergei Petrovich's today," I began to mutter, "and I... By the way, Liza, did you go to see Darya Onisimovna today?"

"Yes, I did," she answered somehow curtly, not raising her head. "It seems you go to see the sick prince every day?" she asked somehow suddenly, maybe in order to say something.

"Yes, I go to see him, only I don't get there," I smiled. "I go in and turn left."

"Even the prince has noticed that you go to see Katerina Nikolaevna very often. He mentioned it yesterday and laughed," said Anna Andreevna.

"At what? What did he laugh at?"

"He was joking, you know. He said that, on the contrary, a young and beautiful woman always produces an impression of indignation and wrath in a young man your age..." Anna Andreevna suddenly laughed.

"Listen... you know, that was a terribly apt remark he made," I cried. "Probably it wasn't he, but you who said it to him?"

"Why so? No, it was he."

"Well, but if this beauty pays attention to him, despite his being so insignificant, standing in the corner, angry at being 'little,' and suddenly prefers him to the whole crowd of surrounding admirers, what then?" I asked suddenly, with a most bold and defiant look. My heart began to pound.

"Then you'll just perish right in front of her," Liza laughed.

"Perish?" I cried. "No, I won't perish. I don't believe I'll perish. If a woman stands across my path, then she must follow after me. You don't block my path with impunity..."

Liza once said to me in passing, recalling it long afterwards, that I uttered this phrase then terribly strangely, seriously, and as if suddenly growing pensive; but at the same time "so ridiculously that it was impossible to control oneself." Indeed, Anna Andreevna again burst out laughing.

"Laugh, laugh at me!" I exclaimed in intoxication, because I was terribly pleased with this whole conversation and the direction it

had taken. "From you it only gives me pleasure. I love your laughter, Anna Andreevna! You have this feature: you keep silent and suddenly burst out laughing, instantly, so that even an instant earlier one couldn't have guessed it by your face. I knew a lady in Moscow, distantly, I watched her from a corner. She was almost as beautiful as you are, but she couldn't laugh the way you do, and her face, which was as attractive as yours—lost its attraction; but yours is terribly attractive... precisely for that ability... I've long been wanting to tell you."

When I said of the lady that "she was as beautiful as you are," I was being clever: I pretended that it had escaped me accidentally, as if I hadn't even noticed; I knew very well that women value such "escaped" praise more highly than any polished compliment you like. And much as Anna Andreevna blushed, I knew it pleased her. And I invented the lady; I didn't know any such lady in Moscow, it was only so as to praise Anna Andreevna and please her.

"One truly might think," she said with a charming smile, "that you've been under the influence of some beautiful woman recently."

It was as if I were flying off somewhere... I even wanted to reveal something to them... but I restrained myself.

"And by the way, not long ago you spoke of Katerina Nikolaevna quite hostilely."

"If I ever said anything bad," I flashed my eyes, "the blame for it goes to the monstrous slander against her that she was Andrei Petrovich's enemy; the slander against him, too, that he was supposedly in love with her, had proposed to her, and similar absurdities. This idea is as outrageous as another slander against her, that, supposedly while her husband was still alive, she had promised Prince Sergei Petrovich that she would marry him when she was widowed, and then didn't keep her word. But I know firsthand that all this wasn't so, but was only a joke. I know it firsthand. Abroad there, once, in a joking moment, she indeed told the prince 'maybe,' in the future; but what could it have signified besides just a light word? I know only too well that the prince, for his part, cannot attach any value to such a promise, and he has no intentions anyway," I added, catching myself. "He seems to have quite different ideas," I put in slyly. "Today Nashchokin said at his place that Katerina Nikolaevna is supposedly going to marry Baron Bjoring: believe me, he bore this news in the best possible way, you may be sure."

"Nashchokin was there?" Anna Andreevna suddenly asked weightily and as if in surprise.

"Oh, yes. He seems to be one of those respectable people..."

"And Nashchokin spoke with him about this marriage to Bjoring?" Anna Andreevna suddenly became very interested.

"Not about the marriage, but just so, of the possibility, as a rumor; he said there was supposedly such a rumor in society; as for me, I'm sure it's nonsense."

Anna Andreevna pondered, and bent over her sewing.

"I like Prince Sergei Petrovich," I suddenly added warmly. "He has his shortcomings, indisputably, I've already told you—namely, a certain one-idea-ness—but his shortcomings also testify to a nobility of soul, isn't it true? Today, for instance, he and I nearly quarreled over an idea: his conviction that if you speak about nobility, you should be noble yourself, otherwise all you say is a lie. Well, is that logical? And yet it testifies to the lofty demands of honor in his soul, of duty, of justice, isn't it true?... Ah, my God, what time is it?" I suddenly cried, happening to glance at the face of the mantelpiece clock.

"Ten minutes to three," she said calmly, glancing at the clock. All the while I spoke of the prince, she listened to me, looking down with a sort of sly but sweet smile: she knew why I was praising him so. Liza listened, her head bent over her work, and for some time had not interfered in the conversation.

I jumped up as if burnt.

"Are you late somewhere?"

"Yes... no... I am late, though, but I'll go right now. Just one word, Anna Andreevna," I began excitedly, "I can't help telling you today! I want to confess to you that I've already blessed several times the kindness and delicacy with which you have invited me to visit you... Being acquainted with you has made a very strong impression on me. It's as if here in your room my soul is purified and I go away better than I am. It's really so. When I sit beside you, I not only can't speak about bad things, but I can't even have bad thoughts; they disappear in your presence, and if I remember something bad in your presence, I'm at once ashamed of this bad thing, grow timid, and blush in my soul. And, you know, it was especially pleasing to me to meet my sister here with you today... It testifies to such nobility of your... to such a beautiful attitude... In short, it speaks for something so *brotherly*, if you will allow me to break this ice, that I..."

As I spoke, she was rising from her seat, turning more and more red; but it was as if she was suddenly frightened by something, by

some line that ought not to have been overleaped, and she quickly interrupted me:

"Believe me, I shall know how to appreciate your feelings with all my heart... I understood them without words... and already long ago..."

She paused in embarrassment, pressing my hand. Suddenly Liza tugged at my sleeve unobserved. I said good-bye and went out; but in the next room Liza caught up with me.

IV

"LIZA, WHY DID you tug at my sleeve?" I asked.

"She's nasty, she's cunning, she's not worth... She keeps you in order to worm things out of you," she whispered in a quick, spiteful whisper. I'd never seen her with such a face before.

"Liza, God help you, she's such a lovely girl!"

"Well, then I'm nasty."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I'm very bad. She's maybe the loveliest of girls, but I'm bad. Enough, drop it. Listen: mama asks you about something 'that she doesn't dare speak of,' as she said. Arkady, darling! Stop gambling, dear, I beseech you... mama, too..."

"Liza, I know it myself, but... I know it's a pathetic weakness, but... it's only trifles and nothing more! You see, I got into debt, like a fool, and I want to win only so as to pay it back. It's possible to win, because I played without calculation, off the cuff, like a fool, but now I'll tremble over each rouble... I won't be myself if I don't win! I haven't taken to it; it's not the main thing, it's just in passing, I assure you! I'm too strong not to stop when I want to. I'll pay back the money, and then I'm yours undividedly, and tell mama that I'll never leave you..."

"Those three hundred roubles today cost you something!"

"How do you know?" I gave a start.

"Darya Onisimovna heard everything..."

But at that moment Liza suddenly pushed me behind the curtain, and the two of us found ourselves in what's known as a "lantern," that is, a round, bay-windowed little room. Before I managed to come to my senses, I heard a familiar voice, the clank of spurs, and guessed at the familiar stride.

"Prince Seryozha," I whispered.

"Himself," she whispered.

"Why are you so frightened?"

"I just am. I don't want him to meet me for anything..."

"*Tiens*, he's not dangling after you, is he?" I grinned. "He'll get it from me if he is. Where are you going?"

"Let's leave. I'll go with you."

"Did you say good-bye in there?"

"Yes, my coat's in the front hall..."

We left. On the stairs an idea struck me:

"You know, Liza, he may have come to propose to her!"

"N-no... he won't propose..." she said firmly and slowly, in a low voice.

"You don't know, Liza, I did quarrel with him today—since you've already been told of it—but, by God, I love him sincerely and wish him good luck here. We made peace today. When we're happy, we're so kind... You see, he has many splendid inclinations... and humaneness... The rudiments at least... and in the hands of such a firm and intelligent girl as Miss Versilov, he'd straighten out completely and be happy. It's too bad I have no time... ride with me a little, I could tell you something..."

"No, ride alone, I'm not going that way. Will you come for dinner?"

"I'll come, I'll come, as promised. Listen, Liza, a certain rotter—in short, the vilest of beings, well, Stebelkov, if you know him—has a terrible influence on his affairs... promissory notes... well, in short, he's got him in his hands, and has him so cornered, and he feels so humiliated himself, that the two of them see no other solution than to propose to Anna Andreevna. She really ought to be warned. However, it's nonsense, she'll set the whole matter to rights later. But will she refuse him? What do you think?"

"Good-bye, I have no time," Liza cut me off, and I suddenly saw so much hatred in her fleeting glance that I at once cried out in fright:

"Liza, dear, why that look?"

"It's not at you; only don't gamble..."

"Ah, you mean gambling! I won't, I won't."

"You just said, 'when we're happy'—so you're very happy?"

"Terribly, Liza, terribly! My God, it's already three o'clock, and past!... Good-bye, Lizok. Lizochka, dear, tell me: can one keep a woman waiting? Is that permissible?"

"At a rendezvous, you mean?" Liza smiled faintly, with some sort of dead, trembling little smile.

"Give me your hand for luck."

"For luck? My hand? Not for anything!"

And she quickly walked away. And, above all, she had cried out so seriously. I jumped into my sledge.

Yes, yes, and this "happiness" was the main reason why I, like a blind mole, neither understood nor saw anything except myself then!

Chapter Four

I

Now I'm even afraid to tell about it. It was all long ago; but now, too, it's like a mirage for me. How could such a woman arrange a rendezvous with such a vile little brat as I was then?—that's how it was at first sight! When I left Liza and rushed off, my heart pounding, I thought I'd simply lost my mind; the idea of an *appointed* rendezvous suddenly seemed to me such a glaring absurdity that it was impossible to believe it. And yet I had no doubts at all, even to this extent: the more glaring the absurdity, the more strongly I believed in it.

That it had already struck three worried me: "If I've been granted a rendezvous, how can I be late for the rendezvous?" I thought. Stupid questions also flashed, such as, "Which is better for me now—boldness or timidity?" But it all only flashed, because in my heart there was one main thing, and such as I couldn't define. What had been said the day before was this: "Tomorrow at three o'clock I'll be at Tatyana Pavlovna's"—that was all. But, first, she had always received me alone, in her room, and she could have told me all she liked without moving to Tatyana Pavlovna's; so why appoint another place at Tatyana Pavlovna's? And again a question: will Tatyana Pavlovna be at home, or won't she? If it's a rendezvous, then it means Tatyana Pavlovna won't be at home. And how to accomplish that without explaining it all to Tatyana Pavlovna beforehand? Which means that Tatyana Pavlovna is also in on the secret? This thought seemed wild to me and somehow unchaste, almost crude.

And, finally, she might simply have wanted to visit Tatyana Pavlovna and told me yesterday without any purpose, and I imagined all sorts of things. And it had been said so much in passing, carelessly, calmly, and after a rather boring séance, because all the while I had been at her place yesterday, I had been thrown off for some reason: I sat, mumbled, and didn't know what to say, grew terribly angry and timid, and she was going out somewhere, as it turned out afterwards, and was visibly glad when I got up to leave. All these considerations crowded in my head. I decided, finally, that I would go, ring the bell, the cook would open the

door, and I would ask, "Is Tatyana Pavlovna at home?" If she wasn't, it meant "rendezvous." But I had no doubts, no doubts!

I ran up the stairs and—on the stairs, in front of the door, all my fear vanished. "Well, come what may," I thought, "only quickly!" The cook opened the door and, with her vile phlegm, grumbled that Tatyana Pavlovna was not at home. "And is there anyone else waiting for Tatyana Pavlovna?" I was about to ask, but didn't. "Better see for myself," and, muttering to the cook that I would wait, I threw off my coat and opened the door...

Katerina Nikolaevna was sitting by the window and "waiting for Tatyana Pavlovna."

"She's not here?" she suddenly asked me, as if with worry and vexation, the moment she saw me. Both her voice and her face corresponded so little with my expectations that I simply got mired on the threshold.

"Who's not here?" I murmured.

"Tatyana Pavlovna! Didn't I ask you yesterday to tell her I'd call on her at three o'clock?"

"I...I haven't seen her at all."

"You forgot?"

I sat down as if crushed. So that's how it turned out! And, above all, everything was as clear as two times two, and I—I still stubbornly believed.

"I don't even remember your asking me to tell her. And you didn't; you simply said you'd be here at three o'clock," I cut her short impatiently. I wasn't looking at her.

"Ah!" she suddenly cried. "So, if you forgot to tell her, and yet knew yourself that I would be here, so then what did you come here for?"

I raised my head. There was neither mockery nor wrath in her face, there was only her bright, cheerful smile and some sort of additional mischievousness in her expression—her perpetual expression, however—an almost childlike mischievousness. "There, you see, I've caught you out. Well, what are you going to say now?" her whole face all but said.

I didn't want to answer, and again looked down. The silence lasted for about half a minute.

"Are you just coming from *papà*?" she suddenly asked.

"I'm just coming from Anna Andreevna, and I wasn't at Prince Nikolai Ivanovich's at all...and you knew that," I suddenly added.

"Did anything happen to you at Anna Andreevna's?"

"That is, since I now have such a crazy look? No, I had a crazy look even before Anna Andreevna's."

"And you didn't get smarter at her place?"

"No, I didn't. Besides, I heard there that you were going to marry Baron Bjoring."

"Did she tell you that?" she suddenly became interested.

"No, I told her that, and I heard Nashchokin say it to Prince Sergei Petrovich today when he came to visit."

I still wouldn't raise my eyes to her; to look at her meant to be showered with light, joy, happiness, and I didn't want to be happy. The sting of indignation pierced my heart, and in a single instant I made a tremendous decision. Then I suddenly began to speak, I scarcely remember what about. I was breathless and mumbled somehow, but now I looked boldly at her. My heart was pounding. I began talking about something totally unrelated, though maybe it made sense. At first she listened with her steady, patient smile, which never left her face, but, little by little, astonishment and then even alarm flashed in her intent gaze. Her smile still didn't leave her, but the smile, too, as if trembled at times.

"What's the matter?" I suddenly asked, noticing that she was all atremble.

"I'm afraid of you," she replied almost anxiously.

"Why don't you leave? Look, since Tatyana Pavlovna isn't here now, and you knew she wouldn't be, doesn't that mean you should get up and leave?"

"I wanted to wait, but now... in fact..."

She made as if to rise.

"No, no, sit down," I stopped her. "There, you just trembled again, but you smile even when you're afraid... You always have a smile. There, now you're smiling completely..."

"Are you raving?"

"Yes."

"I'm afraid..." she whispered again.

"Of what?"

"That you'll... start breaking down the walls..." She smiled again, but this time indeed timidly.

"I can't bear your smile!..."

And I started talking again. It was just as if I was flying. As if something was pushing me. I had never, never talked with her like that, but always timidly. I was terribly timid now, too, but I went on talking; I remember I began talking about her face.

"I can't bear your smile anymore!" I suddenly cried. "Why did I imagine you as menacing, magnificent, and with sarcastic society phrases while I was in Moscow? Yes, in Moscow; I talked about you with Marya Ivanovna while I was still there, and we imagined you, how you must be . . . Do you remember Marya Ivanovna? You visited her. As I was coming here, I dreamed of you all night on the train. Before you arrived, I spent a whole month here looking at your portrait in your father's study, and guessed nothing. The expression of your face is childlike mischievousness and infinite simpleheartedness—there! I've marveled at that terribly all the while I've been coming to see you. Oh, you know how to look proud and crush one with your gaze. I remember how you looked at me at your father's when you came from Moscow then . . . I saw you then, and yet if I had been asked then, when I left, what you were like—I wouldn't have been able to tell. I couldn't even have said how tall you were. I saw you and just went blind. Your portrait doesn't resemble you at all: your eyes aren't dark, but light, and only seem dark because of your long lashes. You're plump, of average height, but your plumpness is firm, light, the plumpness of a healthy young village girl. And you have a perfect village face, the face of a village beauty—don't be offended, it's good, it's better—a round, ruddy, bright, bold, laughing, and . . . shy face! Really, it's shy. The shy face of Katerina Nikolaevna Akhmakov! Shy and chaste, I swear! More than chaste—childlike!—that's your face! I've been struck all this while, and all this while I've asked myself: is this that woman? I know now that you're very intelligent, but in the beginning I thought you were a bit simple. Your mind is gay, but without any embellishments . . . Another thing I like is that the smile never leaves you; that's my paradise! I also like your calmness, your quietness, and that you articulate your words smoothly, calmly, and almost lazily—I precisely like that laziness. It seems that if a bridge collapsed under you, even then you'd say something smooth and measured . . . I imagined you as the height of pride and passion, yet you've talked with me these two whole months like student to student . . . I never imagined your forehead was like that: it's slightly low, as in statues, but it's white and delicate as marble under your fluffy hair. You have a high bosom, a light step, you're of extraordinary beauty, yet you have no pride at all. I've come to believe it only now, I didn't believe it before!"

She listened wide-eyed to this whole wild tirade; she saw that I was trembling myself. She raised her gloved little hand several

times in a sweet, cautious gesture, so as to stop me, but each time withdrew it in perplexity and fear. Now and then she even recoiled quickly with her whole body. Two or three times a smile glimmered again on her face; one time she blushed very much, but in the end she was decidedly frightened and began to turn pale. As soon as I paused, she reached out her hand and said in a sort of pleading but still smooth voice:

"You cannot speak like that... it's impossible to speak like that..."

And she suddenly got up from her place, unhurriedly taking her scarf and sable muff.

"You're going?" I cried.

"I'm decidedly afraid of you... you abuse..." she drew out as if with regret and reproach.

"Listen, by God, I won't break down any walls."

"But you've already started," she couldn't help herself and smiled. "I don't even know if you'll let me pass." And it seemed she truly was afraid that I wouldn't let her go.

"I'll open the door for you myself, you can go, but know this: I've made a tremendous decision; and if you want to give light to my soul, come back, sit down, and listen to just two words. But if you don't want to, then go, and I myself will open the door for you."

She looked at me and sat down.

"With what indignation another woman would have left, but you sat down!" I cried in ecstasy.

"You never allowed yourself to talk like this before."

"I was always timid before. Now, too, I walked in not knowing what to say. Do you think I don't feel timid now? I do. But I suddenly made a tremendous decision, and I feel I'll carry it out. And as soon as I made this decision, I lost my mind at once and began saying all that... Listen, here are my two words: am I your spy or not? Answer me—there's the question!"

Color quickly poured over her face.

"Don't answer yet, Katerina Nikolaevna, but listen to everything and then tell me the whole truth."

I broke all the barriers at once and flew off into space.

II

"TWO MONTHS AGO I stood here behind the curtain... you know... and you were talking with Tatyana Pavlovna about the letter. I ran out, beside myself, and said too much. You knew at once that I knew something... you couldn't help understanding... you were looking for an important document and were apprehensive about it... Wait, Katerina Nikolaevna, hold off from speaking yet. I declare to you that there were grounds for your suspicions: this document exists... that is, it did... I saw it; it's your letter to Andronikov, right?"

"You saw that letter?" she asked quickly, embarrassed and agitated. "Where did you see it?"

"I saw it... I saw it at Kraft's... the one who shot himself..."

"Really? You saw it yourself? What happened to it?"

"Kraft tore it up."

"In your presence? You saw it?"

"In my presence. He tore it up, probably, before his death... I didn't know then that he was going to shoot himself..."

"So it's destroyed, thank God!" she said slowly, with a sigh, and crossed herself.

I didn't lie to her. That is, I did lie, because the document was with me and had never been with Kraft, but that was merely a detail, while in the main thing I didn't lie, because the moment I lied, I promised myself to burn the letter that very evening. I swear, if I'd had it in my pocket at that moment, I'd have taken it out and given it to her; but I didn't have it with me, it was at home. However, maybe I wouldn't have given it to her, because I would have been very ashamed to confess to her then that I had it and that I had been watching her for so long, waiting and not giving it to her. It's all one: I'd have burned it at home in any case, and I wasn't lying! I was pure at that moment, I swear.

"And if so," I went on, almost beside myself, "then tell me, did you attract me, treat me nicely, receive me, because you suspected I had knowledge of the document? Wait, Katerina Nikolaevna, don't speak for one more little minute, but let me finish everything. All the while I've been visiting you, all this time I've suspected that you were being nice to me only in order to coax this letter out of me, to drive me to a point where I'd confess... Wait one more

minute: I suspected, but I suffered. Your duplicity was unbearable for me, because . . . because in you I found the noblest of beings! I'll say it straight out, straight out: I was your enemy, but in you I found the noblest of beings! Everything was vanquished at once. But the duplicity, that is, the suspicion of duplicity, tormented me . . . Now everything must be resolved, must be explained, the time has come; but wait a little more, don't speak, learn how I myself look at all this, precisely now, at the present moment. I'll say it straight out: even if it was so, I won't be angry . . . that is, I meant to say—won't be offended, because it's all so natural, I do understand. What could be unnatural and bad here? You're suffering over a letter, you suspect that so-and-so knows everything, why, then you might very well wish that so-and-so would speak . . . There's nothing bad in that, nothing at all. I say it sincerely. But all the same I need you to tell me something now . . . to confess (forgive me the word). I need the truth. For some reason I need it! And so, tell me, were you being nice to me just to coax the document out of me . . . Katerina Nikolaevna!"

I spoke as if I were plunging down, and my forehead was burning. She listened to me without alarm now; on the contrary, there was feeling in her face, but she looked somehow shy, as if ashamed.

"Just for that," she said slowly and softly. "Forgive me, I was to blame," she suddenly added, raising her hands towards me slightly. I had never expected that. I had expected anything but those words, even from her whom I already knew.

"And you say to me, 'I'm to blame!' Straight out like that: 'I'm to blame!' " I cried.

"Oh, long ago I began to feel that I was to blame before you . . . and I'm even glad that it's come out now . . ."

"Felt it long ago? Why didn't you say so sooner?"

"I didn't know how to say it," she smiled. "That is, I did know," she smiled again, "but I somehow came to feel ashamed . . . because, actually, in the beginning I 'attracted' you, as you put it, only for that, but then very soon it became disgusting to me . . . and I was tired of all this pretending, I assure you!" she added with bitter feeling. "And of all this fuss as well!"

"And why, why wouldn't you ask then in a direct way? You should have said, 'You know about the letter, why are you pretending?' And I'd have told you everything at once, I'd have confessed at once!"

"I was . . . a little afraid of you. I confess, I also didn't trust you. And it's true: if I was sly, you were, too," she added with a smile.

"Yes, yes, I was unworthy!" I cried, astounded. "Oh, you don't know yet all the abysses of my fall!"

"Well, now it's abysses! I recognize your style." She smiled quietly. "That letter," she added sadly, "was the saddest and most thoughtless act of my life. The awareness of that act has always been a reproach to me. Under the influence of circumstances and apprehensions, I doubted my dear, magnanimous father. Knowing that this letter might fall . . . into the hands of wicked people . . . having all the grounds for thinking so," she added hotly, "I trembled for fear they might make use of it, show it to *papà* . . . and it might make an extreme impression on him . . . in his state . . . on his health . . . and he would stop loving me . . . Yes," she added, looking brightly into my eyes and probably catching something in my gaze, "yes, I also feared for my own lot: I feared that he . . . under the influence of his illness . . . might also deprive me of his favor . . . That feeling was also part of it, but here I'm probably to blame before him, too: he's so kind and magnanimous that he would of course have forgiven me. That's all there was. But the way I acted with you—that should not have happened," she concluded, suddenly abashed again. "You make me feel ashamed."

"No, you have nothing to be ashamed of!" I cried.

"I was actually counting . . . on your ardor . . . and I admit it," she said, lowering her eyes.

"Katerina Nikolaevna! Who, tell me, who is forcing you to make such confessions to me aloud?" I cried as if drunk. "Well, what would it have cost you to stand up and prove to me, like two times two, in the choicest expressions and in the subtlest way, that while it did happen, all the same it didn't happen—you understand, the way you people in high society know how to manage the truth? I'm crude and stupid, I'd have believed you at once, I'd have believed anything you said! It wouldn't have cost you anything to do that, would it? You're not really afraid of me! How could you have humiliated yourself so willingly before an upstart, before a pathetic adolescent?"

"In this at least I haven't humiliated myself before you," she uttered with extreme dignity, evidently not understanding my exclamation.

"Oh, on the contrary, on the contrary! That's just what I'm shouting! . . ."

"Ah, it was so bad and so thoughtless on my part!" she exclaimed, raising her hand to her face and as if trying to cover herself with

it. "I was already ashamed yesterday, that's why I was so out of sorts when you were sitting with me... The whole truth is," she added, "that my circumstances have now come together in such a way that I absolutely needed, finally, to know the whole truth about the fate of that unfortunate letter, otherwise I had already begun to forget about it... because I didn't receive you only on account of that," she added suddenly.

My heart trembled.

"Of course not," she smiled with a subtle smile, "of course not! I... You remarked on it very aptly earlier, Arkady Makarovich, that you and I often talked as student to student. I assure you that I'm sometimes very bored with people; it has become especially so after the trip abroad and all those family misfortunes... I even go out very little now, and not only from laziness. I often want to leave for the country. I could reread my favorite books there, which I set aside long ago, otherwise I can't find time to read them. Remember, you laughed that I read Russian newspapers, two newspapers a day?"

"I didn't laugh..."

"Of course, because it stirred you in the same way, but I confessed to you long ago: I'm Russian, and I love Russia. You remember, we kept reading the 'facts,' as you called them" (she smiled). "Though very often you're somehow... strange, yet you sometimes became so animated that you were always able to say an apt word, and you were interested in precisely what interested me. When you're a 'student,' you really are sweet and original. But other roles seem little suited to you," she added with a lovely, sly smile. "You remember, we sometimes spent whole hours talking about nothing but figures, counting and estimating, concerned about the number of schools we have and where education is headed. We counted up the murders and criminal cases, made comparisons with the good news... wanted to know where it was all going and what, finally, would happen with us ourselves. I met with sincerity in you. In society they never talk with us women like that. Last week I tried to talk with Prince ——v about Bismarck, because it interested me very much, but I couldn't make up my own mind, and, imagine, he sat down beside me and began telling me, even in great detail, but all of it with some sort of irony, and precisely with that condescension I find so unbearable, with which 'great men' usually speak to us women when we meddle in what is 'not our business'... And do you remember how you and I nearly quarreled over Bismarck?

You were proving to me that you had an idea of your own that went 'way beyond' Bismarck's," she suddenly laughed. "I've met only two people in my life who have talked quite seriously with me: my late husband, a very, very intelligent and . . . noble man," she said imposingly, "and then—you yourself know who . . ."

"Versilov!" I cried. I held my breath at each word she said.

"Yes. I liked very much to listen to him, and in the end I became fully . . . perhaps overly candid with him, but it was then that he didn't believe me!"

"Didn't believe you!"

"Yes, but then nobody ever believed me."

"But Versilov! Versilov!"

"It's not simply that he didn't believe me," she said, lowering her eyes and smiling somehow strangely, "but he decided that I had 'all vices' in me."

"Of which you don't have a single one!"

"No, I do have some."

"Versilov didn't love you, that's why he didn't understand you," I cried, flashing my eyes.

Something twitched in her face.

"Drop that and never speak to me of . . . that man . . ." she added hotly and with strong emphasis. "But enough; it's time to go." (She got up to leave.) "So, do you forgive me or not?" she said, looking at me brightly.

"Me . . . forgive . . . you! Listen, Katerina Nikolaevna, and don't be angry! Is it true that you're getting married?"

"That's not at all decided yet," she said, as if afraid of something, with embarrassment.

"Is he a good man? Forgive me, forgive me the question!"

"Yes, very good . . ."

"Don't answer any more, don't deign to answer me! I know that such questions are impossible from me! I only wanted to know whether he's worthy or not, but I'll find out about him myself."

"Ah, listen!" she said in alarm.

"No, I won't, I won't. I'll pass by . . . But I'll only say this: may God grant you every happiness, every one that you choose . . . for having given me so much happiness now, in this one hour! You are now imprinted on my soul forever. I have acquired a treasure: the thought of your perfection. I suspected perfidy, coarse coquetry, and I was unhappy . . . because I couldn't connect that notion with you . . . during these last days I've been thinking day and night; and

suddenly it all becomes clear as day! Coming in here, I thought I'd go away with Jesuitism, cunning, a worming-out serpent, but I found honor, glory, a student!... You laugh? Go on, go on! But you're a saint, you can't laugh at what is sacred..."

"Oh, no, I'm only laughing that you use such terrible words... Well, what is a 'worming-out serpent'?" she laughed.

"You let drop one precious word today," I went on in rapture. "How could you possibly say in front of me 'that you were counting on my ardor'? Well, so you're a saint and confess even to that, because you imagined some sort of guilt in yourself and wanted to punish yourself... Though, incidentally, there wasn't any guilt, because even if there was, everything that comes from you is holy! But still you might not have said precisely that word, that expression!... Such even unnatural candor only shows your lofty chastity, your respect for me, your faith in me," I exclaimed incoherently. "Oh, don't blush, don't blush!... And who, who could slander and say that you are a passionate woman? Oh, forgive me, I see a pained expression on your face, forgive the frenzied adolescent his clumsy words! As if it were a matter of words and expressions now? Aren't you higher than all expressions?... Versilov once said that Othello killed Desdemona and then himself not because he was jealous, but because his ideal was taken from him... I understood that, because today my ideal has been given back to me!"

"You praise me too much: I'm not worthy of it," she said with feeling. "Do you remember what I said to you about your eyes?" she said jokingly.

"That I don't have eyes, but two microscopes instead, and that I exaggerate every fly into a camel! No, ma'am, there's no camel here!... What, you're leaving?"

She was standing in the middle of the room, with her muff and shawl in her hand.

"No, I'll wait till you go, and I'll go myself afterwards. I still have to write a couple of words to Tatyana Pavlovna."

"I'll leave right now, right now, but once more: be happy, alone or with the one you choose, and may God be with you! And I—I only need an ideal!"

"Dear, kind Arkady Makarovich, believe me, of you I... My father always says of you: 'A dear, kind boy!' Believe me, I'll always remember your stories about the poor boy abandoned among strangers, and about his solitary dreams... I understand only too well how your soul was formed... But now, though we're students,"

she added with a pleading and bashful smile, pressing my hand, "it's impossible for us to go on seeing each other as before, and, and . . . surely you understand that?"

"Impossible?"

"Impossible, for a long time . . . it's my fault . . . I see that it's now quite impossible . . . We'll meet sometimes at *papa*'s . . ."

"You're afraid of the 'ardor' of my feelings? You don't trust me?" I was about to cry out, but she suddenly became so abashed before me that the words would not come out of my mouth.

"Tell me," she suddenly stopped me right at the door, "did you yourself see that . . . the letter . . . was torn up? Do you remember it well? How did you know then that it was that same letter to Andronikov?"

"Kraft told me what was in it and even showed it to me . . . Good bye! Each time I was with you in your boudoir, I felt timid in your presence, and when you left I was ready to throw myself down and kiss the spot on the floor where your foot had stood . . ." I suddenly said unaccountably, not knowing how or why myself, and, without looking at her, quickly left.

I raced home; there was rapture in my soul. Everything flashed through my mind like a whirlwind, and my heart was full. Driving up to my mother's house, I suddenly remembered Liza's ungratefulness towards Anna Andreevna, her cruel, monstrous words earlier, and my heart suddenly ached for them all! "How hard of heart they all are! Ah! Liza, what's with her?" I thought, stepping onto the porch.

I dismissed Matvei and told him to come for me, to my apartment, at nine o'clock.

Chapter Five

I

I WAS LATE for dinner, but they hadn't sat down yet and were waiting for me. Maybe because in general I dined with them rarely, certain special additions had even been made: sardines appeared as an entrée, and so on. But, to my surprise and grief, I found them all as if preoccupied, frowning about something; Liza barely smiled when she saw me, and mama was obviously worried; Versilov was smiling, but with effort. "Can they have been quarreling?" it occurred to me. However, at first everything went well: Versilov only winced a little at the soup with dumplings, and grimaced badly when the stuffed meatcakes were served.

"I have only to warn you that my stomach can't stand a certain dish, for it to appear the very next day," escaped him in vexation.

"But what are we to think up, Andrei Petrovich? There's no way to think up any sort of new dish," mama answered timidly.

"Your mother is the direct opposite of some of our newspapers, for which whatever is new is also good." Versilov had meant to joke playfully and amicably, but somehow it didn't come off, and he only frightened mama still more, who naturally understood nothing in the comparison of her with a newspaper, and she looked around in perplexity. At that moment Tatyana Pavlovna came in and, announcing that she had already had dinner, sat down beside mama on the sofa.

I still hadn't managed to gain this person's favor; even the contrary, she had begun to attack me still more for each and every thing. Her displeasure with me had especially intensified of late: she couldn't abide my foppish clothes, and Liza told me she almost had a fit when she learned I had a coachman. I ended by avoiding meeting her as far as possible. Two months ago, after the return of the inheritance, I ran over to her to chat about Versilov's act, but I didn't meet with the least sympathy; on the contrary, she was awfully angry: it displeased her very much that it had all been returned, and not just half. To me she observed sharply at the time:

"I'll bet you're convinced that he returned the money and challenged him to a duel solely so as to better himself in the opinion of Arkady Makarovich."

And she had almost guessed right: in essence I actually felt something of that sort at the time.

I understood at once, as soon as she came in, that she was bound to throw herself upon me; I was even slightly convinced that she had, in fact, come for that, and therefore I suddenly became extraordinarily casual; and it didn't cost me anything, because, after what had just taken place, I still went on being in joy and radiance. I'll note once and for all that never in my life has casualness suited me, that is, it has never made me look good, but, on the contrary, has always covered me with shame. So it happened now as well: I instantly made a blunder; without any bad feeling, but purely from thoughtlessness, having noticed that Liza was terribly dull, I suddenly blurted out, not even thinking what I was saying:

"Once a century I have dinner here, and as if on purpose, Liza, you're so dull!"

"I have a headache," Liza answered.

"Ah, my God," Tatyana Pavlovna latched on, "so what if you're sick? Arkady Makarovich has deigned to come for dinner, so you must dance and be merry."

"You are decidedly the bane of my existence, Tatyana Pavlovna; never will I come here when you're here!"—and I slapped the table with my hand in sincere vexation. Mama gave a start, and Versilov looked at me strangely. I suddenly laughed and begged their pardon.

"I take back the word 'bane,' Tatyana Pavlovna," I turned to her, going on with my casualness.

"No, no," she snapped, "it's far more flattering for me to be your bane than the opposite, you may be sure."

"My dear, one should know how to endure the small banes of life," Versilov murmured, smiling. "Without them, life's not worth living."

"You know, sometimes you're an awful retrograde!" I exclaimed with a nervous laugh.

"Spit on it, my friend."

"No, I won't spit on it! Why don't you tell an ass outright that he's an ass?"

"You don't mean yourself, do you? First of all, I will not and cannot judge anyone."

"Why won't you, why can't you?"

"Laziness and distaste. An intelligent woman told me once that I had no right to judge others, because I 'don't know how to suffer,'

and in order to be a judge of others, you must gain the right to judge through suffering. It's a bit high-flown, but applied to me it may also be true, so that I even submitted willingly to the judgment."

"Can it be Tatyana Pavlovna who said that to you?" I exclaimed.

"How could you tell?" Versilov glanced at me with some surprise.

"I guessed from Tatyana Pavlovna's face; she suddenly twitched so."

I had guessed by chance. The phrase, as it turned out later, had indeed been spoken to Versilov by Tatyana Pavlovna the day before in a heated conversation. And in general, I repeat, it was the wrong time for me to fly at them with my joy and expansiveness: each of them had his own cares, and very heavy ones.

"I don't understand anything, because it's all so abstract with you; and here's a trait: you have this terrible love of speaking abstractly, Andrei Petrovich. It's an egoistic trait; only egoists love to speak abstractly."

"Not stupidly put, but don't nag."

"No, excuse me," I got at him with my expansiveness, "what does it mean 'to gain the right to judge through suffering'? Whoever's honest can be a judge—that's what I think."

"You'll come up with very few judges, in that case."

"I already know one."

"Who's that?"

"He's now sitting and talking to me."

Versilov chuckled strangely, leaned over right to my ear, and, taking me by the shoulder, whispered to me, "He lies to you all the time."

To this day I don't understand what he had in mind then, but obviously at that moment he was in some extreme anxiety (owing to a certain piece of news, as I figured out later). But this phrase, "He lies to you all the time," was spoken so unexpectedly and so seriously, and with such a strange, not at all jocular, expression, that I somehow shuddered all over nervously, almost frightened, and looked at him wildly; but Versilov hastened to laugh.

"Ah, thank God!" said mama, frightened because he had whispered in my ear. "And I was beginning to think... Don't you be angry with us, Arkasha, there will be intelligent people without us, but who's going to love you if we don't have each other?"

"That's why love among relations is immoral, mama, because it's unearned. Love has to be earned."

"Who knows when you'll earn it, but here we love you for nothing."

Everyone suddenly laughed.

"Well, mama, maybe you didn't mean to shoot, but you hit the bird!" I cried out, also laughing.

"And you really imagined there was something to love you for," Tatyana Pavlovna fell upon me again. "Not only do they love you for nothing, but they love you through revulsion!"

"Ah, not so!" I cried gaily. "Do you know who, maybe, talked today about loving me?"

"Talked while laughing at you!" Tatyana Pavlovna picked up suddenly with some sort of unnatural spite, as if she had been waiting for precisely those words from me. "A delicate person, and especially a woman, would be filled with loathing just from your inner filth alone. You've got a part in your hair, fine linen, a suit from a French tailor, but it's all filth! Who clothes you, who feeds you, who gives you money to play roulette? Remember who you're not ashamed to take money from!"

Mama got so flushed, I'd never yet seen such shame on her face. I cringed all over.

"If I spend, I spend my own money, and I owe nobody an accounting," I snapped, turning all red.

"Whose own? What's your own?"

"If not mine, then Andrei Petrovich's. He won't refuse me . . . I've taken from the prince against his debt to Andrei Petrovich . . ."

"My friend," Versilov suddenly said firmly, "not a cent of that money is mine."

The phrase was terribly significant. I stopped short on the spot. Oh, naturally, recalling my whole paradoxical and devil-may-care mood then, I would, of course, have gotten out of it by some "most noble" impulse, or catchy little word, or whatever, but I suddenly noticed a spiteful, accusing expression on Liza's frowning face, an unfair expression, almost mockery, and it was as if the devil pulled at my tongue:

"You, madam," I suddenly addressed her, "seem to visit Darya Onisimovna frequently in the prince's apartment? Be so good as to personally convey to him this three hundred roubles, for which you roasted me so much today!"

I produced the money and held it out to her. Will anyone believe that I spoke those mean words then without any purpose, that is, without the slightest allusion to anything? And there could have

been no such allusion, because at that moment I knew precisely nothing. Maybe I just had a wish to needle her with something comparatively terribly innocent, something like, say, a young lady mixing in what was not her business, so here, since you absolutely want to mix in it, be so good as to go yourself to meet this prince, a young man, a Petersburg officer, and give it to him, "since you wish so much to meddle in young men's affairs." But what was my amazement when mama suddenly stood up and, raising her finger in front of me and shaking it at me, cried:

"Don't you dare! Don't you dare!"

I could never have imagined anything like that from her, and I myself jumped up from my place, not really frightened, but with some sort of suffering, with some sort of painful wound in my heart, suddenly realizing that something grave had taken place. But mama couldn't bear it for long; she covered her face with her hands and quickly left the room. Liza, not even glancing in my direction, went out after her. Tatyana Pavlovna gazed at me silently for about half a minute:

"Can it be that you really wanted to blurt something out?" she exclaimed enigmatically, gazing at me with the deepest astonishment, but, not waiting for my reply, she also ran to them. Versilov, with an inimical, almost spiteful look, rose from the table and took his hat from the corner.

"I suppose you're not all that stupid, but merely innocent," he murmured mockingly. "If they come back, tell them not to wait for me with dessert: I'll take a little stroll."

I was left alone. At first I felt strange, then offended, but then I saw clearly that I was to blame. However, I didn't know what in fact I was to blame for, but only sensed something. I sat by the window and waited. After waiting for some ten minutes, I also took my hat and went upstairs to my former room. I knew they were there—that is, mama and Liza—and that Tatyana Pavlovna had already gone. And so I found the two of them together on my sofa, whispering about something. When I appeared, they immediately stopped whispering. To my surprise, they were not angry with me; mama at least smiled at me.

"I'm to blame, mama..." I began.

"Well, well, never mind," mama interrupted, "only love each other and don't ever quarrel, and God will send you happiness."

"He'll never offend me, mama, I can tell you that!" Liza said with conviction and feeling.

"If only it hadn't been for this Tatyana Pavlovna, nothing would have happened," I cried. "She's nasty!"

"Do you see, mama? Do you hear?" Liza pointed at me to her.

"I'll tell you both this," I pronounced, "if it's vile in the world, the only vile thing is me, and all the rest is lovely!"

"Arkasha, don't be angry, dear, but what if you really did stop . . ."

"Gambling, is it? Gambling? I will, mama; I'm going today for the last time, especially now that Andrei Petrovich himself has announced, and aloud, that not a cent of that money is his. You won't believe how I blush . . . I must talk with him, however . . . Mama, dear, the last time I was here I said . . . something awkward . . . mama, darling, I lied: I sincerely want to believe, it was just bravado, I love Christ very much . . ."

The last time we had indeed had a conversation of that sort; mama had been very upset and alarmed. Hearing me now, she smiled at me as at a child:

"Christ will forgive everything, Arkasha: he will forgive your abuse, and he will forgive more than that. Christ is our father, Christ needs nothing and will shine even in the deepest darkness . . ."

I said good-bye to them and left, reflecting on my chances of seeing Versilov that same day; I needed very much to have a talk with him, but just now it had been impossible. I strongly suspected that he was waiting for me at my place. I went on foot; after the warmth it had turned slightly frosty, and it was very pleasant to take a stroll.

II

I LIVED NEAR the Voznesensky Bridge, in an enormous house, on the courtyard. Almost going through the gateway, I bumped into Versilov, who was leaving my place.

"As is my custom, I walked as far as your lodgings, and even waited for you at Pyotr Ippolitovich's, but I got bored. They're eternally quarreling, and today his wife has even kept to her bed, weeping. I looked in and left."

I became vexed for some reason.

"Can it be that I'm the only one you go to see, and besides me and Pyotr Ippolitovich, you have nobody in all Petersburg?"

"My friend . . . but it makes no difference."

"Where to now?"

"No, I won't go back to your place. If you like, we can stroll a bit, it's a nice evening."

"If, instead of abstract reasonings, you had talked to me like a human being and, for instance, had only so much as hinted to me about this cursed gambling, maybe I wouldn't have gotten drawn into it like a fool," I said suddenly.

"You regret it? That's good," he said, sifting his words. "I've always suspected that gambling isn't the main thing with you, but only a tem-po-rary deviation... You're right, my friend, gambling is swinishness, and what's more, one can lose."

"And lose someone else's money."

"Have you lost someone else's money as well?"

"I've lost yours. I took from the prince against your account. Of course, it was awfully preposterous and stupid on my part... to regard your money as my own, but I kept wanting to win it back."

"I warn you once again, my dear, that none of that money is mine. I know the young man is in a squeeze himself, and I don't count on him at all, despite his promises."

"In that case, I'm in twice as bad a position... I'm in a comical position! And why on earth should he give to me or I take from him, then?"

"That's your business... But you really don't have the slightest reason for taking from him, eh?"

"Besides comradeship..."

"No, besides comradeship? There isn't anything that would make it possible for you to take from him, eh? Well, for whatever considerations?"

"What considerations? I don't understand."

"So much the better if you don't understand, and, I confess, my friend, I was sure of that. *Brisons là, mon cher*,* and try somehow not to gamble."

"If only you'd told me beforehand! Even now you talk to me as if you're mumbling."

"If I'd told you beforehand, we would only have quarreled, and you wouldn't have been so willing to let me call on you in the evenings. And know, my dear, that all this saving advice beforehand is only an intrusion into another's conscience at the other's expense. I've done enough jumping into other people's consciences and in

*Let's break it off there, my dear.

the end suffered nothing but flicks and mockery. Of course, I spit on flicks and mockery, but the main thing is that you achieve nothing by this maneuver: nobody will listen to you, for all your intruding... and everybody will dislike you."

"I'm glad you've begun to talk with me about something besides abstractions. I want to ask you about one more thing, I've long wanted to, but somehow with you it was always impossible. It's good that we're in the street. Remember that evening at your place, the last evening, two months ago, how we sat in my 'coffin' and I asked you about mama and Makar Ivanovich—remember how 'casual' I was with you then? Could a young pup of a son be allowed to speak of his mother in such terms? And what, then? You didn't let it show by one little word; on the contrary, you 'opened yourself up' to me, and made me even more casual."

"My friend, it's all too pleasant for me to hear... such feelings from you... Yes, I remember very well, I was actually waiting then for your face to turn red, and if I added to it myself, maybe it was precisely to push you to the limit..."

"And all you did was deceive me then, and trouble the pure spring in my soul still more! Yes, I'm a pathetic adolescent and don't know myself from minute to minute what's evil and what's good. If you had shown me just a bit of the way then, I would have guessed and jumped at once onto the right path. But you only made me angry then."

"*Cher enfant*, I've always sensed that you and I would become close in one way or another: this 'red' in your face did come to you of itself and without my directions, and that, I swear, is the better for you... I notice, my dear, that you've acquired a lot lately... could it be in the company of this little prince?"

"Don't praise me, I don't like it. Don't leave the painful suspicion in my heart that you're praising me out of Jesuitism, to the detriment of truth, so that I won't stop liking you. But recently... you see... I've been calling on women. I'm very well received, for instance, at Anna Andreevna's, did you know that?"

"I know it from her, my friend. Yes, she's very sweet and intelligent. *Mais brisons là, mon cher.* I feel somehow strangely vile today—spleen, or what? I ascribe it to hemorrhoids. How are things at home? All right? Naturally, you made peace there and there were embraces. *Cela va sans dire.** It's somehow sad to go

*That goes without saying.

back to them sometimes, even after the nastiest walk. Truly, at times I make an unnecessary detour in the rain, only to put off going back to those lower depths... And the boredom, the boredom, oh, God!"

"Mama..."

"Your mother is the most perfect and lovely being, *mais* ... In short, I'm probably not worthy of them. By the way, what's with them today? Lately they've all been somehow sort of... You know, I always try to ignore it, but today they've got something brewing there... You didn't notice anything?"

"I know decidedly nothing and wouldn't even have noticed anything, if it hadn't been for that cursed Tatyana Pavlovna, who can't keep from biting. You're right: there's something there. Today I found Liza at Anna Andreevna's; there, too, she was somehow... she even surprised me. You do know that she's received at Anna Andreevna's?"

"I do, my friend. And you... when were you at Anna Andreevna's—that is, at precisely what hour? I need that for the sake of a certain fact."

"From two to three. And imagine, as I was leaving, the prince came..."

Here I told him about my whole visit in extreme detail. He listened to it all silently: about the possibility of the prince proposing to Anna Andreevna he didn't utter a word; to my rapturous praises of Anna Andreevna he again mumbled that "she's sweet."

"I managed to astonish her extremely today by telling her the most fresh-baked society news about Katerina Nikolaevna Akhmakov marrying Baron Bjoring," I said suddenly, as if something in me had come unhinged.

"Oh? Imagine, she told me that same 'news' earlier today, before noon, that is, much earlier than you could have astonished her with it."

"What?" I just stopped in my tracks. "But how could she have found out? Though what am I saying? Naturally, she could have found out before me, but imagine: she listened to me say it as if it was absolute news! Though... though what am I saying? Long live breadth! One must allow for breadth of character, right? I, for instance, would have blurted it all out at once, but she locks it up in a snuffbox... And so be it, so be it, nonetheless she's the loveliest being and the most excellent character!"

"Oh, no doubt, to each his own! And what's most original of

all: these excellent characters are sometimes able to puzzle you in an extremely peculiar way. Imagine, today Anna Andreevna suddenly takes me aback with the question, 'Do you love Katerina Nikolaevna Akhmakov, or not?'"

"What a wild and incredible question!" I cried out, dumbfounded again. My eyes even went dim. Never yet had I ventured to talk with him on this subject, and—here he himself...

"What did she formulate it with?"

"With nothing, my friend, absolutely nothing; the snuffbox was locked up at once and still tighter, and, above all, notice, I had never allowed even the possibility of such conversations with me, nor had she... However, you say yourself that you know her, and therefore you can imagine how such a question suits her... You wouldn't happen to know anything?"

"I'm as puzzled as you are. Some sort of curiosity, or maybe a joke?"

"Oh, on the contrary, a most serious question, and not a question, but almost, so to speak, an inquiry, and evidently for the most extreme and categorical reasons. Won't you be going there? Mightn't you find something out? I'd even ask you to, you see..."

"But the possibility, above all—the possibility alone of supposing that you love Katerina Nikolaevna! Forgive me, I'm still dumbfounded. I've never, never allowed myself to speak with you on this or any similar subject..."

"And you've done wisely, my dear."

"Your former intrigues and relations—no, the subject is, of course, impossible between us, and it would even be stupid on my part; but, precisely in this last period, in the last few days, I've exclaimed to myself several times: what if you had loved this woman once, even for a moment? Oh, you would never have made such an awful mistake regarding her in your opinion of her as the one that came out afterwards! Of what came out, I do know: of your mutual enmity and your mutual, so to speak, aversion for each other, I do know, I've heard, I've heard only too well, I heard still in Moscow; but it's precisely here first of all that the fact of a bitter aversion leaps to the surface, the bitterness of hostility, precisely of *non-love*, and yet Anna Andreevna suddenly puts it to you, 'Do you love her?' Can she be so poorly renseigneered?* It's a wild thing! She was laughing, I assure you, she was laughing!"

*Distortion of French *renseignée*, "informed."

"But I notice, my dear," something nervous and soulfelt suddenly sounded in his voice, something that went to the heart, which happened terribly rarely with him, "I notice that you yourself speak of it all too ardently. You just said that you call on women... of course, for me to question you is somehow... on this subject, as you put it... But doesn't 'that woman' also figure on the list of your newer friends?"

"That woman..." My voice suddenly trembled. "Listen, Andrei Petrovich, listen: that woman is what you said today at the prince's about 'living life'—remember? You said that this living life is something so direct and simple, which looks at you so directly, that precisely because of this directness and clarity it's impossible to believe it could be precisely what we seek so hard all our lives... Well, so with such views you met the ideal woman, and in perfection, in the ideal, you recognized—'all vices'! There you are!"

The reader can judge what a frenzy I was in.

"'All vices'! Ho, ho! I know that phrase!" exclaimed Versilov. "And if it's gone so far as telling you such a phrase, shouldn't you be congratulated for something? It means such intimacy between you that you may even have to be praised for your modesty and secrecy, which a young man is rarely capable of..."

A sweet, friendly, affectionate laughter sparkled in his voice... there was something inviting and sweet in his words, in his bright face, as far as I could tell at night. He was surprisingly excited. Involuntarily, I sparkled all over.

"Modesty! Secrecy! Oh, no, no!" I exclaimed, blushing and at the same time squeezing his hand, which I had somehow managed to seize and, without noticing it, would not let go of. "No, not for anything!... In short, there's nothing to congratulate me for, and never, never can anything happen here." I was breathless and flying, and I so wanted to be flying, it felt so good to me. "You know... well, let it be so just once, for one little time! You see, my darling, my nice papa—you'll let me call you papa—it's impossible, not only for a father and son, but for anyone, to talk with a third person about his relations with a woman, even the purest of them! Even the purer they are, the more forbidden it ought to be. It's forbidding, it's coarse, in short—a confidant is impossible! But if there's nothing, absolutely nothing, then it's possible to talk, isn't it?"

"As your heart dictates."

"An indiscreet, a very indiscreet question. You've known women

in your life, you've had liaisons?... I'm asking generally, generally, not in particular!" I was blushing and spluttering with rapture.

"Let's suppose there were lapses."

"So here's an occasion, and you explain it to me, as a more experienced person: a woman, while taking leave of you, suddenly says somehow by chance, looking away, 'Tomorrow at three o'clock I'll be at such and such place'... well, say, at Tatyana Pavlovna's," I came unhinged and flew off definitively. My heart gave a throb and stopped; I even stopped talking, I couldn't. He was listening terribly.

"And so the next day I'm at Tatyana Pavlovna's at three o'clock, I go in and reason like this: 'If the cook opens the door'—you know her cook?—'I'll ask her first off: is Tatyana Pavlovna at home? And if the cook says Tatyana Pavlovna isn't at home, but some lady visitor's sitting and waiting—what should I have concluded, tell me, if you... In short, if you...'"

"Quite simply that you had an appointed rendezvous. But that means it took place? And took place today? Yes?"

"Oh, no, no, no, nothing, nothing! It took place, but it wasn't that; a rendezvous, but not for that, and I announce it first of all, so as not to be a scoundrel, it happened, but..."

"My friend, all this is beginning to become so curious, that I suggest..."

"Myself, I used to give a tenner or a twenty-fiver to solicitors. For a dram. Just a few kopecks, it's a lieutenant soliciting, a former lieutenant asking!" The tall figure of a solicitor, maybe indeed a retired lieutenant, suddenly blocked our way. Most curious of all, he was quite well dressed for his profession, and yet he had his hand out.

III

I PURPOSELY DO not want to omit this most paltry anecdote about the insignificant lieutenant, because I now recall the whole of Versilov not otherwise than with all the minutest circumstantial details of that moment so fateful for him. Fateful, but I didn't know it!

"If you do not leave us alone, sir, I shall immediately call the police," Versilov, stopping before the lieutenant, suddenly raised his voice somehow unnaturally. I could never have imagined such

wrath from such a philosopher, and for such an insignificant reason. And note that we interrupted the conversation at the moment most interesting for him, as he said himself.

"So you really don't even have a fifteener?" the lieutenant cried rudely, waving his arm. "On what sort of canaille can you find a fifteener nowadays? Rabble! Scoundrels! He's all in beaver, yet he makes a state problem out of a fifteener!"

"Police!" shouted Versilov.

But there was no need to shout; a policeman was standing just at the corner and had heard the lieutenant's abuse himself.

"I ask you to be a witness to the insult, and you I ask to kindly come to the police station," said Versilov.

"E-eh, it's all the same to me, you'll prove decidedly nothing! Your intelligence least of all!"

"Don't let go of him, officer, and take us there," Versilov concluded insistently.

"Must we go to the police station? Devil take him!" I whispered to him.

"Absolutely, my dear. This presumptuousness in our streets is beginning to be tiresomely outrageous, and if each of us did his duty, it would be useful for all. *C'est comique, mais c'est ce que nous ferons.*"*

For about a hundred steps the lieutenant was very hot-tempered, spirited, and brave. He assured us that "this was impossible," that it was all "'cause of a fifteener," and so on, and so forth. But he finally started whispering something to the policeman. The policeman, a sensible fellow and clearly an enemy of street nervousness, seemed to be on his side, but only in a certain sense. To his questions, he murmured in a half-whisper that "it's impossible now," that "the thing's under way," and that "if, for instance, you were to apologize, and the gentleman would agree to accept your apology, then maybe..."

"Well, li-i-isten he-e-re, my dear sir, so, where are we going? I ask you, where are we trying to get to and what's so clever about it?" the lieutenant cried loudly. "If a man unlucky in his misfortunes agrees to offer an apology... if, finally, you need his humiliation... Devil take it, we're not in a drawing room, we're in the street! For the street, this is apology enough..."

Versilov stopped and suddenly rocked with laughter; I even

*It's comical, but that's what we're going to do.

thought for a moment that he had gone ahead with this whole story for the fun of it, but that wasn't so.

"I pardon you completely, Mr. Lieutenant, and I assure you that you have abilities. Act this way in a drawing room, and soon it will be quite enough for the drawing room as well, but meanwhile here's forty kopecks for you, have a drink and a bite to eat. Pardon me for the trouble, officer, I'd reward you, too, for your labors, but you're all on such a noble footing now... My dear," he turned to me, "there's an eatery here, in fact a terrible cesspool, but one can have tea there, and I'd suggest to you... here it is now, come on."

I repeat, I had never seen him in such excitement, though his face was cheerful and shone with light; but I noticed that when he was taking the two twenty-kopeck pieces from his purse to give to the lieutenant, his hands shook and his fingers wouldn't obey at all, so that he finally asked me to take them out and give them to the man. I can't forget that.

He brought me to a little tavern on the canal, in the basement. The customers were few. A hoarse little organ was playing out of tune, it smelled of dirty napkins; we sat down in the corner.

"Maybe you don't know? I like sometimes, out of boredom, out of terrible inner boredom... to go into various cesspools like this one. These furnishings, this stuttering aria from *Lucia*,[22] these waiters in costumes that are Russian to the point of indecency, this stench of tobacco, these shouts from the billiard room—all this is so banal and prosaic that it borders almost on the fantastic. Well, so what, my dear? This son of Mars stopped us at the most interesting place, it seems... But here's our tea; I like the tea here... Imagine, Pyotr Ippolitovich has now suddenly started assuring that other lodger, the pockmarked one, that in the last century a committee of jurists was especially appointed in the English Parliament to examine the whole trial of Christ before the high priest and Pilate,[23] solely in order to find out how it would go now, by our laws, and that it was all done with all solemnity, with lawyers, prosecutors, and the rest... well, and that the jury had to hand down a guilty verdict... Amazing—eh, what? That fool of a lodger started arguing, got angry, quarreled, and announced that he was moving out the next day... the landlady bursts into tears, because she's losing money... *Mais passons.** Sometimes they have nightingales in these taverns. Do you know the old Moscow

*But let's drop that.

anecdote *à la* Pyotr Ippolitovich? A nightingale is singing in a Moscow tavern. A merchant comes in, the 'out o' me way' type: 'How much is the nightingale?' 'A hundred roubles.' 'Roast it and serve it.' They roasted it and served it. 'Cut me ten kopecks' worth.' I once told it to Pyotr Ippolitovich, but he didn't believe it and even got indignant..."

He said a lot more. I quote these fragments as a sample. He interrupted me continually, as soon as I opened my mouth to begin my story, and began talking some sort of completely peculiar and inappropriate nonsense; he talked excitedly, gaily; laughed at God knows what, and even tittered—something I had never seen him do. He drank a glass of tea at one gulp and poured another. Now I understand: he was then like a man who has received a precious, curious, and long-awaited letter, which he places before him and doesn't open on purpose; on the contrary, he turns it over in his hands for a long time, studies the envelope, the seal, goes to another room to give orders, puts off, in short, the most interesting moment, knowing that it won't get away from him for anything, and all this for the greater fullness of pleasure.

I, naturally, told him everything, everything from the very beginning, and it took me maybe about an hour. And how else could it be? I had been longing to talk all the while. I began from our very first meeting, at the prince's that time, on her arrival from Moscow; then I told how it all went on gradually. I didn't leave anything out, and I couldn't have: he led me on himself, guessed, prompted me. At moments it seemed to me that something fantastic was happening, that he had been sitting somewhere or standing behind the door, each time, for all those two months: he knew beforehand my every gesture, my every feeling. I took a boundless pleasure in making this confession to him, because I saw in him such heartfelt gentleness, such deep psychological subtlety, such an astonishing ability to guess from a quarter of a word. He listened tenderly, like a woman. Above all, he managed to make it so that I wasn't ashamed of anything; at times he suddenly stopped me at some detail; he often stopped me and repeated nervously, "Don't forget the small things, above all, don't forget the small things—the smaller the trace, the more important it sometimes is." And he interrupted me several times in the same way. Oh, naturally, I began haughtily in the beginning, haughtily towards her, but I quickly came down to the truth. I told him sincerely that I was ready to throw myself down and kiss the place on the floor where her foot

had stood. The most beautiful, the brightest thing of all was that he understood in the highest degree that she "could suffer from fear over the document" and at the same time remain a pure and irreproachable being, as she had revealed herself to me that same day. He understood in the highest degree the word "student." But as I was finishing, I noticed that, through his kind smile, something all too impatient began to flash in his eyes, something as if distracted and sharp. When I came to the "document," I thought to myself, "Shall I tell him the real truth or not?"—and I didn't, despite all my rapture. I note it here to remember it all my life. I explained the matter to him in the same way I had to her, that is, by Kraft. His eyes lit up. A strange wrinkle flitted across his forehead, a very dark wrinkle.

"You firmly recall, my dear, about that letter, that Kraft burned it in a candle? You're not mistaken?"

"I'm not mistaken," I confirmed.

"The thing is that that piece of writing is very important for her, and if it had been in your hands today, then even today you might..." But "might" what, he didn't finish saying. "And so, it's not in your hands now?"

I shuddered inwardly, but not outwardly. Outwardly I didn't betray myself in any way, didn't bat an eye; but still I couldn't believe the question.

"How not in my hands? In my hands *now*? If Kraft burned it then?"

"Yes?" he aimed a fiery, fixed gaze at me, a gaze I remembered. However, he was smiling, but all his goodnaturedness, all the femininity of expression he had had till then, suddenly disappeared. What came was something indefinite and disconnected; he was becoming more and more distracted. If he had been more in control of himself then, as he had been up to that moment, he wouldn't have asked me that question about the document; if he did, it was probably because he was in a frenzy himself. However, I say it only now; but at that time it took me a while to perceive the change that had taken place in him. I still went on flying, and there was the same music in my soul. But the story was over; I looked at him.

"An amazing thing," he said suddenly, when I had spoken everything out to the last comma, "a very strange thing, my friend: you say you were there from three to four, and that Tatyana Pavlovna wasn't at home?"

"Exactly from three till half-past four."

"Well, imagine, I stopped to see Tatyana Pavlovna at exactly half-past three to the minute, and she met me in the kitchen—I almost always come to see her by the back entrance."

"What, she met you in the kitchen?" I cried, drawing back in amazement.

"Yes, and she told me she couldn't receive me; I stayed with her a couple of minutes, and I had only come to invite her to dinner."

"Maybe she just came back from somewhere?"

"I don't know; though—of course not. She was in her housecoat. This was exactly at half-past three."

"But... Tatyana Pavlovna didn't tell you I was there?"

"No, she didn't tell me you were there... Otherwise I'd have known and wouldn't be asking you about it."

"Listen, this is very important..."

"Yes... depending on one's point of view; and you've even turned pale, my dear; but, anyhow, what's so important?"

"I've been laughed at like a child!"

"She was simply 'afraid of your ardor,' as she put it to you herself—well, and so she enlisted Tatyana Pavlovna."

"But, my God, what a trick it was! Listen, she let me say all that with a third person there, with Tatyana Pavlovna there—who, consequently, heard everything I said! It's... it's even terrible to imagine!"

"*C'est selon, mon cher!** And besides, you yourself mentioned earlier the 'breadth' of view of women in general, and exclaimed, 'Long live breadth!' "

"If I were Othello and you Iago, you couldn't have done it better... however, I'm laughing! There can't be any Othello, because there are no such relations. And how not laugh! So be it! I still believe in what is infinitely higher than I am, and I haven't lost my ideal!... If it's a joke on her part, I forgive her. A joke on the pathetic adolescent—so be it! I didn't get myself up as anything, and the student—the student was and remains anyway, no matter what, he was in her soul, he exists and will go on existing! Enough! Listen, what do you think: shall I go to her now, to learn the whole truth, or not?"

I said, "I'm laughing," but there were tears in my eyes.

"Why not? Go, my friend, if you want to."

"It's as if I've dirtied my soul by telling you all this. Don't be

*That depends, my dear!

angry, dear heart, but it's impossible to tell a third person about a woman, I repeat, about a woman. No confidant will understand; not even an angel will understand. If you respect a woman, don't take a confidant; if you respect yourself, don't take a confidant! I don't respect myself now. Good-bye; I can't forgive myself..."

"Come, my dear, you're exaggerating. You say yourself 'there was nothing.'"

We went out to the canal and began saying good-bye.

"Will you never kiss me from the heart, as a child, as a son kisses his father?" he said to me with a strange tremor in his voice. I kissed him warmly.

"My dear... always be as pure of heart as you are now."

I had never kissed him before in my life, I could never have imagined he would want me to.

Chapter Six

I

"Go, of course!" I decided, hurrying home. "Go at once. Quite possibly I'll find her at home alone—alone or with someone, it makes no difference—I can call her away. She'll receive me; she'll be surprised, but she'll receive me. And if she doesn't, I'll insist that she receive me, I'll send to tell her it's extremely necessary. She'll think it's something about the document and receive me. And I'll find out all about Tatyana. And then... and then what? If I'm wrong, I'll make it up to her, and if I'm right, and she's to blame, then it's all over! In any case—it's all over! What can I lose? I can't lose anything. Go! Go!"

And then—I'll never forget it and I remember it with pride—I *didn't* go! No one will ever know it, it will just die, but it's enough that I know it and that at such a moment I was capable of the noblest impulse! "This is a temptation, and I'll pass it by," I decided finally, thinking better of it. "They frightened me with a fact, but I didn't believe it and didn't lose faith in her purity! And why go, why ask? Why should she believe so unfailingly in me as I did in her, believe in my 'purity,' not be afraid of my 'ardor,' not enlist Tatyana? I haven't deserved it yet in her eyes. Let her not, let her not know that I do deserve it, that I don't yield to 'temptations,' that I don't believe wicked calumnies about her; but I myself know it and will respect myself for it. Respect my feeling. Oh, yes, she allowed me to speak myself out with Tatyana there, she allowed Tatyana, she knew that Tatyana was sitting and eavesdropping (because she couldn't help eavesdropping), she knew that she was laughing at me—it's terrible, terrible! But... but what if it was impossible to avoid? What could she have done in her position today, and how can she be blamed for it? No, I myself lied to her about Kraft, I deceived her, because it was also impossible to avoid it, and I lied involuntarily, innocently. My God," I suddenly exclaimed, blushing painfully, "and I, what have I just done myself? Haven't I just dragged her before the same Tatyana, haven't I just told everything to Versilov? Though—what's the matter with me?—there's a difference here. Here it was only about the docu-

ment; essentially, I just told Versilov about the document, because there was nothing more to tell about, and there couldn't be. Wasn't I the first to inform him and cry that 'there couldn't be'? He's a man of understanding. Hm . . . But what hatred there is in his heart for this woman, though, even now! And what a drama must have taken place between them then and from what? Of course, from self-love! *Versilov can't be capable of any other feeling except boundless self-love!"*

Yes, this last thought escaped me then, and I didn't even notice it. It was such thoughts that raced through my head then one after another, and I was straightforward with myself then: I wasn't being sly, I wasn't deceiving myself; and if there was something I didn't comprehend then at that moment, it was just because I didn't have brains enough, and not from Jesuitism with myself.

I returned home in a terribly excited and, I don't know why, a terribly merry state of mind, though a very unclear one. But I was afraid to analyze and tried with all my might to divert myself. I went to my landlady at once; indeed, a terrible falling out was under way between her and her husband. She was a very consumptive clerk's wife, maybe even a kind one, but, like all consumptives, extremely capricious. I at once began to make peace between them, went to see the tenant, a very coarse, pockmarked fool, an extremely vain clerk who served in a bank, Chervyakov, whom I myself disliked very much, but with whom, anyhow, I got along well, because I often had the baseness to join him in teasing Pyotr Ippolitovich. I at once persuaded him not to move out, and he himself would not have ventured to actually move out. In the end I reassured the landlady definitively and, on top of that, managed to straighten the pillow under her head excellently. "Pyotr Ippolitovich can never manage like that," she concluded maliciously. Then I busied myself with her mustard plasters in the kitchen, and with my own hands prepared two superb plasters for her. Poor Pyotr Ippolitovich only looked at me with envy, but I didn't let him touch them and was rewarded literally by tears of gratitude from her. And then, I remember, I suddenly got bored with it all, and I suddenly realized that I was by no means looking after the sick woman out of the goodness of my heart, but just so, for some reason, for something else entirely.

I waited nervously for Matvei. That evening I decided to try my luck for the last time and . . . and, apart from luck, I felt a terrible need to gamble; otherwise it would have been unbearable. If I

hadn't had to go anywhere, maybe I wouldn't have held out and would have gone to her. Matvei was to come soon, but suddenly the door opened and an unexpected visitor came in—Darya Onisimovna. I winced and was surprised. She knew my lodgings because she had come once on an errand from mama. I sat her down and began looking at her questioningly. She said nothing, but only looked me straight in the eye and smiled submissively.

"Have you come from Liza?" it occurred to me to ask.

"No, just so, sir."

I warned her that I would be leaving presently; again she answered that she had come "just so" and would leave presently herself. For some reason I suddenly felt sorry for her. I'll note that she had seen much sympathy from us all, from mama and especially from Tatyana Pavlovna, but once she was placed with Mrs. Stolbeev, we all somehow began to forget her, except perhaps for Liza, who often visited her. She herself, it seems, was the cause of that, because she had a capacity for withdrawing and effacing herself, despite all her submissive and ingratiating smiles. Personally I very much disliked those smiles, and the fact that she always obviously falsified her face, and I even thought once that she had not grieved long over her Olya. But this time for some reason I felt sorry for her.

And then suddenly, without saying a word, she bent forward, looked down, and, suddenly thrusting out both arms, put them around my waist and leaned her face against my knees. She seized my hand, I almost thought she was going to kiss it, but she pressed it to her eyes, and a flood of hot tears poured over it. She was all shaking with sobs, but she wept quietly. My heart was wrung, despite the fact that I was also as if vexed. But she embraced me with complete trust, not afraid in the least that I would get angry, despite the fact that she had smiled at me so timorously and servilely just before. I began asking her to calm down.

"Dear heart, darling, I don't know what to do with myself. When it gets dark, I can't stand it; when it gets dark, I can't stand it any more, I'm drawn outside, into the darkness. What draws me, mainly, is a dream. There's this dream born in my mind, that just as I step out, I'll meet her in the street. I walk and it's as if I see her. That is, it's somebody else walking, but I walk behind on purpose and think: isn't it her, there now, I think, isn't that my Olya? And I think and think. I get stupefied in the end, only knocking into people, it's sickening. Knocking about like I'm

drunk, and people abuse me. I keep it to myself, I don't go to anyone. Or if I do, it's more sickening. I was passing by your place and thought, 'Why don't I drop in; he's the kindest of them all, and he was there then.' Dear heart, forgive a useless woman; I'll leave now and go away..."

She suddenly got up and began to hurry. Just then Matvei arrived; I put her into the sledge and took her home to Mrs. Stolbeev's apartment on the way.

II

MOST RECENTLY I had started going to play roulette at Zershchikov's. Before that I had gone to three houses, always with the prince, who had "introduced" me in those places. In one of those houses the game was predominantly faro, and they played for very significant money. But I didn't like it there; I saw it was only good there if you had big money, and besides, it was frequented by too many insolent people and "thundering" youth from high society. That was what the prince liked; he liked to gamble, but he also liked to hobnob with those rakehells. I noticed on those evenings that, though he sometimes came in with me, he somehow distanced himself from me during the evening and didn't introduce me to any of "his people." I looked around like a perfect savage, sometimes even so much so that I happened to attract attention. At the gambling table I sometimes even had to speak with one or another of them; but once, the next day, right there in those rooms, I tried to greet one little sir with whom I had not only talked but even laughed the day before, sitting next to him, and I had even guessed two cards for him, and what then?—he didn't recognize me at all. Worse than that: he looked at me as if with sham perplexity and walked past smiling. Thus I soon dropped the place and got into the habit of going to a certain cesspool—I don't know what else to call it. It was a roulette house, rather insignificant, paltry, kept by a certain kept woman, though she never appeared in the room herself. It was a terribly unbuttoned place, and though officers frequented it, and rich merchants, everything came out a bit dirtily, which many, however, found attractive. Besides, I often had luck there. But I dropped that place, too, after a certain repulsive incident that occurred at the height of a game and ended in a fight between two players, and started going to Zershchikov's, where,

again, I was introduced by the prince. The owner was a retired cavalry staff-captain, and the tone at his evenings was quite tolerable, military, ticklishly irritable in observing the forms of honor, clipped and businesslike. Jokers and big carousers, for instance, didn't show up there. Besides, the faro bank was hardly a joking matter. They played faro and roulette. Up to that evening, the fifteenth of November, I had gone there twice in all, and Zershchikov, it seemed, already knew my face; but I didn't have any acquaintances yet. As if on purpose, the prince and Darzan showed up that evening only at around midnight, returning from the faro of those society rakehells that I had dropped. Thus, on that evening I was like a stranger in an alien crowd.

If I had a reader and he had read all that I've already written about my adventures, doubtless there would be no point in explaining to him that I am decidedly not created for any society whatever. Above all, I'm totally unable to behave myself in society. When I walk in somewhere where there are many people, it always feels to me that all their looks electrify me. I decidedly begin to cringe, cringe physically, even in such places as the theater, to say nothing of private houses. At all these roulettes and gatherings I decidedly failed to acquire any kind of bearing: first I sit and reproach myself for my unnecessary softness and politeness, then suddenly I get up and commit some rudeness. And meanwhile such blackguards, compared with me, managed to behave themselves there with astonishing bearing—and that was what infuriated me most of all, so that I lost my coolheadedness more and more. I'll say straight out that, not only now, but then as well, this whole society—and even winning itself, if all be told—finally became repugnant and tormenting to me. Decidedly tormenting. Of course, I experienced an extreme pleasure, but that pleasure came by way of torment; all of it, that is, these people, the gambling, and, above all, I myself there with them, seemed terribly dirty to me. "The moment I win, I'll spit on it all at once!" I said to myself each time, falling asleep at dawn in my lodgings after the night's gambling. And then again this winning: take just the fact that I had no love of money at all. That is, I'm not going to repeat the vile pronouncements usual in such explanations, that I gambled, say, for the sake of gambling, for the sensation, for the pleasure of risk, passion, and so on, and not at all for gain. I needed money terribly, and though it was not my way, not my idea, somehow or other I still decided then, as an experiment, to try this way,

too. One strong thought kept throwing me off here: "You've already figured out that you can unfailingly become a millionaire only if you have a suitably strong character. You've already tested your character; show yourself here as well: does roulette call for more character than your idea?" That's what I repeated to myself. And since even to this day I hold the conviction that in games of chance, given a complete calmness of character, which preserves all the subtlety of intelligence and calculation, it is impossible not to overcome the crudeness of blind luck and win—so, naturally, I had to grow more and more vexed, seeing that at every moment I failed to sustain my character and got carried away like a perfect little brat. "I, who could endure hunger, cannot endure such a stupid thing!" That's what irked me. What's more, the awareness I have that no matter how ridiculous and humiliated I may seem, there lies within me that treasure of strength which will someday make them all change their opinion of me, this awareness—almost since the humiliated years of my childhood—then constituted the only source of my life, my light and my dignity, my weapon and my consolation, otherwise I might have killed myself while still a child. And therefore how could I not be irritated with myself, seeing what a pathetic being I turned into at the gaming table? That was why I could no longer leave off gambling; now I see it all clearly. Besides that main thing, my petty self-love also suffered. Losing humiliated me before the prince, before Versilov, though he never deigned to say anything, before everybody, even before Tatyana—so it seemed, so it felt to me. Finally, I'll make yet another confession: I was already corrupted then; it was already hard for me to give up a seven-course dinner in the restaurant, Matvei, the English shop, my perfumer's opinion—well, and all that. I was aware of it then, too, only I waved it away; now, though, in writing it down, I blush.

III

Arriving alone and finding myself in an unfamiliar crowd, I first settled myself at the corner of the table and began staking small sums, and sat like that for about two hours without stirring. In those two hours, terrible rubbish went on—neither this nor that. I missed astonishing chances and tried not to get angry, but to succeed by coolheadedness and confidence. The end was that

in the whole two hours I neither lost nor won: of the three hundred roubles, I lost some ten or fifteen. This insignificant result angered me, and what's more a most unpleasant vileness occurred. I know that there sometimes happen to be thieves at these roulette tables—that is, not from the street, but simply among the well-known gamblers. I'm certain, for instance, that the well-known gambler Aferdov is a thief; to this day he cuts a figure around town: I met him recently driving a pair of his own ponies; but he's a thief and he stole from me. This story is still to come; what happened that evening was just a prelude: I sat for the whole two hours at the corner of the table, and next to me all the while, on the left, was some rotten little fop—a Yid, I think; he participates somewhere, however, even writes something and gets it published. At the very last moment I suddenly won twenty roubles. Two red banknotes lay in front of me, and suddenly I see this little Yid reach out and quite calmly take one of my notes. I tried to stop him, but he, with a most insolent air and without raising his voice in the least, suddenly declares to me that it was his winnings, that he had just staked and won; he even refused to continue the conversation and turned his back. As if on purpose, I was in a most stupid state of mind at that moment: I had conceived a grand idea, and so I spat, got up quickly, and walked away, not even wanting to argue and making him a gift of the ten roubles. And it would have been hard to carry on with this story of the insolent pilferer, because the moment had been lost; the game had already gone ahead. And that was a huge mistake on my part, which had its consequences: three or four players next to us noticed our altercation and, seeing me give up so easily, probably took me for the same sort. It was exactly midnight; I went to another room, thought a bit, figured out a new plan, and, returning, exchangd my notes for half-imperials. I was now in possession of over forty pieces. I divided them into ten parts and decided to stake on *zéro* ten times in a row, four half-imperials each time, one after another. "If I win, I'm in luck; if I lose, so much the better; I'm never going to play anymore." I'll note that *zéro* hadn't come up even once in those two hours, so that in the end nobody even staked on it.

I played standing up, silently frowning and clenching my teeth. On the third stake, Zershchikov loudly announced *zéro*, which hadn't come up all day. They counted me out a hundred and forty half-imperials in gold. I still had seven stakes left, and I went on, and meanwhile everything around me began to spin and dance.

"Move over here!" I called the whole length of the table to one of the players who had been sitting next to me earlier, a gray-haired man with a big moustache and a purple face, wearing a tailcoat, who for several hours already, with inexpressible patience, had been staking small sums and losing time after time. "Move over here! The luck's here!"

"Are you speaking to me?" the moustache responded with some sort of menacing surprise from the other end of the table.

"Yes, you! You'll lose everything over there!"

"It's none of your business, and I beg you not to interfere with me!"

But I could no longer control myself. Across the table from me sat an elderly officer. Looking at my pile, he murmured to his neighbor:

"Strange: *zéro*. No, I won't venture on *zéro*."

"Venture it, Colonel!" I cried, placing another stake.

"I beg you to leave me in peace as well, sir, without your advice," he snapped sharply. "You shout too much here."

"I'm giving you good advice. Well, if you want to bet that *zéro* will come up again right now—here, I'll stake ten gold pieces, are you game?"

And I put up ten half-imperials.

"Bet ten gold pieces? That I can," he said drily and sternly. "I bet you that *zéro* won't come up."

"Ten louis d'ors, Colonel."

"Ten louis d'ors?"

"Ten half-imperials, Colonel, or, in high style—louis d'ors."

"Say half-imperials, then, and kindly do not joke with me."

I certainly had no hope of winning the bet: there were thirty-six chances to one that *zéro* wouldn't come up; but I proposed it, first, because I was showing off, and second, because I wanted to attract them all to me with something. I could see very well that for some reason nobody there liked me, and they took special pleasure in letting me know it. The roulette wheel spun—and what was the general amazement when *zéro* came up again! There was even a general outcry. Here the glory of winning befuddled me completely. Again they counted me out a hundred and forty half-imperials. Zershchikov asked me whether I wanted to take part of it in banknotes, but I mumbled something in reply, because I literally could no longer express myself calmly and coherently. My head was spinning, my legs were weak. I suddenly felt that I was

about to start taking awful risks; besides, I wanted to undertake something else, propose another bet, count out a few thousand to somebody. Mechanically, I raked in the little pile of banknotes and gold pieces with my palm and couldn't bring myself to count them. At that moment I suddenly noticed the prince and Darzan behind me. They had just come from their faro, having lost their shirts there, as I learned afterwards.

"Ah, Darzan," I cried to him, "the luck's here! Stake on *zéro*!"

"I've lost everything, I have no money," he answered drily. And as for the prince, it was as if he decidedly did not notice or recognize me.

"There's money here!" I cried, pointing to my pile of gold. "How much do you want?"

"Devil take it!" cried Darzan, turning all red. "I don't believe I asked you for money."

"You're being called," Zershchikov pulled me by the sleeve.

I had been called, several times now and almost with curses, by the colonel, who had lost a bet of ten imperials to me.

"Kindly take it!" he cried, all purple with anger. "I'm not obliged to stand over you, and later you may say you didn't get it. Count it up."

"I trust you, I trust you, Colonel, without counting; only please don't shout at me like that and don't be angry." And I raked in his pile of gold pieces with my hand.

"My dear sir, I beg you, get at someone else with your raptures, and not at me," the colonel shouted sharply. "I didn't herd swine with you!"

"It's strange to let such people in—who is he?—some youngster," came low-voiced exclamations.

But I wasn't listening, I was staking at random, no longer on *zéro*. I staked a whole wad of hundred-rouble notes on the first eighteen numbers.

"Let's go, Darzan," the prince's voice came from behind me.

"Home?" I turned to them. "Wait for me, let's leave together, I'm through here."

My stake won; it was a big win.

"*Basta!*" I cried, and with trembling hands began raking up and pouring gold into my pockets, without counting and somehow clumsily crumpling the piles of banknotes with my fingers, wanting to stuff them all together into my side pocket. Suddenly the plump, signet-ringed hand of Aferdov, who was sitting next to me on the

right and also staking large sums, reached for my three hundred-rouble notes and covered them with his palm.

"Excuse me, sir, that is not yours," he pronounced sternly and distinctly, though in a rather soft voice.

That was the prelude which, a few days later, was destined to have such consequences. Now I swear on my honor that those three hundred-rouble notes were mine, but, to my ill fate, though I was certain they were mine, I still had a lingering fraction of a doubt, and for an honest man that is everything; and I am an honest man. Above all, I did not yet know for certain then that Aferdov was a thief; I did not yet know his last name then, so that at that moment I could actually think that I was mistaken and that those three hundred-rouble notes were not among the ones just counted out to me. I hadn't counted my pile of money all the while and had only raked it in with my hands, but money had also been lying in front of Aferdov all the while, and right next to mine, albeit in good order and counted up. Finally, Aferdov was known there, was considered a rich man, was treated with respect. All this influenced me, and once again I didn't protest. A terrible mistake! The main swinishness consisted in the fact that I was in ecstasy.

"It's a great pity that I don't remember for certain, but it seems terribly likely to me that it's mine," I said, my lips trembling with indignation. These words at once aroused a murmur.

"In order to say such things, one needs to remember *for certain*, but you yourself have been so good as to declare that you do *not* remember for certain," Aferdov said with insufferable haughtiness.

"But who is he?—but how can it be permitted?" came several exclamations.

"It's not the first time for him; earlier there was an incident with Rechberg over a ten-rouble note," some mean little voice said beside me.

"Well, enough, enough!" I exclaimed, "I won't protest, take it! Prince... where are the prince and Darzan? Gone? Gentlemen, did you see where the prince and Darzan went?" and, having finally picked up all my money, and holding in my hand several half-imperials I hadn't had time to put in my pocket, I started after the prince and Darzan. The reader can see, I believe, that I'm not sparing myself and that I'm recollecting all of myself as I was at that moment, to the last vileness, so that what came afterwards will be understood.

The prince and Darzan had already gone downstairs, not paying

the least attention to my calls and cries. I caught up with them, but paused for a second before the doorman and put three half-imperials in his hand, devil knows why; he looked at me in perplexity and didn't even thank me. But it was all the same to me, and if Matvei had been there, I surely would have dished out a whole fistful of gold pieces, and it seems that's what I wanted to do, but, running out to the porch, I suddenly recalled that I had dismissed him earlier. At that moment the prince's trotter drove up, and he got into the sledge.

"I'm coming with you, Prince, to your place!" I cried, seized the flap and flung it open so as to get into his sledge; but Darzan suddenly jumped into the sledge past me, and the driver, tearing the flap from my hands, covered the two gentlemen.

"Devil take it!" I cried in frenzy. It came out as if I had unfastened the flap for Darzan, like a lackey.

"Home!" cried the prince.

"Stop!" I bellowed, clutching at the sledge, but the horse pulled, and I tumbled into the snow. It even seemed to me that they laughed. Jumping up, I instantly grabbed the first cab that came along and raced to the prince's, urging my nag on every second.

IV

As if on purpose, the nag crawled on for an unnaturally long time, though I had promised a whole rouble. The driver kept whipping her up and, of course, whipped her enough for a rouble. My heart was sinking; I tried to start talking with the driver, but I couldn't even get the words out, and mumbled some sort of nonsense. That was the state I was in when I ran up to the prince's. He had just returned; he had taken Darzan home and was alone. Pale and angry, he was pacing his study. I repeat once more: he had lost terribly. He looked at me with some sort of distracted perplexity.

"You again!" he said, frowning.

"So as to have done with you, sir!" I said breathlessly. "How dared you act that way with me?"

He looked at me questioningly.

"If you were going with Darzan, you might just have told me you were going with Darzan, instead of which you started the horse, and I..."

"Ah, yes, it seems you fell in the snow," and he laughed in my face.

"The response to that is a challenge, and therefore we shall first finish with our accounts..."

And with a trembling hand I began taking my money out and placing it on the sofa, on a little marble table, and even into some open book, in piles, handfuls, wads; several coins rolled onto the carpet.

"Ah, yes, it seems you won?... One can tell it by your tone."

Never before had he spoken so impudently with me. I was very pale.

"Here... I don't know how much... has to be counted. I owe you up to three thousand... or how much?... more or less?"

"I don't believe I'm forcing you to pay."

"No, sir, I myself want to pay, and you should know why. I know there's a thousand roubles in this wad—here!" And I started counting with trembling hands, but stopped. "Never mind, I know it's a thousand. So I'm taking this thousand for myself, and all the rest, these piles, you can take for my debt, part of my debt. I think there's as much as two thousand here, or maybe more!"

"But you're still keeping a thousand for yourself?" the prince bared his teeth.

"Do you need it? In that case... I wanted... I thought you wouldn't want... but if you need it—here..."

"No, no need," he turned away from me contemptuously and again began pacing the room.

"And devil knows what makes you pay it back," he suddenly turned to me with a frightful challenge in his face.

"I'm paying it back in order to demand an accounting from you!" I yelled in my turn.

"Get out of here with your eternal words and gestures!" He suddenly stamped his feet at me as if in frenzy. "I wanted to throw you out long ago, you and your Versilov."

"You're out of your mind!" I cried. And it did look like it.

"The two of you have worn me out with your catchy phrases, nothing but phrases, phrases, phrases! About honor, for instance! Pah! I've long wanted to break... I'm glad, glad that the moment has come. I considered myself bound, and I blushed at being obliged to receive you... both! But now I don't consider myself bound by anything, not by anything, know that! Your Versilov set me on to attack Mme. Akhmakov and disgrace her... Don't you dare speak

to me about honor after that. Because you're dishonorable people . . . both, both! And weren't you ashamed to take money from me?"

Everything went dark in my eyes.

"I took it from you as a comrade," I began terribly softly. "You yourself offered, and I trusted in your goodwill . . ."

"I'm not your comrade! I didn't give you money for that, and you yourself know what it was for."

"I took it against Versilov's money; of course, it was stupid, but I . . ."

"You couldn't have taken it against Versilov's money without his permission, and I couldn't have given you his money without his permission . . . I gave you my own, and you knew it—knew it and took it—and I suffered this hateful comedy in my own house!"

"What did I know? What comedy? Why did you give me the money?"

"*Pour vos beaux yeux, mon cousin!*"* he guffawed right in my face.

"Ah, the devil!" I yelled, "take all of it, here's the thousand for you! We're quits now, and tomorrow . . ."

And I hurled the wad of banknotes at him that I had been keeping for my further needs. The wad hit him right in the waistcoat and dropped to the floor. In three huge strides, he quickly came up close to me.

"Do you dare to tell me," he said ferociously and distinctly, syllable by syllable, "that while you were taking my money all this month, you didn't know that your sister is pregnant by me?"

"What? How?" I cried, and my legs suddenly became weak, and I sank strengthlessly onto the sofa. He himself told me later that I literally turned as pale as a sheet. My mind became addled. I remember we went on gazing silently into each other's faces. Fear seemed to pass over his face; he suddenly bent down, seized me by the shoulders, and began to support me. I remember very well his fixed smile; there was mistrust and astonishment in it. No! He had never expected his words would have such an effect, because he was convinced of my guilt.

It ended with my fainting, but only for a minute; I recovered, got to my feet, gazed at him and reflected—and suddenly the whole truth was revealed to my long-sleeping reason! If someone had told me beforehand and asked, "What would you do to him at that moment?" I would probably have answered that I would

*For your pretty eyes, my cousin!

tear him to pieces. But something quite different took place, and totally beyond my will: I suddenly covered my face with both hands, and wept and sobbed bitterly. It came out that way of itself! The little child suddenly betrayed himself in the young man. Which meant that the little child was still living in my soul by a whole half. I fell on the sofa weeping. "Liza! Liza! Poor, unfortunate girl!" The prince suddenly and completely believed me.

"God, how guilty I am before you!" he cried in deep sorrow. "Oh, what vile thoughts I had of you in my suspiciousness . . . Forgive me, Arkady Makarovich!"

I suddenly jumped up, wanted to say something to him, stood in front of him, but, having said nothing, ran out of the room and out of the house. I plodded home on foot and barely remember the way. I threw myself on my bed, buried my face in the pillow, in the darkness, and thought and thought. At such moments one's thinking is never orderly and consistent. It was as if the thread of my mind and imagination kept snapping, and, I remember, I would even start dreaming of something totally irrelevant and even of God knows what. But grief and calamity would suddenly come back to my mind with pain and heartache, and I would wring my hands again and exclaim, "Liza, Liza!" and weep again. I don't remember how I fell asleep, but I slept soundly, sweetly.

Chapter Seven

I

I WOKE UP in the morning at around eight o'clock, instantly locked my door, sat by the window, and started to think. I sat like that until ten o'clock. The maid knocked at my door twice, but I sent her away. Finally, between ten and eleven, there came another knock. I shouted again, but it was Liza. Along with her the maid came in, brought me coffee, and set about lighting the stove. To send the maid away was impossible, and all the while Fekla was putting in the wood and blowing up the fire, I paced my small room with big strides, not starting a conversation and even trying not to look at Liza. The maid worked with inexpressible slowness, and that on purpose, as all maids do in such cases, when they notice that their presence is keeping the masters from talking. Liza sat on a chair by the window and watched me.

"Your coffee will get cold," she said suddenly.

I looked at her: not the least embarrassment, perfect calm, and even a smile on her lips.

"Women!" I couldn't stand it and heaved my shoulders. Finally the maid got the stove lighted and began tidying up, but I hotly chased her out and locked the door at last.

"Tell me, please, why you locked the door again?" asked Liza.

I planted myself in front of her:

"Liza, I would never have thought you could deceive me like this!" I exclaimed suddenly, not even thinking at all that I would begin that way, and it was not tears this time, but almost some sort of spiteful feeling that suddenly stung my heart, so much so that I didn't even expect it. Liza blushed, yet did not answer, but only went on looking me straight in the eye.

"Wait, Liza, wait, oh, how stupid I was! But was I? The hints all came together into one heap only yesterday, and before that how could I have known? From the fact that you went to see Mrs. Stolbeev and this... Darya Onisimovna? But I looked upon you as the sun, Liza, and how could anything have occurred to me? Remember how I met you that time, two months ago, in *his* apartment, and how we walked in the sun then and rejoiced... was it already then? Was it?"

She responded by inclining her head affirmatively.

"So you were already deceiving me then! Here it's not from my stupidity, Liza, the reason here is sooner my egoism, not stupidity, my heart's egoism and—and, perhaps, the certainty of your holiness. Oh, I was always certain that you were all infinitely higher than I, and—now look! Finally, yesterday, in the course of one day, I didn't manage to figure it out, despite all the indications... But that's not at all what I was occupied with yesterday!"

Here I suddenly remembered Katerina Nikolaevna, and again something stung my heart painfully, as with a pin, and I blushed all over. Naturally, I couldn't be kind at that moment.

"But why are you justifying yourself? It seems you're in a hurry to justify yourself for something, Arkady—what is it?" Liza asked softly and meekly, but in a very firm and convinced voice.

"What is it? Why, what am I to do now?—there's at least that question! And you say 'what is it?' I don't know how to act! I don't know how brothers act on such occasions... I know marriages can be forced with a pistol in the hand... I'll act as an honorable man should! But, you see, I don't know how an honorable man should act here!... Why? Because we're not nobility, but he's a prince and is making his career; he won't listen to us honorable people. We're not even brother and sister, but some sort of illegitimates, without a family name, a household serf's children. Do princes marry household serfs? Oh, how vile! And, on top of that, you sit there and get surprised at me."

"I believe that you're suffering," Liza blushed again, "but you're in a rush and make yourself suffer."

"In a rush? So I'm really not behind enough, in your opinion! Is it for you, for you, Liza, to speak to me like that?" I got carried away, finally, by total indignation. "And how much disgrace I endured, and how this prince must have despised me! Oh, it's all clear to me now, and the whole picture stands before me: he fully imagined that I had guessed about his liaison with you long ago, but that I was keeping quiet or even putting on airs and boasting about 'honor'—he might even have thought that of me! And that I was taking money for my sister, for my sister's disgrace! That's what he found so repulsive to see, and I fully justify him: to see and receive a scoundrel every day, because he's her brother, and what's more, he talks about honor... it could make the heart wither, even his heart! And you allowed all that, you didn't warn me! He despised me so much that he talked about me with

Stebelkov, and yesterday he told me himself that he wanted to throw both me and Versilov out. And that Stebelkov! 'Anna Andreevna is as much a sister to you as Lizaveta Makarovna,' and then he shouts after me: 'My money's better.' And me, me, sprawling insolently on *his* sofas and foisting myself on his acquaintances as an equal, devil take them! And you allowed all that! Perhaps Darzan knows now, too, at least judging by his tone yesterday evening... Everybody, everybody knows, except me!"

"Nobody knows anything, he hasn't and *couldn't* have told any of his acquaintances," Liza interrupted me, "and about this Stebelkov I know only that Stebelkov torments him, and that this Stebelkov could only have guessed it... And I told him about you several times, and he believed me completely that you didn't know anything, and I simply don't know why and how it came out between you yesterday."

"Oh, at least I paid him back yesterday, and that's a load off my heart anyway! Liza, does mama know? But how could she not know? Yesterday, yesterday, how she rose up against me!... Ah, Liza! Can it be that you consider yourself right in decidedly everything, that you don't blame yourself the tiniest bit? I don't know how these things are judged nowadays and of what thoughts you are—that is, as regards me, mama, your brother, your father... Does Versilov know?"

"Mama hasn't said anything to him; he doesn't ask; it must be that he doesn't want to ask."

"He knows, but he doesn't want to know, that's so, that's like him! Well, you can make fun of your brother's role, your stupid brother, talking about pistols, but your mother, your mother! Can it be that you didn't think, Liza, how this is a reproach to mama? I was suffering over that all night. Mama's first thought will be, 'It's because I was also guilty, and like mother, like daughter!' "

"Oh, how spitefully and cruelly you said that!" Liza cried with tears bursting from her eyes, got up, and went quickly towards the door.

"Wait, wait!" I caught hold of her, sat her back down, and sat down beside her, my arm still around her.

"I just thought it would all be like this, as I was coming here, and that you were sure to want to make sure that I acknowledge my guilt. As you wish, I acknowledge it. It was only out of pride that I was silent just now and didn't say anything, but I pity you

and mama much more than I do myself..." She didn't finish, and suddenly burst into hot tears.

"Come, Liza, don't, don't say anything. I'm not your judge. Liza, how is mama? Tell me, has she known for long?"

"I think so; but I told her myself not long ago, when *this* happened," she said quietly, lowering her eyes.

"And what did she say?"

"She said, 'Keep it!'" Liza said still more softly.

"Ah, yes, Liza, 'keep it'! Don't do anything to yourself, God forbid!"

"I won't," she replied firmly and again raised her eyes to me. "Don't worry," she added, "that's not it at all."

"Liza, dear, I see only that I don't know anything here, but instead I've only now found out how much I love you. There's only one thing I don't understand, Liza: it's all clear to me, there's only one thing I can't understand at all: what makes you love him? How could you have fallen in love with such a man? That's the question!"

"And you probably also suffered over that at night?" Liza smiled gently.

"Wait, Liza, it's a stupid question, and you're laughing; laugh, then, but it's impossible not to be surprised: you and *he* are such opposites! He—I've studied him—he's gloomy, suspicious, maybe he's very kind, let it be so, but he's highly inclined to see evil in everything first of all (in that, however, he's quite like me!). He passionately respects nobility—I admit that, I see it—but only, it seems, in the ideal. Oh, he's inclined to repentance, he spends all his life constantly blaming himself and repenting, but on the other hand he never improves; however, maybe that's also like me. A thousand prejudices and false thoughts and—no thoughts at all! He seeks a great deed and does dirty little tricks. Forgive me, Liza, anyhow I'm a fool: I say this, I hurt you and know it; I understand that..."

"The portrait would be true," Liza smiled, "but you're too angry with him over me, and therefore none of it is true. He's been mistrustful of you from the beginning, and you couldn't see the whole of him, but with me even in Luga... He's seen only me alone, ever since Luga. Yes, he's suspicious and morbid, and without me he would have lost his mind; and if he leaves me, he will lose his mind or shoot himself; it seems he's realized that and knows it," Liza added as if to herself and pensively. "Yes, he's constantly weak, but these weak ones are occasionally capable of

doing something very strong... How strangely you said that about the pistol, Arkady; there's no need for any of that, and I know what will happen myself. It's not I who am after him, but he who is after me. Mama weeps, she says, 'If you marry him, you'll be unhappy, he'll stop loving you.' I don't believe that. Maybe I'll be unhappy, but he won't stop loving me. That's not why I haven't accepted him all along, but for another reason. For two months now I haven't given him my acceptance, but today I told him, '*Yes,* I'll marry you.' Arkasha, you know, yesterday" (her eyes shone and she suddenly put her arms around my neck), "yesterday he went to Anna Andreevna and told her directly, in all sincerity, that he couldn't love her... Yes, he gave a complete explanation, and that thought is now finished! He never had any part in that thought, it was all dreamed up by Prince Nikolai Ivanovich, and those tormentors, Stebelkov and another one, kept pushing him... And so for that I said *yes* to him today. Dear Arkady, he's calling for you very much, and don't be offended with him for yesterday; he's not feeling well today, and will be at home all day. He's really unwell, Arkady, don't think it's a pretext. He sent me specially and asked me to tell you that he 'needs' you, that he has much to tell you, and it wouldn't be convenient here in this apartment. Well, good-bye! Ah, Arkady, I'm ashamed even to say it, but as I was coming here, I was terribly afraid that you had stopped loving me, I kept crossing myself on the way, but—you're so kind, so sweet! I'll never forget it! I'm going to see mama. And you try to love him a little, hm?"

I embraced her warmly and told her:

"I think, Liza, that you're a strong character. Yes, I believe it's not you who are after him, but he who is after you, only still..."

"Only still, 'What makes you love him—that's the question!'" Liza picked up with a suddenly mischievous smile, as she used to, and said "that's the question!" terribly like me. And what's more, exactly as I do with this phrase, she raised her index finger in front of her. We kissed each other, but when she left, my heart was wrung again.

II

I'LL NOTE HERE just for myself: there were, for instance, moments after Liza left when a whole crowd of the most unexpected thoughts

came to my head, and I was even very pleased with them. "Well, why do I fuss so," I thought, "what is it to me? It's the same with everyone, or almost. So what if it happened with Liza? Do I have to save 'the family honor' or what?" I mark all these meannesses in order to show how poorly fortified I was in the understanding of evil and good. The only saving thing was feeling: I knew that Liza was unhappy, that mama was unhappy, and I knew it through feeling, when I remembered about them, and therefore I felt that all that had happened must not be good.

Now I'll state beforehand that from this day right up to the catastrophe of my illness, events raced on so quickly that, recalling them now, I'm even surprised myself at how I could hold out against them, how fate failed to crush me. They weakened my mind and even my feelings, and if, in the end, I hadn't held out and had committed a crime (and a crime almost was committed), the jury might very well have acquitted me. But I will try to describe it all in strict order, though I tell you beforehand that there was little order in my thoughts then. Events came pressing like the wind, and thoughts whirled in my mind like dry leaves in autumn. Since I consisted entirely of other people's thoughts, where could I get my own, when I needed them for an independent decision? And I had no guide at all.

I decided to go to see the prince in the evening, so that we could discuss everything in perfect freedom, and until evening I stayed at home. But at twilight I again received a note from Stebelkov by the city mail, three lines, with an insistent and "earnest" request to call on him the next morning at around eleven o'clock on "most important business, and you will see yourself that it is business." Having thought it over, I decided to act according to the circumstances, since tomorrow was still a long way off.

It was already eight o'clock. I would have left long ago, but I kept waiting for Versilov; there was much I wanted to express to him, and my heart was burning. But Versilov wouldn't come and didn't come. For the time being I couldn't show myself at mama's and Liza's, and I had a feeling that Versilov probably hadn't been there all day. I went on foot, and it occurred to me on the way to peek into yesterday's tavern on the canal. Versilov happened to be sitting in yesterday's place.

"I just thought you'd come here," he said, smiling strangely and looking at me strangely. His smile was unkind, such as I hadn't seen on his face in a long time.

I sat down at his table and first told him all the facts about the prince and Liza from the beginning, and about my scene yesterday at the prince's after the roulette; and I didn't forget my winning at roulette. He listened very attentively and asked again about the prince's decision to marry Liza.

"*Pauvre enfant*, maybe she won't gain anything by that. But most likely it won't happen . . . though he's capable . . ."

"Tell me, as a friend: you did know about it, you had a presentiment?"

"My friend, what could I do here? It's all a matter of feelings and another person's conscience, if only on the side of this poor little girl. I repeat to you: I did enough poking into other people's consciences once upon a time—it's a most inconvenient maneuver! I won't refuse to help in misfortune, as much as my strength allows and if I can sort it out myself. And you, my dear, you really suspected nothing all the while?"

"But how could you," I cried, flushing all over, "how could you, with even a drop of suspicion that I knew about Liza's liaison with the prince, and seeing that at the same time I was taking the prince's money—how could you talk to me, sit with me, offer me your hand—me, whom you should have considered a scoundrel! Because I bet you certainly suspected that I knew everything and was knowingly taking the prince's money for my sister!"

"Once again it's a matter of conscience," he smiled. "And how do you know," he added distinctly, with a certain enigmatic feeling, "how do you know that I wasn't afraid, too, like you yesterday on a different occasion, to lose my 'ideal' and, instead of my ardent and honest boy, to confront a blackguard? Fearing it, I postponed the moment. Why not suppose in me, instead of laziness or perfidy, something more innocent, well, stupid perhaps, but of a more noble sort? *Que diable!* I'm all too often stupid and without nobility. What use would you be to me, if you had the same inclinations? To persuade and reform in such cases is mean; you'd have lost all value in my eyes, even if you were reformed . . ."

"And Liza—are you sorry, are you sorry for her?"

"Very sorry, my dear. What makes you think I'm so unfeeling? . . . On the contrary, I'll try as hard as I can . . . Well, and how are *you*? How are *your* affairs?"

"Let's leave my affairs out of it; I have no affairs of *my own* now. Listen, why do you doubt that he'll marry her? Yesterday he was at Anna Andreevna's and positively renounced . . . well, I mean, that

a stupid idea... conceived by Prince Nikolai Ivanovich—to get them married. He renounced it positively."

"Oh? When was that? And from whom precisely did you hear it?" he inquired with curiosity. I told him all I knew.

"Hm..." he said pensively and as if figuring something out for himself, "meaning that it happened precisely an hour... before a certain other talk. Hm... well, yes, of course, such a talk could have taken place between them... though, incidentally, I'm informed that so far nothing has been said or done on one side or the other... Of course, two words are enough for such a talk. But, look here," he suddenly smiled strangely, "I have a piece of quite extraordinary information, which will, of course, interest you right now: even if your prince had made a proposal to Anna Andreevna yesterday (which I, suspecting about Liza, would have done everything in my power to prevent, *entre nous soit dit**), Anna Andreevna would certainly and in any case have refused him at once. You seem to love Anna Andreevna very much, to respect and value her? That's very nice on your part, and therefore you will probably be very glad for her: she's getting married, my dear, and, judging by her character, it seems she will certainly get married, and I—well, I, of course, will give her my blessing."

"Getting married? To whom?" I cried, terribly surprised.

"Try to guess. But I won't torment you: to Prince Nikolai Ivanovich, your dear old man."

I stared at him all eyes.

"She must have been nursing this idea for a long time, and, of course, she worked it out artistically on all sides," he went on lazily and distinctly. "I suppose it happened exactly an hour after the visit of 'Prince Seryozha.' (See how inopportunely he came galloping!) She simply went to Prince Nikolai Ivanovich and made him a proposal."

"How, 'made him a proposal'? You mean he proposed to her?"

"He? Come now! It was she, she herself. That's just it, that he's perfectly delighted. They say he sits there now, surprised at how it hadn't occurred to him. I've heard he's even slightly ill... also from delight, it must be."

"Listen, you speak so mockingly... I almost can't believe it. And how could she propose? What did she say?"

"Rest assured, my friend, that I'm sincerely glad," he replied,

*Be it said between us.

suddenly assuming a terribly serious air. "He's old, of course, but he can marry, according to all laws and customs, while she—here again it's a matter of another person's conscience, something I've already repeated to you, my friend. However, she's more than competent enough to arrive at her own view and her own decision. As for the details proper and the words in which she expressed it, I'm unable to tell you, my friend. But she, of course, was able to do it, and maybe in a way such as you and I would never have come up with. The best thing in all this is that there's no scandal involved, everything's *très comme il faut** in the world's eyes. Of course, it's only too clear that she wanted a position for herself in the world, but then, too, she deserves it. All this, my friend, is a completely worldly thing. And she must have proposed splendidly and gracefully. She's a stern type, my friend, a girl-nun, as you once defined her; a 'calm young lady,' as I've long been calling her. She's almost his ward, you know, and has seen his kindness towards her more than once. She's been assuring me for a long time now that she 'so respects and values, so pities and sympathizes with him,' well, and all the rest, that I was even partly prepared. I was told of it all this morning, on her behalf and at her request, by my son and her brother, Andrei Andreevich, with whom it seems you're not acquainted, and with whom I meet regularly twice a year. He respectfully approbates her step."

"Then it's already public? God, I'm so amazed!"

"No, it's not public at all yet, not for some time . . . I don't know about them, generally I'm quite outside of it. But it's all true."

"But now Katerina Nikolaevna . . . What do you think, is Bjoring going to like this little snack?"

"That I don't know . . . what, essentially, there is for him not to like; but, believe me, Anna Andreevna is a highly decent person in that sense as well. And what a one she is, though, this Anna Andreevna! Yesterday morning, just before that, she inquired of me whether I was or was not in love with the widow Akhmakov! Remember, I told you that yesterday with surprise: she wouldn't be able to marry the father if I married the daughter. Do you understand now?"

"Ah, indeed!" I cried. "But can it be, indeed, that Anna Andreevna supposed you . . . might wish to marry Katerina Nikolaevna?"

"It looks that way, my friend, however . . . however, it seems it's

*Very proper.

time you went wherever you're going. You see, I keep having these headaches. I'll tell them to play *Lucia.* I love the solemnity of boredom—however, I've already told you that... I repeat myself unpardonably... However, maybe I'll leave here. I love you, my dear, but good-bye; when I have a headache or a toothache, I always yearn for solitude."

Some tormented wrinkle appeared on his face; I believe now that his head did ache then, his head especially...

"See you tomorrow," I said.

"What about tomorrow, what's happening tomorrow?" he smiled crookedly.

"I'll come to you, or you to me."

"No, I won't come to you, but you'll come running to me..."

There was something all too unkind in his face, but I had other things to think about: such an event!

III

THE PRINCE WAS actually unwell and was sitting at home alone, his head wrapped in a wet towel. He was waiting very much for me; but it was not his head alone that ached, but rather he ached all over morally. Again I'll state beforehand: all this time lately, and right up to the catastrophe, I was somehow forced to meet nothing but people who were so agitated that they were almost crazy, so that I myself must have been as if involuntarily infected. I confess, I came with bad feelings, and I was very ashamed that I had burst into tears in front of him the day before. And anyway he and Liza had managed to deceive me so skillfully that I couldn't help seeing myself as a fool. In short, when I went in, there were false strings sounding in my soul. But all that was affected and false quickly dropped away. I must do him justice: as soon as his suspiciousness fell and broke to pieces, he gave himself definitively, displaying features of an almost infantile affection, trustfulness, and love. He kissed me tearfully and at once began talking business... Yes, he really needed me very much; there was an extremely great disorder in his words and flow of ideas.

He announced to me quite firmly his intention to marry Liza and as soon as possible. "That she's not of the nobility, believe me, has never embarrassed me for a moment," he said to me. "My grandfather was married to a household serf, a singer from a neigh-

boring landowner's private serf theater. Of course, my family nursed some hopes in my regard, but they'll have to give in now, and there won't be any struggle. I want to break, to break with the whole present definitively! Everything will be different, everything will be in a new way! I don't understand what makes your sister love me; but, of course, without her maybe I wouldn't be living in the world now. I swear to you from the bottom of my heart that I now look at my meeting her in Luga as at the finger of Providence. I think she loves me for the 'boundlessness of my fall'... though, can you understand that, Arkady Makarovich?"

"Perfectly!" I said in a highly convinced voice. I was sitting in an armchair by the table, and he was pacing the room.

"I must tell you this whole fact of our meeting without reserve. It began with my soul's secret, which she alone has learned, because she's the only one I've ventured to entrust it to. And to this day no one else knows it. I found myself in Luga then with despair in my soul and was living at Mrs. Stolbeev's, I don't know why, maybe I was seeking the most complete solitude. At that time I had just retired from service in the ——— regiment. I had entered that regiment when I came back from abroad, after that meeting abroad with Andrei Petrovich. I had money then, I squandered it in the regiment, lived openhandedly; but my officer comrades didn't like me, though I tried not to insult anyone. And I confess to you that no one has ever liked me. There was an ensign there, Stepanov or something, I confess to you, an extremely empty, worthless, and even as if downtrodden man, in short, not distinguished by anything. Indisputably honest, however. He began calling on me, I wasn't ceremonious with him, he spent whole days sitting in the corner of my room, silently but with dignity, though he didn't bother me at all. Once I told him a certain current anecdote, which I embellished with a lot of nonsense, such as that the colonel's daughter was not indifferent to me and that the colonel, who was counting on me, would of course do whatever I liked... In short, I'll omit the details, but from all this later came a very complex and vile piece of gossip. It came not from Stepanov, but from my orderly, who had been eavesdropping and remembered everything, because it involved an anecdote compromising to the young lady. When the gossip went around, this orderly, at the officers' interrogation, pointed the finger at Stepanov, that is, that I had told it to this Stepanov. Stepanov was put in such a position that he simply couldn't deny having heard

it; it was a matter of honor. And since I had lied for two-thirds of the anecdote, the officers were indignant, and the regimental commander, summoning us to him, was forced to have it out. It was here that the question was put to Stepanov in front of everyone: had he or had he not heard it? And the man told the whole truth. Well, sir, what did I do then, I, a thousand-year prince? I denied it and told Stepanov to his face that he was lying, told him politely, that is, in the sense that he had 'misunderstood' it, and so on... Again, I'll omit the details, but the advantage of my position was that, since Stepanov frequented me, I could present the matter, not without some probability, so that it would look as if he had connived with my orderly with a view to some advantage. Stepanov only looked at me silently and shrugged. I remember his look and will never forget it. Then he immediately sent in his resignation, but what do you think happened? The officers, all of them at once, to a man, paid him a visit and persuaded him not to resign. Two weeks later I also left the regiment. Nobody drove me out, nobody asked me to leave, I gave family circumstances as a pretext. That was the end of the matter. At first I was perfectly all right and was even angry with them; I lived in Luga, made the acquaintance of Lizaveta Makarovna, but then, a month later, I began looking at my revolver and thinking about death. I look at everything darkly, Arkady Makarovich. I prepared a letter to the regimental commander and my comrades, with a full confession of my lie, restoring Stepanov's honor. Having written the letter, I posed myself a problem: 'Send it and live, or send it and die?' I wouldn't have been able to resolve this problem. Chance, blind chance, after one quick and strange conversation with Lizaveta Makarovna, suddenly brought us close. Before then she had come to see Mrs. Stolbeev; we met, greeted each other, and even spoke occasionally. I suddenly revealed everything to her. And it was then that she gave me her hand."

"How did she resolve the problem?"

"I didn't send the letter. She decided against sending it. She motivated it like this: if I did send the letter, I would, of course, be committing a noble act, enough to wash away all the dirt and even much more, but could I bear it myself? Her opinion was that no one could bear it, because the future would be ruined then, and resurrection into a new life would be impossible. And besides, it would have been one thing if Stepanov had suffered; but he had been vindicated by all the officers without that. In

short—a paradox; but she held me back, and I gave myself to her completely."

"She resolved it in a Jesuitical way, but like a woman!" I cried. "She already loved you then!"

"And with that I was reborn into a new life. I gave myself a promise to remake myself, to change my life, to be worthy of it before myself and before her, and—look what we ended with! It ended with you and me going to the roulette houses, playing faro; I couldn't stand up to the inheritance, was glad for my career, all these people, the trotters . . . I tormented Liza—a disgrace!"

He rubbed his forehead with his hand and paced the room.

"You and I have been overtaken by the same Russian fate, Arkady Makarovich: you don't know what to do, and I don't know what to do. Once a Russian man gets slightly out of the ordinary rut that custom lays down for him—he immediately doesn't know what to do. In the rut, everything is clear: income, rank, position in the world, equipage, visits, service, wife—but the slightest something, and what am I? A leaf driven by the wind. I don't know what to do! These two months I've stuggled to keep in the rut, I've come to love the rut, I've been drawn into the rut. You still don't know all the depths of my fall here: I loved Liza, sincerely loved her, and at the same time had thoughts of Mme. Akhmakov!"

"Is it possible?" I cried in pain. "By the way, Prince, what did you tell me yesterday about Versilov, that he set you on to some sort of meanness against Katerina Nikolaevna?"

"Maybe I exaggerated and am as guilty in my suspiciousness before him as before you. Let's drop that. What, can you really think that for all this time, ever since Luga, I haven't been nursing a lofty ideal of life? I swear to you, it never left me and was with me constantly, not losing the least of its beauty in my soul. I remembered the oath I had given Lizaveta Makarovna to be reborn. Andrei Petrovich, speaking here yesterday about nobility, didn't say anything new to me, I assure you. My ideal was firmly established: a few score acres of land (and only a few score, because I already have almost nothing left of the inheritance); then a complete, the most complete, break with society and career; a house in the country, a family, and myself—a plowman or something of the sort. Oh, in our family it's nothing new; my father's brother plowed with his own hands, so did my grandfather. We're only thousand-year-old princes and as noble as the Rohans,[24] but we're paupers. And this is what I'd teach my children: 'Always remember all your

life that you are a nobleman, that the sacred blood of Russian princes flows in your veins, but do not be ashamed that your father plowed the earth himself: he did it *like a prince.*' I wouldn't leave them any fortune except for this piece of land, but instead I'd give them a higher education, I'd consider it my duty. Oh, here Liza could help me. Liza, the children, work—oh, how we both dreamed of it all, dreamed of it here, right in these rooms, and what then? At the same time I had thoughts of Mme. Akhmakov, without loving this person at all, and of the possibility of a wealthy society marriage! And only after the news Nashchokin brought yesterday, about this Bjoring, did I decide to go to Anna Andreevna."

"But didn't you go to renounce her? That was already an honorable act, I think."

"You think so?" he stopped in front of me. "No, you still don't know my nature! Or . . . or there's something here that I don't know myself, because here, it must be, there's not just nature. I love you sincerely, Arkady Makarovich, and, besides that, I've been deeply guilty before you for all these two months, and therefore I want you, as Liza's brother, to know everything: I went to propose to Anna Andreevna, and not to renounce her."

"Can it be? But Liza said . . ."

"I deceived Liza."

"I beg your pardon: you made a formal proposal and Anna Andreevna refused you? Is that it? Is that it? The details are extremely important for me, Prince."

"No, I didn't make any proposal, but only because I had no time; she let me know beforehand—not directly, of course, but nevertheless in very transparent and clear terms, she 'delicately' gave me to understand that the idea was henceforth impossible."

"That means it's the same as if you didn't make the proposal, and your pride hasn't suffered!"

"How can you possibly reason like that! And the judgment of my own conscience? And Liza, whom I deceived and . . . therefore wanted to abandon? And the vow I made to myself and all the generations of my ancestors—to be reborn and to redeem all my former baseness! I beg you not to tell her about it. Maybe it's the one thing she'd be unable to forgive me! I've been sick since that business yesterday. And the main thing is that it's all over now, and the last of the Princes Sokolsky will go to hard labor. Poor Liza! I've been waiting all day for you, Arkady Makarovich, to

reveal to you, as Liza's brother, something she doesn't know yet. I am a criminal and a partner in the counterfeiting of shares in the ——sky railroad."

"What's this now! Why to hard labor?" I jumped up, looking at him in horror. His face expressed the most deep, dark, and hopeless grief.

"Sit down," he said, and sat down himself in the facing armchair. "First of all, learn this fact: a little over a year ago, that same summer of Ems, Lydia and Katerina Nikolaevna, and then Paris, precisely at the time when I went to Paris for two months, in Paris, of course, I didn't have enough money. Just then Stebelkov turned up, whom, incidentally, I had known before. He gave me some money and promised to give more, but for his part also asked me to help him: he had need of an artist, a draftsman, an engraver, a lithographer, and so on, a chemist, and a technician—and all that for certain purposes. About the purposes, even from the first, he spoke quite transparently. And what then? He knew my character—all this only made me laugh. The thing was that since my schooldays I had been acquainted with a certain man, at the present time a Russian émigré, not of Russian origin, however, and living somewhere in Hamburg. In Russia he had already been mixed up once in a story to do with forged documents. It was this man Stebelkov was counting on, but he needed a recommendation, and he turned to me. I gave him two lines and forgot about it at once. Later he met me once more and then again, and I got as much as three thousand from him then. I literally forgot about this whole affair. Here I kept taking money from him on promissory notes and pledges, and he twisted before me like a slave, and suddenly yesterday I find out from him for the first time that I'm a criminal."

"When yesterday?"

"Yesterday morning, when we were shouting in my study before Nashchokin's arrival. For the first time, and perfectly clearly now, he dared to bring up Anna Andreevna with me. I raised my hand to strike him, but he suddenly stood up and announced to me that I was solidary with him and that I should remember that I was a partner and as much of a swindler as he—in short, that was the idea, though not in those words."

"What nonsense, but is this a dream?"

"No, it's not a dream. He was here today and explained in more detail. These shares have been circulating for a long time, and more

are going to be put into circulation, but it seems they've already begun to be picked up here and there. Of course, I'm on the sidelines, but 'all the same, you kindly furnished that letter then, sir'—that's what Stebelkov told me."

"But you didn't know what it was for, or did you?"

"I knew," the prince replied softly and lowered his eyes. "That is, you see, I knew and didn't know. I laughed, I found it funny. I didn't think about anything then, the less so as I had no need at all for counterfeit shares and it wasn't I who was going to make them. But, all the same, the three thousand he gave me then, he didn't even set down to my account afterwards, and I allowed that. And, anyway, how do you know, maybe I, too, was a counterfeiter? I couldn't help knowing—I'm not a child; I knew, but I found it amusing, and so I helped scoundrels and jailbirds . . . and did it for money! Which means that I, too, am a counterfeiter!"

"Oh, you're exaggerating; you were wrong, but you're exaggerating!"

"Above all, there's a certain Zhibelsky here, still a young man, in the legal line, something like a lawyer's assistant. He was also some sort of partner in these shares, and later he came to me from that gentleman in Hamburg, with trifles, naturally, and I didn't even know why myself, there was no mention of shares . . . But, anyhow, he saved two documents written in my hand, both two-line notes, and, of course, they are also evidence; today I understood that very well. Stebelkov explains that this Zhibelsky is hindering everything: he stole something there, somebody's money, public money, it seems, but he intends to steal more and then to emigrate; so he needs eight thousand, not less, to help him emigrate. My share of the inheritance satisfies Stebelkov, but Stebelkov says that Zhibelsky also has to be satisfied . . . In short, I must give up my share of the inheritance, plus ten thousand more—that's their final word. And then they'll give me back my two notes. They're in it together, it's clear."

"An obvious absurdity! If they denounce you, they'll betray themselves! They won't denounce you for anything."

"I realize that. They're not threatening me with denunciation at all; they merely say: 'We won't denounce you, of course, but if the affair happens to be discovered, then . . .'—that's what they say, and that's all; but I think it's enough! That's not the thing: whatever may come of it, and even if those notes were in my pocket now, but to be solidary with those swindlers, to be comrades with them

eternally, eternally! To lie to Russia, to lie to my children, to lie to Liza, to lie to my own conscience!..."

"Does Liza know?"

"No, she doesn't know everything. She couldn't bear it in her condition. I now wear the uniform of my regiment, and every time I meet a soldier of my regiment, every second, I'm conscious in myself that I dare not wear this uniform."

"Listen," I cried suddenly, "there's nothing to talk about here; you have only one way of salvation: go to Prince Nikolai Ivanovich, borrow ten thousand from him, ask without revealing anything, then summon those two swindlers, settle with them finally, and buy your notes back... and that will be the end of it! That will be the end of it all, and—off to the plowing! Away with fantasies and trust yourself to life!"

"I've thought about that," he said firmly. "I spent the whole day today deciding, and finally decided. I've only been waiting for you. I'll go. Do you know that I've never borrowed a kopeck from Prince Nikolai Ivanovich in my life? He's kind towards our family and has even... contributed, but I myself, I personally, have never taken money from him. But now I've decided... Note that our branch of the Sokolskys is older than Prince Nikolai Ivanovich's branch: they're a younger branch, even a collateral one, even a questionable one... Our ancestors were enemies. At the beginning of Peter's reforms, my great-grandfather, also Peter, was and remained a schismatic[25] and wandered in the forests of Kostroma. That Prince Peter was also married a second time to a non-noble girl... It was then that these other Sokolskys advanced themselves, but I... what am I talking about?"

He was very tired and talking as if at random.

"Calm yourself," I stood up, taking my hat, "go to bed, that's the first thing. And Prince Nikolai Ivanovich won't refuse you for anything, especially now, in his joy. Do you know the story there? You really don't? I've heard a wild thing, that he's getting married; it's a secret, but not from you, naturally."

And I told him everything, already standing hat in hand. He knew nothing. He quickly inquired about the details, primarily the time, the place, and the degree of reliability. Of course, I didn't conceal from him that, according to the story, this had happened immediately after his visit yesterday to Anna Andreevna. I can't express what a painful impression this news made on him; his face became distorted, as if twisted, and a crooked smile convulsively

contracted his lips; in the end he turned terribly pale and lapsed into deep thought, his eyes lowered. I suddenly saw all too clearly that his self-love had been terribly stricken by Anna Andreevna's refusal yesterday. Maybe, in his morbid mood, he pictured all too vividly at that moment his ridiculous and humiliating role yesterday before this girl, of whose acceptance, it now turned out, he had been so calmly assured all along. And, finally, maybe the thought that he had done such a mean thing to Liza, and for nothing! It's curious how these society fops regard each other, and on what basis they can respect each other; this prince might have supposed that Anna Andreevna already knew of his liaison with Liza—with her sister, in fact—and if she didn't, she was sure to find out one day; and yet he "had no doubt of her decision"!

"Could you really think," he suddenly raised his eyes to me proudly and haughtily, "that I, I am capable of going now, after your communication, and asking Prince Nikolai Ivanovich for money? Asking him who is the fiancé of the girl who has just refused me—how beggarly, how servile! No, now all is lost, and if the help of this old man was my last hope, then let that last hope, too, be lost!"

I agreed with him in my heart; but still, one must take a broader view of reality: was the little old prince a man, a fiancé? Several ideas began seething in my head at once. Even without that, however, I had decided earlier that tomorrow I would visit the old man without fail. But now I tried to soften the impression and put the poor prince to bed: "You'll have a good sleep, and your ideas will brighten up, you'll see for yourself!" He shook my hand warmly, but didn't kiss me. I gave him my word that I'd come the next evening and "we'll talk, we'll talk: all too much has accumulated for us to talk about." At these words of mine he smiled somehow fatally.

Chapter Eight

I

All that night I dreamed of roulette, gambling, gold, calculations. I kept calculating something, as if I was at the gaming table, some stake, some chance, and it oppressed me all night like a nightmare. To tell the truth, that whole previous day, despite all my extraordinary impressions, I kept recalling my win at Zershchikov's. I suppressed the thought, but could not suppress the impression and trembled at the mere recollection. That win had stung my heart. Could it be I was a born gambler? At least it was certain that I had the qualities of a gambler. Even now, as I'm writing all this, I like at moments to think about gambling! It sometimes happens that I spend whole hours sitting silently, making gambling calculations in my mind and dreaming of how it will all go, how I'll stake and win. Yes, there are many different "qualities" in me, and my soul is restless.

At ten o'clock I intended to set off for Stebelkov's, and that on foot. I sent Matvei home as soon as he appeared. While having my coffee, I tried to collect my thoughts. For some reason I was pleased; instantly looking into myself, I realized that I was mainly pleased with the fact that "today I would be in the home of Prince Nikolai Ivanovich." But this day of my life was fateful and unexpected and began at once with a surprise.

At exactly ten o'clock my door was flung open and in flew—Tatyana Pavlovna. I might have expected anything but that woman's appearance, and I jumped up before her in fright. Her face was ferocious, her gestures disordered, and, if asked, she might not have been able to say herself why she had rushed in on me. I'll say beforehand: she had just received an extraordinary piece of news which had crushed her, and was under the very first impression of it. And the news touched me as well. However, she spent just half a minute with me, or say a whole minute, but not more. She just fastened on to me.

"So that's how you are!" she stood in front of me, all thrust forward. "Ah, you puppy! What have you done? Or don't you know yet? He's having his coffee! Ah, you babbler, ah, you windmill, ah,

you paper lover . . . the likes of you ought to be birched, birched, birched!"

"Tatyana Pavlovna, what's happened? What's wrong? Mama? . . ."

"You'll find out!" she cried menacingly and rushed from the room—that was all I saw of her. Of course, I would have chased after her, but I was stopped by a thought, or not a thought, but some dark anxiety: I had a presentiment that "paper lover" was the chief phrase in her shouting. Of course, I would have guessed nothing on my own, but I quickly left, in order to finish the sooner with Stebelkov and go to Prince Nikolai Ivanovich's. "The key to everything is there!" I thought instinctively.

It was astonishing how, but Stebelkov already knew everything about Anna Andreevna, and even in detail; I won't describe his conversation and gestures, but he was in rapture, in an ecstasy of rapture, from the "artistry of the deed."

"There's a person, sir! No, sir, there's quite a person!" he exclaimed. "No, sir, that's not our way; we just sit here and nothing more, but she wanted to drink water from a true source—and she did. It's . . . it's an ancient statue! It's an ancient statue of Minerva, sir, only she walks around and wears modern dress!"

I asked him to get down to business. The whole business, as I fully anticipated, consisted merely in inducing and persuading the prince to go and ask for ultimate aid from Prince Nikolai Ivanovich. "Otherwise it may be very, very bad for him, and not by my will; is that so or not?"

He peeked into my eyes, but didn't seem to suppose that I knew anything more than I had the day before. And he couldn't have supposed anything: needless to say, I didn't betray by a word or a hint that I knew "about the shares." We didn't talk long, he at once began promising me money, "and a considerable amount, sir, a considerable amount, only help to make the prince go. It's an urgent matter, very urgent, there's the force of it, that it's all too urgent!"

I didn't want to argue and wrangle with him like the day before, and I got up to go, letting drop to him in any case that I'd "try." But he suddenly astonished me inexpressibly: I was already going to the door when, putting his arm affectionately around my waist, he unexpectedly began telling me . . . the most incomprehensible things.

I'll omit the details and not recount the whole thread of the conversation, so as not to be tiresome. The gist of it was that he

made me a proposition "to acquaint him with Mr. Dergachev, since you do go there"!

I instantly became quiet, trying as hard as I could not to betray myself by some gesture. I replied at once, however, that I was a complete stranger there, and if I had been there, it was only once by chance.

"But if you were *admitted* once, then you can go another time, is that so or not?"

I asked him directly, but very coolly, what he needed it for. And to this day I cannot understand how such a degree of naïveté was possible in a seemingly "practical" and not stupid man, as Vasin defined him. He explained to me quite directly that at Dergachev's, as he suspected, "most likely something forbidden, strictly forbidden, is going on, and so, having investigated, I might make myself a little profit from it." And, smiling, he winked at me with his left eye.

I answered precisely nothing in the affirmative, but pretended I was thinking it over and "promised to think," after which I quickly left. Things were getting complicated: I flew to Vasin's and just caught him at home.

"Ah, and you, too!" he said mysteriously on seeing me.

Not picking up his phrase, I went straight to the point and told him. He was visibly struck, though he didn't lose his equanimity. He asked me to repeat it all in detail.

"Might it not well be that you misunderstood?"

"No, I understood correctly, the meaning was perfectly straightforward."

"In any case I'm extremely grateful to you," he added sincerely. "Yes, indeed, if that's how it all was, then he supposed you wouldn't be able to hold out against a certain sum."

"And besides, he knew my situation all too well: I've been gambling, I've behaved badly, Vasin."

"I heard about that."

"The most puzzling thing of all for me is that he knows about you, that you go there, too," I risked asking.

"He knows only too well," Vasin replied quite simply, "that I have nothing to do with them. And all these young people are mostly babblers—and nothing more. You, however, may remember that better than anyone."

It seemed to me as if he was not trusting me with something.

"In any case I'm extremely grateful to you."

"I've heard that Mr. Stebelkov's affairs are somewhat in

disorder," I made another attempt to ask. "At least I've heard about some shares..."

"What shares have you heard about?"

I deliberately mentioned the "shares," but, naturally, not in order to tell him the prince's secret from yesterday. I only wanted to drop a hint and see by his face, by his eyes, whether he knew anything about the shares. I achieved my goal: by an imperceptible and instant movement in his face, I guessed that he might know something here as well. I didn't reply to his question, "What shares?" but remained silent; and he, curiously, didn't pursue it.

"How is Lizaveta Makarovna's health?" he inquired with concern.

"She's well. My sister has always respected you..."

Pleasure flashed in his eyes: I had guessed long ago that he was not indifferent to Liza.

"Prince Sergei Petrovich came to see me the other day," he suddenly imparted.

"When?" I cried.

"Exactly four days ago."

"Not yesterday?"

"No, not yesterday." He looked at me questioningly.

"Later maybe I'll tell you about this meeting in more detail, but now I find it necessary to warn you," Vasin said enigmatically, "that he appeared to me then to be in an abnormal state of spirit and... even of mind. However, I've had yet another visit," he suddenly smiled, "just before you, and I was also forced to conclude that the visitor was not quite in a normal state."

"The prince was just here?"

"No, not the prince, I'm not talking about the prince now. Andrei Petrovich Versilov was just here and... do you know anything? Has anything happened to him?"

"Maybe so, but what precisely went on between you and him?" I asked hastily.

"Of course, I ought to keep this a secret... We're having a strange conversation, you and I, all too secretive," he smiled again. "However, Andrei Petrovich didn't order me to keep it a secret. But you're his son, and since I know your feelings for him, this time it even seems I'll do well to warn you. Imagine, he came to me with a question: 'If it so happens, one of these days, very soon, that he needs to fight a duel, would I agree to play the role of his second?' Naturally, I roundly refused him."

I was infinitely amazed; this news was the most alarming of all: something had come out, something had gone on, something had certainly happened that I still didn't know about! I suddenly had a fleeting recollection of Versilov saying to me yesterday, "I won't come to you, but you'll come running to me." I flew to Prince Nikolai Ivanovich's, with a still greater presentiment that the answer was there. Vasin, saying good-bye, thanked me once more.

II

THE OLD PRINCE was sitting in front of the fireplace, his legs wrapped in a plaid. He met me even with some sort of questioning look, as if surprised that I had come, and yet he himself sent to invite me almost every day. However, he greeted me affectionately, though he answered my first questions as if somewhat squeamishly and somehow terribly distractedly. Every now and then it was as if he realized something and peered at me intently, as if he had forgotten something and was trying to recall this something that undoubtedly had to be related to me. I told him directly that I had heard everything and was very glad. A cordial and kindly smile immediately appeared on his lips, and he became animated; his wariness and mistrust dropped away at once, as if he had forgotten them. And, of course, he had.

"My dear friend, I just knew you'd be the first to come and, you know, only yesterday I had this thought about you: 'Who will be glad? He will.' Well, and really nobody else; but never mind that. People have wicked tongues, but that's insignificant... *Cher enfant*, this is all so sublime and so lovely... But you know her only too well yourself. And Anna Andreevna even has the highest notions of you. It's... it's a stern and lovely face, a face out of an English keepsake.[26] The loveliest English engraving that could ever be... Two years ago I had a whole collection of these engravings... I always, always had this intention, always; I'm only surprised that I never thought of it."

"As far as I remember, you always loved and distinguished Anna Andreevna so."

"My friend, we don't want to harm anybody. Life with our friends, with our family, with those dear to our hearts—this is paradise. Everyone is a poet... In short, it's all been known from prehistoric times. You know, in the summer we'll go first to Soden

and then to Bad-Gastein.[27] But you haven't come for so long, my friend; what's the matter with you? I've been expecting you. And isn't it true, so much, so much has gone on since then. It's only a pity I get restless; as soon as I'm left alone, I get restless. That's why I shouldn't be left alone, isn't it true? It's two times two. I understood it at once from her first words. Oh, my friend, she said only two words, but it... it was like a magnificent poem. But anyhow, you're her brother, almost a brother, isn't it true? My dear, it's not for nothing that I loved you so! I swear, I anticipated it all. I kissed her little hand and wept."

He pulled out his handkerchief as if he was going to weep again. He was badly shaken and seemed to be in one of the worst "states" I could remember him being in during all the time of our acquaintance. Ordinarily, and even almost always, he was incomparably more fresh and hearty.

"I would forgive everyone, my friend," he prattled on. "I want to forgive everyone, and I haven't been angry with anyone for a long time. Art, *la poésie dans la vie*,* helping the poor, and she, a biblical beauty. *Quelle charmante personne, eh? Les chants de Salomon... non, ce n'est pas Salomon, c'est David qui mettait une jeune fille dans son lit pour se chauffer dans sa vieillesse. Enfin David, Salomon*,†[28] it's all going around in my head—some sort of jumble. Each and every thing, *cher enfant*, can be both majestic and at the same time ridiculous. *Cette jeune belle de la vieillesse de David—c'est tout un poème*,‡ but Paul de Kock[29] would make some *scène de bassinoire*§ out of it, and we'd all laugh. Paul de Kock has neither measure nor taste, though he is talented... Katerina Nikolaevna smiles... I told her we wouldn't bother anybody. We've begun our romance, and they should let us finish it. Let it be a dream, but let them not take this dream away from us."

"How is it a dream, Prince?"

"A dream? How a dream? Well, let it be a dream, only let them allow us to die with this dream."

"Oh, Prince, what's this about dying? Live, only live now!"

*The poetry in life.

†What a charming person, eh? The songs of Solomon... no, it's not Solomon, it's David who put a young girl in his bed to warm him in his old age. Anyhow, David, Solomon...

‡That young beauty of David's old age—it's a whole poem.

§Warming-pan scene.

"But what am I saying? That's all I keep repeating. I decidedly don't know why life is so short. So as not to be boring, of course, for life is also a work of art by the Creator himself, in the finished and impeccable form of a Pushkin poem. Brevity is the first condition of artistry. But if there are some who aren't bored, they should be allowed to live longer."

"Tell me, Prince, is it already public?"

"No, my dear, by no means! We all agreed on that. It's a family matter, a family matter, a family matter. For now I've only revealed it fully to Katerina Nikolaevna, because I consider myself guilty before her. Oh, Katerina Nikolaevna is an angel, she's an angel!"

"Yes, yes!"

"Yes? You, too, say 'yes'? And I precisely thought you were her enemy. Ah, yes, incidentally, she asked me not to receive you anymore. And imagine, when you came in, I suddenly forgot it."

"What are you saying?" I jumped up. "What for? When?"

(My presentiment had not deceived me; yes, I had had precisely that presentiment ever since Tatyana!)

"Yesterday, my dear, yesterday. I don't even understand how you came in, for measures were taken. How did you come in?"

"I simply came in."

"Most likely. If you had come in cunningly, they would certainly have caught you, but since you simply came in, they let you in. Simplicity, *mon cher*, is in fact the highest form of cunning."

"I don't understand anything. So you, too, have decided not to receive me?"

"No, my friend, I said I'd keep out of it... That is, I gave my full consent. And you may be sure, my dear boy, that I love you very much. But Katerina Nikolaevna demanded it all very, very insistently... Ah, there!"

At that moment Katerina Nikolaevna suddenly appeared in the doorway. She was dressed to go out, and, as she used to do before, had come to kiss her father. Seeing me, she stopped, became embarrassed, turned quickly, and left.

"*Voilà!*" cried the prince, struck and terribly alarmed.

"It's a misunderstanding!" I cried. "It's some sort of momentary... I... I'll be right back, Prince!"

And I ran after Katerina Nikolaevna.

Everything that followed after that happened so quickly that I was not only unable to collect my thoughts, but couldn't even prepare in the least how to behave. If I could have prepared myself,

I would, of course, have behaved differently. But I was at a loss, like a little boy. I was rushing to her rooms, but a footman on the way told me that Katerina Nikolaevna had already gone out and was getting into the carriage. I rushed headlong to the front stairway. Katerina Nikolaevna was going down the stairs in her fur coat, and beside her, or, better to say, leading her, was a tall, trim officer in uniform, without a greatcoat, wearing a saber; a footman behind him was carrying his greatcoat. This was the baron, a colonel, about thirty-five, the foppish type of officer, lean, with a slightly too-elongated face, with a reddish moustache and even eyelashes. His face, though not at all handsome, had a sharp and defiant physiognomy. I'm describing him hastily, as I noticed him at that moment. I had never seen him before. I ran down the stairs after them, without hat or coat. Katerina Nikolaevna noticed me first and quickly whispered something to him. He made as if to turn his head, but nodded at once to the servant and the porter. The servant was stepping towards me just at the front door, but I moved him aside with my arm and jumped out after them onto the porch. Bjoring was helping Katerina Nikolaevna into the carriage.

"Katerina Nikolaevna! Katerina Nikolaevna!" I exclaimed senselessly (like a fool! Like a fool! Oh, I remember it all, I had no hat on!).

Bjoring again turned fiercely to the servant and loudly shouted something to him, one or two words, I didn't make it out. I felt someone seize me by the elbow. At that moment the carriage started; I cried out again and rushed after the carriage. Katerina Nikolaevna, I saw this, peeked out the window of the carriage and seemed to be greatly troubled. But in my quick movement as I rushed, I suddenly gave Bjoring a strong shove, not thinking of it at all, and, it seems, stepped very painfully on his foot. He cried out slightly, gnashed his teeth, and with his strong hand seized me by the shoulder and spitefully shoved me away, so that I went flying two or three paces. At that moment they handed him his greatcoat, he threw it on, got into a sledge, and shouted menacingly once more, pointing me out to the lackeys and the porter. Here they seized me and held me back. One servant threw my coat over my shoulders, the other handed me my hat, and—I don't remember what they said then; they were saying something, and I stood and listened to them without understanding anything. But suddenly I abandoned them and ran off.

III

SEEING NOTHING AND bumping into people as I ran, I finally reached Tatyana Pavlovna's apartment, not even thinking of hiring a cab on the way. Bjoring had shoved me aside in her presence! Of course, I had stepped on his foot, and he had shoved me aside instinctively, like a man whose corn has been stepped on (and maybe I had indeed squashed his corn!). But she had seen it, and had seen the servants seize me, and it had all happened in front of her, in front of her! When I came running into Tatyana Pavlovna's apartment, for the first minute I couldn't say anything, and my lower jaw trembled as in a fever. And I was in a fever and, on top of that, I was weeping... Oh, I had been so insulted!

"Eh! What! Kicked out? Serves you right, serves you right!" said Tatyana Pavlovna. I lowered myself silently onto the sofa and looked at her.

"But what's the matter with him?" she looked me over intently. "Here, drink this glass, drink some water, drink it! Speak, what other mischief have you been up to?"

I murmured that I had been thrown out, and Bjoring had pushed me in the street.

"Are you able to understand anything yet, or not? Here, read and admire." And taking a note from the table, she handed it to me and stood in front of me expectantly. I at once recognized Versilov's hand, there were just a few lines: it was a note to Katerina Nikolaevna. I gave a start, and understanding immediately came back to me in full force. Here are the contents of this terrible, outrageous, preposterous, and villainous note, word for word:

> Dear Madam, Katerina Nikolaevna,
>
> However depraved you are, by your nature and by your art, still I always thought that you would restrain your passion and at least not make attempts on children. But even of that you were not ashamed. I inform you that the document known to you has certainly not been burned in a candle and was never with Kraft, so you will not gain anything here. And therefore do not corrupt the youth for nothing. Spare him, he is still under age, almost a boy, undeveloped mentally and physically, what use is he to you? I have sympathy for him, and therefore I have

risked writing to you, though I have no hope of success. I have the honor of forewarning you that I am simultaneously sending a copy of this present to Baron Bjoring.

A. Versilov.

I turned pale as I read, but then suddenly flushed, and my lips trembled with indignation.

"He means me! It's about what I revealed to him two days ago!" I cried in fury.

"That's just it—revealed!" Tatyana Pavlovna tore the note from my hands.

"But... that's not, that's not at all what I said! Oh, my God, what can she think of me now! But isn't this mad? Yes, he's mad... I saw him yesterday. When was the letter sent?"

"It was sent yesterday afternoon, it came in the evening, and today she gave it to me personally."

"But I saw him yesterday myself. He's mad! Versilov couldn't have written like that, it was written by a madman! Who can write like that to a woman?"

"Such madmen write like that in a fury, when they go blind and deaf from jealousy and spite, and their blood turns to poisonous arsenic... But you still didn't know about him, what kind he is! They'll swat him for that now, there'll be nothing left but a wet spot. He's put himself under the axe! Better go to the Nikolaevsky railroad at night, lay his head on the rails, and get it lopped off, since he finds it so heavy to carry around! What drove you to tell him? What drove you to tease him? Did you want to boast?"

"But what hatred! What hatred!" I slapped myself on the head with my hand. "And what for, what for? Towards a woman! What has she done to him? What kind of relations did they have, that he can write such letters?"

"Ha-a-atred!" Tatyana Pavlovna imitated me with furious mockery.

The blood rose to my face again; it was as if I suddenly realized something quite new; I looked at her questioningly as hard as I could.

"Get out of here!" she shrieked, quickly turning away and waving her hand at me. "I've bothered enough with all of you! That will do now! You can all fall through the earth!... It's only your mother I'm still sorry for..."

Naturally, I went running to Versilov. But such perfidy! Such perfidy!

IV

VERSILOV WAS NOT ALONE. I'll explain beforehand: having sent such a letter to Katerina Nikolaevna the day before, and having actually (God only knows why) sent a copy of it to Baron Bjoring, he naturally had to expect that day, in the course of the day, certain "consequences" of his act, and therefore had taken measures of a sort. In the morning he had transferred mama and Liza (who, as I learned later, on coming back in the morning, had felt unwell and was lying in bed) upstairs to the "coffin," and the rooms, especially our "drawing room," had been thoroughly tidied up and cleaned. And indeed, at two o'clock in the afternoon, he had been visited by a certain Baron R., an army colonel, a gentleman of about forty, of German origin, tall, dry, with the look of a man of great physical strength, also with reddish hair like Bjoring, and slightly bald. He was one of those Barons R., of whom there are so many in the Russian army, all people of strong baronial arrogance, utterly without fortune, who live on their pay alone and are extremely soldierly and disciplinarian. I didn't catch the beginning of their talk; they were both very animated, and how could they not be. Versilov was sitting on the sofa in front of the table, and the baron in an armchair to the side. Versilov was pale, but spoke with restraint and through his teeth, while the baron kept raising his voice and was obviously inclined to impulsive gestures, restrained himself with effort, but had a stern, haughty, and even scornful look, though not without a certain surprise. Seeing me, he frowned, but Versilov was almost glad of me:

"Greetings, my dear. Baron, this is that same very young man who is mentioned in the note, and believe me, he won't hinder us, and may even be needed." (The baron looked me over scornfully.) "My dear," Versilov added to me, "I'm even glad you've come, so sit in the corner, I beg you, while the baron and I finish here. Don't worry, Baron, he'll just sit in the corner."

It was all the same to me, because I had made up my mind, and besides, all this struck me; I sat silently in the corner, as far as possible in the corner, and sat without batting an eye or stirring till the end of their talk...

"I repeat to you once more, Baron," Versilov said, firmly rapping out the words, "that I consider Katerina Nikolaevna Akhmakov,

to whom I wrote that unworthy and morbid letter, not only the noblest being, but also the height of all perfections!"

"Such a refutation of your own words, as I've already observed to you, looks like a new confirmation of them," grunted the baron. "Your words are decidedly disrespectful."

"But, all the same, it would be most correct if you took them in their precise sense. You see, I suffer from fits and... various disorders, and am even being treated, and so it happened that in one such moment..."

"These explanations can in no way enter in. I have told you again and again that you stubbornly go on being mistaken, and maybe you deliberately want to be mistaken. I already warned you at the very beginning that the whole question concerning this lady, that is, about your letter to Mme. Akhmakov proper, must be definitively eliminated from our present conversation; yet you keep returning to it. Baron Bjoring asked me and charged me particularly to clarify, properly speaking, only that which concerns him, that is, your brazen communicating of this 'copy' and then your postscript, that 'you are prepared to answer for it in whatever way he pleases.'"

"But it seems the last part is already clear without explanations."

"I understand, I've heard. You do not even apologize, but just go on insisting that 'you are prepared to answer in whatever way he pleases.' But that would be too cheap. And therefore I now find myself right, in view of the turn you so stubbornly want to give our talk, to tell you everything from my side without constraint; that is, I have come to the conclusion that Baron Bjoring cannot possibly have any dealings with you... on an equal footing."

"Such a decision is, of course, one of the more advantageous for your friend, Baron Bjoring, and, I confess, you haven't surprised me in the least: I was expecting that."

I'll note in parenthesis: it was all too evident to me from the first words, the first look, that Versilov was even seeking an outburst, that he was provoking and teasing this irritable baron, and maybe trying his patience too much. The baron winced.

"I have heard that you can be witty, but wit is not yet intelligence."

"An extremely profound observation, Colonel."

"I did not ask for your praise," cried the baron, "and I have not come to pour through a sieve! Be so good as to listen: Baron

Bjoring was in great doubt on receiving your letter, because it testified to the madhouse. And, of course, means could have been found at once to . . . calm you down. But, owing to certain special considerations, you were granted indulgence, and inquiries were made about you. It turned out that, though you belonged to good society and had once served in the guards, you have been excluded from society, and your reputation is more than dubious. However, even despite that, I have come here to ascertain personally, and here, on top of everything else, you allow yourself to play with words and yourself assert that you are subject to fits. Enough! Baron Bjoring's position and his reputation cannot indulge you in this affair . . . In short, dear sir, I am authorized to announce to you that if this is followed by a repetition or merely by anything resembling the previous action, means will immediately be found to pacify you, quite quick and reliable ones, I can assure you. We do not live in the forest, but in a well-organized state!"

"Are you so sure of that, my good Baron R.?"

"Devil take it," the baron suddenly stood up, "you tempt me too much to prove to you right now that I am hardly your 'good Baron R.'"

"Ah, once again I warn you," Versilov also got up, "that my wife and daughter are not far from here . . . and therefore I would beg you not to speak so loudly, because your shouts may reach them."

"Your wife . . . the devil . . . If I sat and talked with you now, it was solely with the aim of clarifying this vile affair," the baron went on with the same wrath and not lowering his voice in the least. "Enough!" he cried out furiously. "You are not only excluded from the circle of decent people, but you are a maniac, a real crazy maniac, and so you have been attested! You are not worthy of indulgence, and I announce to you that this very day measures will be taken regarding you, and you will be invited to one such place, where they will know how to restore your reason . . . and they will remove you from town!"

With big and rapid strides he left the room. Versilov didn't see him off. He stood, gazed at me distractedly, and seemed not to notice me; suddenly he smiled, shook his hair, and, taking his hat, also started towards the door. I seized him by the arm.

"Ah, yes, you're here, too? You . . . heard?" he stopped in front of me.

"How could you have done it? How could you so distort, so disgrace! . . . With such perfidy!"

He gazed intently, but his smile extended more and more and decidedly turned to laughter.

"But I've been disgraced . . . in front of her! In front of her! I was derided in her eyes, and he . . . shoved me!" I cried, beside myself.

"Really? Ah, poor boy, I'm so sorry for you . . . So they . . . de-ri-ded you there!"

"You're laughing, you're laughing at me! You think it's funny!"

He quickly tore his arm from my hand, put his hat on, and laughing, laughing with genuine laughter now, left the apartment. Why should I go after him? What for? I had understood everything and—lost everything in a single moment! Suddenly I saw mama; she had come down from upstairs and was timidly looking around.

"He's gone?"

I silently embraced her, and she me, tightly, tightly, pressing herself against me.

"Mama, my own, can you possibly stay here? Let's go now, I'll protect you, I'll work for you like at hard labor, for you and for Liza . . . Let's leave them all, all, and go away. We'll be by ourselves. Mama, do you remember how you came to see me at Touchard's and how I refused to recognize you?"

"I remember, my own, all my life I've been guilty before you, I gave birth to you, but I didn't know you."

"He's the guilty one, mama, it's he who is guilty of everything; he never loved us."

"No, he did love us."

"Let's go, mama."

"How can I go away from him, is he happy, do you think?"

"Where's Liza?"

"Lying down. She came back and felt unwell; I fear for her. What, are they very angry with him there? What will they do with him now? Where did he go? What was this officer threatening here?"

"Nothing will happen to him, mama, nothing will ever happen to him, and nothing can, he's that kind of man! Here's Tatyana Pavlovna, ask her, if you don't believe me, here she is." (Tatyana Pavlovna suddenly came into the room.) "Good-bye, mama. I'll come back to you right away, and when I do, I'll ask you the same thing again . . ."

I ran off; I couldn't see anybody at all, not only Tatyana Pavlovna, and mama tormented me. I wanted to be alone, alone.

V

BUT BEFORE I reached the end of the street, I felt that I couldn't walk around senselessly bumping into these alien, indifferent people; but what to do with myself? Who needs me and—what do I need now? Mechanically, I trudged to Prince Sergei Petrovich's, without thinking of him at all. He wasn't home. I told Pyotr (his man) that I'd wait in the study (as I had done many times). His study was a big, very high room, cluttered with furniture. I wandered into the darkest corner, sat down on the sofa, and, placing my elbows on the table, propped my head in both hands. Yes, that was the question: "What do I need now?" And if I could have formulated the question then, the last thing I could have done was answer it.

But I was no longer able either to think or to ask properly. I've already made known above that by the end of those days I was "crushed by events"; I sat there now and everything was spinning like chaos in my mind. "Yes, I failed to see everything in him and perceived nothing," I fancied at moments. "He laughed in my face just now: it wasn't at me; it's all Bjoring here, and not me. Two days ago, over dinner, he already knew everything and was gloomy. He picked up my stupid confession in the tavern and distorted all that concerned any truth, only what did he need the truth for? He doesn't believe half a word of what he wrote to her. He only needed to insult her, to insult her senselessly, not even knowing what for, snatching at a pretext, and I gave him a pretext... The act of a rabid dog! Does he want to kill Bjoring now, or what? Why? His heart knows why! And I know nothing of what's in his heart... No, no, even now I don't know. Can he love her with so much passion? Or hate her with so much passion? I don't know, but does he know himself? What was that I said to mama, that 'nothing can happen to him'? What did I mean to say by that? Have I lost him or not?

"... She saw how he shoved me... Did she also laugh or not? I'd have laughed! The spy's been beaten, the spy!...

"What does it mean" (it suddenly flashed in me), "what does it mean, his including in that nasty letter that the document hasn't been burned at all, but still exists?...

"He won't kill Bjoring, but he's certainly sitting in the tavern

now, listening to *Lucia*! And maybe after *Lucia* he'll go and kill Bjoring. Bjoring shoved me, almost hit me; did he hit me? Bjoring scorns to fight even with Versilov, how can he go fighting with me? Maybe I should kill him tomorrow with a revolver, waiting in the street..." And I let this thought pass through my head quite mechanically, without lingering over it in the least.

At moments it was as if I dreamed that the door would open now, Katerina Nikolaevna would come in, give me her hand, and we'd both laugh... Oh, my dear student! I imagined it, that is, wished for it, when it was already very dark in the room. "But was it so long ago that I stood before her, saying good-bye to her, and she gave me her hand and laughed? How could it happen that in such a short time such a terrible distance appeared! Simply go to her and talk it over right now, this minute, simply, simply! Lord, how is it that a totally new world has begun so suddenly! Yes, a new world, totally, totally new... And Liza, and the prince, that's still the old... Here I am now at the prince's. And mama—how could she live with him, if it's so? I could, I can do anything, but she? What will happen now?" And here, as in a whirl, the figures of Liza, Anna Andreevna, Stebelkov, the prince, Aferdov, everybody flashed tracelessly in my sick brain. But my thoughts were growing more formless and elusive; I was glad when I managed to comprehend one of them and get hold of it.

"I have my 'idea'!" I thought suddenly. "But is that so? Don't I just repeat it by rote? My idea is darkness and solitude, but is it possible now to crawl back into the former darkness? Ah, my God, I haven't burned the 'document'! I simply forgot to burn it two days ago. I'll go back and burn it in a candle, precisely in a candle; I don't know whether what I think now..."

It had long been dark, and Pyotr brought in candles. He stood over me and asked whether I had eaten. I only waved my hand. However, an hour later he brought me tea, and I greedily drank a big cup. Then I inquired what time it was. It was half-past eight, and I wasn't even surprised that I had been sitting there for five hours already.

"I've come to you three times now," said Pyotr, "but it seemed you were asleep."

I didn't remember him coming in. I don't know why, but I suddenly felt terribly frightened at having "slept," got up and began pacing the room so as not to "fall asleep" again. Finally, my head began to ache badly. At exactly ten o'clock the prince came in, and

I was surprised that I had waited for him; I had totally forgotten about him, totally.

"You're here, and I went to your place looking for you," he said to me. His face was dark and stern, without the slightest smile. There was a fixed idea in his eyes.

"I've struggled all day and used all measures," he went on focusedly. "Everything kept collapsing, and there's horror to come..." (N.B. He never went to Prince Nikolai Ivanovich.) "I saw Zhibelsky, he's an impossible man. You see: first I must have the money, and then we'll see. And if, with the money, it still doesn't work out, then... But today I decided not to think about it. Let's just get the money today, and tomorrow we'll see about it all. Your winnings from three days ago are still intact to the kopeck. It's three thousand minus three roubles. Subtracting your debt, you're left with three hundred and forty in change. Take that and another seven hundred to make a thousand, and I'll take the remaining two thousand. Then we'll sit down at Zershchikov's at two different ends and try to win ten thousand—maybe we'll do something, and if we don't win, then... Anyhow, that's the only way left."

He gave me a fateful look.

"Yes, yes!" I cried suddenly, as if resurrecting. "Let's go! I've only been waiting for you..."

I'll note that I hadn't thought about roulette for a moment in all those hours.

"But the baseness? But the meanness of the act?" the prince asked suddenly.

"That we're going to play roulette? No, that's everything!" I cried. "Money is everything! It's only we who are saints, and Bjoring has sold himself. Anna Andreevna has sold herself, and Versilov—have you heard that Versilov's a maniac? A maniac! A maniac!"

"Are you well, Arkady Makarovich? Your eyes are somehow strange."

"Are you saying that in order to go without me? But I won't leave you now. Not for nothing was I dreaming about gambling all night. Let's go, let's go!" I kept crying, as if I had suddenly found the solution to everything.

"Let's go, then, though you're in a fever, but there..."

He didn't finish. His face looked heavy, terrible. We were already going out.

"Do you know," he said suddenly, pausing in the doorway, "there's yet another way out of my trouble besides gambling?"

"Which?"

"The princely way!"

"But what? But what?"

"Later you'll find out what. Only know that I'm no longer worthy of it, because it's too late. Let's go, and remember my words. Let's try the lackey's way out . . . As if I don't know that I am consciously, of my own full will, going and acting like a lackey!"

VI

I FLEW TO the roulette table as if my whole salvation, my whole way out, was focused in it, and yet, as I've already said, before the prince came, I hadn't even thought of it. And I was going to play, not for myself, but for the prince, on the prince's money; I can't conceive what drew me on, but it drew me irresistibly. Oh, never had these people, these faces, these croupiers, these gambling cries, this whole squalid hall at Zershchikov's, never had it all seemed so loathsome to me, so dismal, so coarse and sad, as this time! I remember only too well the grief and sadness that seized my heart at times during all those hours at the table. But what made me not leave? What made me endure, as if I had taken a fate, a sacrifice, a heroic deed upon myself? I'll say one thing: I can scarcely say of myself that I was in my right mind then. And yet I had never played so intelligently as that evening. I was silent and concentrated, attentive and terribly calculating; I was patient and stingy and at the same time decided in decisive moments. I placed myself again by the *zéro*, that is, again between Zershchikov and Aferdov, who always sat next to Zershchikov on the right; I detested that place, but I wanted absolutely to stake on *zéro*, and all the other places by the *zéro* were taken. We had been playing for over an hour; finally, from my place, I saw the prince suddenly get up, pale, and walk over to us, and stand facing me across the table. He had lost everything and silently watched my game, though he probably understood nothing in it and was no longer thinking about the game. By that time I was just beginning to win, and Zershchikov counted out money to me. All at once Aferdov, silently, before my eyes, in the most brazen way, took one of my hundred-rouble notes and added it to his pile of money lying in

front of him. I cried out and seized him by the hand. Here something unexpected happened to me: it was as if I snapped my chain, as if all the horrors and injuries of that day were suddenly focused on this one instant, on this disappearance of a hundred-rouble note. As if all that was stored up and suppressed in me had only been waiting for this moment to break out.

"He's a thief! He just stole a hundred-rouble note from me!" I exclaimed, looking around, beside myself.

I won't describe the tumult that arose; such an incident was a complete novelty here. People behaved decently at Zershchikov's, and the place was known for that. But I forgot myself. Amidst the noise and shouting, Zershchikov's voice was suddenly heard:

"And by the way, there's money missing, and it was lying right here! Four hundred roubles!"

Another incident took place at once: money had disappeared from the bank, under Zershchikov's nose, a roll of four hundred roubles. Zershchikov pointed to the spot where it was lying, "was lying just now," and that spot turned out to be right next to me, adjoining me, the place where my money lay, meaning much closer to me than to Aferdov.

"Here's the thief! It's him stealing again, search him!" I exclaimed, pointing at Aferdov.

"It's all because unknown people are let in," someone's thundering and impressive voice rang out amidst the general outcry. "They get in without any recommendation! Who brought him? Who is he?"

"Some Dolgoruky."

"Prince Dolgoruky?"

"Prince Sokolsky brought him," somebody cried.

"Listen, Prince," I screamed to him across the table in a frenzy, "they consider me a thief, when it's I who have just been robbed here! Tell them, tell them about me!"

And here something took place that was the most terrible of all that had happened that whole day... even in my whole life: the prince disavowed me. I saw him shrug his shoulders and, in reply to the flood of questions, utter sharply and clearly:

"I don't answer for anyone. I beg you to leave me alone."

Meanwhile Aferdov stood amidst the crowd and loudly demanded to be searched. He turned out his pockets himself. His demand was answered with shouts: "No, no, the thief is known!" Two summoned lackeys seized me by the arms from behind.

"I will not let you search me, I will not allow it!" I shouted, struggling to free myself.

But they dragged me to the next room, and there, amidst the crowd, they searched me down to the last fold. I shouted and struggled.

"Dropped it, must be, have to look on the floor," somebody decided.

"Go now and look on the floor!"

"Under the table, must be he managed to throw it there!"

"Of course, the trail's cold..."

They led me out, but I somehow managed to stand in the doorway and shout with senseless fury to the whole hall:

"Roulette is forbidden by law. Today I shall denounce you all!"

They took me downstairs, dressed me, and... opened the door to the street before me.

Chapter Nine

I

THE DAY ENDED with catastrophe, but there remained the night, and this is what I remembered from that night.

I think it was just past midnight when I found myself in the street. The night was clear, still, and frosty. I almost ran, was hurrying terribly, but—certainly not for home. "Why home? Can there be a home now? At home you live, I'd wake up tomorrow to live—but is that possible now? Life is over, it's no longer possible to live now." And so I plodded along the streets, not knowing where I was going, and I doubt that I wanted to get anywhere. I felt very hot and kept throwing open my heavy raccoon coat. "Now no sort of action," it seemed to me at that moment, "can have any purpose." And, strangely, I kept fancying that everything around me, even the air I breathed, was as if from another planet, as though I suddenly found myself on the moon. All of it—the city, the passersby, the sidewalk I was running along—all of it was suddenly *not mine* anymore. "This is the Palace Square, this is St. Isaac's," went through my head, "but now I have nothing to do with them." Everything somehow forsook me, suddenly became *not mine*. "I have mama, Liza—well, what of it, what are Liza and my mother to me now? Everything is over, everything is over all at once, except one thing: that I am a thief forever.

"How can I prove that I'm not a thief? Is it possible now? Shall I go to America? Well, what would I prove by that? Versilov will be the first to believe that I stole! My 'idea'? What 'idea'? What of that now? In fifty years, in a hundred years, I'll be walking along, and a man will always turn up who will point at me and say: 'Look at that thief. He began his "idea" by stealing money at roulette'..."

Was there anger in me? I don't know, maybe there was. Strangely, there had always been this feature in me, maybe ever since earliest childhood: once evil had been done to me, fulfilled to the utmost, and I had been offended to the final limits, there always appeared in me at once an unquenchable desire to submit passively to the offense and even to outstrip the offender's desires: "There, you've

humiliated me, so I'll humiliate myself still more, look here, admire!" Touchard used to beat me and wanted to show that I was a lackey and not a senator's son, and so I myself at once entered into the role of lackey then. I not only helped him to dress, but would seize the brush myself and begin brushing the last specks of dust off him, without any request or order from him, sometimes ran after him, in the heat of my lackey zeal, to brush off some last speck of dust from his tailcoat, so that he himself sometimes stopped me: "Enough, enough, Arkady, enough." He used to come and take off his street clothes—and I would clean them, fold them carefully, and cover them with a checked silk handkerchief. I knew that my comrades laughed and despised me for that, I knew it perfectly well, but that was what I liked: "You wanted me to be a lackey, well, so I'm a lackey, a boor—yes, a boor." I could keep up this passive hatred and underground spite for years. And what then? At Zershchikov's I had shouted to the whole hall, in complete frenzy: "I shall denounce you all, roulette is forbidden by law!" And I swear that here, too, there was something as if similar: I had been humiliated, searched, declared a thief, destroyed—"well, then know, all of you, that you've guessed right, I'm not only a thief, I'm an informer as well!" Recalling it now, I sum it up and explain it in precisely that way; but then I couldn't be bothered with analyzing; then I shouted without any intention; even a moment before, I hadn't known I'd shout that; it shouted itself—there was that *streak* in my soul.

While I ran, the delirium was undoubtedly already starting, but I remember very well that I was acting consciously. And yet I will say firmly that there was a whole cycle of ideas and conclusions that was impossible for me then; even in those minutes, I felt about myself that "certain thoughts I can have, but others I can't possibly have." So, too, certain of my decisions, though made with clear awareness, might not have the least logic in them. Not only that: I remember very well that at some moments I could be fully aware of the absurdity of some decision, and at the same time, with full awareness, set about realizing it. Yes, a crime was hatching that night, and it is only by chance that it wasn't committed.

Tatyana Pavlovna's phrase about Versilov suddenly flashed in me then: "He should go to the Nikolaevsky railroad and lay his head on the rails: he'd get it lopped off for him." This thought momentarily took hold of all my feelings, but I instantly and painfully drove it away: "I'll lay my head on the rails and die, and tomorrow

they'll say: he did it because he stole, he did it out of shame—no, not for anything!" And then, at that moment, I remember, I suddenly felt an instant of terrible anger. "What then?" raced through my mind. "There's no way I can vindicate myself, to start a new life is also impossible, and so—submit, become a lackey, a dog, an insect, an informer, a real informer now, but at the same time quietly make preparations, and one day—blow it all sky high, destroy everything, everybody—the guilty and the not-guilty, and then suddenly they'll all find out that it's the same one they called a thief... and only then kill myself."

I don't remember how I ran into a lane somewhere near the Konnogvardeisky Boulevard. In this lane there were high stone walls on both sides, for almost a hundred paces—the enclosures of backyards. Behind one wall to the left I saw an enormous woodpile, a long woodpile, as in a lumberyard, and higher than the wall by some seven feet. I suddenly stopped and began to ponder. In my pocket I had wax matches in a small silver matchbox. I repeat, I was fully and distinctly aware then of what I was pondering and what I wanted to do, as I am in recollecting it now, but why I wanted to do it—I have no idea, none at all. I only remember that I suddenly wanted it very much. "It's very possible to climb onto the wall," I reasoned. Just two steps away there was a gate in the wall, which must have been tightly shut for months. "If I step on the ledge below," I reflected further, "I can get hold of the top of the gate and climb onto the wall—and nobody will notice, there's nobody here, silence! And then I'll sit on top of the wall and set fire to the wood quite excellently, possibly even without getting down, because the wood is almost touching the wall. It will burn still better from the cold, all I have to do is take one birch log... and there's even no need to take a log: simply sit on the wall, peel some bark off a birch log with my hand, and set fire to it with a match, set fire to it, and shove it between the logs—and there's your fire. And I'll jump down and leave; there's even no need to run, because they won't notice for a long time..." So I reasoned it all out and—suddenly became quite decided. I felt extreme pleasure, delight, and began to climb. I was an excellent climber: gymnastics had been my specialty back in high school, but I was wearing galoshes, and the thing proved difficult. Nevertheless I did manage to get hold of a barely perceptible ledge above and pull myself up, while swinging my other arm to grab at the top of the wall, but here I suddenly lost hold and fell backwards. I suppose I hit the ground

with the back of my head and must have lain unconscious for a minute or two. Coming to, I mechanically wrapped myself in my fur coat, suddenly feeling unbearably cold, and, still not fully conscious of what I was doing, crawled into the corner of the gateway and sat down there, huddling and crouching in the nook between the gate and the projecting wall. My thoughts were confused, and I probably dozed off very quickly. I now remember as if through sleep that a deep, heavy bell suddenly rang in my ears, and I began listening to it with delight.

II

THE BELL STRUCK firmly and distinctly once every two or even three seconds, but it was not a tocsin, but some pleasant, smooth ringing, and I suddenly realized that it was familiar, that it was ringing in the red church of St. Nicholas opposite Touchard's—the ancient Moscow church that I remember so well, built in the time of Alexei Mikhailovich,[30] fretty, many-domed, and "all in pillars," and that Holy Week[31] was just over, and the newborn little green leaves were already trembling on the scrawny birches in the front garden of Touchard's house. The bright late-afternoon sun is pouring its slanting rays into our classroom, and in my little room to the left, where Touchard had put me a year before, away from the "princely and senatorial children," a visitor is sitting. Yes, I, the kinless one, suddenly have a visitor—for the first time since I've been at Touchard's. I recognized this visitor as soon as she came in: it was mama, though I hadn't seen her even once since the time she brought me to communion in the village church and the dove flew across the cupola. We were sitting together, and I was watching her strangely. Afterwards, many years later, I learned that, having been left then without Versilov, who had suddenly gone abroad, she had come to Moscow on her own pitiful means, *without leave*, almost in secret from those who were then charged with taking care of her, and had done it solely in order to see me. Another strange thing was that, having come in and spoken with Touchard, she had not even said a word to me about being my mother. She sat by me and, I remember, I was even surprised that she spoke so little. She had a small bundle with her, and she untied it: there were six oranges in it, several gingerbreads, and two loaves of ordinary French bread. I was offended by the French bread and,

with a wounded look, replied that our "food" here was very good and that we were given a whole loaf of French bread with tea every day.

"Never mind, darling, I just thought in my simplicity, 'Maybe they feed them poorly in that school.' Don't hold it against me, dearest."

"And Antonina Vassilievna" (Touchard's wife) "will be offended. My comrades will also laugh at me..."

"Don't you want to take them, maybe you'll eat them?"

"Leave them, if you like, ma'am..."

I didn't even touch the treats; the oranges and gingerbreads lay in front of me on the little table, and I sat looking down, but with a great air of personal dignity. Who knows, maybe I also wanted very much not to conceal from her that her visit even shamed me in the eyes of my comrades; to show it to her at least a little, so that she'd understand: "You see, you shame me and don't even understand it yourself." Oh, I was already running after Touchard with a brush then, whisking specks of dust off him! I also pictured how much mockery I'd have to endure from the boys as soon as she left, and maybe from Touchard himself—and there was not the slightest kind feeling for her in my heart. I only looked out of the corner of my eye at her dark old dress, her rather coarse, almost working-woman's hands, her completely coarse shoes, and her very thin face; little wrinkles already ran across her forehead, though Antonina Vassilievna told me later in the evening, when she had left: "Your *maman* must have been very good-looking once."

We were sitting like that, and suddenly Agafya came in with a cup of coffee on a tray. It was after dinner, and the Touchards always had coffee in their living room at that time. But mama thanked her and did not take the cup: as I learned later, she didn't drink coffee at all then, because it gave her heart palpitations. The thing was that to themselves the Touchards probably considered her visit and the permission for her to see me an extraordinary indulgence on their part, so that the cup of coffee they sent to mama was, so to say, a deed of humaneness, comparatively speaking, which did extraordinary credit to their civilized feelings and European notions. And, as if on purpose, mama refused it.

I was summoned to Touchard, and he told me to take all my books and notebooks to show mama: "So that she can see how much you've managed to acquire in my institution." Here Antonina

Vassilievna, pursing her lips, said to me for her part, touchily and mockingly, through her teeth:

"It seems your *maman* didn't like our coffee."

I gathered a pile of notebooks and carried them to my waiting mama, past the "princely and senatorial children," who were crowding in the classroom and spying on mama and me. And I even liked fulfilling Touchard's order with literal precision. I methodically began to open my notebooks and explain, "This is a lesson in French grammar, this is an exercise from dictation, here is the conjugation of the auxiliary verbs *avoir* and *être*, here's something from geography, a description of the major cities of Europe and all parts of the world," and so on, and so forth. For half an hour or more I went on explaining in an even little voice, looking down like a well-behaved boy. I knew that mama understood nothing in my studies, maybe couldn't even write, but it was here that my role pleased me. But I couldn't weary her—she went on listening without interrupting me, with extraordinary attention and even awe, so that I myself finally became bored and stopped; her look was sad, however, and there was something pitiful in her face.

She finally got up to leave. Suddenly Touchard himself came in and, with a foolishly important air, asked her: "Was she pleased with her son's progress?" Mama began murmuring and thanking him incoherently; Antonina Vassilievna came in, too. Mama started asking them both "not to abandon the little orphan, he's the same as an orphan now, be his benefactors..." and with tears in her eyes she bowed to them both, each separately, with a deep bow, precisely as "simple folk" bow when they come to ask important people about something. The Touchards weren't even expecting that, and Antonina Vassilievna was visibly softened and, of course, at once changed her conclusion about the cup of coffee. Touchard, with increased importance, replied humanely that he "made no distinction among the children, that here they were all his children, and he their father, and that he held me on almost the same footing with princely and senatorial children, and that that should be appreciated," and so on, and so forth. Mama only kept bowing, but with embarrassment, finally turned to me, and with tears glistening in her eyes, said, "Good-bye, darling!"

And she kissed me—that is, I allowed myself to be kissed. She obviously would have liked to kiss me again and again, to embrace me, to hug me, but whether she was ashamed to do it in front of people, or was bitter about something else, or realized that I was

ashamed of her, in any case, having bowed once more to the Touchards, she hastily started for the door. I just stood there.

"*Mais suivez donc votre mère*," said Antonina Vassilievna. "*Il n'a pas de coeur cet enfant!*"*

Touchard shrugged his shoulders in reply, which, of course, signified: "It's not for nothing I treat him as a lackey."

I obediently followed mama downstairs; we went out to the porch. I knew they were now all watching from the window. Mama turned to the church and crossed herself deeply three times before it, her lips twitched, the bell tolled densely and measuredly from the belfry. She turned to me and—couldn't help herself, she laid both hands on my head and wept over it.

"Mama, come on... it's shameful... they can see me from the window..."

She roused herself and began to hurry:

"Well, the Lord... well, the Lord be with you... the angels in heaven, the most-pure Mother, Saint Nicholas protect you... Lord, Lord!" she repeated in a quick patter, crossing me all the while, trying quickly to make as many crosses as possible, "my darling, my dear. But wait, darling..."

She hurriedly put her hand in her pocket and took out a handkerchief, a blue checked handkerchief tightly knotted at the corner, and began to untie the knot... but it wouldn't come untied...

"Well, it makes no difference, take it with the handkerchief, it's clean, maybe you can use it, there are maybe four twenty-kopeck pieces in it, maybe you'll need it, forgive me, darling, it's all I have... forgive me, darling."

I accepted the handkerchief, was about to observe that we "were very well kept here by Mr. Touchard and Antonina Vassilievna, and that we didn't need anything," but I restrained myself and took the handkerchief.

Once more she crossed me, once more she whispered some prayer, and suddenly—and suddenly she bowed to me, too, just as she had to the Touchards upstairs—a deep, long, slow bow—I'll never forget it! I just shuddered, and didn't know why myself. What did she mean to say by this bow: that she "acknowledged her guilt before me," as I once thought up long afterwards? I don't know. But then I at once felt still more ashamed, because "they

*But follow your mother, then [...] He has no heart, this child.

were watching from up there, and Lambert might even start beating me."

She finally left. The princely and senatorial children had eaten the oranges and gingerbreads before I came back, and Lambert took the four twenty-kopeck pieces from me at once; they bought pastry and chocolate with them in a pastry shop and didn't even offer me any.

A whole half-year went by, and a windy and foul October came. I completely forgot about mama. Oh, by then hatred, a dull hatred for everything, had already penetrated my heart, saturating it completely; though I brushed Touchard off as before, I already hated him with all my might, and more and more every day. And it was then, once in the sad evening twilight, that I began rummaging in my little drawer for some reason, and suddenly saw her blue cambric handkerchief in the corner. It had lain like that ever since I stuffed it there then. I took it out and looked it over even with a certain curiosity; the end of the handkerchief still kept traces of the former knot and even the clearly outlined round imprint of a coin; however, I put the handkerchief back in its place and closed the drawer. It was the eve of a holiday, and the bell began ringing for the vigil. The pupils had gone home after dinner, but this time Lambert had stayed for Sunday, I don't know why no one had sent for him. Though he still beat me then, as before, he used to tell me a great deal, and he needed me. We talked all evening about Lepage pistols, which neither one of us had seen, about Circassian sabers and how they cut, and about how good it would be to start a band of robbers, and in the end Lambert got on to his favorite conversation about a certain smutty subject, and though I wondered to myself, I liked listening very much. But this time I suddenly couldn't stand it, and I told him I had a headache. At ten o'clock we went to bed; I pulled the covers over my head and took the blue handkerchief from under the pillow: for some reason I had gone an hour earlier to take it from the drawer, and as soon as our beds were made, had put it under the pillow. I pressed it to my face at once and suddenly began kissing it. "Mama, mama," I whispered, remembering, and my whole breast was clenched as in a vise. I closed my eyes and saw her face with trembling lips, when she crossed herself before the church, then crossed me, and I said to her, "It's shameful, they're watching." "Mama, dearest mama, just once in my life you came to me... Dearest mama, where are you now, my faraway visitor? Do you remember your poor boy now,

the one you came to see?... Show yourself to me now just one little time, come to me just only in a dream, only so I can tell you how I love you, only so I can embrace you and kiss your blue eyes, and tell you that I'm not ashamed of you at all now, and that I loved you then, too, and that my heart ached then, but I only sat there like a lackey. You'll never know how I loved you then, mama! Dearest mama, where are you now, can you hear me? Mama, mama, do you remember the little dove, in the village?..."

"Ah, the devil... What ails him!" Lambert grumbles from his bed. "Wait, I'll show you! Won't let me sleep..." He finally jumps out of bed, runs over to me, and starts tearing the blanket off me, but I hold very, very tightly to the blanket, covering my head with it.

"Whimpering, what are you whimpering for, cretin, cghretin! Take that!" and he beats me, he hits me painfully with his fist on the back, on the side, more and more painfully, and... and I suddenly open my eyes...

It's already bright dawn, needles of frost sparkle on the snow, on the wall... I'm sitting, crouched, barely alive, frozen in my fur coat, and someone is standing over me, rousing me, abusing me loudly, and kicking me painfully in the side with the toe of his right boot. I raise myself, look: a man in a rich bearskin coat, a sable hat, with black eyes, pitch-black foppish side-whiskers, a hooked nose, his white teeth bared at me, a white and ruddy face like a mask... He has bent down very close to me, and cold steam comes from his mouth with each breath:

"Frozen, the drunken mug, the cghretin! You'll freeze like a dog! Get up! Get up!"

"Lambert!" I shout.

"Who are you?"

"Dolgoruky!"

"What the hell kind of Dolgoruky?"

"*Simply* Dolgoruky!... Touchard... The one you stuck in the side with a fork in the tavern!..."

"Ha-a-a!" he cries out, smiling some sort of long, recollecting smile (but he can't have forgotten me!). "Ha! So it's you, you!"

He pulls me up, sets me on my feet; I can barely stand, barely move, he leads me, supporting me on his arm. He peers into my eyes, as if pondering and recalling and listening to me with all his might, and I babble on, also with all my might, ceaselessly, without pause, and I'm so glad, so glad I'm talking, and glad that it's

Lambert. Whether he appeared to me somehow as my "salvation," or I rushed to him at that moment because I took him for a man from an entirely different world—I don't know, I didn't reason then, but rushed to him without reasoning. What I said then I don't remember at all, and I hardly spoke coherently, hardly even articulated the words clearly; but he listened intently. He grabbed the first cab that came along, and a few moments later I was sitting in the warmth, in his room.

III

EVERY PERSON, WHOEVER he may be, certainly preserves some recollection of something that has happened to him which he regards or is inclined to regard as fantastic, remarkable, out of the ordinary, almost miraculous, whether it's a dream, a meeting, a divination, a presentiment, or something of the sort. To this day I am inclined to regard this meeting of mine with Lambert as something even prophetic . . . judging at least by the circumstances and consequences of the meeting. It all happened, however, on the one hand at least, in the most natural way: he was simply coming back from one of his nighttime occupations (which one will become clear later) half drunk, and, stopping for a moment by the gate in the lane, saw me. He had been in Petersburg for only a few days then.

The room I found myself in was a small, quite unassumingly furnished example of ordinary Petersburg *chambres garnies** of the middling sort. Lambert himself, however, was excellently and expensively dressed. On the floor lay two suitcases only half unpacked. A corner of the room was partitioned off by a screen, concealing a bed.

"Alphonsine!" cried Lambert.

"*Présente!*"† a cracked female voice replied in a Parisian accent from behind the screen, and in no more than two minutes out popped Mlle. Alphonsine, hastily dressed in a bed jacket, only just risen—a strange sort of being, tall and lean as a splinter, a young girl, a brunette, with a long waist, a long face, darting eyes, and sunken cheeks—an awfully worn-out creature!

*Furnished rooms.
†Here!

"Quick!" (I'm translating, but he spoke to her in French.) "They must have a samovar going, fetch some boiling water, red wine and sugar, and a glass here, quick, he's frozen, this is a friend of mine... he slept all night in the snow."

"*Malheureux!*"* she cried out, clasping her hands with a theatrical gesture.

"Uh-uh!" Lambert shouted at her as at a little dog, and shook his finger; she stopped gesturing at once and ran to fulfill his order.

He examined and palpated me; he felt my pulse, touched my forehead, my temples.

"Strange," he muttered, "how you didn't freeze... though you were all covered up in your fur coat, including your head, like sitting in a fur hole..."

The hot glass arrived, I gulped it down greedily, and it revived me at once; I started babbling again; I was half-reclining on the sofa in the corner and talking away—I was spluttering as I talked—but of precisely what and how I was speaking, once again I have almost no recollection; there are moments and even whole stretches that I've completely forgotten. I repeat: whether he understood anything then from what I was telling, I don't know; but one thing I realized clearly afterwards—namely, that he managed to understand me well enough to draw the conclusion that he ought not to disregard his meeting with me... Later I'll explain in its place what reckoning he might have made here.

I was not only terribly animated, but at moments, it seems, quite merry. I remember the sun suddenly lighting up the room when the blinds were raised, and the stove crackling when someone lit it—who and how, I don't remember. I also have the memory of a tiny black dog that Mlle. Alphonsine held in her arms, coquettishly pressing it to her heart. This lapdog somehow diverted me very much, even so much that I stopped talking and twice reached out for it, but Lambert waved his hand, and Alphonsine and her lapdog instantly effaced themselves behind the screen.

He was very silent himself, sat facing me and, leaning strongly towards me, listened without tearing himself away; at times he smiled a long, drawn-out smile, baring his teeth and narrowing his eyes, as if making an effort to think and wishing to guess. I've kept a clear recollection only of the fact that, when I was telling him about the "document," I simply couldn't express myself understand-

*Poor boy!

ably and make a coherent story of it, and by his face I could see only too well that he couldn't understand me, but that he wanted very much to understand, so that he even risked stopping me with a question, which was dangerous, because as soon as I was interrupted, I at once interrupted the subject and forgot what I was talking about. How long we sat and talked like that I don't know and can't even reckon. He suddenly got up and called Alphonsine:

"He needs rest; he may also need a doctor. Do whatever he asks, that is . . . *vous comprenez, ma fille? Vous avez de l'argent,** no? Here!" And he took out a ten-rouble note for her. He started whispering to her: "*Vous comprenez! Vous comprenez!*" he repeated to her, shaking his finger at her and frowning sternly. I saw that she trembled frightfully before him.

"I'll be back, and you'd best have a good sleep," he smiled to me and took his hat.

"*Mais vous n'avez pas dormi du tout, Maurice!*"† Alphonsine cried out pathetically.

"*Taisez-vous, je dormirai après,*"‡ and he left.

"*Sauvée!*"§ she whispered pathetically, pointing after him to me with her hand.

"*Monsieur, monsieur!*" she began declaiming at once, assuming a pose in the middle of the room. "*Jamais homme ne fut si cruel, si Bismarck, que cet être, qui regarde une femme comme une saleté de hasard. Une femme, qu'est-ce que ça dans notre époque? 'Tue-la'—voilà le dernier mot de l'Académie française!* . . ."‖

I goggled my eyes at her; I was seeing double, there seemed to be two Alphonsines in front of me . . . Suddenly I noticed that she was weeping, gave a start, and realized that she had been talking to me for a very long time now, which meant that during that time I had been asleep or unconscious.

". . . *Hélas! de quoi m'aurait servi de le découvrir plutôt,*" she exclaimed, "*et n'aurais-je pas autant gagné à tenir ma honte cachée toute ma vie? Peut-être, n'est-il pas honnête à une demoiselle de s'expliquer si*

*You understand, my girl? You have money . . .
†But you haven't slept at all, Maurice!
‡Shut up, I'll sleep afterwards.
§Saved!
‖Never was a man so cruel, so Bismarck, as this being, who looks at a woman as a chance bit of filth. A woman, what is she in our epoch? "Kill her!"—that's the last word of the Académie Française.

*librement devant monsieur, mais enfin je vous avoue, que s'il m'était permis de vouloir quelque chose, oh, ce serait de lui plonger au coeur mon couteau, mais en détournant les yeux, de peur que son regard exécrable ne fit trembler mon bras et ne glaçât mon courage! Il a assassiné ce pope russe, monsieur, il lui arracha sa barbe rousse pour la vendre à un artiste en cheveux au pont des Maréchaux, tout près de la Maison de monsieur Andrieux—hautes nouveautés, articles de Paris, linge, chemises, vous savez, n'est-ce pas?... Oh, monsieur, quand l'amitié rassemble à table épouse, enfants, soeurs, amis, quand une vive allégresse enflamme mon coeur, je vous le demande, monsieur: est-il bonheur préférable à celui dont tout jouit? Mais il rit, monsieur, ce monstre exécrable et inconcevable et si ce n'était pas par l'entremise de monsieur Andrieux, jamais, oh, jamais je ne serais... Mais quoi, monsieur, qu'avez vous, monsieur?"**

She rushed to me: it seems I had a chill, and maybe had also swooned. I can't express what a painful, morbid impression this half-crazed being made on me. Maybe she imagined that she had been ordered to entertain me; at any rate she never left me for a moment. Maybe she had been on the stage once; she declaimed awfully, fidgeted, talked nonstop, while I had long been silent. All I could understand from her stories was that she was closely connected with some "*Maison de M. Andrieux—hautes nouveautés, articles de Paris, etc.*" and maybe even came from *la Maison de M. Andrieux*, but she had somehow been torn forever from *M. Andrieux par ce monstre furieux et inconcevable,*† and this was what the tragedy consisted in... She sobbed, but it seemed to me that it was only as a

*Alas, what good would it have done me to reveal it sooner... and wouldn't I have gained just as much by keeping my shame hidden all my life? Perhaps it's not honorable for a young woman to explain herself so freely in front of *monsieur*, but finally I'll admit to you that if I were allowed to wish for something, oh, it would be to plunge my knife into his heart, but with my eyes averted, for fear that his execrable look would make my arm tremble and freeze my courage! He killed that Russian priest, *monsieur*, he tore out his red beard to sell it to a hair artist on the Blacksmiths' [i.e., Kuznetsky] Bridge, just near the *Maison* of Monsieur Andrieux—the latest novelties, articles from Paris, linen, shirts, you know it, don't you?... Oh, *monsieur*, when friendship gathers wife, children, sisters, friends around the table, when a lively happiness enflames my heart, I ask you, *monsieur*; is any happiness preferable to that which everyone enjoys? But he laughs, *monsieur*, this execrable and inconceivable monster, and if it weren't through the agency of Monsieur Andrieux, never, oh, never would I be... But what is it, *monsieur*, what's wrong with you, *monsieur*?

†By this furious and inconceivable monster.

matter of course and that she wasn't crying at all; at times I fancied that she was suddenly going to fall apart like a skeleton; she articulated her words in some crushed, cracked voice; the word *préférable*, for instance, she pronounced *préfér-a-able* and on the syllable *a* bleated like a sheep. Coming to my senses once, I saw her making a pirouette in the middle of the room, yet she wasn't dancing, but this pirouette also had some relation to the story, and she was only doing an impersonation. Suddenly she rushed and opened the small, old, out-of-tune piano that was in the room, started strumming on it and singing... It seems that for ten minutes or more I became completely unconscious, fell asleep, but the lapdog squeaked and I came to: full consciousness suddenly returned to me for a moment and lit me up with all its light. I jumped up in horror.

"Lambert, I'm at Lambert's!" I thought and, seizing my hat, I rushed for my fur coat.

"*Où allez-vous, monsieur?*"* cried the keen-eyed Alphonsine.

"I want to get out, I want to leave! Let me go, don't keep me..."

"*Oui, monsieur!*" Alphonsine concurred with all her might, and rushed to open the door to the corridor for me herself. "*Mais ce n'est pas loin, monsieur, c'est pas loin du tout, ça ne vaut pas la peine de mettre votre chouba, c'est ici près, monsieur!*"† she exclaimed to the whole corridor. Running out of the room, I turned to the right.

"*Par ici, monsieur, c'est par ici!*"‡ she exclaimed with all her might, clutching at my coat with her long, bony fingers, and with her other hand pointing me to the left somewhere down the corridor, where I had no wish to go. I tore myself free and ran for the door to the stairs.

"*Il s'en va, il s'en va!*"§ Alphonsine raced after me, shouting in her cracked voice. "*Mais il me tuera, monsieur, il me tuera!*"‖ But I had already run out to the stairs, and though she even raced after me down the stairs, I managed to open the outside door, run out to the street, and jump into the first cab. I gave mama's address...

*Where are you going, *monsieur*?

†But it isn't far, *monsieur*, it's not far at all, it's not worth the trouble of putting on your *shuba*, it's nearby, *monsieur*.

‡This way, *monsieur*, it's this way!

§He's leaving, he's leaving!

‖But he'll kill me, *monsieur*, he'll kill me!

IV

But consciousness, having flashed for a moment, quickly went out. I still have a slight memory of how I was brought in and taken to mama's, but there I fell almost at once into complete oblivion. The next day, as I was told later (though this I also remembered myself), my reason became clear again for a moment. I remembered myself in Versilov's room on his sofa; I remember the faces of Versilov, mama, Liza around me, remember very well how Versilov spoke to me about Zershchikov, about the prince, showed me some letter, reassured me. They told me later that I kept asking in horror about some Lambert, and kept hearing the barking of some lapdog. But the faint light of consciousness quickly dimmed; by evening of this second day I was already totally delirious. But I'll forestall events and explain them beforehand.

When I ran out of Zershchikov's that evening and everything calmed down somewhat there, Zershchikov, having started the game, suddenly announced in a loud voice that a lamentable error had occurred: the lost money, the four hundred roubles, had been found in a pile of other money and the accounts of the bank proved to be perfectly correct. Then the prince, who had remained in the hall, accosted Zershchikov and demanded insistently that he make a public declaration of my innocence and, besides that, offer his apologies in the form of a letter. Zershchikov, for his part, found the demand worthy of respect and gave his word, in front of everybody, to send me a letter of explanation and apology the next day. The prince gave him Versilov's address, and indeed the very next day Versilov personally received from Zershchikov a letter in my name and over thirteen hundred roubles that belonged to me and that I had forgotten on the roulette table. Thus ended the affair at Zershchikov's. This joyful news contributed greatly to my recovery when I regained consciousness.

The prince, on coming back from gambling, wrote two letters that same night, one to me, and the other to his former regiment, where he had had the incident with Ensign Stepanov. He sent both letters the next morning. After which he wrote a report to his superiors, and with this report in hand, early in the morning, he went in person to the commander of his regiment and announced to him that he, "a common criminal, a partner in counterfeiting

the ——sky shares, surrenders himself into the hands of justice and asks to be put on trial." With that he handed over the report, in which it was all explained in writing. He was arrested.

Here is the letter he wrote to me that night, word for word:

Priceless Arkady Makarovich,

Having tried the lackeyish "way out," I have thereby lost the right to comfort my soul at least somewhat with the thought that I, too, was finally able to venture upon a righteous deed. I am guilty before my fatherland and before my family, and for that, as the last of my family, I am punishing myself. I do not understand how I could have seized upon the base thought of self-preservation and dreamed for some time of buying myself back from them with money. All the same, I myself, before my own conscience, would have remained forever a criminal. Those people, even if they did return the compromising notes to me, would never have left me all my life! What remained then: to live with them, to be one with them all my life—that was the lot that awaited me! I could not accept it, and finally found in myself enough firmness, or maybe just despair, to act as I am acting now.

I have written a letter to my former regiment, to my former comrades, and vindicated Stepanov. In this act there is not and cannot be any redeeming deed: it is all just the dying bequest of tomorrow's dead man. That is how it must be regarded.

Forgive me for turning away from you in the gambling house; it was because I was not sure of you at that moment. Now that I am a dead man, I can make such confessions . . . from the other world.

Poor Liza! She knows nothing of this decision; may she not curse me, but judge for herself. I cannot justify myself and do not even find words to explain anything to her. Know also, Arkady Makarovich, that yesterday, in the morning, when she came to me for the last time, I revealed my deceit to her and confessed that I had gone to Anna Andreevna with the intention of proposing to her. I could not leave that on my conscience before the last, already taken decision, seeing her love, and so I revealed it to her. She forgave me, forgave me everything, but I did not believe her; it was not forgiveness; in her place I would not be able to forgive.

Remember me.

Your unfortunate last Prince *Sokolsky.*

I lay unconscious for exactly nine days.

PART THREE

Chapter One

I

NOW ABOUT SOMETHING completely different.

I keep announcing: "something different, something different," and I keep scribbling away about myself alone. Yet I've already declared a thousand times that I don't want to describe myself at all, and I firmly didn't want to when I began my notes; I understand only too well that the reader hasn't got the slightest need of me. I'm describing and want to describe others, and not myself, and if I keep turning up all the time, that is a sad mistake, because I simply can't avoid it, however much I wish to. Above all, it vexes me that, in describing my own adventures with such ardor, I thereby give reason for thinking that I'm the same now as I was then. The reader will remember, however, that I've already exclaimed more than once: "Oh, if only one could change the former and start completely anew!" I wouldn't be able to exclaim like that if I hadn't changed radically now and become a totally different person. That is all too obvious; and you can't imagine how sick I am of all these apologies and prefaces that I'm forced to squeeze every minute even into the very middle of my notes!

To business.

After nine days of unconsciousness, I came to my senses regenerated, but not reformed; my regeneration, however, was stupid, naturally, if it's taken in the vast sense, and maybe if it were now, it wouldn't be so. The idea, that is, the feeling, again consisted (as a thousand times before) only in the fact that I should leave them completely, but this time leave without fail, and not as before, when I set myself the same topic a thousand times and never could do it. I didn't want revenge on anyone, and I give my word of honor on that—though I had been offended by everyone. I was going to leave without disgust, without curses, but I wanted my own strength, and genuine this time, not dependent on any of them or the whole world; for I was all but reconciled with everything in the world! I record this dream of mine not as a thought, but as an irresistible feeling at that time. I didn't want to formulate it yet, while I was in bed. Sick and without strength, lying in Versilov's

room, which they set aside for me, I was painfully aware of what a low degree of strengthlessness I had come to: some sort of little straw, not a man, lolled there in bed, and not only on account of illness—and how offensive that was to me! And so, from the very depths of my being, from all my strength, a protest began to rise, and I choked with a feeling of boundlessly exaggerated arrogance and defiance. I don't even remember a time in my whole life when I was more filled with arrogant feelings than in those first days of my recovery, that is, when the little straw lolled in bed.

But for the moment I was silent and even decided not to think about anything! I kept peeking into their faces, trying to guess everything I needed by them. It was evident that they did not wish to ask questions or show curiosity either, but talked to me about completely irrelevant things. I liked that and at the same time it upset me; I won't explain this contradiction. I saw Liza more rarely than mama, though she came to see me every day and even twice a day. From bits of their conversation and from the whole look of them I concluded that Liza had accumulated an awful lot of cares, and that she was even frequently away from home because of her affairs. For me it was as if the mere idea of the possibility of "her own affairs" already contained something offensive; however, these were all just sick, purely physiological feelings, which are not worth describing. Tatyana Pavlovna also came to see me almost daily, and though she wasn't gentle with me at all, at least she didn't abuse me as before, which vexed me in the extreme, so that I simply said to her, "Tatyana Pavlovna, when you're not abusing me, you're a great bore." "Well, then I won't come to see you," she snapped, and left. And I was glad to have chased at least one of them away.

Most of all I tormented mama and got very irritated with her. I suddenly had a terrible appetite, and I grumbled a lot that the food came late (but it never came late). Mama didn't know how to please me. Once she brought me soup and, as usual, began to feed me herself, but I kept grumbling while I ate. And suddenly I became vexed that I was grumbling: "She's maybe the only one I love, and it's her that I torment." But my anger wouldn't subside, and I suddenly burst into tears from anger, and she, poor dear, thought I was weeping from tenderness, leaned over, and started kissing me. I restrained myself and somehow endured it and actually hated her in that second. But I always loved mama, loved her then, too, and didn't really hate her, but it was what always happens: the one you love most is the first one you insult.

The only one I did hate in those first days was the doctor. This doctor was a young man with a presumptuous air, who spoke sharply and even impolitely. As if all those people in science, just yesterday and suddenly, had found out something special, whereas nothing special had happened yesterday; but "the middle" and "the street" are always that way. I endured for a long time, but in the end suddenly burst out and declared to him, before all our people, that he needn't drag himself here, that I'd get well without him, that he, though he had the look of a realist, was filled with nothing but prejudice and didn't understand that medicine had never yet cured anyone; that finally, in all probability, he was grossly uneducated, "like all our present-day engineers and specialists, who have lately started turning up their noses at us." The doctor was very offended (proving what he was by that alone), yet he continued to visit. I finally announced to Versilov that if the doctor did not stop coming, I'd tell him something ten times more unpleasant. Versilov only observed that it was impossible to say anything even twice more unpleasant than what had been said, let alone ten times. I was glad he had noticed that.

What a man, though! I'm speaking of Versilov. He, he alone, was the cause of it all—and yet he was the only one I wasn't angry with then. It wasn't only his manner with me that won me over. I think we felt mutually then that we owed each other many explanations . . . and that, precisely for that reason, it would be best never to explain. It is extremely agreeable, on such occasions in life, to run into an intelligent person! I have already mentioned in the second part of my story, running ahead, that he gave me a very brief and clear account of the arrested prince's letter to me, about Zershchikov, about his explanation in my favor, and so on. Since I had decided to be silent, I put to him, with all possible dryness, only two or three very brief questions; he answered them clearly and precisely, but entirely without superfluous words and, what was best of all, without superfluous feelings. I was afraid of superfluous feelings then.

About Lambert I say nothing, but the reader has, of course, guessed that I thought all too much about him. In my delirium, I spoke several times about Lambert; but once I came out of my delirium and could observe attentively, I quickly realized that everything about Lambert remained a secret, and that they knew nothing, not excepting Versilov. I was glad then, and my fear went away, but I was mistaken, as I found out later, to my astonishment:

he had come to see me during my illness, but Versilov said nothing about it, and I concluded that for Lambert I had already sunk into oblivion. Nevertheless I often thought about him; what's more, I thought not only without disgust, not only with curiosity, but even with concern, as if anticipating here something new, a way out that corresponded to the new feelings and plans that were being born in me. In short, I proposed to think Lambert over first of all, once I decided to start thinking. I'll add one strange thing: I had completely forgotten where he lived and on what street it had all happened then. The room, Alphonsine, the little dog, the corridor—all that I remembered; I could paint a picture of it all now; but where it had all happened, that is, on what street and in what house—I had completely forgotten. And what's strangest of all, I figured it out only on my third or fourth day of full consciousness, when I had long begun to be concerned with Lambert.

And so, such were my first sensations upon my resurrection. I've indicated only the most superficial, and very probably was unable to indicate the important. In fact, maybe it was precisely then that everything important was being defined and formulated in my heart; surely I didn't spend the whole time being vexed and angry only because they hadn't served me my broth. Oh, I remember how sad I could be then, and how grieved I sometimes was in those moments, especially when I was left alone for a long time. And they, as if on purpose, quickly understood that I felt oppressed with them and that their sympathy annoyed me, and they started leaving me alone more and more often: an unnecessarily subtle perceptivity.

II

On my fourth day of consciousness, I was lying in my bed between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, and there was no one with me. It was a clear day, and I knew that after three, when the sun would be setting,[1] its slanting red ray would strike straight into the corner of my wall, and there would be a bright spot of light there. I knew it from the previous days, and the fact that it would unfailingly happen in an hour, and, above all, that I knew it beforehand, like two times two, angered me to the point of spite. I turned my whole body convulsively, and suddenly, amidst the deep silence, clearly heard the words: "Lord Jesus Christ, our God,

have mercy on us." The words were pronounced in a half-whisper, followed by a deep, full-chested sigh, and then everything became perfectly still again. I quickly raised my head.

Earlier, that is, the day before, and even two days before, I had begun to notice something peculiar in our three downstairs rooms. In that little room across the drawing room, which used to be mama's and Liza's, there was apparently someone else. More than once I had heard some sort of sounds during the daytime and at night, but it was all for moments, the briefest moments, then total silence would set in again at once for several hours, so that I paid no attention. The day before, the thought had occurred to me that it was Versilov there, the more so as he had come to my room soon afterwards, though I knew for certain from their own conversations that Versilov had moved somewhere to another apartment during the time of my illness, and spent his nights there. And about mama and Liza I had long known that (for the sake of my tranquillity, I thought) they had both moved upstairs, to my former "coffin," and I had even thought once to myself, "How can the two of them have enough room there?" And now it suddenly turns out that some man is living in their old room and that the man is not Versilov at all. With an ease I wouldn't have supposed I had (imagining till then that I was totally strengthless), I lowered my feet from the bed, put them into my slippers, threw on a gray lambskin robe that lay next to me (and had been donated to me by Versilov), and set out across our living room to mama's former bedroom. What I saw there totally confounded me; I had never anticipated anything like it, and stopped as if rooted to the threshold.

There sat a very gray-haired old man with a big, awfully white beard, and it was clear that he had been sitting there for a long time. He sat not on the bed but on mama's little bench, and only leaned his back against the bed. However, he held himself so straight that it seemed he didn't need any support, though he was obviously ill. Over his shirt he wore a jacket lined with sheepskin, his knees were covered with mama's plaid, there were slippers on his feet. One could tell that he was tall and broad-shouldered, and he looked quite hale, despite his illness, though somewhat pale and thin. He had an oblong face, very thick hair, but not too long, and he seemed to be over seventy. Beside him on a little table, within his reach, lay three or four books and a pair of silver spectacles. Though I hadn't had the least thought of meeting him,

I guessed that same moment who he was, only I still couldn't figure out how he had sat there all those days, almost next to me, so quietly that up to then I had never heard a thing.

He didn't stir when he saw me, but gazed at me intently and silently, as I did at him, with the difference that I gazed with boundless astonishment, and he without the least. On the contrary, having scrutinized the whole of me, to the last line, in those five or ten seconds of silence, he suddenly smiled and even laughed softly and inaudibly, and though the laughter passed quickly, its bright, mirthful trace remained on his face, and above all in his eyes, very blue, radiant, big, but with lids slightly drooping and swollen with age and surrounded by countless tiny wrinkles. This laughter of his affected me most of all.

I think that when a person laughs, in the majority of cases he becomes repulsive to look at. Most often something banal is revealed in people's laughter, something as if humiliating for the laugher, though the laughing one almost always knows nothing of the impression he makes. Just as he doesn't know, as nobody generally knows, what kind of face he has when he's asleep. Some sleepers have intelligent faces even in sleep, while other faces, even intelligent ones, become very stupid in sleep and therefore ridiculous. I don't know what makes that happen; I only want to say that a laughing man, like a sleeping one, most often knows nothing about his face. A great many people don't know how to laugh at all. However, there's nothing to know here: it's a gift, and it can't be fabricated. It can only be fabricated by re-educating oneself, developing oneself for the better, and overcoming the bad instincts of one's character; then the laughter of such a person might quite possibly change for the better. A man can give himself away completely by his laughter, so that you suddenly learn all his innermost secrets. Even indisputably intelligent laughter is sometimes repulsive. Laughter calls first of all for sincerity, but where is there any sincerity in people? Laughter calls for lack of spite, but people most often laugh spitefully. Sincere and unspiteful laughter is mirth, but where is there any mirth in our time, and do people know how to be mirthful? (About mirth in our time—that was Versilov's observation, and I remembered it.) A man's mirth is a feature that gives away the whole man, from head to foot. Someone's character won't be cracked for a long time, then the man bursts out laughing somehow quite sincerely, and his whole character suddenly opens up as if on the flat of your hand. Only a man

of the loftiest and happiest development knows how to be mirthful infectiously, that is, irresistibly and goodheartedly. I'm not speaking of his mental development, but of his character, of the whole man. And so, if you want to discern a man and know his soul, you must look, not at how he keeps silent, or how he speaks, or how he weeps, or even how he is stirred by the noblest ideas, but you had better look at him when he laughs. If a man has a good laugh, it means he's a good man. Note at the same time all the nuances: for instance, a man's laughter must in no case seem stupid to you, however merry and simplehearted it may be. The moment you notice the slightest trace of stupidity in someone's laughter, it undoubtedly means that the man is of limited intelligence, though he may do nothing but pour out ideas. Or if his laughter isn't stupid, but the man himself, when he laughs, for some reason suddenly seems ridiculous to you, even just slightly—know, then, that the man has no real sense of dignity, not fully in any case. Or, finally, if his laughter is infectious, but for some reason still seems banal to you, know, then, that the man's nature is on the banal side as well, and all the noble and lofty that you noticed in him before is either deliberately affected or unconsciously borrowed, and later on the man is certain to change for the worse, to take up what's "useful" and throw his noble ideas away without regret, as the errors and infatuations of youth.

I am intentionally placing this long tirade about laughter here, even sacrificing the flow of the story, for I consider it one of the most serious conclusions of my life. And I especially recommend it to those would-be brides who are ready to marry their chosen man, but keep scrutinizing him with hesitation and mistrust, and can't make the final decision. And let them not laugh at the pathetic adolescent for poking with his moral admonitions into the matter of marriage, of which he doesn't understand the first thing. But I understand only that laughter is the surest test of a soul. Look at a child: only children know how to laugh perfectly—that's what makes them seductive. A crying child is repulsive to me, but a laughing and merry child is a ray from paradise, a revelation from the future, when man will finally become as pure and simplehearted as a child. And so something childlike and incredibly attractive also flashed in the fleeting laughter of this old man. I went up to him at once.

III

"SIT, SIT A WHILE, must be your legs don't stand firm yet," he invited me affably, pointing to the place next to him and continuing to look into my face with the same radiant gaze. I sat down next to him and said:

"I know you, you're Makar Ivanovich."

"So I am, dear heart. And it's a fine thing that you got up. You're a young man, it's a fine thing for you. An old man looks towards the grave, but a young man must live."

"But are you ill?"

"I am, my friend, the legs mostly; they brought me as far as the doorstep, but once I sat down here, they got swollen. It came over me last Thursday, when the degrees set in" (N.B.—that is, when the frost set in). "I've been rubbing them with ointment so far, you see; two years ago Lichten, the doctor, Edmund Karlych, prescribed it to me in Moscow, and the ointment helped, oh, it helped; well, but now it's stopped helping. And my chest is blocked up, too. And since yesterday it's the back as well, like dogs nipping at me . . . I don't sleep nights."

"How is it I haven't heard you here at all?" I interrupted. He looked at me as if he was trying to figure something out.

"Just don't wake your mother," he added, as if recalling something. "She fussed around me all night here, and so inaudibly, like a fly; but now I know she's lying down. Ah, it's bad for a sick old man," he sighed. "Not much for the soul to hang on to, it seems, but still it holds on, but still it's glad of the world; and, it seems, if you were to begin your whole life over again, the soul mightn't fear even that; though maybe such a thought is sinful."

"Why sinful?"

"It's a dream, this thought, and an old man ought to depart in a handsome way. Again, if you meet death with murmuring or displeasure, it's a great sin. Well, but if you love life out of spiritual mirth, then I suppose God will forgive, even if you're an old man. It's hard for a man to know about every sin, what's sinful and what's not; there's a mystery here that passes human reason. An old man should be pleased at all times, and he should die in the full flower of his mind, blessedly and handsomely, full of days,

sighing at his last hour and rejoicing, departing like the ear to its sheaf, and fulfilling his mystery."

"You keep saying 'mystery'; what is this 'fulfilling his mystery'?" I asked, and looked back at the door. I was glad that we were alone and that there was undisturbed silence around us. The sun was shining brightly through the window before sunset. He spoke somewhat grandiloquently and imprecisely, but very sincerely and with some strong excitement, as if he was indeed so glad of my coming. But I noticed that he was undoubtedly in a feverish condition and even a strong one. I was also sick, also in a fever, from the moment I went in to him.

"What is a mystery? Everything is a mystery, my friend, there is God's mystery in everything. Every tree, every blade of grass contains this same mystery. Whether it's a small bird singing or the whole host of stars shining in the sky at night—it's all one mystery, the same one. And the greatest mystery of all is what awaits the human soul in the other world. That's how things are, my friend!"

"I don't know in what sense... Of course, I'm not saying it to tease you, and, believe me, I do believe in God, but all these mysteries have long been revealed by the human mind, and what hasn't been revealed will be revealed, quite certainly and maybe in the nearest time. Botany has perfect knowledge of how trees grow, physiologists and anatomists even know why birds sing, or will know it soon, and as for the stars, they've not only all been counted, but all their movements have been calculated to the minute, so that it's possible to predict the appearance of some comet a thousand years ahead... and now even the composition of the remotest stars has become known. Take a microscope—it's like a magnifying glass that magnifies objects a million times—and examine a drop of water through it, and you'll see a whole new world there, a whole life of living beings, and yet this was also a mystery, but now it has been revealed."

"I've heard of that, dear heart, more than once I've heard it from people. There's nothing to say, it's a great and glorious thing; everything has been given over to man by the will of God; it's not for nothing that God blew into him the breath of life: 'Live and know.'"

"Well, that's a commonplace. Anyhow, you're not an enemy of science, not a clericalist? That is, I don't know if you'll understand..."

"No, dear heart, from my youth I've respected learning, and though I have no knowledge myself, I don't murmur about that; if I don't have it, someone else does. And maybe it's better that way, because to each his own. Because, my dear friend, not everyone profits from learning. They're all intemperate, they all want to astonish the whole universe, and I might want it more than anyone, if I were clever. But not being clever at all now, how can I exalt myself, when I don't know anything? You're young and sharp, and that's the lot that has fallen to you, you must study. Learn everything, so that when you meet a godless or mischievous man, you can give him answers, so that he won't hurl insensate words at you and confuse your immature thoughts. And that glass I saw not so long ago."

He paused for breath and sighed. I had decidedly given him great pleasure by coming. He had a morbid desire for communication. Besides that, I will decidedly not be mistaken if I maintain that he looked at me, at moments, even with some extraordinary love: he placed his hand on my arm caressingly, stroked my shoulder... well, but at moments, I must confess, he seemed to forget all about me, as though he were sitting alone, and while he went on speaking ardently, it was as if somewhere into the air.

"In St. Gennady's hermitage, my friend," he went on, "there's a man of great intelligence. He's of a noble family and a lieutenant-colonel by rank, and he possesses great wealth. While he lived in the world, he did not want to commit himself to marriage; he withdrew from the world ten years ago now, loving peace and silent havens and resting his senses from worldly vanities. He observes the whole monastic rule, but he doesn't want to be tonsured. And of books, my friend, he has so many, I've never seen anyone have so many—he told me himself it was eight thousand roubles' worth. Pyotr Valeryanych he's called. He taught me much at various times, and I loved listening to him exceedingly. I said to him once, 'How is it, sir, that with such great intelligence as yours, and living for ten years now in monastic obedience and the complete cutting off of your will—how is it that you don't accept honorable tonsuring so as to be more perfect?' And to that he replied, 'How can you go talking about my intelligence, old man? Maybe it's my intelligence that holds me captive, and not I who control it. And how can you discuss my obedience? Maybe I lost my measure long ago. And about the cutting off of my will? I could give away my money this very moment, and give up my rank, and put all my medals on

the table this very moment, but for ten years I've struggled to give up my tobacco pipe, and I can't. What kind of monk am I after that, and what is this cutting off of my will that you praise?' And I was astonished then at this humility. Well, so last summer, during the Peter and Paul fast,[2] I came to that hermitage again—the Lord brought me—and I saw that very thing—a microscope—standing in his cell—he had ordered it from abroad for a lot of money. 'Wait, old man,' he says, 'I'll show you an astonishing thing, because you've never seen it before. You see a drop of water pure as a tear, well, then look at what there is in it, and you'll see that the mechanics will soon search out all the mysteries of God and won't leave a single one for you and me'—that's what he said. I remember it. And I had already looked through a microscope thirty-five years ago, at Alexander Vladimirovich Malgasov's, our master, Andrei Petrovich's uncle on his mother's side, whose estate went to Andrei Petrovich after his death. He was an important squire, a big general, and kept a big pack of hounds, and I lived for many years as his huntsman. It was then that he also set up this microscope, he brought it with him and told all the servants to come and look, one by one, both the male and the female sex, and they were shown a flea, and a louse, and the point of a needle, and a hair, and a drop of water. And it was funny: they were afraid to go look, and they were afraid of the master, too—he was hot-tempered. Some didn't even know how to look, they squinted one eye but didn't see anything, others got scared and shouted, and the headman Savin Makarov covered his eyes with both hands and shouted, 'Do what you want with me—I won't look!' There was a lot of empty laughter. However, I didn't tell Pyotr Valeryanych that I had seen this same wonder before, thirty-five years ago, because I saw the man took great pleasure in showing it, so I began, on the contrary, to marvel and be terrified. He waited a while and then asked, 'Well, old man, what do you say now?' And I straightened myself up and said, 'The Lord said: Let there be light, and there was light.' But to that he suddenly replied, 'And wasn't there darkness?' And he said it so strangely, not even smiling. I was astonished at him then, but he even seemed a little angry and fell silent."

"Quite simply, your Pyotr Valeryanych eats *kutya*[3] in the monastery and bows, but doesn't believe in God, and you happened onto such a moment—that's all," I said. "And on top of that, he's a rather ridiculous man: he had probably already seen a microscope

ten times before, why did he lose his mind the eleventh time? Some sort of nervous impressionability... worked up in the monastery."

"He's a pure man and of lofty mind," the old man said imposingly, "and he's not godless. He has a solid mind, but his heart is uneasy. There are a great many such people now, come from gentlefolk and of learned rank. And I'll say this as well: the man punishes himself. But you avoid them and don't vex them, and remember them in your prayers before sleep at night, for such men seek God. Do you pray before sleep?"

"No, I consider it empty ritualism. I must confess, however, that I like your Pyotr Valeryanych: at least he's not made of straw, but a human being, somewhat resembling a certain man close to us both, whom we both know."

The old man paid attention only to the first part of my answer.

"It's too bad you don't pray, my friend; it's a good thing, it gladdens the heart, before sleep, and rising from sleep, and waking up in the night. That I can tell you. In summer, in the month of July, we were hastening to the Bogorodsky Monastery for the feast. The closer we came to the place, the more people joined us, and finally almost tenscore people came together, all hurrying to kiss the holy and incorrupt relics of two great wonder-workers, Aniky and Grigory. We spent the night in the fields, brother, and I woke up early in the morning, everybody was still asleep, and the sun hadn't even peeked out from behind the forest yet. I raised my head, my dear, gazed about me, and sighed: inexpressible beauty everywhere! All's still, the air's light; the grass is growing—grow, grass of God; a bird's singing—sing, bird of God; a baby squeals in a woman's arms—the Lord be with you, little person, grow and be happy, youngling! And for the first time in my life it was as if I contained it all in myself... I lay down again and fell asleep so easily. It's good in the world, my dear! If I mended a bit, I'd go again in the spring. And that it's a mystery makes it even better; your heart fears and wonders, and this fear gladdens the heart: 'All is in thee, Lord, and I am in thee, and so receive me!' Don't murmur, young one: it's all the more beautiful that it's a mystery," he added tenderly.

"'It's even more beautiful that it's a mystery...' I'll remember those words. You express yourself terribly imprecisely, but I understand... It strikes me that you know and understand much more than you can express; only it's as if you're in delirium..." escaped

me, looking at his feverish eyes and pale face. But it seems he didn't hear my words.

"Do you know, my dear young one," he began again, as if continuing his former speech, "do you know that there's a limit to the memory of a man on this earth? The limit to the memory of a man is set at just a hundred years. A hundred years after a man's death, his children or grandchildren, who have seen his face, can still remember him, but after that, though his memory may persist, it's just orally, mentally, for all who have seen his face will have passed on. And his grave in the cemetery will overgrow with grass, its white stone will chip away, and all people will forget him, even his own posterity, then his very name will be forgotten, for only a few remain in people's memory—and so be it! And let me be forgotten, my dears, but I'll love you even from the grave. I hear your merry voices, little children, I hear your footsteps on your parents' graves on forefathers' day;[4] live under the sun meanwhile, rejoice, and I'll pray to God for you, I'll come to you in a dream . . . it's all the same and there is love after death! . . ."

Mainly, I was in as much of a fever as he was; and instead of leaving or persuading him to calm down, and maybe putting him on the bed, because he seemed to be quite delirious, I suddenly seized him by the hand and, leaning towards him and pressing his hand, said in an excited whisper and with tears in my soul:

"I'm glad of you. Maybe I've been waiting for you a long time. I don't love any of them; they have no seemliness . . . I won't go after them, I don't know where I'll go, I'll go with you . . ."

But, fortunately, mama suddenly came in, otherwise I don't know where it would have ended. She came in with a just-awakened and alarmed face, a vial and a tablespoon in her hands. Seeing us, she exclaimed:

"I just knew it! I'm late giving him his quinine, he's all in a fever! I overslept, Makar Ivanovich, dear heart!"

I got up and left. She gave him the medicine anyway and laid him down in bed. I also lay down in mine, but in great agitation. I went back with great curiosity and thought as hard as I could about this encounter. What I expected from it then—I don't know. Of course, I was reasoning incoherently, and not thoughts but only fragments of thoughts flashed through my mind. I lay with my face to the wall, and suddenly in the corner I saw the bright spot of light from the setting sun, the one I had been waiting for earlier with such a curse, and I remember it was as if my whole soul leaped

up and a new light penetrated my heart. I remember that sweet moment and do not want to forget it. It was just a moment of new hope and new strength... I was recovering then, and therefore such impulses might have been the inevitable consequence of the state of my nerves; but I believe in that bright hope even now—that's what I want to write down now and remember. Of course, I also knew firmly then that I wouldn't go wandering with Makar Ivanovich and that I myself didn't know what this new yearning was that had come over me, but I had uttered one phrase, though in delirium: "There's no seemliness in them!" "That's it," I thought, beside myself, "from this moment on I'm seeking 'seemliness,' but they don't have it, and for that I'll leave them."

Something rustled behind me. I turned: mama stood bending over me and peeking into my eyes with timid curiosity. I suddenly took her by the hand.

"And why didn't you tell me anything about our dear guest, mama?" I asked suddenly, myself almost not expecting I'd say it. All anxiety left her face at once, and it was as if joy lit up in it, but she answered me with nothing except a single phrase:

"Liza, don't forget Liza either; you've forgotten Liza."

She spoke it in a quick patter, blushing, and wanted to leave quickly, because she also awfully disliked smearing feelings around, and in this respect was just like me, that is, shy and chaste; besides, naturally, she wouldn't have wanted to start on the theme of Makar Ivanovich with me; what we could say by exchanging looks was enough. But I, who precisely hated any smearing around of feelings, it was I who stopped her forcefully by the hand; I looked sweetly into her eyes, laughed softly and tenderly, and with my other hand stroked her dear face, her sunken cheeks. She bent down and pressed her forehead to mine.

"Well, Christ be with you," she said suddenly, straightening up and beaming all over, "get well. I'll credit you with that. He's sick, very sick... Life is in God's will... Ah, what have I said, no, it can't be that!..."

She left. All her life, in fear and trembling and awe, she had greatly respected her lawful husband, the wanderer Makar Ivanovich, who had magnanimously forgiven her once and for all.

Chapter Two

I

BUT I HAD NOT "forgotten" Liza, mama was mistaken. The sensitive mother saw what seemed to be a cooling off between brother and sister, but it was not a matter of not loving, but sooner of jealousy. In view of what follows, I'll explain in a couple of words.

Ever since the prince's arrest, a sort of arrogant pride had appeared in poor Liza, a sort of unapproachable haughtiness, almost unbearable; but everyone in the house understood the truth and how she was suffering, and if I pouted and frowned in the beginning at her manner with us, it was solely from my own petty irritability, increased tenfold by illness—that's how I think of it now. No, I never stopped loving Liza but, on the contrary, loved her still more, only I didn't want to approach her first, though I understood that she wouldn't come to me first for anything.

The thing was that as soon as everything was revealed about the prince, right after his arrest, Liza, first of all, hastened to assume such a position with regard to us and to anyone you like, as though she couldn't admit even the thought that she could be pitied or in any way comforted, or the prince justified. On the contrary—trying not to have any explanations or arguments with anyone—it was as if she were constantly proud of her unfortunate fiancé's action as of the highest heroism. It was as if she were saying to us all every moment (I repeat: without uttering a word): "No, none of you would do such a thing, none of you would give yourself up from the demands of honor and duty; none of you has such a sensitive and pure conscience! And as for his deeds, who doesn't have bad deeds on his soul? Only everybody hides them, and this man wished rather to ruin himself than remain unworthy in his own eyes." That is what her every gesture apparently expressed. I don't know, but I would have done exactly the same thing in her place. I also don't know whether she had the same thoughts in her soul, that is, to herself; I suspect not. With the other, clear half of her mind, she must certainly have perceived all the worthlessness of her "hero"; for who would not agree now that this unfortunate and even magnanimous man was at the same time in the highest degree

a worthless man? Even this very arrogance and snappishness, as it were, with all of us, this constant suspicion that we thought differently of him, partly allowed for the surmise that in the secret places of her heart she might have formed another opinion of her unfortunate friend. I hasten to add, however, for my own part, that in my opinion she was at least half right; for her it was even more forgivable than for the rest of us to hesitate in her ultimate conclusion. I myself confess with all my heart that, to this day, when everything has already passed, I absolutely do not know how or at what to ultimately evaluate this unfortunate man, who set us all such a problem.

Nevertheless, on account of it the house nearly became a little hell. Liza, who loved so strongly, must have suffered very much. By her character, she preferred to suffer silently. Her character was like mine, that is, domineering and proud, and I always thought, both then and now, that she came to love the prince precisely because, having no character, he submitted fully to her domination, from the first word and hour. That happens in one's heart somehow of itself, without any preliminary calculation; but such love, of a strong person for a weak one, is sometimes incomparably stronger and more tormenting than the love of equal characters, because one involuntarily takes upon oneself the responsibility for one's weak friend. So I think at least. All of us, from the very beginning, surrounded her with the tenderest care, especially mama; but she didn't soften, didn't respond to sympathy, and as if rejected all help. At first she still spoke with mama, but every day she grew more and more sparing of words, more abrupt and even hard. She asked Versilov's advice at first, but soon she chose Vasin as her adviser and helper, as I was surprised to learn later... She went to see Vasin every day, also went to the courts, to the prince's superiors, went to the lawyers, the prosecutor; in the end she spent almost whole days away from home. Naturally, twice every day she visited the prince, who was confined in prison, in a section for the nobility, but these meetings, as I became fully convinced later, were very painful for Liza. Naturally, a third person cannot know fully what goes on between two lovers. But it is known to me that the prince deeply insulted her all the time—and how, for instance? Strangely enough, by constant jealousy; however, of that later; but I'll add one thought to it: it's hard to decide which of them tormented the other more. Proud of her hero among us, Liza may have treated him quite differently when

they were alone, as I firmly suspect, on the basis of certain facts, of which, however, also later.

And so, as for my feelings and relations with Liza, everything that was on the surface was only an affected, jealous falsehood on both sides, but never did the two of us love each other more strongly than at that time. I'll add, too, that towards Makar Ivanovich, from his very appearance among us, Liza, after the first surprise and curiosity, began for some reason to behave herself almost disdainfully, even condescendingly. It was as if she deliberately paid not the slightest attention to him.

Having promised myself to "keep silent," as I explained in the previous chapter, in theory, of course, that is, in my dreams, I thought to keep my promise. Oh, with Versilov, for instance, I would sooner speak about zoology or the Roman emperors than, for instance, about *her*, or about, for instance, that most important line in his letter to her, where he informed her that "the document has not been burned, but is alive and will emerge"—a line I immediately began to ponder to myself again, as soon as I managed to recover and come to reason after my fever. But alas! with my first steps in practice, and almost before any steps, I realized how difficult and impossible it was to keep myself to such a predetermination: on the very next day after my first acquaintance with Makar Ivanovich, I was awfully disturbed by one unexpected circumstance.

II

I WAS DISTURBED by the unexpected visit of Nastasya Egorovna,[5] the mother of the deceased Olya. I had heard from mama that she had come twice during my illness and was very interested in my health. Whether this "good woman," as my mother always referred to her, came specifically on my account, or was simply visiting mama, following the previously established order—I didn't ask. Mama always told me about everything at home, usually when she came with soup to feed me (when I still couldn't eat by myself), in order to entertain me; while I persistently tried to show each time that this information had little interest for me, and therefore I didn't ask for any details about Nastasya Egorovna, and even remained quite silent.

It was around eleven o'clock. I was just about to get out of bed and move to the armchair by the table when she came in. I purposely

stayed in bed. Mama was very busy with something upstairs and did not come down when she arrived, so that we suddenly found ourselves alone with each other. She sat down facing me, on a chair by the wall, smiling and not saying a word. I anticipated a game of silence; and generally her coming made a most irritating impression on me. I didn't even nod to her and looked directly into her eyes; but she also looked directly at me.

"It must be boring for you alone in that apartment, now that the prince is gone?" I asked suddenly, losing patience.

"No, sir, I'm no longer in that apartment. Through Anna Andreevna, I'm now looking after his baby."

"Whose baby?"

"Andrei Petrovich's," she said in a confidential whisper, looking back at the door.

"But Tatyana Pavlovna's there..."

"Tatyana Pavlovna and Anna Andreevna, the both of them, sir, and Lizaveta Makarovna also, and your mother... everybody, sir. Everybody's taking part. Tatyana Pavlovna and Anna Andreevna are now great friends with each other, sir."

News to me. She became very animated as she spoke. I looked at her with hatred.

"You've become very animated since the last time you called on me."

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Grown fat, it seems."

She looked at me strangely.

"I've come to like her very much, sir, very much."

"Who's that?"

"Why, Anna Andreevna. Very much, sir. Such a noble young lady, and so sensible..."

"Just so. And how is she now?"

"She's very calm, sir, very."

"She's always been calm."

"Always, sir."

"If you've come to gossip," I suddenly cried, unable to stand it, "know that I don't meddle with anything, I've decided to drop... everything, everybody, it makes no difference to me—I'm leaving!..."

I fell silent, because I came to my senses. It was humiliating to me that I had begun as if to explain my new goals to her. She listened to me without surprise and without emotion, but silence

ensued again. Suddenly she got up, went to the door, and peeked out into the next room. Having made sure there was no one there and we were alone, she quite calmly came back and sat down in her former place.

"Nicely done!" I suddenly laughed.

"That apartment of yours, at the clerk's, are you going to keep it, sir?" she asked suddenly, leaning towards me slightly and lowering her voice, as if this was the main question she had come for.

"That apartment? I don't know. Maybe I'll vacate it... How do I know?"

"And your landlords are waiting very much for you; that clerk is in great impatience, and so is his wife. Andrei Petrovich assured them that you'd certainly come back."

"But why did you ask?"

"Anna Andreevna also wanted to know; she was very pleased to learn that you're staying."

"And how does she know so certainly that I'll be sure to stay in that apartment?"

I was about to add, "And what is it to her?"—but I refrained from asking questions out of pride.

"And Mr. Lambert confirmed the same thing to them."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Mr. Lambert, sir. And to Andrei Petrovich, too, he confirmed as hard as he could that you would stay, and he assured Anna Andreevna of it."

I was as if all shaken. What wonders! So Lambert already knows Versilov, Lambert has penetrated as far as Versilov—Lambert and Anna Andreevna—he has penetrated as far as her! Heat came over me, but I said nothing. An awful surge of pride flooded my whole soul, pride or I don't know what. But it was as if I suddenly said to myself at that moment, "If I ask for just one word of explanation, I'll get mixed up with this world again and never break with it." Hatred kindled in my heart. I resolved with all my might to keep silent and lay there motionlessly; she also fell silent for a whole minute.

"What about Prince Nikolai Ivanovich?" I asked suddenly, as if losing my reason. The thing was that I asked decidedly in order to divert the theme, and once more, unwittingly, posed the most capital question, returning again like a madman to that same world from which I had just so convulsively resolved to flee.

"He's in Tsarskoe Selo, sir.[6] He's been a bit unwell, and there's fever going around the city now, so everybody advised him to move to Tsarskoe, to his own house there, for the good air, sir."

I did not reply.

"Anna Andreevna and Mme. Akhmakov visit him every three days, they go together, sir."

Anna Andreevna and Mme. Akhmakov (that is, *she*) are friends! They go together! I kept silent.

"They've become such friends, sir, and Anna Andreevna speaks so well of Katerina Nikolaevna..."

I still kept silent.

"And Katerina Nikolaevna has 'struck' into society again, fête after fête, she quite shines; they say even all the courtiers are in love with her... and she's quite abandoned everything with Mr. Bjoring, and there'll be no wedding; everybody maintains the same... supposedly ever since that time."

That is, since Versilov's letter. I trembled all over, but didn't say a word.

"Anna Andreevna is so sorry about Prince Sergei Petrovich, and Katerina Nikolaevna also, sir, and everybody says he'll be vindicated, and the other one, Stebelkov, will be condemned..."

I looked at her hatefully. She got up and suddenly bent over me.

"Anna Andreevna especially told me to find out about your health," she said in a complete whisper, "and very much told me to ask you to call on her as soon as you start going out. Good-bye, sir. Get well, sir, and I'll tell her so..."

She left. I sat up in bed, cold sweat broke out on my forehead, but it wasn't fear I felt: the incomprehensible and outrageous news about Lambert and his schemes did not, for instance, fill me with horror at all, compared to the fright—maybe unaccountable—with which I had recalled, both in my illness and in the first days of recovery, my meeting with him that night. On the contrary, in that first confused moment in bed, right after Nastasya Egorovna's departure, I didn't even linger over Lambert, but... I was thrilled most of all by the news about *her*, about her break-up with Bjoring, and about her luck in society, about the fêtes, about her success, about her "shining." "She shines, sir"—I kept hearing Nastasya Egorovna's little phrase. And I suddenly felt that I did not have strength enough to struggle out of this whirl, though I had been able to restrain myself, keep silent, and not question Nastasya Egorovna after her wondrous stories! A boundless yearning for this

life, *their* life, took all my breath away and... and also some other sweet yearning, which I felt to the point of happiness and tormenting pain. My thoughts were somehow spinning, but I let them spin. "What's the point of reasoning!"—was how I felt. "Though even mama didn't let on to me that Lambert came by," I thought in incoherent fragments, "it was Versilov who told them not to let on... I'll die before I ask Versilov about Lambert!" "Versilov," flashed in me again, "Versilov and Lambert—oh, so much is new with them! Bravo, Versilov! Frightened the German Bjoring with that letter; he slandered her; *la calomnie... il en reste toujours quelque chose*,* and the German courtier got scared of a scandal—ha, ha... there's a lesson for her!" "Lambert... mightn't Lambert have gotten in with her as well? What else! Why couldn't she get 'connected' with him as well?"

Here I suddenly left off thinking all this nonsense and dropped my head back on the pillow in despair. "But that won't be!" I exclaimed with unexpected resolution, jumped up from the bed, put on the slippers, the robe, and went straight to Makar Ivanovich's room, as if there lay the warding off of all obsessions, salvation, an anchor I could hold on to.

In fact it may be that I felt that thought then with all the forces of my soul; otherwise why should I jump up from my place so irrepressibly then, and in such a moral state rush to Makar Ivanovich?

III

But at Makar Ivanovich's, quite unexpectedly, I found people—mama and the doctor. Since for some reason I had imagined to myself, going there, that I would certainly find the old man alone, as the day before, I stopped on the threshold in dumb perplexity. Before I had time to frown, Versilov at once came to join them, and after him suddenly Liza as well... Everybody, that is, gathered for some reason at Makar Ivanovich's and "just at the wrong time!"

"I've come to inquire about your health," I said, going straight to Makar Ivanovich.

*Calumny... something of it always remains.

"Thank you, dear, I was expecting you, I knew you'd come! I thought about you during the night."

He looked tenderly into my eyes, and it was evident to me that he loved me almost best of all, but I instantly and involuntarily noticed that, though his face was cheerful, the illness had made progress overnight. The doctor had only just examined him quite seriously. I learned afterwards that this doctor (the same young man with whom I had quarreled and who had been treating Makar Ivanovich ever since his arrival) was quite attentive to his patient and—only I can't speak their medical language—supposed that he had a whole complication of various illnesses. Makar Ivanovich, as I noticed at first glance, had already established the closest friendly relations with him. I instantly disliked that; but anyhow, I, too, of course, was in a bad way at that moment.

"Indeed," Alexander Semyonovich, how is our dear patient today?" Versilov inquired. If I hadn't been so shaken, I would have been terribly curious, first thing, to follow Versilov's relations with this old man, which I had already thought about the day before. I was struck most of all now by the extremely soft and pleasant expression on Versilov's face; there was something perfectly sincere in it. I have already observed, I believe, that Versilov's face became astonishingly beautiful as soon as he turned the least bit simple-hearted.

"We keep on quarreling," replied the doctor.

"With Makar Ivanovich? I don't believe it; it's impossible to quarrel with him."

"He won't obey me; he doesn't sleep at night..."

"Stop it now, Alexander Semyonovich, enough grumbling," laughed Makar Ivanovich. "Well, Andrei Petrovich, dear heart, what have they done with our young lady? Here she's been clucking and worrying all morning," he added, pointing to mama.

"Oh, Andrei Petrovich," mama exclaimed, greatly worried indeed, "tell us quickly, don't torment us: what did they decide about the poor thing?"

"Our young lady has been sentenced!"

"Oh!" mama cried out.

"Not to Siberia, don't worry—only to a fifteen-rouble fine. It turned into a comedy!"

He sat down, the doctor sat down, too. They were talking about Tatyana Pavlovna, and I still knew nothing at all about this story. I was sitting to the left of Makar Ivanovich, and Liza sat down

opposite me to the right; she evidently had her own special grief today, with which she had come to mama; the expression on her face was anxious and annoyed. At that moment we somehow exchanged glances, and I suddenly thought to myself, "We're both disgraced, and I must make the first step towards her." My heart suddenly softened towards her. Versilov meanwhile began telling about the morning's adventure.

The thing was that Tatyana Pavlovna had gone before the justice of the peace that morning with her cook. The case was trifling in the highest degree; I've already mentioned that the spiteful Finn would sometimes keep angrily silent even for whole weeks, not answering a word to her lady's questions; I've also mentioned that Tatyana Pavlovna had a weakness for her, endured everything from her, and absolutely refused to dismiss her once and for all. In my eyes, all these psychological caprices of old maids and old ladies are in the highest degree worthy of contempt, and by no means of attention, and if I venture to mention this incident here, it is solely because later on, in the further course of my story, this cook is destined to play a certain not inconsiderable and fateful role. And so, having lost patience with this stubborn Finn, who hadn't responded to her for several days already, in the end Tatyana Pavlovna suddenly struck her, which had never happened before. The Finn did not emit the slightest sound even then, but that same day she got in touch with the retired midshipman Ossetrov, who lived on the same back stairway somewhere in a corner below, and who occupied himself with soliciting various sorts of cases, and, naturally, with bringing such cases to court, in his struggle for existence. It ended with Tatyana Pavlovna being summoned to the justice of the peace, and Versilov for some reason had to give testimony at the hearing as a witness.

Versilov recounted it all jokingly and with extraordinary merriment, so that even mama burst out laughing; he impersonated Tatyana Pavlovna, and the midshipman, and the cook. The cook announced to the court right from the start that she wanted a fine in money, "otherwise, if you put the lady in prison, who am I going to cook for?" Tatyana Pavlovna answered the judge's questions with great haughtiness, not even deigning to justify herself; on the contrary, she concluded with the words, "I beat her and I'll beat her more," for which she was immediately fined three roubles for insolent answers in court. The midshipman, a lean and lanky young man, began a long speech in defense of his client, but got shame-

fully confused and made the whole courtroom laugh. The hearing soon ended, and Tatyana Pavlovna was sentenced to pay the injured Marya fifteen roubles. Without delay, she took out her purse on the spot and started handing her the money. The midshipman turned up at once and reached out his hand, but Tatyana Pavlovna almost struck his hand aside and turned to Marya. "Never mind, ma'am, you needn't trouble yourself, add it to the accounts, and I'll pay this one myself." "See, Marya, what a lanky fellow you picked for yourself!" Tatyana Pavlovna pointed to the midshipman, terribly glad that Marya had finally started to speak. "Lanky he is, ma'am," Marya replied coyly. "Did you order cutlets with peas for today? I didn't quite hear earlier, I was hurrying here." "Oh, no, Marya, with cabbage, and please don't burn it as you did yesterday." "I'll do my best today especially, ma'am. Your hand, please"—and she kissed her mistress's hand as a sign of reconciliation. In short, she made the whole courtroom merry.

"What a one, really!" Mama shook her head, very pleased both by the news and by Andrei Petrovich's account, but casting anxious glances at Liza on the sly.

"She's been a willful young lady from early on," Makar Ivanovich smiled.

"Bile and idleness," the doctor retorted.

"Me willful, me bile and idleness?" Tatyana Pavlovna suddenly came in, apparently very pleased with herself. "Alexander Semyonovich, you of all people shouldn't go talking nonsense; you knew when you were ten years old what sort of idle woman I was, and as for my bile, you've been treating it for a whole year and can't cure it, so shame on you. Well, enough of your jeering at me. Thank you, Andrei Petrovich, for taking the trouble to come to court. Well, how are you, Makarushka, it's you I've come to see, not this one" (she pointed at me, but at the same time gave me a friendly pat on the shoulder; I'd never seen her in such a merry state of mind before).

"Well, so?" she concluded, suddenly turning to the doctor and frowning worriedly.

"This one doesn't want to stay in bed, but sitting up like this only wears him out."

"I'll just sit a wee bit with people," Makar Ivanovich murmured, his face as pleading as a child's.

"Yes, we love that, we do; we love chatting in a little circle, when people gather round us; I know Makarushka," said Tatyana Pavlovna.

"And, oh, what a speedy one he is," the old man smiled again, turning to the doctor. "And you don't give ear to speech; wait, let me say it. I'll lie down, dear heart, I've heard, but to our minds what it means is, 'Once you lie down, you may not get up again'—that, my friend, is what's standing back of me."

"Well, yes, I just knew it, a popular prejudice: 'I'll lie down, yes,' they say, 'and for all I know, I won't get up again'—that's what people are very often afraid of, and they'd rather spend the time of their illness on their feet than go to the hospital. And you, Makar Ivanovich, are simply yearning, yearning for your dear freedom, for the open road; that's all your illness; you're not used to living in the same place for long. Aren't you what's known as a wanderer? Well, and with our people vagrancy almost turns into a passion. I've noticed it more than once in our people. Our people are mostly vagrants."

"So Makar is a vagrant, in your opinion?" Tatyana Pavlovna picked up.

"Oh, not in that sense; I was using the word in its general sense. Well, so he's a religious vagrant, a pious one, but a vagrant all the same. In a good, respectable sense, but a vagrant... From a medical point of view, I..."

"I assure you," I suddenly addressed the doctor, "that the vagrants are sooner you and I, and everybody else here, and not this old man, from whom you and I have something to learn, because there are firm things in his life, and we, all of us here, have nothing firm in our lives... However, you could hardly understand that."

It appears I spoke cuttingly, but that's what I had come for. In fact, I don't know why I went on sitting there and was as if out of my mind.

"What's with you?" Tatyana Pavlovna looked at me suspiciously. "So, how did you find him, Makar Ivanovich?" she pointed her finger at me.

"God bless him, a sharp boy," the old man said with a serious air; but at the word "sharp" almost everybody burst out laughing. I restrained myself somehow; the doctor laughed most of all. It was bad enough that I didn't know then about their preliminary agreement. Three days earlier, Versilov, the doctor, and Tatyana Pavlovna had agreed to try as hard as they could to distract mama from bad anticipations and apprehensions for Makar Ivanovich, who was far more ill and hopeless than I then suspected. That's why everybody joked and tried to laugh. Only the doctor was

stupid and, naturally, didn't know how to joke: that's why it all came out as it did later on. If I had also known about their agreement, I wouldn't have done what came out. Liza also knew nothing.

I sat and listened with half an ear; they talked and laughed, but in my head was Nastasya Egorovna with her news, and I couldn't wave her away. I kept picturing her sitting and looking, getting up cautiously and peeking into the other room. Finally they all suddenly laughed. Tatyana Pavlovna, I have no idea on what occasion, had suddenly called the doctor a godless person: "Well, you little doctors, you're all godless folk!..."

"Makar Ivanovich!" the doctor cried out, pretending most stupidly that he was offended and was seeking justice, "am I godless or not?"

"You, godless? No, you're not godless," the old man replied sedately, giving him an intent look. "No, thank God!" he shook his head. "You're a mirthful man."

"And whoever is mirthful isn't godless?" the doctor observed ironically.

"That's a thought—in its own way!" Versilov observed, but not laughing at all.

"It's a powerful thought!" I exclaimed inadvertently, struck by the idea. The doctor looked around questioningly.

"These learned people, these same professors," Makar Ivanovich began, lowering his eyes slightly (they had probably been saying something about professors before then), "oh, how afraid of them I was at first: I didn't dare before them, for I feared the godless man most of all. There's one soul in me, I thought; if I lose it, there's no other to find. Well, but then I took heart. 'So what,' I thought, 'they're not gods, they're like us, fellow-sufferering men the same as us.' And I had great curiosity: 'I must find out what this godlessness is!' Only later, my friend, this same curiosity also went away."

He fell silent, though intending to continue with that quiet and sedate smile. There is a simpleheartedness that trusts each and everyone, unsuspecting of mockery. Such people are always limited, for they're ready to bring out the most precious thing from their hearts before the first comer. But in Makar Ivanovich, it seemed to me, there was something else, and it was something else that moved him to speak, not merely the innocence of simpleheartedness. It was as if a propagandist peeped out of him. I had the pleasure of catching a certain as if sly smile that he directed at the

doctor, and maybe at Versilov as well. The conversation was evidently a continuation of their previous arguments during the week; but into it, to my misfortune, there again slipped that same fatal little phrase that had so electrified me the day before, and it led me to an outburst that I regret to this day.

"I might be afraid of the godless man even now," the old man went on with concentration, "only the thing is, my friend Alexander Semyonovich, that I've never once met a godless man, what I've met instead is vain men—that's how they'd better be called. They're all sorts of people; there's no telling what people: big and small, stupid and learned, even some of the simplest rank, and it's all vanity. For they read and talk all their lives, filled with bookish sweetness, but they themselves dwell in perplexity and cannot resolve anything. One is all scattered, no longer noticing himself. Another has turned harder than stone, but dreams wander through his heart. Yet another is unfeeling and light-minded and only wants to laugh out his mockery. Another has merely plucked little flowers from books, and even that by his own opinion; he's all vanity himself, and there's no judgment in him. Again I'll say this: there is much boredom. A small man may be needy, have no crust, nothing to feed his little ones, sleep on prickly straw, and yet his heart is always merry and light; he sins, he's coarse, but still his heart is light. But the big man drinks too much, eats too much, sits on a heap of gold, yet there's nothing but anguish in his heart. Some have gone through all learning—and are still anguished. And my thinking is that the more one learns, the more boredom there is. Take just this: they've been teaching people ever since the world was made, but where is the good they've taught, so that the world might become the most beautiful, mirthful, and joy-filled dwelling place? And I'll say another thing: they have no seemliness, they don't even want it; they've all perished, and each one only praises his perdition, but doesn't even think of turning to the one truth; yet to live without God is nothing but torment. And it turns out that what gives light is the very thing we curse, and we don't know it ourselves. And what's the point? It's impossible for a man to exist without bowing down; such a man couldn't bear himself, and no man could. If he rejects God, he'll bow down to an idol—a wooden one, or a golden one, or a mental one. They're all idolaters, not godless, that's how they ought to be called. Well, but how could there not be godless people as well? There are such as are truly godless, only they're much more frightening than these others,

because they come with God's name on their lips. I've heard of them more than once, but I've never met any. There are such, my friend, and I think there must needs be."

"There are, Makar Ivanovich," Versilov suddenly confirmed, "there are such, and 'there must needs be.'"

"There certainly are and 'there must needs be'!" escaped from me irrepressibly and vehemently, I don't know why; but I was carried away by Versilov's tone and was captivated as if by some sort of idea in the words "there must needs be." This conversation was totally unexpected for me. But at that moment something suddenly happened that was also totally unexpected.

IV

It was an extremely bright day; the blinds in Makar Ivanovich's room were usually not raised all day, on the doctor's orders; but there was not a blind but a curtain over the window, so that the uppermost part of the window was uncovered; this was because the old man had been upset, with the former blind, at not seeing the sun at all. And we just went on sitting there till the moment when a ray of sunlight suddenly struck Makar Ivanovich right in the face. He paid no attention at first, while he was talking, but several times as he spoke he mechanically inclined his head to the side, because the bright ray strongly troubled and irritated his ailing eyes. Mama, who was standing next to him, had already glanced worriedly at the window several times; she had simply to cover the window completely with something, but, so as not to hinder the conversation, she decided to try and pull the little bench Makar Ivanovich was sitting on a bit to the right. She only had to move it five inches, six at the most. She had bent down several times and taken hold of the bench, but she coudn't pull it; the bench, with Makar Ivanovich sitting on it, wouldn't move. Feeling her effort, but being in the heat of conversation, Makar Ivanovich, quite unconsciously, tried several times to raise himself, but his legs wouldn't obey him. Mama nevertheless went on straining and pulling, and all this finally angered Liza terribly. I remember her several flashing, irritated glances, only in the first moment I didn't know what to ascribe them to; besides, I was distracted by the conversation. And then suddenly we heard her almost shout sharply at Makar Ivanovich:

"At least raise yourself a little, you can see how hard it is for mama!"

The old man quickly glanced at her, understood at once, and instantly hastened to raise himself, but nothing came of it; he rose a couple of inches and fell back on the bench.

"I can't, dear heart," he answered Liza as if plaintively, looking at her somehow all obediently.

"You can talk whole books full, but you haven't got the strength to stir yourself?"

"Liza!" cried Tatyana Pavlovna. Makar Ivanovich again made an extreme effort.

"Take your crutch, it's lying beside you, you can raise yourself with your crutch!" Liza snapped once more.

"Right you are," said the old man, and at once hurriedly seized his crutch.

"We simply have to lift him!" Versilov stood up, the doctor also moved, Tatyana Pavlovna also jumped up, but before they had time to approach him, Makar Ivanovich leaned on the crutch with all his strength, suddenly rose, and stood where he was, looking around in joyful triumph.

"And so I got up!" he said with all but pride, smiling joyfully. "Thank you, dear, for teaching me reason, and I thought my little legs wouldn't serve me at all..."

But he didn't go on standing for long. He hadn't even managed to finish speaking when his crutch, on which he had rested the whole weight of his body, suddenly slipped on the rug, and as his "little legs" hardly supported him at all, he toppled from his full height onto the floor. This was almost terrible to see, I remember. Everybody gasped and rushed to lift him up, but, thank God, he hadn't hurt himself; he had only struck the floor heavily, noisily, with both knees, but he had managed to put his right hand in front of him and brace himself with it. He was picked up and seated on the bed. He was very pale, not from fright, but from shock. (The doctor had also found a heart ailment in him, along with everything else.) But mama was beside herself with fright. And suddenly Makar Ivanovich, still pale, his body shaking, and as if not yet quite recovered, turned to Liza and in an almost tender, quiet voice, said to her:

"No, dear, my little legs just won't stand up!"

I cannot express my impression at the time. The thing was that there wasn't the slightest sound of complaint or reproach in the

poor old man's words; on the contrary, you could see straight off that, from the very beginning, he had decidedly noticed nothing spiteful in Liza's words, but had taken her shouting at him as something due, that is, that he ought to have been "reprimanded" for his fault. All this affected Liza terribly as well. At the moment of his fall, she had jumped up, like everybody else, and stood all mortified and, of course, suffering, because she had been the cause of it all, but, hearing such words from him, she suddenly, almost instantly, became flushed all over with the color of shame and repentance.

"Enough!" Tatyana Pavlovna suddenly commanded. "It all comes from talk! Time we were in our places; what's the good of it if the doctor himself starts babbling!"

"Precisely," Alexander Semyonovich picked up, bustling around the patient. "I'm to blame, Tatyana Pavlovna, he needs rest!"

But Tatyana Pavlovna wasn't listening: for half a minute she had been silently and intently watching Liza.

"Come here, Liza, and kiss me, old fool that I am—if you want to," she said unexpectedly.

And she kissed her, I don't know what for, but that was precisely what needed to be done; so that I almost rushed myself to kiss Tatyana Pavlovna. It was precisely necessary not to crush Liza with reproach, but to greet with joy and felicitation the new beautiful feeling that undoubtedly must have been born in her. But, instead of all these feelings, I suddenly stood up and began, firmly rapping out the words:

"Makar Ivanovich, you have again used the word 'seemliness,' and just yesterday and for all these days I've been suffering over that word . . . and all my life I've been suffering, only before I didn't know over what. I consider this coincidence of words fateful, almost miraculous . . . I announce it in your presence . . ."

But I was instantly stopped. I repeat: I didn't know about their agreement concerning mama and Makar Ivanovich; and judging by my former doings, they certainly considered me capable of any scandal of that sort.

"Stifle him, stifle him!" Tatyana Pavlovna turned utterly ferocious. Mama began to tremble. Makar Ivanovich, seeing everyone's fright, also became frightened.

"Arkady, enough!" Versilov cried sternly.

"For me, ladies and gentlemen," I raised my voice still more, "for me to see you all next to this babe" (I pointed to Makar) "is

unseemly. There's only one saint here, and that's mama, but she, too . . ."

"You'll frighten him!" the doctor said insistently.

"I know I'm the whole world's enemy," I began to babble (or something of the sort), but, turning around once more, I looked defiantly at Versilov.

"Arkady," he cried again, "there has already been exactly the same scene here between us! I beg you, restrain yourself now!"

I cannot express with what strong feeling he uttered this. Extreme sadness, the most sincere, the fullest, was expressed in his features. Most surprising of all was that he looked as if he were guilty: I was the judge, and he was the criminal. All this finished me off.

"Yes!" I cried to him in reply, "there has already been exactly the same scene, when I buried Versilov and tore him out of my heart . . . But then there followed the resurrection from the dead, while now . . . now there will be no dawn! but . . . but all of you here will see what I'm capable of! You don't even expect what I can prove!"

Having said this, I rushed to my room. Versilov ran after me . . .

V

I SUFFERED A relapse of my illness; I had a very strong attack of fever, with delirium towards nightfall. But it was not all delirium: there were countless dreams, a whole series and without measure, among which there was one dream or fragment of a dream that I've remembered all my life. I'll recount it without any explanations. It was prophetic and I cannot omit it.

I suddenly found myself, with some grand and proud design in my heart, in a big and lofty room; but not at Tatyana Pavlovna's: I remember the room very well; I make note of that, running ahead. But though I'm alone, I constantly feel, with uneasiness and torment, that I'm not alone at all, that I'm expected and that something is expected of me. Somewhere behind the doors, people sit and expect me to do something. The sensation is unbearable: "Oh, if only I were alone!" And suddenly *she* comes in. She looks timid, she's terribly afraid, she peeks into my eyes. *The document is in my hand.* She smiles in order to charm me, she fawns on me; I'm sorry, but I begin to feel disgust. Suddenly she covers her face with her hands. I fling the "document" on the table with

inexpressible contempt: "Don't beg, take it, I need nothing from you! I revenge myself for all my insults with contempt!" I walk out of the room, breathless with immeasurable pride. But in the doorway, in the darkness, Lambert seizes me: "Cghretin, cghretin!" he whispers, holding me back by the arm with all his might. "She'll have to open a boarding school for high-born girls on Vassilievsky Island" (N.B. that is, to support herself, if her father, learning about the document from me, deprives her of her inheritance and drives her out of the house. I set down Lambert's words literally as I dreamed them).

"Arkady Makarovich is searching for 'seemliness,'" comes Anna Andreevna's little voice, somewhere nearby, right there on the stairs; but it is not praise but unbearable mockery that sounds in her words. I return to the room with Lambert. But, seeing Lambert, *she* suddenly begins to guffaw. My first impression is horrible fright, such fright that I stop and do not want to go closer. I look at her and can't believe it; it's as if she has suddenly taken a mask from her face: the same features, but as if each line of her face has been distorted by boundless impudence. "The ransom, lady, the ransom!" shouts Lambert, and the two of them guffaw still more, and my heart sinks: "Oh, can this shameless woman possibly be the same one at whose mere glance my heart boiled over with virtue?"

"That's what they're capable of, these proud ones, in their high society, for money!" exclaims Lambert. But the shameless woman is not embarrassed even by that; she guffaws precisely because I'm so frightened. Oh, she's ready for the ransom, I can see that and . . . and what's with me? I no longer feel either pity or loathing; I tremble as never before . . . I'm overcome by a new, inexpressible feeling, such as I've never known, and strong as the whole world . . . Oh, I'm no longer able to go away now for anything! Oh, how I like that it's so shameless! I seize her by the hands, the touch of her hands makes me shiver painfully, I bring my lips to her impudent crimson lips, trembling with laughter and inviting me.

Oh, away with this base memory! A cursed dream! I swear that before this loathsome dream there had been nothing in my mind even resembling this disgraceful thought! There hadn't even been any involuntary thought of that sort (though I kept the "document" sewn up in my pocket, and I would sometimes snatch at my pocket with a strange smile). Where did this all come from, quite ready-made? It's because I had the soul of a spider! It means that

everything was already born and lying in my depraved heart, lying in my *desire*, but in a waking state my heart was ashamed and my mind still didn't dare to imagine anything like that consciously. But in a dream my soul herself presented and laid out all that was in my heart, with perfect precision and in the fullest picture and—in prophetic form. And can it have been *this* that I wanted to *prove* to them when I ran out of Makar Ivanovich's room that morning? But enough, nothing of that for the time being! This dream I dreamed is one of the strangest adventures of my life.

Chapter Three

I

THREE DAYS LATER I got up in the morning and suddenly felt, standing on my legs, that I wouldn't stay in bed anymore. I fully felt the nearness of recovery. All these little details are maybe not worth including, but then came several days which, though nothing special happened, have all remained in my memory as something delightful and calm, and that is a rare thing in my memories. My inner state I will not meanwhile formulate; if the reader learned what it consisted in, he certainly wouldn't believe it. Better if everything becomes clear later from the facts. And meanwhile I'll just say one thing: let the reader remember about *the soul of a spider.* And that in a man who wanted to go away from them all and from the whole world in the name of "seemliness"! The yearning for seemliness was there in the highest degree, that was certainly so, but how it could be combined with God knows what other yearnings—is a mystery to me. And it has always been a mystery, and I've marveled a thousand times at this ability of man (and, it seems, of the Russian man above all) to cherish the highest ideal in his soul alongside the greatest baseness, and all that in perfect sincerity. Whether it's a special breadth in the Russian man, which will take him far, or simply baseness—that's the question!

But let's leave that. One way or another, a lull came. I simply understood that I had to get well at all costs and as soon as possible, so that I could begin to act as soon as possible, and therefore I resolved to live hygienically and obey the doctor (whoever he was), and with extreme reasonableness (the fruit of breadth) I put off stormy designs till the day of my going out, that is, till my recovery. How all these peaceful impressions and the enjoyment of the lull could combine with a painfully sweet and anxious throbbing of the heart at the anticipation of imminent, stormy decisions—I don't know, but, again, I attribute it all to "breadth." But the former recent restlessness was no longer in me; I put it all off for a while, no longer trembling before the future as just recently, but like a rich man assured of his means and powers. My arrogance and defiance of the fate awaiting me swelled more and more, partly,

I suppose, from my now actual recovery and the quick return of my vital forces. It is these several days of final and even actual recovery that I recall now with full pleasure.

Oh, they forgave me everything, that is, my outburst, and these were the very same people I had called unseemly to their faces! I like that in people, I call it intelligence of the heart; at least it attracted me at once—to a certain degree, of course. Versilov and I, for instance, went on speaking like the best acquaintances, but to a certain degree: as soon as there was a glimpse of too much expansiveness (and there were glimpses), we both restrained ourselves at once, as if a bit ashamed of something. There are occasions when the victor can't help being ashamed before the one he has vanquished, precisely for having overcome him. The victor was obviously I; and I was ashamed.

That morning, that is, when I got out of bed after the relapse of my illness, he came to see me, and then I learned from him for the first time about their agreement concerning mama and Makar Ivanovich; he also observed that, though the old man felt better, the doctor would not answer positively for him. I gave him my heartfelt promise to behave more prudently in the future. As Versilov was telling me all that, I then suddenly noticed for the first time that he himself was extremely and sincerely concerned for this old man, that is, far more than I would have expected from a man like him, and that he looked upon him as a being for some reason especially dear to him, and not only because of mama. This interested me at once, almost surprised me, and, I confess, without Versilov I might out of inattention have missed and failed to appreciate much in this old man, who left one of the most lasting and original impressions in my heart.

Versilov seemed to have fears about my attitude towards Makar Ivanovich; that is, he trusted neither my intelligence nor my tact, and therefore he was extremely pleased later, when he discerned that I could occasionally understand how to treat a person of totally different notions and views—in short, that I was able to be both yielding and broad when necessary. I also confess (without humiliating myself, I think) that in this being who was from the people I found something totally new for me in regard to certain feelings and views, something unknown to me, something much clearer and more comforting than the way I myself had understood these things before. Nevertheless, it was sometimes impossible not to get simply beside oneself from certain decided prejudices which he

believed with the most shocking calmness and steadfastness. But here, of course, only his lack of education was to blame, while his soul was rather well organized, even so well that I've never yet come across anything better of its kind in people.

II

WHAT WAS MOST attractive about him, as I've already noted above, was his extreme candor and the absence of the slightest self-love; the feeling was of an almost sinless heart. There was "mirth" of heart, and therefore also "seemliness." He loved the word "mirth" very much and used it often. True, one sometimes found a sort of morbid rapture in him, as it were, a sort of morbidity of tenderness—in part, I suppose, due also to the fever which, truly speaking, never left him all that time; but that did not interfere with the seemliness. There were also contrasts: alongside an astonishing simpleheartedness, sometimes completely unaware of irony (often to my vexation), there also lived in him a sort of clever subtlety, most often in polemical clashes. And he liked polemics, but only occasionally and in his own way. It was evident that he had walked a lot through Russia, had heard a lot, but, I repeat, he liked tender feeling most of all, and therefore all that led to it, and he himself liked to tell things that moved people to tenderness. Generally he liked telling stories. I heard a lot from him both about his own wanderings and various legends from the lives of the most ancient "ascetics." I'm not familiar with these things, but I think he distorted a lot in these legends, having learned them mostly by word of mouth from simple folk. It was simply impossible to accept certain things. But alongside obvious alterations or simple lies, there were always flashes of something astonishingly wholesome, full of popular feeling, and always conducive to tenderness... Among these stories, for instance, I remember a long one, "The Life of Mary of Egypt."[7] Up to that time I had had no conception of this "Life," nor of almost any like it. I'll say outright: it was almost impossible to endure it without tears, and not from tender feeling, but from some sort of strange rapture. You felt something extraordinary and hot, like that scorching sandy desert with its lions, in which the saint wandered. However, I don't want to speak of it, and am also not competent.

Besides tenderness, I liked in him certain sometimes extremely

original views of certain still quite disputable things in modern reality. He once told, for instance, a recent story about a discharged soldier; he was almost a witness to this event. A soldier came home from the service, back to the peasants, and he didn't like living with the peasants again, and the peasants didn't like him either. The man went astray, took to drinking, and robbed somebody somewhere; there was no firm evidence, but they seized him anyhow and took him to court. In court his lawyer all but vindicated him—there was no evidence, and that was that—when suddenly the man listened, listened, and suddenly stood up and interrupted the lawyer: "No, you quit talking." And he told everything "to the last speck"; he confessed everything, with tears and repentance. The jury went and locked themselves in for the decision, then suddenly they all come out: "No, not guilty." Everybody shouted, rejoiced, and the soldier just stood rooted to the spot, as if he'd turned into a post, didn't understand anything; nor did he understand anything from what the magistrate told him in admonition as he let him go. The soldier was set free again, and still didn't believe it. He began to be anguished, brooded, didn't eat, didn't drink, didn't speak to people, and on the fifth day he up and hanged himself. "That's how it is to live with a sin on your soul!" Makar Ivanovich concluded. This story is, of course, a trifling one, and there's an endless number of them now in all the newspapers, but I liked the tone of it, and most of all a few little phrases, decidedly with a new thought in them. Speaking, for instance, of how the soldier returned to his village and the peasants didn't like him, Makar Ivanovich said, "And you know what a soldier is: a soldier is *a peasant gone bad*." Speaking later about the lawyer who all but won the case, he also said: "And you know what a lawyer is: a lawyer is *a hired conscience*." He uttered both of these expressions without any effort and unaware of having done so, and yet in these two expressions there is a whole special view of both subjects, and though, of course, it doesn't belong to the whole people, still it's Makar Ivanovich's own and not borrowed! These ready notions among the people to do with certain subjects are sometimes wonderful in their originality.

"And how do you look at the sin of suicide, Makar Ivanovich?" I asked him on the same occasion.

"Suicide is the greatest human sin," he answered with a sigh, "but the Lord alone is the only judge here, for He alone knows everything—every limit and every measure. But we're bounden to

pray for such a sinner. Each time you hear of such a sin, then before you go to sleep, pray for the sinner tenderly; at least sigh for him to God; even if you didn't know him at all—your prayer for him will get through the better."

"But will my prayer help him if he's already condemned?"

"But how do you know? There are many, oh, many who don't believe and deafen ignorant people's ears with it; but don't listen, for they don't know where they're straying themselves. A prayer from a still-living person for a condemned one truly gets through. How is it for someone who has nobody to pray for him? So when you stand and pray before you go to sleep, add at the end: 'And have mercy, Lord Jesus, on all those who have nobody to pray for them.' This prayer really gets through and is pleasing. And also for all the sinners who are still living: 'Lord, who knowest all destinies, save all the unrepentant'—that's also a good prayer."

I promised him that I would pray, feeling that by this promise I would give him the greatest satisfaction. And in fact joy shone in his face; but I hasten to add that he never treated me condescendingly on such occasions, that is, as an old man would treat some adolescent; on the contrary, he quite often liked listening to me himself, even listened with delight, on various themes, supposing that, though he had to do with a "young one," as he put it in his lofty style (he knew very well that the way to put it would be "youth," and not "young one"), at the same time this "young one," as he understood, was infinitely higher than he in education. He liked, for instance, to speak very often about the hermitic life and placed the "hermitage" incomparably higher than "wanderings." I hotly objected to him, insisting on the egoism of those people, who abandon the world and the benefit they might produce for mankind solely for the egoistic idea of their own salvation. At first he didn't understand, I even suspect he didn't understand at all; but he defended the hermitic life very strongly: "At first you're sorry for yourself, of course (that is, when you've settled in the hermitage)—well, but after that you rejoice more and more every day, and then you see God." Here I developed before him a full picture of the useful activity in the world of the scholar, the doctor, or the friend of mankind in general, and I brought him to real ecstasy, because I myself spoke ardently; he yessed me every minute: "Right, dear, right, God bless you, you think according to the truth." But when I finished, he still did not quite agree: "That's all so," he sighed deeply, "but how many are there who will endure

and not get distracted? Though money is not a god yet, it's at least a half-god—a great temptation; and then there's the female sex, there's self-conceit and envy. So they'll forget the great cause and busy themselves with the little one. A far cry from the hermitic life. In the hermitage a man strengthens himself even for every sort of deed. My friend! What is there in the world?" he exclaimed with great feeling. "Isn't it only a dream? Take some sand and sow it on a stone; when yellow sand sprouts for you on that stone, then your dream will come true in this world—that's the saying among us. Not so with Christ: 'Go and give away your riches and become the servant of all.' And you'll become inestimably richer than before; for not only in food, nor in costly clothing, nor in pride nor envy will you be happy, but in immeasurably multiplied love. Not little riches now, not a hundred thousand, not a million, but you'll acquire the whole world! Now we gather without satiety and squander senselessly, but then there will be no orphans or beggars, for all are mine, all are dear, I've acquired them all, bought them all to a man! Now it's not a rare thing that a very rich and noble man is indifferent to the number of his days, and doesn't know what amusement to think up; but then our days will multiply as if a thousandfold, for you won't want to lose a single minute, but will feel each one in your heart's mirth. And then you'll acquire wisdom, not from books only, but you'll be with God himself face to face; and the earth will shine brighter than the sun, and there will be neither sadness nor sighing, but only a priceless paradise . . ."

It was these ecstatic outbursts that Versilov seemed to like greatly. That time he was there in the room.

"Makar Ivanovich!" I interrupted him suddenly, growing excited myself beyond all measure (I remember that evening), "but in that case it's communism you're preaching, decidedly communism!"

And as he knew decidedly nothing about communist doctrine, and was hearing the word itself for the first time, I immediately began to expound for him everything I knew on the subject. I confess I knew little and that confusedly, and I'm not quite competent now either, but what I knew I expounded with great ardor, heedless of anything. To this day I recall with pleasure the extraordinary impression I made on the old man. It wasn't even an impression, but almost a shock. At the same time he was terribly interested in the historical details: "Where? How? Who set it up? Who said it?" Incidentally, I've noticed that this is generally a quality of simple people: they won't be satisfied with a general idea, if they

get very interested, but will unfailingly demand the most firm and precise details. I was confused about the details, though, and as Versilov was there, I was a little embarrassed before him, and that made me still more excited. The end was that Makar Ivanovich, moved to tenderness, finally could only repeat "Right, right!" after each word, obviously without understanding and having lost the thread. I became vexed, but Versilov suddenly interrupted the conversation, stood up, and announced that it was time to go to bed. We were all together then, and it was late. When he peeked into my room a few minutes later, I asked him at once how he looked at Makar Ivanovich in general, and what he thought of him. Versilov smiled merrily (but not at all at my mistakes about communism—on the contrary, he didn't mention them). I repeat again: he decidedly cleaved, as it were, to Makar Ivanovich, and I often caught an extremely attractive smile on his face as he listened to the old man. However, the smile did not prevent criticism.

"Makar Ivanovich, first of all, is not a peasant, but a household serf," he pronounced with great readiness, "a former household serf and a former servant, born a servant and from a servant. Household serfs and servants shared a great deal in the interests of their masters' private, spiritual, and intellectual life in the old days. Note that Makar Ivanovich to this day is interested most of all in the events of life among the gentry and in high society. You don't know yet to what degree he's interested in certain recent events in Russia. Do you know that he's a great politician? He'd give anything to know who is at war, and where, and whether we'll go to war. In former times I used to bring him to a state of bliss with such conversations. He has great respect for science, and of all sciences he likes astronomy the most. For all that, he has worked out something so independent in himself that he won't be budged from it for anything. He has convictions, firm ones, rather clear . . . and true. For all his perfect ignorance, he's capable of astounding you by being unexpectedly familiar with certain notions you wouldn't suppose him to have. He delights in praising the hermitic life, but not for anything would he go to a hermitage or a monastery, because he is in the highest degree a 'vagrant,' as Alexander Semyonovich nicely called him—with whom, to mention it in passing, you needn't be angry. Well, what else, finally: he's something of an artist, has many words of his own, but also not of his own. He's somewhat lame in logical explanations, at times very abstract; has fits of sentimentality, but of a completely popular sort,

or, better, has fits of that generally popular tenderness that our people introduce so broadly into their religious feeling. Of his purity of heart and lack of malice I won't speak: it's not for us to get started on that theme..."

III

To finish with the characterization of Makar Ivanovich, I shall tell one of his stories from his own private life. His stories had a strange character, or rather, they had no general character at all; it was impossible to squeeze any moral or any general trend out of them, unless it was that they were all more or less moving. But there were also some that were not moving, that were even quite merry, that even made fun of wayward monks, so that he directly harmed his idea by telling them—which I pointed out to him; but he didn't understand what I meant to say. Sometimes it was hard to make out what prompted him to this storytelling, so that I even wondered at such loquacity and ascribed it in part to old age and to his ailing condition.

"He's not what he used to be," Versilov once whispered to me, "he used to be not at all like this. He'll die soon, much sooner than we think, and we must be prepared."

I forgot to mention that something like "evenings" had been established among us. Besides mama, who wouldn't leave Makar Ivanovich's side, Versilov always came to his little room in the evenings; I, too, always came, and couldn't be anywhere else; during the last few days, Liza almost always came, though later than everyone else, and almost always sat silently. Tatyana Pavlovna also came sometimes, though rarely, and sometimes the doctor. It suddenly happened somehow that I became friends with the doctor; not very much, but at least there were none of my former outbursts. I liked his simplicity, as it were, which I finally discerned in him, and the certain attachment he had to our family, so that I finally ventured to forgive him his medical arrogance and, on top of that, taught him to wash his hands and clean his fingernails, if he was incapable of wearing clean linen. I explained to him directly that it was not at all for the sake of foppishness or any sort of fine arts, but that cleanliness was a natural part of a doctor's profession, and I proved it to him. Finally, Lukerya often came to the door from her kitchen and, standing behind it, listened to Makar Ivanovich's

stories. Versilov once called her out from behind the door and invited her to sit with us. I liked that; but from then on she stopped coming to the door. Their ways!

I include one of his stories, without choosing, solely because I remember it more fully. It's a story about a merchant, and I think that in our towns, big and small, such stories occur by the thousand, if only we know how to look. Those who wish to can skip the story, the more so as I tell it in his style.

IV

And in the town of Afimyevsk, I'll tell you now, here's what a wonder we had. There lived a merchant named Skotoboinikov,[8] Maxim Ivanovich, and there was nobody richer than he in the whole region. He built a calico factory and employed several hundred workers; and he became conceited beyond measure. And it must be said that everything walked at a sign from him, and the authorities themselves didn't hinder him in anything, and the abbot of the monastery thanked him for his zeal: he donated a lot to the monastery, and when the fancy took him, he sighed greatly for his soul and had no little concern for the age to come. He was a widower and childless; about his wife, rumor had it that he sweetened her away in the first year and that since his youth he had always liked making free with his hands; only that was a very long time back; he never wanted to enter the bonds of matrimony again. He also had a weakness for drink, and when the time came on him, he would run drunkenly around town, naked and yelling; the town was nothing grand, but still it was a shame. When the time was over, he'd get irate, and then everything he decided was good, and everything he ordered was wonderful. And he settled accounts with people arbitrarily; he'd take an abacus, put his spectacles on: "How much for you, Foma?" "Haven't had anything since Christmas, Maxim Ivanovich, there's thirty-nine roubles owing to me." "Oof, that's a lot of money! It's too much for you; the whole of you isn't worth such money; it doesn't suit you at all; let's knock off ten roubles, and you'll get twenty-nine." The man says nothing; and nobody else dares to make a peep, they all say nothing.

"I know how much he should be given," he says. "It's impossible to deal with the people here any other way. The people here are depraved; without me they'd all have died of hunger, however

many there are. I say again, the people here are thieves, whatever they see, they filch, there's no manliness in them. And again take this, that he's a drunkard; give him money, he'll bring it to the pot-house and sit there naked, not a stitch left, he goes home stripped. Again, too, he's a scoundrel: he'll sit on a stone facing the pot-house and start wailing: 'Mother, dear, why did you give birth to me, bitter drunkard that I am? It would be better if you'd smothered me, bitter drunkard that I am, at birth!' Is this a man? This is a beast, not a man; he should be eddicated first of all and then be given money. I know when to give it to him."

So Maxim Ivanovich spoke about the people of Afimyevsk; though it was bad what he said, all the same it was the truth: they were slack, unsteady folk.

There lived in that same town another merchant, and he died; he was a young and light-minded man, he went broke and lost all his capital. During the last year he struggled like a fish on dry land, but his life had come full term. He had been on bad terms with Maxim Ivanovich all the time, and remained roundly in debt to him. In his last hour he still cursed Maxim Ivanovich. And he left behind a widow, still young, and five children with her. And to be left a solitary widow after your husband is like being a swallow without a nest—no small ordeal, the more so with five little ones and nothing to feed them: their last property, a wooden house, Maxim Ivanovich was taking for debt. And so she lined them all up in a row by the church porch; the eldest was a boy of eight, the rest were all girls with a year's difference between them, each one smaller than the next; the eldest was four and the youngest was still nursing in her mother's arms. The liturgy was over, Maxim Ivanovich came out, and all the children knelt before him in a row—she had taught them beforehand—and they pressed their little palms together in front of them all as one, and she herself behind them, with the fifth child in her arms, bowed down to the ground before him in front of all the people: "Dear father, Maxim Ivanovich, have mercy on the orphans, don't take our last crust of bread, don't drive us out of our own nest!" And everybody there waxed tearful—she had taught them so well. She thought, "He'll take pride in front of the people, and forgive us, and give the house back to the orphans," only it didn't turn out that way. Maxim Ivanovich stopped: "You're a young widow," he said, "you want a husband, it's not the orphans you're weeping about. And the deceased man cursed me on his deathbed." And he walked on

and didn't give them back the house. "Why be indigent" (that is, indulgent) "of their foolishness? I'll do them a good turn, and they'll berate me still more; nothing will be accomplished, except that a great rumor will spread." And there was, in fact, a rumor that he had sent to this widow when she was still a young girl, ten years before, and offered her a large sum (she was very beautiful), forgetting that this sin was the same as desecrating God's church; but he hadn't succeeded then. And he did not a few such abominations, in town and even all over the province, and on this occasion even lost all measure.

The mother and her fledglings howled when he drove them orphaned from the house, and not only out of wickedness, but like a man who sometimes doesn't know himself what makes him stand his ground. Well, people helped her at first, and then she went to look for work. Only what kind of work was there, except for the factory? She'd wash the floors here, weed the vegetable patch there, stoke the stove in a bathhouse, all with the baby in her arms, and start wailing, while the other four ran around outside in nothing but their shirts. When she made them kneel by the church porch, they still had some sort of shoes and some sort of coats, because anyhow they were a merchant's children; now they ran around barefoot: clothes burn up on children, that's a known fact. Well, what is that to children? As long as the sun shines, they rejoice, they don't sense their ruin, they're like little birds, their voices are like little bells. The widow thinks, "Winter will come, and what am I going to do with you? If only God would take care of you by then!" Only she didn't have to wait till winter. There's a children's disease in our parts, the whooping cough, that goes from one to another. First of all the nursing girl died, after her the rest fell ill, and that same autumn all four girls, one after the other, were carried off. True, one was run over by horses in the street. And what do you think? She buried them and started wailing; she had cursed them before, but once God took them, she was sorry. A mother's heart!

The only one left alive to her was the oldest boy, and she doted on him, trembled over him. He was weak and delicate, and had a pretty face like a girl's. And she took him to the factory, to his godfather, who was a manager, and got herself hired in the official's family as a nanny. One day the boy was running in the yard, and here suddenly Maxim Ivanovich came driving up with a pair, and just then he was tipsy; and the boy ran down the stairs straight at

him, slipped accidentally, and bumped straight into him as he was getting out of his droshky, punching him in the belly with both hands. He seized the boy by the hair: "Whose boy is he? The birch! Whip him right now, in front of me!" he yelled. The boy went numb, they started thrashing him, he screamed. "So you scream, too? Whip him till he stops screaming!" Maybe they whipped him a lot, maybe not, but he didn't stop screaming till he looked quite dead. Then they left off whipping him, they got frightened, the boy wasn't breathing, he lay there unconscious. Later they said they hadn't whipped him much, but he was very fearful. Maxim Ivanovich also got frightened. "Whose boy is he?" he asked; they told him. "Really now! Take him to his mother. Why was he loitering around the factory?" For two days afterwards he said nothing and then asked again, "How's the boy?" And things were bad with the boy: he was sick, lying in his mother's corner, she left her job at the official's because of it, and he had an inflammation in his lungs. "Really now!" he said. "And why do you think that is? It's not that they whipped him painfully: they just gave him a little treatment. I've ordered the same kind of beatings for others; it went over without any such nonsense." He expected the mother to go and make a complaint, and, being proud, said nothing; only how could she, the mother didn't dare to make a complaint. And then he sent her fifteen roubles and a doctor from himself; not because he was afraid or anything, but just so, from pondering. And soon after that his time came, and he went on a three-week binge.

Winter passed, and on the bright day of Christ's resurrection itself, on the great day itself, Maxim Ivanovich asked again, "And how's that same boy?" And for the whole winter he had said nothing, hadn't asked. They say to him, "He's recovered, he's with his mother, and she still does day labor." That very day Maxim Ivanovich drove to the widow's, he didn't go into the house, but called her out to the gate, sitting in the droshky himself: "Here's what, honest widow," he says, "I want to be a true benefactor to your son and do no end of good things for him: from now on I'm taking him to live with me, in my own house. And if he pleases me the least bit, I'll make over a sufficient capital to him; and if he really pleases me, I may set him up as the heir to my whole fortune at my death, as if he were my own son, on condition, however, that your honor doesn't visit my house except on great feast days.[9] If that's agreeable to you, bring the boy tomorrow

morning, he can't go on playing knucklebones." And having said that, he drove off, leaving the mother as if out of her mind. People heard about it and said to her, "The lad will grow up and reproach you that you deprived him of such a destiny." She spent the night weeping over him and in the morning she brought the child. And the boy was more dead than alive.

Maxim Ivanovich dressed him like a young gentleman and hired a tutor, and from that hour on had him sitting over books; and it reached the point that he wouldn't let him out of his sight, but always kept him with him. As soon as the boy starts gaping, he shouts, "To your books! Study! I want to make a man of you." And the boy was sickly, he had been coughing ever since that time, after the beating. "As if it's not a fine life with me!" Maxim Ivanovich marveled. "With his mother he just ran around barefoot, chewed on crusts, why is he more sickly than ever?" And the tutor says to him, "Every boy needs to romp and play," he says, "he shouldn't study all the time, movement is necessary for him," and he deduced it all for him reasonably. Maxim Ivanovich thought, "It's true what you say." And this tutor, Pyotr Stepanovich, God rest his soul, was like a holy fool;[10] he drank ver-ry much, so that it was even too much, and for that reason had long been removed from any position, and he lived about town like a beggar, but he had great intelligence and a solid education. "I shouldn't have been here," he used to say of himself, "I should have been a professor at the university, and here I sink into the mud and 'even my garments hate my flesh.'"[11] Maxim Ivanovich sits and shouts at the boy, "Romp!"—and the boy can barely breathe before him. It reached the point that the child couldn't bear his voice—he just started trembling all over. And Maxim Ivanovich was still more surprised: "He's neither this nor that; I took him up from the dirt, dressed him in *drap de dames*; he's got nice cloth bootikins, an embroidered shirt, I keep him like a general's son, why isn't he well disposed towards me? Why is he silent as a wolf cub?" And though people had long ceased marveling at Maxim Ivanovich, here again they began to wonder: the man's out of his mind; latched onto the little child and won't let him be. "Upon my life, I'll eradicate his character. His father cursed me on his deathbed, after taking holy communion; he has his father's character." He didn't use the birch rod even once (was afraid ever since that time). He intimidated him, that's what. Intimidated him without the birch rod.

And then the thing happened. Once he went out, and the boy

left his book and climbed on a chair. Earlier he had thrown a ball up onto the chiffonier, and he wanted to get his ball, but he caught his sleeve on a china lamp that stood on the chiffonier; the lamp crashed to the floor and broke into smithereens, the clatter was heard all over the house, and it was a costly object—Saxony china. And here suddenly Maxim Ivanovich heard it three rooms away and yelled. The child rushed out and ran in fear wherever his legs would take him, ran out to the terrace, and across the garden, and through the back gate, straight to the riverbank. And there was a boulevard along the bank, old willows, a cheerful spot. He ran down to the water, people saw, clasped his hands, at the very place where the ferry docks, maybe terrified of the water—and stood as if rooted to the spot. And it was a wide place, the river swift, barges going past, on the other side there are shops, a square, the church of God shines with its golden domes. And just then the wife of Colonel Ferzing—an infantry regiment was stationed in town—was hurrying to catch the ferry. Her daughter, also a little child of about eight, walks along in a white dress, looks at the boy and laughs, and she's carrying a little country basket, and in the basket there's a hedgehog. "Look, mummy," she says, "how the boy is looking at my hedgehog." "No," says the colonel's wife, "he's frightened of something. What are you so afraid of, pretty boy?" (So they told it afterwards.) "And what a pretty boy he is, and how well he's dressed; whose boy are you?" she says. And he had never seen a hedgehog before, he came closer and looked, and he had already forgotten—childhood! "What's that you've got?" he says. "This," says the young miss, "is our hedgehog, we just bought it from a village peasant, he found it in the forest." "What's a hedgehog like?" he says, and he's laughing now, and he begins poking his finger at it, and the hedgehog bristles up, and the girl is glad of the boy. "We're taking it home," she says, "we want to tame it." "Ah," he says, "give me your hedgehog!" And he asked her so touchingly, and no sooner had he said it than Maxim Ivanovich descended on him: "Ah! Here's where you are! Take him!" (He was so enraged that he had run out of the house without his hat to chase him.) The boy, the moment he remembered everything, cried out, rushed to the water, pressed his little fists to his breast, looked up at the sky (they saw it, they saw it!) and—splash into the water! Well, people shouted, rushed from the ferry, tried to pull him out, but the current was swift, it carried him away, and when they pulled him out he was already dead—drowned. He had a weak chest, he

couldn't endure the water, and how much does it take for such a boy? And in people's memories in those parts there had never yet been such a small child to take his own life! Such a sin! And what can so small a soul say to the Lord God in the other world!

This was what Maxim Ivanovich brooded over ever after. And the man changed beyond recognition. He was sorely grieved then. He took to drinking, drank a lot, but stopped—it didn't help. He stopped going to the factory as well, and paid no heed to anybody. They say something to him—he keeps silent or waves his hand. He went about like that for a couple of months, then began talking to himself. He goes about and talks to himself. An outlying village, Vaskova, caught fire, nine houses burned down; Maxim Ivanovich went to have a look. The burnt-out people surrounded him, wailing—he promised to help and gave orders, then summoned his steward and canceled it all: "No need to give them anything," he said, and didn't say why. "The Lord gave me over to all people," he says, "to trample me down like some monster, so let it be so. Like the wind," he says, "my glory has been scattered." The abbot himself called on him, a stern old man who had introduced cenobitic order in the monastery.[12] "What's with you?" he says, so sternly. "Here's what," and Maxim Ivanovich opened the book for him and pointed to the place:

"But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea" (Matthew 18:6).

"Yes," said the abbot, "though it's not said directly about that, still it touches upon it. It's bad if a man loses his measure—he's a lost man. And you've become conceited."

Maxim Ivanovich sat as if dumbstruck. The abbot looked and looked.

"Listen," he said, "and remember. It is said, 'The words of a desperate man fly on the wind.' And also remember that even the angels of God are not perfect, but the only perfect and sinless one is Jesus Christ our God, whom the angels also serve. You didn't want the death of that child, you were merely unreasonable. Only," he says, "here is what I even marvel at: you've uttered so many worse outrages, you've sent so many people into poverty, corrupted so many, ruined so many—isn't it the same as if you'd killed them? Hadn't his sisters died even before then, all four little babies, almost in front of your eyes? Why does this one disturb you so much? For

I suppose you've forgotten, not only to regret, but even to think about the previous ones? Why are you so frightened of this child, before whom you're not even so guilty?"

"I see him in my dreams," said Maxim Ivanovich.

"And what of it?"

But the man revealed no more, he sat and said nothing. The abbot wondered, but with that he left; there was nothing more to be done here.

And Maxim Ivanovich sent for the tutor, for Pyotr Stepanovich; they hadn't seen each other since that occasion.

"Do you remember?" he says.

"I do," he says.

"You've painted oil paintings for the tavern here," he says, "and made a copy of the bishop's portrait. Can you paint a picture for me?"

"I can do everything," he says. "I," he says, "have all talents and can do everything."

"Then paint me a very big picture, over the whole wall, and first of all paint the river on it, and the landing, and the ferry, and so that all the people who were there will be in the picture. The colonel's wife, and the little girl, and that hedgehog. And paint me the whole other bank as well, so that it's seen as it was—the church, the square, the shops, and the cab stand—paint it all as it was. And there by the ferry, paint the boy, just over the river, on that very spot, and he must have his two fists pressed to his breast, to both nipples. That without fail! And open up the sky before him on the other side over the church, and have all the angels in the heavenly light come flying to meet him. Can you satisfy me or not?"

"I can do everything."

"I could invite the foremost painter from Moscow, or even from London itself, instead of a bumpkin like you, only you remember his face. If it comes out not like or a little like, I'll only give you fifty roubles, but if it comes out very much like, I'll give you two hundred. Remember, blue eyes . . . And the painting should be very, very big."

They prepared everything; Pyotr Stepanovich started painting, then suddenly he comes:

"No," he says, "it's impossible to paint it like that."

"How so?"

"Because this sin, suicide, is the greatest of all sins. So how would angels come to meet him after such a sin?"

"But he's a child, he's not responsible."

"No, he's not a child, but already a boy; he was eight years old when this happened. He has to give at least some sort of answer."

Maxim Ivanovich was still more terrified.

"But," says Pyotr Stepanovich, "here's what I've thought up: we won't open the sky or paint the angels; but I'll bring a ray of light down from the sky as if to meet him; one bright ray of light: it will be as if there's something all the same."

So they brought down the ray of light. And I myself saw this painting afterwards, much later, and that same ray, and the river stretched across the whole wall, all blue; and the dear young boy right there, both hands pressed to his breast, and the young miss, and the hedgehog—he did it all satisfactorily. Only Maxim Ivanovich didn't show the painting to anybody then, but locked it up in his study, away from all eyes. And they really were eager to have a look at it in town. He ordered everybody to be chased away. There was a lot of talk. And Pyotr Stepanovich was as if out of his mind then: "I can do everything now," he says, "it's proper for me to be at the court in St. Petersburg." He was a most amiable man, but he had an inordinate love of extolling himself. And fate caught up with him: as soon as he received all two hundred roubles, he immediately started drinking and showing the money to everybody, boasting; and he was killed during the night, drunk, by one of our tradesmen, whom he had been drinking with, and robbed of his money. All this became known the next morning.

And it all ended in such a way that even now it's the first thing they remember. Suddenly Maxim Ivanovich turns up at that same widow's: she rented in a tradeswoman's cottage at the edge of town. This time he went into the yard, stood before her, and bowed to the ground. And since those events the woman had been sick, could scarcely move. "Dear heart," he cried, "honest widow, marry me, monster that I am, let me live in the world!" She looks at him, more dead than alive. "I want," he says, "another boy to be born to us, and if he gets born, it would mean that that boy has forgiven us both, you and me. The boy told me to do it." She can see the man is not in his right mind, he's as if in a frenzy, but still she can't help herself.

"That's all trifles," she said, "and nothing but faintheartedness. On account of this faintheartedness, I lost all my little ones. I can't even bear the sight of you before me, still less take such an everlasting torment on myself."

Maxim Ivanovich drove off, but he didn't calm down. The whole town rumbled at such a wonder. And Maxim Ivanovich sent matchmakers. He summoned two aunts of his from the provincial capital, tradeswomen. Aunts or no aunts, they were relations, meaning it was honest; they started persuading her, turning her head, wouldn't leave the cottage. He sent women from the townsfolk, from the merchants, sent the archpriest's wife, and some wives of officials; the whole town surrounded her, but she even scorns them: "If," she says, "my orphans could come back to life, but now what? To take such a sin on myself before my little orphans?" He persuaded the abbot, and he blew it into her ear: "You," he says, "can call up a new man in him." She was horrified. And people are astonished at her: "How is it even possible that she refuses such happiness!" And here's what he tamed her with: "After all," he says, "he's a suicide, and not as a child, but already as a boy, and owing to his years, he couldn't be admitted to holy communion directly,[13] and so he still has to give some sort of answer. If you marry me, I'll make you a great promise: I'll build a new church only for the eternal commemoration of his soul." She couldn't stand up against that, and accepted him. So they were married.

And it turned out to everyone's amazement. They began to live from the first day in great and unfeigned harmony, carefully preserving their marriage and like one soul in two bodies. She conceived that same winter, and they started going around to the churches of God and trembling before the wrath of the Lord. They visited three monasteries and heard prophecies. He constructed the promised church and built a hospital and an almshouse for the town. He allotted capital for widows and orphans. And he remembered everyone he had injured, and wished to recompense them; he started giving money away without stint, so that his spouse and the abbot restrained his hands, for "this," they said, "is already enough." Maxim Ivanovich obeyed: "I cheated Foma that time." Well, so they paid Foma back. And Foma even wept: "I," he says, "I'm so... There's so much I'm content with even without that, and I'm eternally bounden to pray to God for you." So everyone was touched by it, and that means it's true what they say, that man will live by a good example. And they're good people there.

His wife began to manage the factory herself, and in such a way that people still remember it. He didn't stop drinking, but she took care of him on those days, and then also tried to cure him. His speech became decorous, and his voice itself even changed. He

became filled with boundless pity, even for animals: from his window he saw a peasant beating his horse outrageously on the head and at once sent to him and bought the horse for twice the price. And he received the gift of tears:[14] someone would start talking to him, and he'd just dissolve in tears. When her time came, the Lord finally heeded their prayers and sent them a son, and Maxim Ivanovich brightened up for the first time since those events; he gave away a lot of alms, forgave many debts, invited the whole town for the baptism. He invited the town, but the next day he came out black as night. His wife saw something had happened to him, she went up to him with the newborn. "The boy," she says, "has forgiven us, and heeded our tears and prayers for him." And it must be said that they hadn't said a word about the matter for that whole year, but had kept it to themselves. And Maxim Ivanovich looked at her black as night. "Wait," he says, "just consider, for the whole year he hasn't come, but last night I saw him in a dream again." "Here, for the first time, terror also entered my heart, after those strange words," she remembered later.

And it was not for nothing that he had dreamed of the boy. As soon as Maxim Ivanovich mentioned it, almost, so to speak, that very minute, something happened to the newborn: he suddenly fell ill. And the baby was sick for eight days, they prayed tirelessly and invited doctors, and they sent for the foremost doctor to come by train from Moscow. The doctor arrived and was angry. "I," he said, "am the foremost doctor, the whole of Moscow is waiting for me." He prescribed some drops and left hurriedly. Took eight hundred roubles with him. And the baby died towards evening.

And what then? Maxim Ivanovich wrote a will leaving all his property to his gentle wife, handed all the capital and papers over to her, completed everything properly and in lawful order, then stood before her and bowed to the ground. "Let me go, my priceless wife, to save my soul while it's still possible. If I spend my time without progress for my soul, I won't come back anymore. I was hard and cruel, and imposed heavy burdens, but I imagine that the Lord will not leave me unrewarded for my future sorrows and wanderings, for to leave it all is no small cross and no small sorrow." And his wife tried to soothe him with many tears: "You're the only one I have on earth now, who can I stay with? I," she says, "have laid up mercy in my heart during this year." And all the town admonished him for the whole month, and begged him, and decided to keep him by force. But he didn't listen to them, and

left secretly at night, and never came back. And we hear that he performs his deeds of wandering and patience even to this day, and sends news to his dear wife every year . . .

Chapter Four

I

Now I'm approaching the final catastrophe, which concludes my notes. But in order to continue further, I must first run ahead of myself and explain something I had no idea of at the time of the action, but that I learned of and fully explained to myself only much later, that is, when everything was over. Otherwise I won't be able to be clear, since I would have to write in riddles. And therefore I will give a direct and simple explanation, sacrificing so-called artistic quality, and I will do so as if it were not I writing, without the participation of my heart, but as if in the form of an *entrefilet** in the newspapers.

The thing was that my childhood friend Lambert may very well have belonged, even directly, to those vile gangs of petty crooks who communicate among themselves for the sake of what is now called blackmail, and for which they now seek legal definitions and punishments in the code of law. The gang Lambert was part of had begun in Moscow and had already done enough mischief there (afterwards it was partly uncovered). I heard later that in Moscow they had for a while an extremely experienced and clever, and no longer young, leader. They embarked on their ventures as a whole gang or in parts. Along with the most dirty and unprintable things (of which, however, information did appear in the newspapers), they also carried out rather complex and even clever ventures, under the leadership of their chief. I learned about some of them later, but I won't go into the details. I will only mention that the main feature of their method consisted in finding out certain secrets of people, sometimes very honest and highly placed people; then they went to these persons and threatened to reveal the documents (which they sometimes didn't have at all), and demanded a ransom to keep silent. There are things that are not sinful and not at all criminal, the revealing of which might frighten even a respectable and firm man. They mostly aimed at family secrets. To indicate how deftly their chief sometimes acted, I will tell, with no details

*Notice.

and in only three lines, about one of their tricks. In a certain very honorable house something in fact both sinful and criminal occurred: namely, the wife of a well-known and respected man entered into a secret amorous liaison with a young and rich officer. They got wind of it, and here is what they did: they directly gave the young man to know that they were going to inform the husband. They had not the slightest proof, and the young man knew that perfectly well, and they themselves made no secret of it with him; but all the deftness of the method and the cleverness of the calculation in this case consisted merely in the consideration that the informed husband, even without any proof, would act in the same way and take the same steps as if he had received the most mathematical proof. They aimed here at a knowledge of the man's character and a knowledge of his family circumstances. The main thing was that one member of the gang was a young man from a very decent circle, who had managed to obtain the preliminary information. They fleeced the lover for a very tidy sum, and that without any danger to themselves, because the victim himself desired secrecy.

Lambert, though he took part, did not belong entirely to that Moscow gang; having acquired a taste for it, he gradually began, by way of trial, to act on his own. I'll say beforehand: he was not quite up to it. He was calculating and by no means stupid, but he was hot-tempered and, what's more, simplehearted, or, better to say, naïve—that is, he had no knowledge either of people or of society. For instance, he seemed not to understand at all the significance of their Moscow chief and supposed it was very easy to direct and organize such ventures. Finally, he assumed that almost everyone was the same sort of scoundrel as himself. Or, for instance, once having imagined that so-and-so was afraid or ought to be afraid for such-and-such reason, he no longer doubted that the man was indeed afraid, as in an axiom. I don't know how to put it; later on I'll explain it more clearly with facts, but in my opinion he was rather crudely developed, and there were certain good, noble feelings which he not only did not believe in, but maybe even had no conception of.

He had come to Petersburg because he had long been thinking of it as a vaster field than Moscow, and also because in Moscow he had gotten into a scrape somewhere and somehow, and somebody was looking for him with the most ill intentions in his regard. On coming to Petersburg, he immediately contacted a former

comrade, but he found the field scant, the affairs petty. His acquaintance later widened, but nothing came of it. "People here are trashy, nothing but kids," he himself said to me later. And then, one bright morning, at dawn, he suddenly found me freezing under the wall and fell directly onto the trail of the "richest," in his opinion, of "affairs."

The whole affair rested on what I had babbled as I thawed out in his apartment then. Oh, I was nearly delirious then! But still it came out clearly from my words that, of all my offenses on that fateful day, the one I remembered most and took closest to heart was the offense from Bjoring and from *her*: otherwise I wouldn't have raved about that alone at Lambert's, but would also have raved, for example, about Zershchikov; yet it turned out to be only the first, as I learned afterwards from Lambert himself. And besides, I was in ecstasy and looked upon Lambert and Alphonsine that terrible morning as some sort of liberators and saviors. Later, while recovering, I tried to figure out as I lay in bed what Lambert might have learned from my babble and precisely to what degree I had babbled—but I never once even suspected that he could have learned so much then! Oh, of course, judging by my pangs of conscience, I already suspected even then that I must have told a lot that was unnecessary, but, I repeat, I could never have supposed it was to such a degree! I also hoped and counted on the fact that I had been unable to articulate clearly at his place then, I had a firm memory of that, and yet it turned out in fact that I had articulated much more clearly than I supposed and hoped afterwards. But the main thing was that it was all revealed only later and long after, and that's where my trouble lay.

From my raving, babbling, prattling, raptures, and so on, he had learned, first, almost all the family names accurately, and even some addresses. Second, he had formed a rather approximate notion of the significance of these persons (the old prince, her, Bjoring, Anna Andreevna, and even Versilov); third, he had learned that I had been offended and was threatening revenge; and finally, fourth and most important, he had learned that this document existed, mysterious and hidden, this letter which, if shown to the half-mad old prince, he, having read it and learned that his own daughter considered him mad and had already "consulted lawyers" about how to lock him up, would either lose his mind definitively or drive her out of the house and disinherit her, or marry a certain Mlle. Versilov, whom he already wanted to marry but had not been

allowed to. In short, Lambert understood a great deal; without doubt terribly much remained obscure, but still the blackmailing artificer had fallen onto a sure trail. When I fled from Alphonsine then, he immediately found my address (by the simplest means: through the information bureau), then immediately made the proper inquiries, from which he learned that all these persons I had babbled about actually existed. Then he proceeded directly to the first step.

The main thing was that there existed a *document*, and it was in my possession, and this document was of great value; of that Lambert had no doubt. Here I will omit one circumstance, which it would be better to speak of later and in its place, but I will just mention that this circumstance was what most chiefly confirmed Lambert in his conviction of the real existence and, above all, the value of the document. (A fateful circumstance, I say it beforehand, which I could never have imagined, not only then, but even till the very end of the whole story, when everything suddenly began to collapse and got explained by itself.) And so, convinced of the chief thing, as a first step he went to see Anna Andreevna.

And yet for me there's a puzzle to this day: how could he, Lambert, infiltrate and stick himself to such an unapproachable and lofty person as Anna Andreevna? True, he made inquiries, but what of it? True, he was excellently dressed, spoke Parisian French, and was the bearer of a French name, but how could it be that Anna Andreevna did not discern the swindler in him at once? Or we may suppose that a swindler was just what she needed then. But can it be so?

I was never able to find out the circumstances of their meeting, but later I imagined the scene many times. Most likely Lambert, from the first word and gesture, had played my childhood friend before her, trembling for his beloved and dear comrade. But, of course, in that first meeting he managed to hint very clearly that I also had a "document," to let her know that this was a secret, and that only he, Lambert, was in possession of this secret, and that with this document I was going to take revenge on Mme. Akhmakov, and so on, and so forth. Above all, he could explain to her, as pointedly as possible, the significance and value of this paper. As for Anna Andreevna, she was precisely in such a position that she could not help snatching at the news of something like that, could not help listening with extreme attention, and . . . could not help getting caught on the bait—"out of the struggle for existence."

Just at that time, she had precisely had her fiancé canceled and taken under tutelage to Tsarskoe, and she herself had been taken under tutelage as well. And suddenly such a find: here it was no longer old wives whispering in each other's ears, or tearful complaints, or calumny and gossip, here was a letter, a manuscript, that is, a mathematical proof of the perfidy of his daughter's intentions, and of all those who had taken him from her, and that, therefore, he had to save himself at least by fleeing again to her, the same Anna Andreevna, and marrying her even within twenty-four hours; otherwise they would up and confiscate him to a madhouse.

But it also may be that Lambert used no cunning with the girl at all, not even for a moment, but just blurted out with the first word: "Mademoiselle, either remain an old maid, or become a princess and a millionaire: there is this document, I'll steal it from the adolescent and hand it over to you . . . on a promissory note from you for thirty thousand." I even think that's precisely how it was. Oh, he considered everyone the same sort of scoundrel as himself. I repeat, there was in him a sort of scoundrel's simpleheartedness, a scoundrel's innocence . . . Be that as it may, it's quite possible that Anna Andreevna, even in the face of such an assault, was not thrown off for a minute, but was perfectly able to control herself and hear out the blackmailer, who spoke in his own style—and all that out of "breadth." Well, naturally, at first she blushed a little, but then she got hold of herself and heard him out. And when I picture that unapproachable, proud, truly dignified girl, and with such a mind, hand in hand with Lambert, then . . . a mind, yes! A Russian mind, of such dimensions, a lover of breadth; and moreover a woman's, and moreover in such circumstances!

Now I'll make a résumé. By the day and hour of my going out after my illness, Lambert stood on the two following points (this I now know for certain): first, to take a promissory note from Anna Andreevna for no less than thirty thousand in exchange for the document; and then to help her frighten the prince, abduct him, and suddenly get him married to her—in short, something like that. Here a whole plan had even been formed; they were only waiting for my help, that is, for the document itself.

The second plan: to betray Anna Andreevna, abandon her, and sell the paper to Mme. Akhmakov, if it proved more profitable. Here account was also taken of Bjoring. But Lambert had not yet gone to Mme. Akhmakov, but had only tracked her down. Also waiting for me.

Oh, he did need me, that is, not me but the document! Concerning me, he had also formed two plans. The first consisted in acting in concert with me, if it really was impossible otherwise, and going halves with me, after first subjecting me morally and physically. But the second plan was much more to his liking; it consisted in hoodwinking me like a little boy and stealing the document from me, or even simply taking it from me by force. He loved this plan and cherished it in his dreams. I repeat: there was one circumstance owing to which he had almost no doubt of the success of the second plan, but, as I've already said, I will explain it later. In any case, he was waiting for me with convulsive impatience: everything depended on me, all the steps and what to decide on.

And I must do him justice: for a while he controlled himself, despite his hot temper. He didn't come to my house during my illness—he came only once and saw Versilov; he didn't disturb or frighten me, he preserved an air of the most total detachment before me, up to the day and hour of my going out. With regard to the fact that I might give away, or tell about, or destroy the document, he was at ease. From what I had said at his place, he was able to conclude how much I myself valued secrecy and how afraid I was that someone might learn of the document. And that I would go to him first, and to no one else, on the first day of my recovery, he did not doubt in the least: Nastasya Egorovna came to see me partly on his orders, and he knew that my curiosity and fear were already aroused, that I wouldn't be able to stand it... And besides, he took every measure, might even know the day of my going out, so that there was no way I could turn my back on him, even if I wanted to.

But if Lambert was waiting for me, then maybe Anna Andreevna was waiting for me still more. I'll say directly: Lambert might have been partly right in preparing to betray her, and the fault was hers. In spite of their undoubted agreement (in what form I don't know, but I have no doubt of it), Anna Andreevna down to the very last minute was not fully candid with him. She didn't open herself all the way. She hinted to him about all agreements and all promises on her part—but only hinted; she listened, maybe, to his whole plan in detail, but gave only silent approval. I have firm grounds for concluding so, and the reason was that she was *waiting for me.* She liked better to have dealings with me than with the scoundrel Lambert—that was an unquestionable fact for me! I understand

that; but her mistake was that Lambert finally understood it as well. And it would have been too disadvantageous for him if she, bypassing him, wheedled the document out of me, and we entered into an agreement. Besides, at that time he was already certain of the solidity of the "affair." Another in his place would have been afraid and would still have had doubts; but Lambert was young, bold, with a most impatient desire for gain, had little knowledge of people, and undoubtedly regarded them all as base; such a man could have no doubts, especially as he had already elicited all the main confirmations from Anna Andreevna.

A last and most important little word: did Versilov know anything by that day and had he already participated then in some, however remote, plans with Lambert? No, no, no, not yet *then*, though perhaps a fateful little word had been dropped... But enough, enough, I'm running too far ahead.

Well, and what about me? Did I know anything, and what did I know by the day I went out? At the beginning of this *entrefilet* I announced that I knew nothing by the day I went out, that I learned about it all much later and even at a time when everything was already accomplished. That's true, but is it fully? No, it's not; I undoubtedly already knew something, knew even all too much, but how? Let the reader remember the *dream*! If there could be such a dream, if it could burst from my heart and formulate itself that way, it meant that I—didn't know, but *anticipated*—an awful lot of those things I have just explained and actually learned only "when everything was already over." There was no knowledge, but my heart throbbed with anticipations, and evil spirits already possessed my dreams. And this was the man I was eager to see, knowing full well what sort of man he was and even anticipating the details! And why was I eager to see him? Imagine: now, in this very moment as I write, it seems to me that I knew in all its details why I was eager to see him, whereas at the time, again, I still knew nothing. Maybe the reader will understand that. But now—to business, fact by fact.

II

It began, still two days before my going out, with Liza coming home in the evening all in alarm. She was awfully insulted; and indeed something insufferable had happened to her.

I've already mentioned her relations with Vasin. She went to him not only to show us that she didn't need us, but also because she really appreciated Vasin. Their acquaintance had already begun in Luga, and it had always seemed to me that Vasin was not indifferent to her. In the misfortune that struck her, it was natural that she might wish for advice from a firm, calm, always elevated mind, which she supposed Vasin to have. Besides, women are not great masters at evaluating the male mind, if they like the man, and they gladly take paradoxes for strict deductions, if they agree with their own wishes. What Liza liked in Vasin was his sympathy with her position, and, as it had seemed to her from the first, his sympathy for the prince as well. Besides, suspecting his feelings towards her, she could not help appreciating his sympathy for his rival. The prince, whom she herself had told that she sometimes went to Vasin for advice, had taken this news with extreme uneasiness from the very first; he had begun to be jealous. This had offended her, so that she had deliberately continued her relations with Vasin. The prince said nothing, but was gloomy. Liza herself confessed to me (very long afterwards) that she had very soon stopped liking Vasin; he was calm, and precisely this eternal, smooth calm, which she had liked so much in the beginning, later seemed rather unsightly to her. It seemed he was practical, and, indeed, several times he gave her advice that appeared good, but all this advice, as if on purpose, turned out to be unfeasible. He sometimes judged too haughtily and without the least embarrassment before her—becoming less embarrassed as time went on, which she ascribed to his growing and involuntary contempt for her position. Once she thanked him for being constantly good-natured with me and for talking with me as with an equal, though he was so superior to me in intelligence (that is, she conveyed my own words to him). He replied:

"That's not so, and it's not for that. It's because I don't see any difference in him from the others. I don't consider him either stupider than the smart ones or wickeder than the good ones. I'm the same with everybody, because in my eyes everybody's the same."

"You mean you really can't see any differences?"

"Oh, of course, they're all different from each other in some way, but in my eyes the differences don't exist, because the differences between people are of no concern to me; for me they're all the same and it's all the same, and so I'm equally nice to everybody."

"And you don't find it boring?"

"No, I'm always content with myself."

"And you don't desire anything?"

"Of course I do, but not very much. I need almost nothing, not a rouble more. Myself in golden clothes and myself as I am—it's all the same; golden clothes will add nothing to Vasin. Morsels don't tempt me: can positions or honors be worth the place I'm worth?"

Liza assured me on her honor that he once uttered this literally. However, it's impossible to judge like that here; one must know the circumstances under which it was uttered.

Liza gradually came to the conclusion that his attitude towards the prince was indulgent maybe only because everybody was the same to him and "differences did not exist," and not at all out of sympathy for her. But in the end he began somehow visibly to lose his indifference, and his attitude towards the prince changed to one not only of condemnation, but also of scornful irony. This made Liza angry, but Vasin wouldn't let up. Above all, he always expressed himself so softly, he even condemned without indignation, but simply made logical deductions about her hero's total nonentity; but in this logic lay the irony. Finally he deduced for her almost directly all the "unreasonableness" of her love, all the stubborn forcedness of this love. "You erred in your feelings, and errors, once recognized, ought unfailingly to be corrected."

This was just on that very day. Liza got up indignantly in order to leave, but what did this reasonable man do and how did he end? With a most noble air and even with feeling, he offered her his hand. Liza at once called him a fool to his face and left.

To suggest betraying an unfortunate man because this unfortunate man was "not worthy" of her and, above all, to suggest it to a woman who was pregnant by this unfortunate man—there's the mind of these people! I call that being awfully theoretical and completely ignorant of life, which comes from a boundless self-love. And on top of all that, Liza discerned in the clearest way that he was even proud of his act, if only because, for example, he already knew about her pregnancy. With tears of indignation she hurried to the prince, and he—he even outdid Vasin: it would seem he might have been convinced after she told him that there was no point in being jealous now; but it was here that he went out of his mind. However, jealous people are all like that! He made an awful scene and insulted her so much that she decided to break all relations with him at once.

She came home, however, still keeping hold of herself, but she couldn't help telling mama. Oh, that evening they became close again, absolutely as before: the ice was broken; they both naturally wept their fill, embracing each other as they used to do, and Liza apparently calmed down, though she was very gloomy. She sat that evening with Makar Ivanovich, not saying a word, but not leaving the room either. She listened very hard to what he was saying. Since the occasion with the little bench, she had become extremely and somehow timidly respectful towards him, though she still remained taciturn.

But this time, Makar Ivanovich somehow gave the conversation an unexpected and astonishing turn. I'll note that in the morning Versilov and the doctor had spoken very frowningly of his health. I'll also note that for several days preparations had been under way in our house for the celebration of mama's birthday, which was to take place in five days, and we often spoke of it. Apropos of that day, Makar Ivanovich for some reason suddenly embarked on reminiscences and recalled mama's childhood and the time when she still "couldn't stand on her little legs." "She never left my arms," the old man recalled. "I used to teach her to walk, I'd put her in the corner three steps away and call her, and she comes swaying to me across the room, and she's not afraid, she laughs, and when she reaches me, she throws her arms around my neck and embraces me. I also told you fairy tales, Sofya Andreevna; you were a great lover of fairy tales; for two hours you'd sit on my knee listening. They marveled in the cottage: 'See how attached she is to Makar.' Or else I'd take you to the forest, find a raspberry bush, sit you down there, and start cutting wooden whistles for you. We'd have a good walk, and I'd carry you back in my arms—the baby's asleep. And once you got frightened by a wolf, ran to me all trembling, and there wasn't any wolf."

"That I remember," said mama.

"Do you really?"

"I remember a lot. From as early as I can remember myself in life, ever since then I've seen your love and mercy over me," she said in a heartfelt voice and suddenly blushed all over.

Makar Ivanovich paused briefly.

"Forgive me, little children, I'm going. Now the term of my life is upon me. In my old age I have found comfort from all sorrows. Thank you, my dears."

"Come now, Makar Ivanovich, dear heart," Versilov exclaimed,

somewhat alarmed, "the doctor told me today that you were incomparably better..."

Mama was listening fearfully.

"Well, what does he know, your Alexander Semyonych?" Makar Ivanovich smiled. "He's a dear man, but no more than that. Come, friends, do you think I'm afraid to die? Today, after my morning prayer, I had the feeling in my heart that I wouldn't leave here anymore; it was told me. Well, and what of it, blessed be the name of the Lord; only I'd like to have a good look at you all again. The much-suffering Job, too, was comforted, looking at his new children, but that he forgot the former ones, and that he could have forgotten them—is impossible![15] Only over the years sorrow seems to mingle with joy and turn into a bright sighing. That's how it is in the world: every soul is both tested and comforted. I've decided, little children, to tell you a word or two, not much," he went on with a gentle, beautiful smile, which I will never forget, and suddenly turned to me: "You, my dear, be zealous for the holy Church, and if the time calls for it, also die for her; but wait, don't be frightened, not now," he smiled. "Now maybe you're not thinking of it, but later maybe you will. Only there's this as well: whatever good you intend to do, do it for God, and not for the sake of envy. Hold firmly to what you do, and don't give up out of any sort of faintheartedness; and do it gradually, without rushing or throwing yourself about; well, that's all you need, save maybe also getting used to praying every day and steadfastly. I say it just so, in case you remember it one day. I was going to say something to you, too, Andrei Petrovich, sir, but God will find your heart even without me. And it's long ago now that you and I stopped talking of such things, ever since that arrow pierced my heart. And now, as I'm going, I'll just remind you... of what you promised then..."

He almost whispered the last words, looking down.

"Makar Ivanovich!" Versilov said in embarrassment, and got up from his chair.

"Well, well, don't be embarrassed, sir, I'm only reminding you... It's I who am guiltiest of all before God in this matter; for, though you were my master, I still shouldn't have condoned this weakness. So you, too, Sofya, don't trouble your soul too much, for your whole sin is mine, and in you, as I think, there was hardly any understanding then, and perhaps in you also, sir, along with her," he smiled, his lips trembling with some sort of pain, "and

though I might have taught you then, my spouse, even with a rod, and so I should have, I pitied you as you fell down before me in tears and concealed nothing... and kissed my feet. I recall that, my beloved, not as a reproach to you, but only as a reminder to Andrei Petrovich... for you yourself, sir, remember your nobleman's promise, and marriage covers everything... I'm saying it in front of the children, sir, my dear heart."

He was extremely agitated, and looked at Versilov as if expecting words of confirmation from him. I repeat, all this was so unexpected that I sat motionless. Versilov was even no less agitated than he was: he silently went over to mama and embraced her tightly; then mama, also silently, went up to Makar Ivanovich and bowed down at his feet.

In short, the scene turned out to be stupendous; this time there was only our family in the room, not even Tatyana Pavlovna was there. Liza somehow straightened up in her place and listened silently; suddenly she rose and said firmly to Makar Ivanovich:

"Bless me, too, Makar Ivanovich, for a great torment. Tomorrow my whole fate will be decided... and so pray for me today."

And she left the room. I know that Makar Ivanovich already knew everything about her from mama. But that evening for the first time I saw Versilov and mama together; till then I had just seen his slave beside him. There was an awful lot that I didn't know or hadn't noticed yet in this man, whom I had already condemned, and therefore I went back to my room in confusion. And it must be said that precisely by that time all my perplexities about him had thickened; never yet had he seemed so mysterious and unfathomable as precisely at that time; but that's just what the whole story I'm writing is about. All in good time.

"However," I thought to myself then, as I was going to bed, "it turns out that he gave his 'nobleman's word' to marry mama in case she was left a widow. He said nothing about it when he told me earlier about Makar Ivanovich."

The next day Liza was gone the whole day, and coming back quite late, she went straight to Makar Ivanovich. At first I didn't want to go in, so as not to bother them, but I soon noticed that mama and Versilov were already there, and I went in. Liza was sitting next to the old man and weeping on his shoulder, and he, with a sad face, was silently stroking her head.

Versilov explained to me (later in my room) that the prince insisted on having his way and proposed to marry Liza at the first

opportunity, before the decision of the court. It was hard for Liza to decide on it, though she now almost had no right not to. Besides, Makar Ivanovich had "ordered" her to marry. Of course, all this would have come out right later by itself, and she would undoubtedly have married on her own, without any orders and hesitations, but at the present moment she was so insulted by the one she loved, and so humiliated by this love even in her own eyes, that it was hard for her to decide. But, besides the insult, there was a new circumstance mixed into it, which I couldn't have begun to suspect.

"Have you heard that all those young people from the Petersburg side were arrested last night?" Versilov added suddenly.

"What? Dergachev?" I cried.

"Yes, and Vasin also."

I was struck, especially on hearing about Vasin.

"But is he mixed up with anything? My God, what will happen to them now? And, as if on purpose, at the very time when Liza was accusing Vasin so!... What do you think may happen to them? It's Stebelkov! I swear to you, it's Stebelkov!"

"Let's drop it," said Versilov, looking at me strangely (precisely as one looks at an uncomprehending and unsuspecting man). "Who knows what they've got there, and who knows what will happen to them? There's something else: I hear you want to go out tomorrow. Won't you be going to Prince Sergei Petrovich?"

"First thing—though, I confess, it's very hard for me. Why, do you have some message for him?"

"No, nothing. I'll see him myself. I'm sorry for Liza. And what advice can Makar Ivanovich give her? He himself understands nothing in people or in life. There's another thing, my dear" (he hadn't called me "my dear" for a long time), "there are also... certain young men here... one of whom is your former schoolmate, Lambert... It seems to me they're all great scoundrels... I say it just to warn you... Anyhow, of course, all that is your business, I understand that I have no right..."

"Andrei Petrovich," I seized his hand without thinking and almost in inspiration, as often happened with me (we were almost in the dark), "Andrei Petrovich, I've been silent—you've seen that, I've kept silent up to now, and do you know why? To avoid your secrets. I've simply resolved never to know them. I'm a coward, I'm afraid that your secrets will tear you out of my heart completely, and I don't want that. And if so, then why should you know my secrets? Let it be all the same to you, wherever I may go! Isn't it so?"

"You're right, but not a word more, I beg you!" he said, and left my room. Thus we accidentally had a bit of a talk. But he only added to my agitation before my new step in life the next day, so that I spent the whole night constantly waking up. But I felt good.

III

THE NEXT DAY, though I left the house at ten o'clock in the morning, I tried as hard as I could to leave on the quiet, without saying good-bye or telling anybody—to slip away, as they say. Why I did that I don't know, but if even mama had seen me going out and started talking to me, I would have answered with something angry. When I found myself outside and breathed the cold outdoor air, I shuddered from a very strong sensation—almost an animal one, and which I'd call *carnivorous*. Why was I going, where was I going? It was completely indefinite and at the same time *carnivorous*. I felt frightened and joyful—both at once.

"And will I dirty myself today, or not?" I thought dashingly to myself, though I knew all too well that today's step, once taken, would be decisive and irreparable for my whole life. But there's no use speaking in riddles.

I went straight to the prince's prison. For three days already I had had a note from Tatyana Pavlovna to the warden, and he gave me an excellent reception. I don't know whether he's a good man, and I don't think it matters; but he allowed me to meet with the prince and arranged it in his own room, kindly yielding it to us. The room was like any room—an ordinary room in the government apartment of an official of a known sort—that also, I think, we can omit describing. So the prince and I were left alone.

He came out to me in some half-military housecoat, but with a very clean shirt, a fancy necktie, washed and combed, and along with that terribly thin and yellow. I noticed this yellowness even in his eyes. In short, his looks were so changed that I even stopped in perplexity.

"How changed you are!" I cried.

"Never mind! Sit down, my dear," he half-foppishly showed me to an armchair and sat down facing me. "Let's go on to the main thing: you see, my dear Alexei Makarovich . . ."

"Arkady," I corrected.

"What? Ah, yes—well, well, it makes no difference. Ah, yes!"

he suddenly realized, "excuse me, dear heart, let's go on to the main thing..."

In short, he was in a terrible hurry to go on to something. He was all pervaded with something, from head to foot, with some sort of main idea, which he wished to formulate and present to me. He talked terribly much and quickly, with strain and suffering, explaining and gesticulating, but in the first moments I understood decidedly nothing.

"To put it briefly" (he had already used the phrase "to put it briefly" ten times before then), "to put it briefly," he concluded, "if I have troubled you, Arkady Makarovich, and summoned you so insistently yesterday through Liza, then, though things are ablaze, still, since the essence of the decision should be extraordinary and definitive, we..."

"Excuse me, Prince," I interrupted, "did you summon me yesterday? Liza told me precisely nothing."

"What!" he cried, suddenly stopping in great bewilderment, even almost in fright.

"She told me precisely nothing. Last night she came home so upset that she didn't even manage to say a word to me."

The prince jumped up from his chair.

"Can this be true, Arkady Makarovich? In that case, it's... it's..."

"But, anyhow, what of it? Why are you so disturbed? She simply forgot or something..."

He sat down, but it was as if stupefaction came over him. The news that Liza hadn't told me anything simply crushed him. He suddenly began speaking quickly and waving his arms, but again it was terribly difficult to understand.

"Wait!" he said suddenly, falling silent and holding up his finger. "Wait, it's... it's... unless I'm mistaken... these are—tricks, sir!..." he murmured with a maniac's smile. "And it means that..."

"It means precisely nothing!" I interrupted. "And I only don't understand why such an empty circumstance torments you so... Ah, Prince, since that time, ever since that night—remember..."

"Since what night, and what of it?" he cried fussily, obviously vexed that I had interrupted him.

"At Zershchikov's, where we saw each other for the last time—well, before your letter? You were also terribly disturbed then, but between then and now there's such a difference that I'm even horrified at you... Or don't you remember?"

"Ah, yes," he said, in the voice of a worldly man, and as if suddenly recalling, "ah, yes! That evening . . . I heard . . . Well, how is your health, and how are you now after all this, Arkady Makarovich? . . . But, anyway, let's go on to the main thing. You see, I am essentially pursuing three goals; there are three tasks before me, and I . . ."

He quickly began speaking again about his "main thing." I realized, finally, that I saw before me a man who ought at least to have a napkin with vinegar put to his head at once, if not to have his blood let. His whole incoherent conversation, naturally, turned around his trial, around the possible outcome; also around the fact that the regimental commander himself had visited him and spent a long time talking him out of something, but that he had not obeyed; around a note he had just written and submitted somewhere; around the prosecutor; about the fact that he would probably be stripped of his rights and exiled somewhere to the northern reaches of Russia; about the possibility of becoming a colonist and earning back his rights in Tashkent;[16] that he would teach his son (the future one, from Liza) this, and pass on that, "in the backwoods, in Arkhangelsk, in Kholmogory."[17] "If I wished for your opinion, Arkady Makarovich, then believe me, I value so much the feeling . . . If you only knew, if you only knew, Arkady Makarovich, my dear, my brother, what Liza means to me, what she has meant to me here, now, all this time!" he cried suddenly, clutching his head with both hands.

"Sergei Petrovich, can it be that you'll ruin her and take her away? To Kholmogory!" suddenly burst from me irrepressibly. Liza's lot with this maniac all her life suddenly presented itself to my consciousness clearly and as if for the first time. He looked at me, stood up again, took a step, turned around, and sat down again, still holding his head with his hands.

"I keep dreaming of spiders!" he said suddenly.

"You're terribly agitated, Prince, I'd advise you to lie down and send for the doctor at once."

"No, excuse me, that can wait. I mainly asked you to come so that I could explain to you about the marriage. The marriage, you know, will take place right here in the church, I've already said so. Approval has been granted, and they even encourage . . . As for Liza . . ."

"Prince, have mercy on Liza, my dear," I cried, "don't torment her now at least, don't be jealous!"

"What!" he cried, looking at me point-blank, his eyes almost popping out, and his face twisted into some sort of long, senselessly questioning smile. It was clear that the words "don't be jealous" for some reason struck him terribly.

"Forgive me, Prince, it was inadvertent. Oh, Prince, I've come to know an old man recently, my nominal father... Oh, if you could see him you'd be calmer... Liza also appreciates him so."

"Ah, yes, Liza... ah, yes, it's your father? Or... *pardon, mon cher,** something like that... I remember... she told me... a little old man... To be sure, to be sure. I also knew a little old man... *Mais passons,*† the main thing, in order to clarify the whole essence of the moment, we must..."

I got up to leave. It was painful for me to look at him.

"I do not understand!" he uttered sternly and imposingly, seeing that I had gotten up to leave.

"It's painful for me to look at you," I said.

"Arkady Makarovich, one word, one word more!" He suddenly seized me by the shoulders with a completely different look and gesture, and sat me down in the armchair. "Have you heard about those... you understand?" he leaned towards me.

"Ah, yes, Dergachev. It must be Stebelkov!" I cried, unable to restrain myself.

"Yes, Stebelkov and... you don't know?"

He stopped short and again stared at me with the same popping eyes and the same long, convulsive, senselessly questioning smile, which spread wider and wider. His face gradually grew pale. It was as if something suddenly shook me: I remembered Versilov's look the day before, when he was telling me about Vasin's arrest.

"Oh, can it be?" I cried fearfully.

"You see, Arkady Makarovich, this is why I summoned you, in order to explain... I wanted..." he was whispering quickly.

"It was you who denounced Vasin!" I cried.

"No, you see, there was this manuscript. Before the very last day, Vasin gave it to Liza... for safekeeping. And she left it here for me to look at, and then it so happened that they quarreled the next day..."

"You turned the manuscript over to the authorities!"

"Arkady Makarovich! Arkady Makarovich!"

*Excuse me, my dear.
†But let's leave that.

"And so you," I cried, jumping up and rapping out the words, "you, with no other motive, with no other purpose, but solely because the unfortunate Vasin is *your rival*, solely out of jealousy, you gave the *manuscript entrusted to Liza*... gave it to whom? To whom? To the prosecutor?"

But he didn't have time to answer, and he hardly would have answered anything, because he stood before me like an idol, still with the same morbid smile and fixed gaze; but suddenly the door opened and Liza came in. She almost fainted, seeing us together.

"You here? So you are here?" she cried with a suddenly distorted face and seizing me by the hands. "So you... *know*?"

But she had already read in my face that I "knew." I quickly and irrepressibly embraced her, tightly, tightly! And only at that moment did I grasp for the first time, in its full force, what hopeless, endless grief, with no dawn, lay forever over the whole destiny of this... voluntary seeker of suffering!

"But is it possible to speak with him now?" she suddenly tore herself away from me. "Is it possible to be with him? Why are you here? Look at him! Look! And is it possible, is it possible to judge him?"

Endless misery and commiseration were in her face as she exclaimed this, pointing to the unfortunate man. He was sitting in the armchair, covering his face with his hands. And she was right: this was a man in high delirium and irresponsible; and maybe for three days now he had already been irresponsible. That same morning he had been put in the hospital, and by evening he had come down with brain fever.

IV

From the prince, whom I left then with Liza, I went at around one o'clock to my former apartment. I forgot to mention that it was a damp, dull day, with the beginnings of a thaw and with a warm wind, capable of upsetting even an elephant's nerves. The landlord met me rejoicing, hustling and bustling, something I terribly dislike precisely at such moments. I treated him drily and went straight to my room, but he followed me, and though he didn't dare ask any questions, curiosity simply shone in his eyes, and at the same time he looked as if he even had some right to be curious. I had to treat him politely for my own good; but though

it was all too necessary for me to find out a thing or two (and I knew I would), still I was loath to start asking questions. I inquired after his wife's health, and we went to see her. She met me courteously, though with an extremely businesslike and taciturn air; this reconciled me a little. Briefly, this time I learned some quite wondrous things.

Well, naturally, Lambert had been there, but then he had come twice more and "looked the rooms all over," saying he might rent them. Nastasya Egorovna had come several times, God alone knew why. "She was also very curious," the landlord added, but I didn't gratify him, I didn't ask what she was curious about. In general, I didn't ask any questions, it was he who spoke, and I pretended to be rummaging in my suitcase (in which there was almost nothing left). But the most vexing thing was that he also decided to play mysterious and, noticing that I refrained from asking questions, also thought it his duty to become more clipped, almost enigmatic.

"The young lady was also here," he added, looking at me strangely.

"What young lady?"

"Anna Andreevna. She came twice; got acquainted with my wife. Very nice person, very agreeable. Such an acquaintance one can appreciate only too well, Arkady Makarovich..." And, having brought that out, he even took a step towards me: so much did he want me to understand something.

"Twice, really?" I was surprised.

"The second time she came with her brother."

"Meaning with Lambert," occurred to me involuntarily.

"No, sir, not with Mr. Lambert," he guessed at once, as if jumping into my soul with his eyes, "but with her brother, the real one, the young Mr. Versilov. A kammerjunker,[18] it seems?"

I was very embarrassed; he looked on, smiling terribly affectionately.

"Ah, there was someone else here asking for you—that mamzelle, the Frenchwoman, Mamzelle Alphonsine de Verdaigne. Ah, how well she sings, and she also declaims beautifully in verse! She was on her way in secret to see Prince Nikolai Ivanovich then, in Tsarskoe, to sell him a little dog, she said, a rarity, black, no bigger than your fist..."

I begged him to leave me alone, excusing myself with a headache. He instantly satisfied me, not even finishing the phrase, and not only without the least touchiness, but almost with pleasure, waving

his hand mysteriously and as if saying, "I understand, sir, I understand," and though he didn't say it, instead he left the room on tiptoe, he gave himself that pleasure. There are very vexatious people in this world.

I sat alone, thinking things over for about an hour and a half—not thinking things over, however, but just brooding. Though I was confused, I was not in the least surprised. I even expected something more, some still greater wonders. "Maybe they've already performed them by now," I thought. I had been firmly and long convinced, still at home, that their machine was wound up and running at full speed. "It's only me they lack, that's what," I thought again, with a sort of irritable and agreeable smugness. That they were waiting for me with all their might—and setting something up to happen in my apartment—was clear as day. "Can it be the old prince's wedding? The beaters are all after him. Only will I allow it, gentlemen, that's the thing," I concluded again with haughty satisfaction.

"Once I start, I'll immediately get drawn into the whirlpool again, like a chip of wood. Am I free now, this minute, or am I no longer free? Going back to mama tonight, can I still say to myself, as in all these past days, 'I am on my own'?"

That was the essence of my questions or, better, of the throbbings of my heart, during that hour and a half that I spent then in the corner on the bed, my elbows resting on my knees, my head propped in my hands. But I knew, I already knew even then, that all these questions were complete nonsense, and I was drawn only by *her*—her and her alone! At last I've said it straight out and written it with pen on paper, for even now, as I write, a year later, I still don't know how to call my feeling of that time by its name!

Oh, I felt sorry for Liza, and there was a most unhypocritical pain in my heart! Just by itself this feeling of pain for her might, it seems, have restrained and effaced, at least for a time, the *carnivorousness* in me (again I mention that word). But I was drawn by boundless curiosity and a sort of fear, and some other feeling as well—I don't know which, but I know, and already knew then, that it was not good. Maybe I yearned to fall at *her* feet, or maybe I wanted to give her over to every torment and "quickly, quickly" prove something to her. No pain and no compassion for Liza could stop me now. Well, could I get up and go home . . . to Makar Ivanovich?

"But is it really impossible simply to go to them, find out everything from them, and suddenly go away from them forever, passing unharmed by the wonders and monsters?"

At three o'clock, catching myself and realizing that I was almost late, I quickly went out, caught a cab, and flew to Anna Andreevna.

Chapter Five

I

As soon as I was announced, Anna Andreevna dropped her sewing and hurriedly came out to meet me in her front room—something that had never happened before. She held out both hands to me and quickly blushed. Silently she led me to her room, sat down to her handwork again, sat me down beside her; but she didn't take her sewing now, but went on examining me with the same warm concern, not saying a word.

"You sent Nastasya Egorovna to me," I began directly, somewhat burdened by this all-too-spectacular concern, though it pleased me.

She suddenly spoke, not answering my question.

"I've heard everything, I know everything. That terrible night... Oh, how you must have suffered! Is it true, is it true that you were found unconscious in the freezing cold?"

"You got that... from Lambert..." I murmured, reddening.

"I learned everything from him right then; but I've been waiting for you. Oh, he came to me so frightened! At your apartment... where you were lying ill, they didn't want to let him in to see you... and they met him strangely... I really don't know how it was, but he told me all about that night; he said that, having just barely come to your senses, you mentioned me to him and... your devotion to me. I was moved to tears, Arkady Makarovich, and I don't even know how I deserved such warm concern on your part, and that in such a situation as you were in! Tell me, is Mr. Lambert your childhood friend?"

"Yes, but this incident... I confess, I was imprudent, and maybe told him far too much then."

"Oh, I would have learned of this black, terrible intrigue even without him! I always, always had a presentiment that they would drive you to that. Tell me, is it true that Bjoring dared to raise his hand against you?"

She spoke as if it was only because of Bjoring and *her* that I had wound up under the wall. And it occurred to me that she was right, but I flared up:

"If he had raised his hand against me, he wouldn't have gone

unpunished, and I wouldn't be sitting in front of you now unavenged," I replied heatedly. Above all, it seemed to me that she wanted to provoke me for some reason, to rouse me up against somebody (however, it was clear whom); and all the same I succumbed.

"If you say you had a presentiment that they would drive me *to that*, then on Katerina Nikolaevna's part, of course, there was only a misunderstanding... though it's also true that she was all too quick in exchanging her good feelings towards me for this misunderstanding..."

"That's precisely it, that she was all too quick!" Anna Andreevna picked up, even in some sort of rapture of sympathy. "Oh, if you knew what an intrigue they've got there now! Of course, Arkady Makarovich, it's hard for you now to understand all the ticklishness of my position," she said, blushing and looking down. "Since that same morning when we saw each other last, I have taken a step that not every person can understand and grasp as one with your as-yet-uncontaminated mind, with your loving, unspoiled, fresh heart would understand it. Rest assured, my friend, that I am capable of appreciating your devotion to me, and I will repay you with eternal gratitude. In society, of course, they will take up stones against me, and they already have. But even if they were right, from their vile point of view, which of them could, which of them dared even then to condemn me? I have been abandoned by my father since childhood; we Versilovs—an ancient, highborn Russian family—are all strays, and I eat other people's bread on charity. Wouldn't it be natural for me to turn to the one who ever since childhood has replaced my father, whose kindness towards me I have seen for so many years? God alone can see and judge my feelings for him, and I do not allow society to judge me for the step I've taken! And when, on top of that, there is the darkest, most perfidious intrigue, and a daughter conspires to ruin her own trusting, magnanimous father, can that be endured? No, let me even ruin my reputation, but I will save him! I am ready to live in his house simply as a nurse, to watch over him, to sit by his sickbed, but I will not give the triumph to cold, loathsome society calculation!"

She spoke with extraordinary animation, very possibly half-affected, but nevertheless sincere, because it could be seen to what degree she had been wholly drawn into this affair. Oh, I could feel that she was lying (though sincerely, because one can also lie sincerely) and that she was now bad; but it's astonishing how it

happens with women: this air of respectability, these lofty forms, this unapproachability of social heights and proud chastity—all this threw me off, and I began to agree with her in everything, that is, while I sat with her; at least I didn't dare contradict her. Oh, man is decidedly in moral slavery to woman, especially if he is magnanimous! Such a woman can convince a magnanimous man of anything. "She and Lambert—my God!" I thought, looking at her in bewilderment. However, I'll say all: even to this day I don't know how to judge her; indeed God alone could see her feelings, and besides, a human being is such a complex machine that in some cases there's no figuring him out, and all the more so if that being is—a woman.

"Anna Andreevna, precisely what do you expect of me?" I asked, however, rather resolutely.

"How's that? What does your question mean, Arkady Makarovich?"

"It seems to me by all . . . and by certain other considerations . . ." I explained, getting confused, "that you sent to me expecting something from me. So what was it precisely?"

Not answering my question, she instantly began speaking again, just as quickly and animatedly:

"But I cannot, I'm too proud to enter into discussions and deals with unknown persons like Mr. Lambert! I've been waiting for you, not for Mr. Lambert. My position is extreme, terrible, Arkady Makarovich! Surrounded by that woman's schemes, I'm obliged to be devious—and it's unbearable for me. I almost stoop to intrigues, and I've been waiting for you as for a savior. I cannot be blamed that I look eagerly around me to find at least one friend, and so I couldn't help rejoicing over a friend: one who, even on that night, nearly frozen, could remember me and repeat only my name alone, is of course devoted to me. So I've been thinking all this time, and therefore I put my hopes in you."

She looked into my eyes with impatient inquiry. And here again I lacked the courage to dissuade her and to explain to her directly that Lambert had deceived her and that I had never told him then that I was so especially devoted to her, and hadn't remembered "only her name alone." Thus, by my silence, it was as if I confirmed Lambert's lie. Oh, I'm sure she herself understood very well that Lambert had exaggerated and even simply lied to her, solely in order to have a decent pretext for coming to see her and establishing contacts with her; and if she looked into my eyes as though

convinced of the truth of my words and of my devotion, then, of course, she knew that I wouldn't have dared deny it, so to speak, out of delicacy and on account of my youth. But, anyhow, whether this guess of mine is right or wrong—I don't know. Maybe I'm terribly depraved.

"My brother will stand up for me," she pronounced suddenly with ardor, seeing that I didn't want to reply.

"I was told that you came to my apartment with him," I murmured in embarrassment.

"But poor Prince Nikolai Ivanovich has almost nowhere to escape to now from the whole intrigue, or, better, from his own daughter, except to your apartment, that is, to a friend's apartment; for he does have the right to consider you at least a friend! . . . And then, if only you want to do something for his benefit, you can do it—if only you can, if only there is magnanimity and courage in you . . . and, finally, if it's true that you *can do something*. Oh, it's not for me, not for me, but for a poor old man, who alone loved you sincerely, who managed to become attached to you in his heart as to his own son, and who longs for you even to this day! For myself I expect nothing, even from you—if even my own father has played such a perfidious, such a malicious escapade with me!"

"It seems to me that Andrei Petrovich . . ." I tried to begin.

"Andrei Petrovich," she interrupted with a bitter smile, "Andrei Petrovich, to my direct question, answered me then on his word of honor that he never had the least intentions towards Katerina Nikolaevna, which I fully believed when taking my step; and yet it turned out that he was calm only until the first news about some Mr. Bjoring."

"It's not that!" I cried. "There was a moment when I, too, believed in his love for this woman, but it's not that . . . and even if it was that, it would seem he could be perfectly calm now . . . since this gentleman has been dismissed."

"What gentleman?"

"Bjoring."

"Who told you about his dismissal? This gentleman has perhaps never been in so strong a position," she smiled caustically; it even seemed to me that she gave me a mocking look.

"Nastasya Egorovna told me," I murmured in embarrassment, which I was unable to conceal and which she noticed only too well.

"Nastasya Egorovna is a very sweet person, and I certainly cannot

forbid her to love me, but she has no means of knowing what doesn't concern her."

My heart was wrung; and since she was counting precisely on firing my indignation, indignation did boil up in me, not against *that* woman, but so far only against Anna Andreevna herself. I got up from my place.

"As an honest man, I must warn you, Anna Andreevna, that your expectations . . . concerning me . . . may prove vain in the highest degree . . ."

"I expect you to stand up for me," she looked at me firmly, "for me, who am abandoned by everyone . . . your sister, if you want that, Arkady Makarovich!"

Another moment and she would have started crying.

"Well, it would be better not to, because 'maybe' nothing will happen," I babbled with an inexpressibly heavy feeling.

"How am I to take your words?" she asked somehow too warily.

"Like this, that I will leave you all and—*basta!*" I suddenly exclaimed almost in fury. "And as for the *document*—I'll tear it up! Farewell!"

I bowed to her and left silently, at the same time almost not daring to glance at her; but I had not yet reached the bottom of the stairs when Nastasya Egorovna overtook me with a folded half-page of note paper. Where Nastasya Egorovna had come from, and where she had been sitting while I was talking with Anna Andreevna—I can't even comprehend. She didn't say a single word, but only handed me the paper and ran back. I unfolded it: Lambert's address was written on it legibly and clearly, and it had been prepared, obviously, several days earlier. I suddenly remembered that on the day when Nastasya Egorovna had come to see me, I had let slip to her that I didn't know where Lambert lived, but in the sense that "I didn't know and didn't want to know." But by that time I had already learned Lambert's address through Liza, whom I had asked especially to make inquiries at the information bureau. Anna Andreevna's escapade seemed to me too resolute, even cynical: despite my refusal to assist her, she, as if not believing me a whit, was sending me straight to Lambert. It became only too clear to me that she had already learned all about the document—and from whom else if not from Lambert, to whom she was therefore sending me to arrange things?

"Decidedly every last one of them takes me for a little boy with no will or character, with whom anything can be done!" I thought with indignation.

II

NEVERTHELESS I WENT to Lambert's anyway. How could I overcome my curiosity at that time? Lambert, it turned out, lived very far away, in Kosoy Lane, by the Summer Garden, incidentally in the same furnished rooms; but the other time, when I had fled from him, I had been so oblivious of the way and the distance that, when I got his address from Liza four days earlier, I was even surprised and almost didn't believe he lived there. While still going up the stairs, I noticed two young men at the door to his rooms, on the third floor, and thought they had rung before me and were waiting to be let in. As I came up the stairs, they both turned their backs to the door and studied me carefully. "These are furnished rooms, and they, of course, are going to see other lodgers," I frowned as I approached them. It would have been very unpleasant for me to find somebody at Lambert's. Trying not to look at them, I reached out my hand for the bell-pull.

"*Atanday*,"* one of them shouted at me.

"Please wait to ring," the other young man said in a ringing and gentle little voice, drawing the words out somewhat. "We'll finish this, and then we can all ring together if you like."

I stopped. They were both still very young men, about twenty or twenty-two years old; they were doing something strange there by the door, and in surprise I tried to grasp what it was. The one who had shouted *atanday* was a very tall fellow, about six foot six, not less, gaunt and haggard, but very muscular, with a very small head for his height, and a strange, sort of comically gloomy expression on his somewhat pockmarked but not at all stupid and even pleasant face. His eyes looked with a somehow excessive intentness, and even a sort of unnecessary and superfluous resolution. He was quite vilely dressed, in an old quilted cotton overcoat with a small, shabby raccoon collar, too short for his height—obviously from someone else's back—and vile, almost peasant boots, and with a terribly crumpled, discolored top hat on his head. In all he was clearly a sloven: his gloveless hands were dirty, and his long nails were in mourning. His comrade, on the contrary, was foppishly dressed, judging by his light polecat coat, his elegant hat, and the

*Wait (in mispronounced French).

light, fresh gloves on his slender fingers; he was the same height as I, but with an extremely sweet expression on his fresh and young little face.

The long fellow was pulling off his necktie—a completely tattered and greasy ribbon or almost tape—and the pretty boy, having taken from his pocket another new, black tie, just purchased, was tying it around the neck of the long fellow, who obediently and with a terribly serious face, was stretching out his very long neck, throwing his overcoat back from his shoulders.

"No, it's impossible if the shirt's so dirty," the young man thus occupied said. "There not only won't be any effect, but it will seem still dirtier. I told you to put on a collar... I can't do it... Maybe you can?" he suddenly turned to me.

"Do what?" I asked.

"Here, you know, tie his necktie. You see, it has to be done in some way so that his dirty shirt doesn't show, otherwise there'll be no effect, no matter what. I just bought him a necktie from Filipp, the barber, for a rouble."

"Was it that rouble?" the long one murmured.

"Yes, that one; now I don't even have a kopeck. So you can't do it? In that case we'll have to ask Alphonsinka."

"To see Lambert?" the long one suddenly asked me abruptly.

"To see Lambert," I replied with no less resolution, looking him in the eye.

"*Dolgorowky?*"[19] he repeated in the same tone and the same voice.

"No, not Korovkin," I replied just as abruptly, having misheard.

"*Dolgorowky?!*" the long one almost shouted, repeating himself, and coming at me almost menacingly. His comrade burst out laughing.

"He's saying *Dolgorowky*, not Korovkin," he clarified. "You know how the French in the *Journal des débats* often distort Russian last names..."

"In the *Indépendance*,"[20] the long one grunted.

"...Well, in the *Indépendance*, too, it makes no difference. Dolgoruky, for instance, is written Dolgorowky, I've read it myself, and *V—v* is always *Comte Wallonieff*."

"*Doboyny!*" cried the long one.

"Yes, there's also some *Doboyny*. I read it myself and we both laughed: some Russian *Mme. Doboyny*, abroad... only, you see, why mention them all?" he suddenly turned to the long one.

"Excuse me, are you Mr. Dolgoruky?"

"Yes, I'm Dolgoruky, but how do you know?"

The long one suddenly whispered something to the pretty boy, who frowned and made a negative gesture; but the long one suddenly turned to me:

"*Monsieur le prince, vous n'avez pas de rouble d'argent pour nous, pas deux, mais un seul, voulez-vous?*"*

"Ah, how vile you are!" cried the boy.

"*Nous vous rendons*,"† the long one concluded, pronouncing the French words crudely and awkwardly.

"He's a cynic, you know," the boy smiled to me. "And do you think he doesn't know how to speak French? He speaks like a Parisian, and he's only mocking those Russians who want to speak French aloud among themselves in society, but don't know how . . ."

"*Dans les wagons*,"‡ the long one clarified.

"Well, yes, in railway carriages, too—ah, what a bore you are, there's nothing to clarify! A nice fancy to pretend you're a fool."

Meanwhile I took out a rouble and offered it to the long one.

"*Nous vous rendons*," the man said, pocketing the rouble, and, suddenly turning to the door, with a perfectly immobile and serious face he began banging on it with the toe of his enormous, crude boot and, above all, without the slightest irritation.

"Ah, you're going to have a fight with Lambert again!" the boy observed uneasily. "You'd better ring!"

I rang, but the long one still went on banging with his boot.

"*Ah, sacré . . .*"§ Lambert's voice suddenly came from behind the door, and he quickly opened it.

"*Dites donc, voulez-vous que je vous casse la tête, mon ami!*" he shouted at the long one.

"*Mon ami, voilà Dolgorowky, l'autre mon ami*,"¶ the long one pronounced importantly and seriously, looking point-blank at Lambert, who had turned red with anger. As soon as he saw me, he was as if all transformed at once.

"It's you, Arkady! At last! So you're well now, you're well at last?"

*Mister prince, do you have a silver rouble for us, not two, but only one, if you will?

†We pay you back.

‡In railway carriages.

§Ah, you damned . . .

‖Say, then, would you like me to crack your skull, my friend!

¶My friend, here's Dolgorovky, the other my friend [*sic*].

He seized me by the hands, pressing them hard; in short, he was so sincerely delighted that I instantly felt terribly pleased, and even began to like him.

"You're the first one I'm calling on!"

"Alphonsine!" cried Lambert.

The woman instantly leaped out from behind the screen.

"*Le voilà!*"*

"*C'est lui!*"† exclaimed Alphonsine, clasping her hands, and, spreading them wide again, she rushed to embrace me, but Lambert came to my defense.

"No, no, no, down!" he shouted at her as if she were a puppy. "You see, Arkady, a few of us fellows have arranged to have dinner at the Tartar's today. I won't let you off, come with us. We'll have dinner; I'll chase these boys out at once—and then we can talk as much as we like. But do come in! We're leaving right away, just stay for a little minute . . ."

I went in and stood in the middle of that room, looking around and remembering. Lambert was hastily changing his clothes behind the screen. The long one and his comrade also came in with us, despite Lambert's words. We all remained standing.

"*Mlle. Alphonsine, voulez-vous me baiser?*"‡ the long one grunted.

"*Mlle. Alphonsine*," the younger one made a movement, pointing to the little tie, but she fell fiercely on them both.

"*Ah, le petit vilain!*" she cried to the younger one. "*Ne m'approcher pas, ne me salissez pas, et vous, le grand dadais, je vous flanque à la porte tous les deux, savez-vous cela!*"§

The younger one, in spite of her waving him away scornfully and squeamishly, as if she really was afraid to dirty herself by touching him (which I couldn't understand, because he was so pretty and turned out to be so well dressed when he threw off his fur coat)—the younger one began begging her insistently to tie the necktie on his long friend, after first tying one of Lambert's clean collars on him. She almost started beating them, she was so indignant at this suggestion, but Lambert, having heard it, cried to her from behind the screen that she shouldn't hamper them and should do as she

*Here he is!

†It's him!

‡Mlle. Alphonsine, do you want to kiss me?

§Ah, the little rogue! . . . Don't come near me, don't dirty me, and you, you big booby, I'll chuck you both out the door, do you know that!

was asked, "otherwise they won't leave you alone," he added, and Alphonsine instantly seized the collar and began tying it on the long one, now without the slightest squeamishness. Just as on the stairs, the man stretched his neck out for her while she tied it.

"*Mlle. Alphonsine, avez-vous vendu votre bologne?*"* he asked.

"*Qu'est-ce que ça, ma bologne?*"†

The younger one explained that *ma bologne* signified her little Bolognese lap dog.

"*Tiens, quel est ce baragouin?*"‡

"*Je parle comme une dame russe sur les eaux minérales,*"§ observed *le grand dadais,* his neck still stretched out.

"*Qu'est-ce que ça qu'une dame russe sure les eaux minérales et . . . où est donc votre jolie montre, que Lambert vous a donné?*"‖ she suddenly turned to the younger one.

"What, no watch again?" Lambert echoed irritably from behind the screen.

"We ate it up!" *le grand dadais* grunted.

"I sold it for eight roubles. It was gilded silver, and you told me it was gold. Ones like that, in a shop now, cost only sixteen roubles," the younger one replied to Lambert, justifying himself with reluctance.

"We must put an end to this!" Lambert went on still more irritably. "I don't buy you clothes, my young friend, and give you beautiful things, so that you can waste it all on your long friend . . . What's this tie you've bought?"

"That was only a rouble; it wasn't yours. He didn't have any tie at all, and he still needs to buy a hat."

"Nonsense!" Lambert was now angry indeed. "I gave him enough for a hat as well, and he up and bought oysters and champagne. He smells; he's a sloven; he can't be taken anywhere. How can I take him to dinner?"

"In a cab," the *dadais* grunted. "*Nous avons un rouble d'argent que nous avons prêté chez notre nouvel ami.*"¶

"Don't give them anything, Arkady!" Lambert cried again.

*Mlle. Alphonsine, have you sold your *bologne* [deformation of *bolognais*]?
†What's my *bologne*?
‡Say, what is this gibberish?
§I talk like a Russian lady on the mineral waters [*sic*].
‖What's a Russian lady on the mineral waters and . . . so where's your pretty watch that Lambert gave you?
¶We have a silver rouble that we lent [*sic*] from our new friend.

"Excuse me, Lambert, I demand outright that you give me ten roubles here and now," the boy suddenly became angry and even turned all red, which made him twice as good-looking, "and don't you ever dare to say foolish things, as you just did to Dolgoruky. I demand ten roubles, one rouble to give back to Dolgoruky right now, and the rest to buy Andreev a hat at once—you'll see for yourself."

Lambert came from behind the screen:

"Here's three yellow notes, three roubles, and nothing more till Tuesday, and don't you dare . . . or else . . ."

Le grand dadais snatched the money from him.

"Dolgorowky, here's the rouble, *nous vous rendons avec beaucoup de grâce.** Petya, let's go!" he cried to his comrade, and then, holding up the two notes, waving them and looking point-blank at Lambert, he suddenly screamed with all his might:

"*Ohé, Lambert! où est Lambert, as-tu vu Lambert?*"†

"Don't you dare, don't you dare!" Lambert also screamed in the most terrible wrath. I saw that there was something previous in all this, totally unknown to me, and I gazed in astonishment. But the long one wasn't frightened in the least by Lambert's wrath; on the contrary, he screamed still louder: "*Ohé, Lambert!*" and so on. With this shouting they went out to the stairs. Lambert started after them, but then came back.

"Eh, soon I'll thr-r-row them out on their ears! They cost more than they bring in . . . Come on, Arkady! I'm late. There's yet another necessary man . . . waiting for me . . . Also a brute . . . They're all brutes! Tghrash, tghrash!" he cried again and almost ground his teeth; but all at once he came fully to his senses. "I'm glad you finally came. Alphonsine, not a step from the house! Let's go!"

By the porch, a smart trotter was waiting for him. We got in; but even all the way he still couldn't recover from some sort of fury against those young men and calm down. I marveled that it was so serious, and that, besides, they were all so irreverent with Lambert, while he all but even cowered before them. To me, by an ingrown old impression from childhood, it always seemed that everyone must fear Lambert, so that, despite all my independence, I myself probably cowered before Lambert at that moment.

"I tell you, they're all terrible tghrash," Lambert couldn't calm

*We pay you back with much thanks.

†Hey, Lambert! where's Lambert, have you seen Lambert?

down. "Would you believe it, that tall, vile one tormented me three days ago, in good society. He stands in front of me and shouts: '*Ohé, Lambert!*' In good society! Everybody laughs and knows that it's to get money from me—can you imagine. I gave it. Oh, they're scoundrels! Would you believe it, he was a junker[21] in a regiment and got thrown out, and, can you imagine, he's educated; he was brought up in a good home, can you imagine! He has thoughts, he could... Eh, the devil! And he's strong as *Hercule*. He's useful, but not very. And you can see he doesn't wash his hands. I recommended him to a certain lady, an old noble lady, saying that he had repented and wanted to kill himself from remorse, and he came to her, sat down, and whistled. And the other, the pretty one, is a general's son; the family's ashamed of him, I pulled him out of a trial, I saved him, and this is how he repays me. There are no people here! On their ears, on their ears!"

"They know my name; did you speak to them about me?"

"I had the stupidity. Please sit through dinner, brace yourself... Another awful canaille is coming. This one is really an awful canaille, and he's terribly cunning; they're all scum here; not a single honest man! Well, so we'll finish—and then... What do you like to eat? Well, it makes no difference, they have good food there. I'm paying, don't worry. It's a good thing you're well dressed. I can give you money. Come any time. Imagine, I wined and dined them here, there was cabbage pie every day; that watch he sold, it's the second time. The little one, Trishatov—you saw him, Alphonsine even scorns to look at him and forbids him to come near her—and suddenly, in a restaurant, in front of some officers, he says, 'I'll have snipe.' I gave him snipe! Only I'll get my revenge."

"Remember, Lambert, how we drove to a tavern in Moscow, and in the tavern you stabbed me with a fork, and how you had five hundred roubles then?"

"Yes, I remember! Eh, the devil, I do! I like you... Believe that. Nobody likes you, but I do; I'm the only one, remember... The one who's coming, the pockmarked one, is the most cunning canaille; don't say anything to him if he starts talking, and if he starts asking questions, answer with nonsense, keep mum..."

At any rate, on account of his excitement, he didn't ask me anything on the way. I even felt offended that he was so sure of me and didn't even suspect any mistrust in me; it seemed to me that he had the stupid notion that he could still order me around. "And besides, he's terribly uneducated," I thought, going into the restaurant.

III

I USED TO go to this restaurant on Morskaya[22] before, during the time of my infamous decadence and depravity, and therefore the impression of these rooms, these waiters, looking me over and recognizing me as a familiar visitor, the impression, finally, of this mysterious company of Lambert's friends, in which I had so suddenly found myself and to which I already seemed to belong indivisibly, and above all—the dark foreboding that I was voluntarily heading for some sort of vileness and would undoubtedly end up in bad business—it was as if all this suddenly pierced me. There was a moment when I almost left; but the moment passed and I stayed.

That "pockmarked one" Lambert was so afraid of for some reason was already waiting for us. He was a small man with one of those stupidly businesslike appearances, a type I've hated almost since childhood; about forty-five years old, of medium height, with some gray in his hair, with a face clean-shaven to the point of vileness, and with small, regular, gray, trimmed side-whiskers in the form of two little sausages on the two cheeks of an extremely flat and wicked face. Naturally, he was dull, serious, taciturn, and even, as is usual with all these wretched little people, for some reason arrogant. He scrutinized me very attentively but didn't say a word, and Lambert was so stupid that, in seating us at the same table, he felt no need to introduce us, so that the man might have taken me for one of Lambert's blackmailing associates. To those young people (who arrived almost at the same time as we did) he also said nothing all through dinner, but it could be seen, nevertheless, that he knew them closely. He talked about something only with Lambert, and then almost in a whisper, and then it was almost only Lambert who talked, while the pockmarked one just got off with fragmentary and angry ultimatums. He behaved superciliously, was spiteful and jeering, whereas Lambert, on the contrary, was in great agitation and evidently kept persuading him, probably trying to win him over to some venture. Once I reached for the bottle of red wine; the pockmarked one suddenly took a bottle of sherry and handed it to me, having not said a word to me till then.

"Try this," he said, offering me the bottle. Here I suddenly realized that he must already know everything in the world about

me—my story, and my name, and maybe why Lambert was counting on me. The thought that he might take me for someone in Lambert's service infuriated me again, and Lambert's face expressed a very strong and stupid alarm as soon as the man addressed me. The pockmarked one noticed it and laughed. "Lambert decidedly depends on everybody," I thought, hating him at that moment with all my soul. Thus, though we sat through the whole dinner at one table, we were divided into two groups: the pockmarked one and Lambert nearer the window, facing each other, and I next to the greasy Andreev, with Trishatov facing me. Lambert hurried with the meal, urging the waiter to serve every minute. When champagne was served, he suddenly reached out his glass to me.

"To your health, let's clink!" he said, interrupting his conversation with the pockmarked one.

"And will you allow me to clink with you?" The pretty Trishatov reached out his glass to me across the table. Before the champagne he had been somehow very pensive and silent. The *dadais* said nothing at all, but ate silently and a lot.

"With pleasure," I replied to Trishatov. We clinked glasses and drank.

"And I won't drink to your health," the *dadais* suddenly turned to me, "not because I wish for your death, but so that you won't drink anymore here today." He uttered it gloomily and weightily. "Three glasses are enough for you. I see you're looking at my unwashed fist?" he went on, displaying his fist on the table. "I don't wash it, and rent it out to Lambert unwashed as it is, for crushing other people's heads on occasions that Lambert finds ticklish." And, having said that, he suddenly banged his fist on the table with such force that all the plates and glasses jumped. Besides us, there were people dining at four other tables in this room, all of them officers and various imposing-looking gentlemen. It was a fashionable restaurant; for a moment everybody stopped talking and looked at our corner. And it seems we had long been arousing some curiosity. Lambert turned all red.

"Hah, he's at it again! I believe I asked you to behave yourself, Nikolai Semyonovich," he said to Andreev in a fierce whisper. The man looked him over with a long and slow stare:

"I don't want my new friend *Dolgorowky* to drink much wine here today."

Lambert turned still more red. The pockmarked one listened

silently, but with visible pleasure. For some reason he liked Andreev's escapade. I was the only one who didn't understand why I shouldn't drink.

"He only does it to get money! You'll get another seven roubles, do you hear, after dinner—only let us finish eating, don't disgrace us," Lambert rasped to him.

"Aha!" the *dadais* grunted victoriously. This quite delighted the pockmarked one, and he sniggered maliciously.

"Listen, you're much too..." Trishatov said to his friend with uneasiness and almost with suffering, evidently wishing to restrain him. Andreev fell silent, but not for long; that was not how he reckoned. At a table about five steps away from us, two gentlemen were dining and having a lively conversation. They were both middle-aged gentlemen of an extremely ticklish appearance. One was tall and very fat, the other also very fat but small. They were talking in Polish about the current Parisian events. The *dadais* had long been glancing at them curiously and listening. The little Pole obviously struck him as a comic figure, and he hated him at once, after the manner of all bilious and liverish people, to whom this always happens suddenly even without any cause. Suddenly the little Pole spoke the name of the deputy Madier de Montjau,[23] but following the habit of a great many Poles, he pronounced it in a Polish manner, that is, with the stress on the next-to-last syllable, and it came out not as Madiér de Montjáu, but as Mádier de Móntjau. That was all the *dadais* needed. He turned to the Poles and, drawing himself up importantly, suddenly said distinctly and loudly, as though asking them a question:

"Mádier de Móntjau?"

The Poles turned to him fiercely.

"What do you want?" the big fat Pole cried menacingly in Russian. The *dadais* bided his time.

"Mádier de Móntjau?" he suddenly repeated for the whole room to hear, without giving any further explanations, just as he had stupidly repeated "*Dolgorowky?*" as he came at me earlier by the door. The Poles jumped up from their places, Lambert jumped up from the table, rushed first to Andreev, but then abandoned him, leaped over to the Poles, and humbly began apologizing to them.

"They're buffoons, *panie*,* buffoons!" the little Pole repeated contemptuously, all red as a carrot with indignation. "Soon it will

*Sir (polite form of direct address in Polish).

be impossible to come here!" There was a stirring in the room, some murmuring was heard, but more laughter.

"Leave . . . please . . . let's go now!" Lambert murmured, completely at a loss, trying somehow to get Andreev out of the room. Giving Lambert a searching look and figuring that at this point he could get money from him, the man agreed to follow him. It was probably not the first time he had used this shameless method to knock money out of Lambert. Trishatov also made as if to run after them, but looked at me and stayed.

"Ah, how nasty!" he said, covering his eyes with his slender fingers.

"Very nasty, sirs," the pockmarked one whispered this time with a very angered air. Meanwhile Lambert came back almost completely pale and, with lively gesticulations, began whispering something to the pockmarked one. The latter meanwhile ordered the waiter to quickly serve coffee. He listened squeamishly; he evidently wanted to leave quickly. And, nevertheless, the whole incident was merely a schoolboy prank. Trishatov, with his cup of coffee, came over from his place and sat next to me.

"I like him very much," he began, addressing me with such a candid air as though he had always been talking to me about it. "You wouldn't believe how unhappy Andreev is. He ate and drank up his sister's dowry, and ate and drank up everything they had, the year he served in the army, and I can see how he suffers now. And as for his not washing—it's from despair. And he has terribly strange thoughts: he suddenly tells you that a scoundrel and an honest man are all the same and there's no difference; and that there's no need to do anything, either good or bad, or it's all the same—you can do either good or bad, but the best thing of all is to lie there without taking your clothes off for a month at a time, drink, eat, sleep—and that's all. But, believe me, he just says it. And you know, I even think he carried on like that just now because he wanted to finish completely with Lambert. He spoke of it yesterday. Believe me, sometimes at night or when he's been sitting alone for a long time, he begins to weep, and, you know, when he weeps, it's in some special way, as no one else weeps: he starts howling, howling terribly, and that, you know, is still more pitiful . . . And besides, he's so big and strong, and suddenly—he's just howling. Such a poor fellow, isn't it so? I want to save him, but I'm such a nasty, lost little brat myself, you wouldn't believe it! Will you let me in, Dolgoruky, if I ever come to see you?"

"Oh, do come, I even like you."

"What on earth for? Well, but thank you. Listen, let's drink another glass. Though—what's the matter with me?—you'd better not drink. It's true what he said, that you mustn't drink more," he suddenly winked at me significantly, "but I'll drink even so. I'm all right now, but, believe me, I can't restrain myself in anything. Just tell me I'm not to dine in restaurants anymore, and I'm ready for anything just to go and do it. Oh, we sincerely want to be honest, I assure you, only we keep postponing it.

And the years go by—all the best years![24]

And I'm terribly afraid he'll hang himself. He'll go and not tell anybody. He's like that. Nowadays they all hang themselves; who knows—maybe there are a lot like us? I, for instance, simply can't live without spare cash. The spare cash is much more important for me than the necessary. Listen, do you like music? I'm terribly fond of it. I'll play something for you when I come to see you. I play the piano very well, and I studied for a long time. I studied seriously. If I were to write an opera, you know, I'd take the subject from *Faust*.[25] I like that theme very much. I keep creating the scene in the cathedral, just so, imagining it in my head. A Gothic cathedral, inside, choirs, hymns, Gretchen enters, and, you know, the choirs are medieval, so that you can just hear the fifteenth century. Gretchen is in grief, first there's a recitative, quiet but terrible, tormenting, but the choirs rumble gloomily, sternly, indifferently:

Dies irae, dies illa![26]

And suddenly—the devil's voice, the devil's song. He's invisible, it's just a song, alongside the hymns, together with the hymns, it almost coincides with them, and yet it's quite different—it has to be done that way somehow. The song is long, tireless, it's a tenor, it must be a tenor. He starts quietly, tenderly: 'Remember, Gretchen, how you, still innocent, still a child, used to come with your mama to this cathedral and prattle out your prayers from an old book?' But the song grows stronger, more passionate, more impetuous; the notes get higher: there are tears in it, anguish, tireless, hopeless, and, finally, despair: 'There is no forgiveness, Gretchen, there is no forgiveness for you here!' Gretchen wants to pray, but only cries burst from her breast—you know, when your breast is contracted with tears—but Satan's song doesn't stop, ever

more deeply it pierces the soul, like a sharp point, ever higher—and suddenly it breaks off almost with a shout: 'It's all over, you are cursed!' Gretchen falls on her knees, clasps her hands before her—and here comes her prayer, something very short, half recitative, but naïve, without any polish, something medieval in the highest degree, four lines, only four lines in all—there are several such notes in Stradella[27]—and at the last note she swoons! Commotion. She's lifted, borne up—and here suddenly a thundering choir. It's like an assault of voices, an inspired chorus, victorious, overwhelming, something like our 'Up-borne-by-the-an-gel-ic-hosts'[28]—so that everything's shaken to its foundations, and everything changes into an ecstatic, exultant, universal exclamation—'Hosanna!'—as if it were the cry of the whole universe, and she's borne up, borne up, and here the curtain falls! No, you know, if I could, I'd have done something! Only I can't do anything now, but only keep dreaming. I keep dreaming and dreaming; my whole life has turned into a dream, I even dream at night. Ah, Dolgoruky, have you read Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*?"

"I have. What about it?"

"Do you remember... Wait, I'll drink another glass... Do you remember that place at the end, when they—that crazy old man and that lovely thirteen-year-old girl, his granddaughter—after their fantastic flight and wanderings, finally find refuge somewhere on the edge of England, near some medieval Gothic cathedral, and the girl obtains some post there, showing the cathedral to visitors... And then, once, the sun is setting, and this child is standing on the porch of the cathedral, all bathed in the last rays, standing and watching the sunset with quiet, pensive contemplation in her child's soul, a soul astonished as before some riddle, because the one and the other are like a riddle—the sun as God's thought, and the cathedral as man's thought... isn't it so? Oh, I don't know how to express it, only God likes such first thoughts from children... And there, next to her on the steps, this mad old man, the grandfather, stares at her with a fixed gaze... You know, there's nothing special in this picture from Dickens, absolutely nothing, but you'll never forget it, and this remains in all of Europe—why? Here is the beautiful! Here is innocence! Eh! I don't know what it is, only it's good. I was always reading novels in high school. You know, I have a sister in the country, only a year older than me... Oh, it's all been sold there now, and there's no longer any estate! We sat on the terrace, under our old lindens, and read

that novel, and the sun was also setting, and suddenly we stopped reading and said to each other that we, too, would be good, and we, too, would be beautiful—I was preparing for the university then and . . . Ah, Dolgoruky, you know, each of us has his memories! . . ."

And suddenly he leaned his pretty little head on my shoulder—and wept. I felt very, very sorry for him. True, he had drunk a lot of wine, but he had talked so sincerely with me, like a brother, with such feeling . . . Suddenly, at that moment, a shout came from the street and a strong rapping of knuckles on our window (the windows here are one-piece, big, and it was on the ground floor as well, so that it's possible to knock from the street). It was the ejected Andreev.

"*Ohé, Lambert! Où est Lambert? As-tu vu Lambert?*" his wild shout resounded in the street.

"Ah, but he's here! So he hasn't gone?" exclaimed my boy, tearing from his place.

"The check!" Lambert rasped to the waiter. His hands even trembled with anger as he went to pay, but the pockmarked one wouldn't let Lambert pay for him.

"But why? Didn't I invite you, didn't you accept the invitation?"

"No, permit me." The pockmarked one took out his purse and, having calculated his share, paid separately.

"You offend me, Semyon Sidorych!"

"That's how I want it, sir," Semyon Sidorovich snapped and, taking his hat and not saying good-bye to anyone, walked out of the room alone. Lambert threw the money at the waiter and hastily ran out after him, even forgetting about me in his confusion. Trishatov and I went out after all the rest. Andreev was standing by the entrance like a milepost, waiting for Trishatov.

"Blackguard!" Lambert couldn't keep from saying.

"Uh-uh!" Andreev growled at him, and with one swing of his arm he knocked off his round hat, which rolled along the pavement. The humiliated Lambert rushed to pick it up.

"*Vingt-cinq roubles!*"* Andreev showed Trishatov the banknote he had wrested from Lambert earlier.

"Enough," Trishatov cried to him. "Why do you keep making a row? . . . And why did you skin him for twenty-five roubles? You only had seven coming."

"What do you mean, skin him? He promised we'd dine in a

*Twenty-five roubles.

private room with Athenian women, and he served up the pock-marked one instead of the women, and, besides that, I didn't finish eating and froze in the cold a sure eighteen roubles' worth. He had seven roubles outstanding, which makes exactly twenty-five for you."

"Get the hell out of here, both of you!" yelled Lambert. "I'm throwing you both out, and I'll tie you in little knots..."

"Lambert, I'm throwing you out, and I'll tie you in little knots!" cried Andreev. "*Adieu, mon prince*,* don't drink any more wine! Off we go, Petya! *Ohé, Lambert! Où est Lambert? As-tu vu Lambert?*" he roared one last time, moving off with enormous strides.

"So I'll come to see you, may I?" Trishatov hastily babbled to me, hurrying after his friend.

Lambert and I remained alone.

"Well... let's go!" he uttered, as if he had difficulty catching his breath and even as if demented.

"Where should I go? I'm not going anywhere with you!" I hastened to cry in defiance.

"How do you mean, not going?" he roused himself up fearfully, coming to his senses all at once. "But I've only been waiting for us to be left alone!"

"But where on earth can we go?" I confess, I also had a slight ringing in my head from the three glasses of champagne and two of sherry.

"This way, over this way, you see?"

"But the sign says fresh oysters, you see? It's a foul-smelling place..."

"That's because you've just eaten, but it's Miliutin's shop; we won't eat oysters, I'll give you champagne..."

"I don't want it! You want to get me drunk."

"They told you that; they were laughing at you. You believe the scoundrels!"

"No, Trishatov is not a scoundrel. But I myself know how to be careful—that's what!"

"So you've got your own character?"

"Yes, I've got character, a bit more than you have, because you're enslaved to the first comer. You disgraced us, you apologized to the Poles like a lackey. You must have been beaten often in taverns?"

*Farewell, my prince.

"But we have to have a talk, cghretin!" he cried with that scornful impatience which all but said, "And you're at it, too?" "What, are you afraid or something? Are you my friend or not?"

"I'm not your friend, and you're a crook. Let's go, if only to prove that I'm not afraid of you. Ah, what a foul smell, it smells of cheese! What nastiness!"

Chapter Six

I

I ASK YOU once more to remember that I had a slight ringing in my head; if it hadn't been for that, I would have talked and acted differently. In the back room of this shop one could actually eat oysters, and we sat down at a little table covered with a foul, dirty cloth. Lambert ordered champagne; a glass of cold, golden-colored wine appeared before me and looked at me temptingly; but I was vexed.

"You see, Lambert, what mainly offends me is that you think you can order me around now, as you used to at Touchard's, while you yourself are enslaved by everybody here."

"Cghretin! Eh, let's clink!"

"You don't even deign to pretend before me; you might at least conceal that you want to get me drunk."

"You're driveling, and you're drunk. You have to drink more, and you'll be more cheerful. Take your glass, go on, take it!"

"What's all this 'go on, take it'? I'm leaving, and that's the end of it."

And I actually made as if to get up. He became terribly angry.

"It's Trishatov whispering to you against me: I saw the two of you whispering there. You're a cghretin in that case. Alphonsine is even repulsed when he comes near her... He's vile. I'll tell you what he's like."

"You've already said it. All you've got is Alphonsine, you're terribly narrow."

"Narrow?" He didn't understand. "They've gone over to the pockmarked one now. That's what! That's why I threw them out. They're dishonest. That pockmarked villain will corrupt them, too. But I always demanded that they behave nobly."

I sat down, took the glass somehow mechanically, and drank a gulp.

"I'm incomparably superior to you in education," I said. But he was only too glad that I had sat down, and at once poured me more wine.

"So you're afraid of them?" I went on teasing him (and at that

point I was certainly more vile than he was himself). "Andreev knocked your hat off, and you gave him twenty-five roubles for it."

"I did, but he'll pay me back. They're rebellious, but I'll tie them into . . ."

"You're very worried about the pockmarked one. And you know, it seems to me that I'm the only one you've got left now. All your hopes are resting on me alone now—eh?"

"Yes, Arkashka, that's so: you're my only remaining friend; you put it so well!" he slapped me on the shoulder.

What could be done with such a crude man? He was totally undeveloped and took mockery for praise.

"You could save me from some bad things, if you were a good comrade, Arkady," he went on, looking at me affectionately.

"In what way could I save you?"

"You know what way. Without me you're like a cghretin, and you're sure to be stupid, but I'd give you thirty thousand, and we'd go halves, and you yourself know how. Well, who are you, just look: you've got nothing—no name, no family—and here's a pile all at once; and on such money you know what a career you can start!"

I was simply amazed at such a method. I had decidedly assumed he would dodge, but he began with such directness, such boyish directness, with me. I decided to listen to him out of breadth and . . . out of terrible curiosity.

"You see, Lambert, you won't understand this, but I agree to listen to you because I'm broad," I declared firmly and took another sip from the glass. Lambert at once refilled it.

"Here's the thing, Arkady: if a man like Bjoring dared to heap abuse on me and strike me in front of a lady I adored, I don't know what I'd do! But you took it, and I find you repulsive, you're a dishrag!"

"How dare you say Bjoring struck me!" I cried, turning red. "It's rather I who struck him, and not he me."

"No, he struck you, not you him."

"Lies, I also stepped on his foot!"

"But he shoved you with his arm and told the lackeys to drag you away . . . and she sat and watched from the carriage and laughed at you—she knows you have no father and can be insulted."

"I don't know, Lambert, we're having a schoolboy conversation, which I'm ashamed of. You're doing it to get me all worked up, and so crudely and openly, as if I were some sort of sixteen-year-

old. You arranged it with Anna Andreevna!" I cried, trembling with anger and mechanically sipping wine all the while.

"Anna Andreevna is a rascal! She'll hoodwink you, and me, and the whole world! I've been waiting for you, because you're better able to finish with the other one."

"What other one?"

"With *Madame* Akhmakov. I know everything. You told me yourself that she's afraid of the letter you've got..."

"What letter... you're lying... Have you seen her?" I muttered in confusion.

"I've seen her. She's good-looking. *Très belle*,* and you've got taste."

"I know you've seen her; only you didn't dare to speak with her, and I want you also not to dare to speak *of* her."

"You're still little, and she laughs at you—that's what! We had a pillar of virtue like her in Moscow! Oh, how she turned up her nose! But she trembled when we threatened to tell all, and she obeyed at once; and we took the one and the other: both the money and the other thing—you understand what? Now she's back in society, unapproachable—pah, the devil, how high she flies, and what a carriage, and if only you'd seen in what sort of back room it all went on! You haven't lived enough; if you knew what little back rooms they'll venture into..."

"So I've thought," I murmured irrepressibly.

"They're depraved to the tips of their fingers; you don't know what they're capable of! Alphonsine lived in one such house; she found it quite repulsive."

"I've thought about that," I confirmed again.

"They beat you, and you feel sorry..."

"Lambert, you're a villain, curse you!" I cried out, suddenly somehow understanding and trembling. "I saw it all in a dream, you stood there, and Anna Andreevna... Oh, curse you! Did you really think I was such a scoundrel? I saw it in a dream, because I just knew you were going to say it. And, finally, all this can't be so simple that you'd tell me about it all so simply and directly!"

"Look how angry he is! Tut-tut-tut!" Lambert drawled, laughing and triumphant. "Well, brother Arkashka, now I've learned all I needed to know. That's why I was waiting for you. Listen, it means you love her and want to take revenge on Bjoring—that's what I

*Very beautiful.

needed to know. I suspected it all along, while I was waiting for you. *Ceci posé, celà change la question.** And so much the better, because she loves you herself. So get married, don't delay, that's the best. And you can't possibly do otherwise, you've hit on the right thing. And then know, Arkady, that you have a friend—me, that is—whom you can saddle and ride on. This friend will help you and get you married; I'll leave no stone unturned, Arkasha! And afterwards you can give your old friend thirty thousand for his labors, eh? But I will help you, don't doubt that. I know all the fine points in these matters, and they'll give you a whole dowry, and you'll be a rich man with a career!"

Though my head was spinning, I looked at Lambert in amazement. He was serious, that is, not really serious, but I could see clearly that he fully believed in the possibility of getting me married, and even accepted the idea with rapture. Naturally, I also saw that he was trying to ensnare me like a little boy (I saw it right then for certain), but the thought of marrying her so pierced me through that, though I was astonished at Lambert's ability to believe in such a fantasy, at the same time I rushed to believe it myself, though without losing even for a moment the awareness that, of course, it couldn't be realized for anything. It somehow all sank in together.

"Can it be possible?" I babbled.

"Why not? You'll show her the document—she'll turn coward and marry you so as not to lose the money."

I decided not to stop Lambert in his meanness, because he laid it out for me so simpleheartedly that he didn't even suspect I might suddenly become indignant; but I murmured, nevertheless, that I wouldn't want to marry only by force.

"Not for anything do I want to use force; how can you be so mean as to suppose that in me?"

"Ehh! She'll marry you of herself: it won't be your doing, she'll get frightened herself and marry you. And she'll also do it because she loves you," Lambert caught himself.

"That's a lie. You're laughing at me. How do you know she loves me?"

"Absolutely. I know. And Anna Andreevna thinks so, too. I'm telling you seriously and truthfully that Anna Andreevna thinks so. And then I'll also tell you another thing, when you come to my

*Put that in, and it changes the question.

place, and you'll see that she loves you. Alphonsine was in Tsarskoe; she also found things out there..."

"What could she have found out there?"

"Let's go to my place. She'll tell you herself, and you'll be pleased. What makes you worse than another man? You're handsome, you're well bred..."

"Yes, I'm well bred," I whispered, barely pausing for breath. My heart was throbbing and, of course, not from wine alone.

"You're handsome. You're well dressed."

"Yes, I'm well dressed..."

"And you're kind..."

"Yes, I'm kind."

"Then why shouldn't she agree? After all, Bjoring won't take her without money, and you can deprive her of money—so she'll get frightened; you'll marry her, and that will be your revenge on Bjoring. You told me yourself that night, after you froze, that she was in love with you."

"Did I tell you that? Surely I didn't put it that way."

"No, that way."

"I was delirious. Surely I must also have told you then about the document?"

"Yes, you said you had this letter, and I thought: since he has such a letter, why should he lose what's his?"

"This is all fantasy, and I'm by no means so stupid as to believe it," I muttered. "First, there's the difference in age, and, second, I have no name."

"She'll marry you; she can't do otherwise when so much money's to be lost—I'll arrange that. And besides, she loves you. You know, that old prince is quite well disposed towards you; through his patronage you know what sort of connections you could make; and as for the fact that you have no name, nowadays that's all unnecessary: once you've grabbed the money, you'll get on, you'll get on, and in ten years you'll be such a millionaire that all Russia will be talking, and what name do you need then? You can buy up a baron in Austria. But once you marry her, you'll have to keep her in hand. They need it good and proper. A woman, if she's in love, likes to be kept in a tight fist. A woman likes character in a man. But once you frighten her with the letter, from that time on you'll also show her your character. 'Ah,' she'll say, 'so young, but he's got character.'"

I was sitting there as if bemused. Never would I have stooped

to such a stupid conversation with anyone else. But here some sweet longing drew me into continuing it. Besides, Lambert was so stupid and mean that it was impossible to be ashamed before him.

"No, Lambert, you know," I said suddenly, "as you like, but there's a lot of nonsense here; I'm talking to you because we're comrades, and there's nothing for us to be ashamed of; but with anyone else I wouldn't have demeaned myself for anything. And, above all, why do you insist so much that she loves me? You spoke very well about capital just now, but you see, Lambert, you don't know high society: with them it all rests on the most patriarchal, familial, so to speak, relations, so that now, when she still doesn't know my abilities and how far I may get in life—now in any case she'll be ashamed. But I won't conceal from you, Lambert, that there is indeed one point here which may give hope. You see: she might marry me out of gratitude, because then I'd rid her of a certain man's hatred. And she's afraid of that man."

"Ah, you mean your father? And what, does he love her very much?" Lambert suddenly roused himself with extraordinary curiosity.

"Oh, no!" I cried. "And how frightening you are, and at the same time how stupid, Lambert! I mean, if he was in love with her, how could I want to marry her? After all, a son and a father—that would be shameful. It's mama he loves, mama, and I saw him embrace her, and before that I myself thought he loved Katerina Nikolaevna, but now I know clearly that he maybe loved her once, but for a long time now he's hated her . . . and wanted revenge, and she's afraid, because, I'll tell you, Lambert, he's terribly frightening once he starts on revenge. He almost turns into a madman. When he's angry with her, he can go to any lengths. It's an enmity of the old kind over lofty principles. In our time we spit on all general principles; in our time it's not general principles, it's only special cases. Ah, Lambert, you understand nothing, you're as stupid as my big toe: I'm talking to you about these principles, but you surely understand none of it. You're terribly uneducated. Do you remember beating me? I'm now stronger than you—do you know that?"

"Arkashka, let's go to my place! We'll spend the evening and drink another bottle, and Alphonsine will play the guitar and sing."

"No, I won't go. Listen, Lambert, I have an 'idea.' If things don't work out and I don't get married, then I'll go into my idea; but you have no idea."

"All right, all right, you'll tell me, let's go."

"I'm not going!" I got up. "I don't want to and I won't. I'll come to see you, but you're a scoundrel. I'll give you the thirty thousand—so be it, but I'm purer and higher than you . . . I can see that you want to deceive me in everything. And about her I even forbid you to think: she's higher than everyone, and your plans are so base that I'm even surprised at you, Lambert. I want to get married—that's another matter, but I don't need capital, I despise capital. If she gives me her capital on her knees, I won't take it . . . But getting married, getting married, that's—another matter. And you know, you said it well about keeping her in a tight fist. To love, to love passionately, with all a man's magnanimity, which can never be found in a woman, but also to be despotic—that's a good thing. Because, Lambert, you know what—women love despotism. You know women, Lambert. But you're astonishingly stupid in everything else. And, you know, Lambert, you're not at all as vile as you seem, you're—simple. I like you. Ah, Lambert, why are you such a knave? Otherwise we could live so merrily! You know, Trishatov's a dear man."

I babbled these last incoherent phrases when we were already in the street. Oh, I'm recalling it all in detail, to let the reader see that, for all my raptures and for all my vows and promises to be regenerated for the better and to seek seemliness, I could fall so easily then, and into such mire! And I swear, if I weren't fully and completely certain that I'm not at all like that now and that I have developed my character through practical life, I would not have confessed all this to the reader for anything.

We came out of the shop, and Lambert supported me, putting his arm lightly around me. Suddenly I looked at him and saw almost the same expression in his eyes—intent, scrutinizing, terribly attentive, and at the same time sober in the highest degree—as on that morning when I was freezing and he led me to a cab, with his arm around me in exactly the same way, and listened, all ears and eyes, to my incoherent babble. People who are getting drunk, but are not quite drunk yet, can suddenly have moments of the fullest sobriety.

"I won't go to your place for anything!" I uttered firmly and coherently, looking at him mockingly and pushing him away with my hand.

"Ah, come on, I'll tell Alphonsine to make tea, come on!"

He was terribly certain that I wouldn't escape; he held and supported me with relish, like a dear little victim, and I, of course,

was just what he needed, precisely that evening and in that condition! Why—will be explained later.

"I'm not going!" I repeated. "Cabbie!"

Just then a cab came trotting up, and I hopped into the sledge.

"Where are you going? What's with you?" yelled Lambert, in terrible alarm, seizing my fur coat.

"And don't you dare follow me," I cried, "don't try to overtake me!" At that moment the cab started, and my coat was torn from Lambert's hand.

"You'll come anyway!" he shouted after me in an angry voice.

"I'll come if I want to—by my own will!" I turned to him from the sledge.

II

He didn't pursue me, of course, because there happened to be no other cab at hand, and I managed to disappear from his sight. I drove only as far as the Haymarket, and there I got out and dismissed the sledge. I wanted terribly to go by foot. I felt no fatigue, no great drunkenness, but was just full of vigor; there was an influx of strength, there was an extraordinary ability for any undertaking, and an endless number of pleasant thoughts in my head.

My heart was pounding intensely and distinctly—I could hear each beat. And everything seemed so nice to me, everything was so easy. Walking past the guardhouse on the Haymarket, I wanted terribly to go up to the sentry and kiss him. There was a thaw, the square turned black and smelly, but the square, too, I liked very much.

"I'll go to Obukhovsky Prospect now," I thought, "then turn left and come out in the Semyonovsky quarter, I'll make a detour, it's excellent, it's all excellent. My fur coat's unbuttoned—why doesn't anybody take it off me, where are the thieves? They say there are thieves in the Haymarket, let them come, maybe I'll give them my fur coat. What do I need a fur coat for? A fur coat is property. *La propriété, c'est le vol.**[29] But anyhow, what nonsense, and how good everything is. It's good that there's a thaw. Why frost? There's no need at all for frost. It's also good to talk nonsense. What was it I said to Lambert about principles? I said there are no general

*Property is theft.

principles, but only special cases. That's nonsense, that's arch-nonsense! I said it on purpose, to show off. It's a bit shameful, but anyhow—never mind, I'll smooth it over. Don't be ashamed, don't torment yourself, Arkady Makarovich. Arkady Makarovich, I like you. I even like you very much, my young friend. It's too bad you're a little knave . . . and . . . and . . . ah, yes . . . ah!"

I suddenly stopped, and again my whole heart was wrung in ecstasy:

"Lord! What was it he said? He said she loves me. Oh, he's a crook, he told a lot of lies here; it was so that I'd go and spend the night with him. But maybe not. He said Anna Andreevna thought so, too . . . Bah! Nastasya Egorovna could also find out a thing or two here: she pokes around everywhere. And why didn't I go to his place? I'd learn everything. Hm! he's got a plan, and I anticipated it all to the last stroke. A dream. It's broadly conceived, Mr. Lambert, only you're wrong, it won't be that way. But maybe it will! Maybe it will! And can he really get me married? But maybe he can. He's naïve and credulous. He's stupid and impudent, like all practical people. Stupidity and impudence, joined together, are a great force. And confess that you were in fact afraid of Lambert, Arkady Makarovich! What does he need honest people for? He says it so seriously: there's not one honest man here! And you yourself—who are you? Eh, never mind me! Don't scoundrels need honest people? In knavery, honest people are more needed than anywhere else. Ha, ha! You're the only one who didn't know that before, Arkady Makarovich, with your total innocence. Lord! What if he really gets me married!"

I paused again. Here I must confess one stupidity (since it happened so long ago), I must confess that I had already wanted to marry long before—that is, I didn't want to and it would never have happened (and it won't in the future, I give my word), but already more than once and long before then I had dreamed of how nice it would be to get married—that is, terribly many times, especially on going to sleep each night. This began with me when I was almost sixteen. I had a schoolmate, Lavrovsky, the same age as me—such a nice, quiet, pretty boy, though not distinguished in any way. I hardly ever spoke to him. Suddenly one day we were sitting next to each other alone, and he was very pensive, and suddenly he says to me, "Ah, Dolgoruky, what do you think about getting married now? Really, when should one get married if not now? Now would be the very best time, and yet it's quite impossible!" And he said it so

candidly. And I suddenly agreed with him wholeheartedly, because I myself had dreamed of something like it. Then we came together for several days in a row and kept talking about it, as if in secret, though only about that. And then, I don't know how it happened, but we drifted apart and stopped talking. But ever since then I began to dream. This, of course, would not be worth recalling, but I only wanted to show how far back these things can sometimes go . . .

"There's only one serious objection here," I went on dreaming as I walked. "Oh, of course, the insignificant difference in age would be no obstacle, but there's this: she's such an aristocrat, and I'm—simply Dolgoruky! Awfully nasty! Hm! Surely Versilov, once he's married my mother, could ask the authorities for permission to adopt me . . . for the father's services, so to speak . . . He was in the service, so of course there were services; he was an arbiter of the peace . . . Oh, devil take it, what vileness!"

I suddenly exclaimed that and suddenly stopped for the third time, but now as if squashed on the spot. All the painful feeling of humiliation from the consciousness that I could wish for such a disgrace as a change of name through adoption, this betrayal of my whole childhood—all this in almost one instant destroyed my whole previous mood, and all my joy vanished like smoke. "No, I won't tell this to anyone," I thought, blushing terribly. "I stooped so low because I'm . . . in love and stupid. No, if Lambert is right about anything, it's that nowadays all this foolishness is simply not required, and that the main thing in our age is the man himself, and then his money. That is, not his money, but his power. With my capital I'll throw myself into the 'idea,' and in ten years all Russia will be talking, and I'll have my revenge on everyone. And there's no need to be ceremonious with her, here again Lambert is right. She'll turn coward and simply marry me. In the simplest and most banal way, she'll accept and marry me. 'You don't know, you don't know in what sort of back room it went on!' " Lambert's words came to my mind. "And that's so," I confirmed, "Lambert is right in everything, a thousand times righter than I, and Versilov, and all these idealists! He's a realist. She'll see that I have character and say, 'Ah, he has character!' Lambert is a scoundrel, and all he wants is to fleece me of thirty thousand, and yet he's the only friend I've got. There is no other friendship and cannot be, that was all invented by impractical people. And I don't even humiliate her; do I humiliate her? Not a bit: women are all like that! Can there be a woman without meanness? That's why she needs to have man over

her, that's why she was created a subordinate being. Woman is vice and temptation, and man is nobility and magnanimity. And so it will be unto ages of ages. And never mind that I'm preparing to use the 'document.' That won't prevent either nobility or magnanimity. Schillers in a pure form don't exist—they've been invented. Never mind a little dirt, if the goal is splendid! Afterwards it will all be washed away, smoothed over. And now it's only—breadth, it's only—life, it's only—life's truth—that's what they call it now!"

Oh, again I repeat: may I be forgiven for citing to the last line all this drunken raving from that time. Of course, this is only the essence of my thoughts from that time, but I believe I did speak in those very words. I had to cite them, because I sat down to write in order to judge myself. And what am I to judge, if not that? Can there be anything more serious in life? Wine is no justification. *In vino veritas.**

Dreaming thus and all buried in fantasy, I didn't notice that I had finally reached home, that is, mama's apartment. I didn't even notice how I entered the apartment; but as soon as I stepped into our tiny front hall, I understood at once that something extraordinary had happened. In the rooms they were talking loudly, exclaiming, and mama could be heard weeping. In the doorway I was almost knocked off my feet by Lukerya, who ran swiftly from Makar Ivanovich's room to the kitchen. I threw off my coat and went into Makar Ivanovich's room, because everyone was crowded there.

There stood Versilov and mama. Mama lay in his arms, and he pressed her tightly to his heart. Makar Ivanovich was sitting, as usual, on his little bench, but as if in some sort of strengthlessness, so that Liza had to support him by the shoulders with her arms to keep him from falling; and it was even obvious that he was all leaning over so as to fall. I swiftly stepped closer, gave a start, and realized that the old man was dead.

He had only just died, about a minute before my arrival. Ten minutes earlier he had felt as much himself as ever. Only Liza was with him; she was sitting with him and telling him about her grief, and he was stroking her hair as the day before. Suddenly he trembled all over (Liza told us), made as if to stand up, made as if to cry out, and silently began to fall towards the left. "Heart failure!" said Versilov. Liza cried out for the whole house to hear, and

*The truth's in wine.

it was then that they came running—all that about a minute before my arrival.

"Arkady!" Versilov shouted to me. "Run instantly to Tatyana Pavlovna's. She should certainly be at home. Ask her to come at once. Take a cab. Quickly, I beg you!"

His eyes were flashing—I remember that clearly. I didn't notice in his face anything like pure pity, tears—only mama, Liza, and Lukerya were weeping. On the contrary, and this I recall very well, what was striking in his face was some extraordinary excitement, almost ecstasy. I ran for Tatyana Pavlovna.

The way, as is known from the foregoing, wasn't long. I didn't take a cab, but ran all the way without stopping. There was confusion in my mind, and also even almost something ecstatic. I realized that a radical event had happened. The drunkenness had disappeared completely in me, to the last drop, and along with it all ignoble thoughts, by the time I rang at Tatyana Pavlovna's.

The Finnish woman unlocked the door: "Not at home!" and wanted to lock it at once.

"What do you mean, not at home?" I burst into the front hall by force. "It can't be! Makar Ivanovich is dead!"

"Wha-a-at?" Tatyana Pavlovna's cry suddenly rang out through the closed door of her drawing room.

"Dead! Makar Ivanovich is dead! Andrei Petrovich asks you to come this minute."

"No, you're lying!..."

The latch clicked, but the door opened only an inch: "What is it, tell me!"

"I don't know myself, I just arrived and he was already dead. Andrei Petrovich says it's heart failure!"

"At once, this minute. Run, tell them I'll be there. Go on, go on, go on! Well, what are you standing there for?"

But I saw clearly through the half-opened door that someone had come out from behind the curtain that screened Tatyana Pavlovna's bed and was standing there in the room behind Tatyana Pavlovna. Mechanically, instinctively, I seized the latch and would not let her close the door.

"Arkady Makarovich! Is it really true that he's dead?" the familiar, soft, smooth, metallic voice rang out, at which everything began to tremble in my soul all at once: in the question something could be heard that had penetrated and stirred *her* soul.

"In that case," Tatyana Pavlovna suddenly abandoned the door,

"in that case—settle it between you as you like. You want it that way!"

She rushed impetuously out of the apartment, putting on her kerchief and coat as she ran, and started down the stairs. We were left alone. I threw off my coat, stepped in, and closed the door behind me. She stood before me as she had when we met the other time, with a bright face, a bright gaze, and, as then, reached both hands out to me. As if cut down, I literally fell at her feet.

III

I WAS BEGINNING to weep, I don't know why; I don't remember how she sat me down beside her, I only remember, in a memory that is priceless for me, how we sat next to each other, hand in hand, and talked impetuously: she was asking about the old man and his death, and I was telling her about him—so that one might have thought I was weeping over Makar Ivanovich, whereas that would have been the height of absurdity; and I know that she could never have supposed in me such a thoroughly childish banality. At last I suddenly recollected myself and felt ashamed. Now I suppose that I wept then solely out of ecstasy, and I think she understood it very well herself, so that with regard to this memory I'm at peace.

It suddenly seemed very strange to me that she should keep asking like that about Makar Ivanovich.

"Did you know him?" I asked in surprise.

"For a long time. I've never seen him, but he has played a role in my life, too. At one time the man I'm afraid of told me a great deal about him. You know who that man is."

"I only know now that 'the man' was much nearer to your soul than you revealed to me before," I said, not knowing myself what I meant to express by it, but as if in reproach and frowning deeply.

"You say he was kissing your mother just now? Embracing her? You saw it yourself?" she went on asking without listening to me.

"Yes, I saw it; and, believe me, it was all sincere and magnanimous in the highest degree!" I hastened to confirm, seeing her joy.

"God grant it!" She crossed herself. "Now he's unbound. That beautiful old man only bound his life. With his death, duty and... dignity will resurrect in him again, as they already resurrected once. Oh, he's magnanimous before all else, he'll give peace

to the heart of your mother, whom he loves more than anything on earth, and he himself will finally be at peace, and thank God—it's high time."

"Is he very dear to you?"

"Yes, very dear, though not in the sense in which he himself would wish and in which you're asking."

"So are you afraid now for him or for yourself?" I asked suddenly.

"Well, these are intricate questions, let's drop them."

"Let's drop them, of course; only I was ignorant of that, all too much so, maybe; but let it be, you're right, everything's new now, and if anyone is resurrected, it's me first of all. I've been mean in my thoughts before you, Katerina Nikolaevna, and maybe no more than an hour ago I committed a meanness against you in deed as well, but you know, here I am sitting next to you, and I feel no remorse. Because everything has vanished now, and everything is new, and that man who was plotting a meanness against you an hour ago, I don't know and do not want to know!"

"Come to your senses," she smiled, "it's as if you're slightly delirious."

"And how can a man possibly judge himself sitting next to you," I went on, "whether he's honest or mean? You're like the sun, unattainable... Tell me, how could you come out to me after all that's happened? If you knew what happened an hour ago, only an hour? What sort of dream was coming true?"

"I probably know everything," she smiled gently. "You wanted to take revenge on me for something just now, swore to ruin me, and certainly would have killed or beaten anyone who uttered even one bad word about me in your presence."

Oh, she was smiling and joking; but it was only from her immeasurable kindness, because her whole soul was filled at that moment, as I later realized, with such enormous care of her own and such strong and powerful feeling, that she could talk with me and answer my trifling, irksome questions only as one answers a little boy who has asked some importunate, childish question, in order to get rid of him. I suddenly understood that and felt ashamed, but I was no longer able to stop.

"No," I cried, losing control of myself, "no, I didn't kill the one who spoke badly of you, but, on the contrary, I even seconded him!"

"Oh, for God's sake, don't, there's no need, don't tell me anything," she suddenly reached her hand out to stop me, and even with a sort of suffering in her face, but I had already jumped up

from my seat and stood before her in order to speak everything out, and if I had spoken it out, what happened later wouldn't have happened, because it would certainly have ended with my confessing everything and returning the document to her. But she suddenly laughed:

"Don't, don't say anything, no details! I know all your crimes myself. I'll bet you wanted to marry me or something like that, and were just talking it over with one of your accomplices, a former schoolmate of yours... Ah, it seems I've guessed right!" she cried, peering gravely into my face.

"How... how could you guess?" I stammered like a fool, terribly struck.

"Well, what else! But enough, enough! I forgive you, only stop talking about it," she waved her hand again, now with visible impatience. "I'm a dreamer myself, and if you knew what means I resort to in my dreams when nothing holds me back! Enough, you keep confusing me. I'm very glad that Tatyana Pavlovna left; I wanted very much to see you, and with her here it would be impossible to speak as we're doing now. It seems I'm guilty before you for what happened then. Right? Am I right?"

"You, guilty? But I betrayed you to *him* then and—what can you have thought of me! I've been thinking about that all this time; all these days, ever since then, every moment, thinking and feeling." (I wasn't lying to her.)

"You needn't have tormented yourself so much, I understood only too well then how it all happened; you simply blurted out to him in joy that you were in love with me and that I... well, that I had listened to you. That's twenty years old for you. You do love him more than anything in the world, you're looking for a friend, an ideal in him? I understood that only too well, but it was too late. Oh, yes, I was the guilty one then: I should have sent for you right then and put you at ease, but I was vexed; and I requested that you not be received in the house; and what came of it was that scene at the front door, and then that night. And you know, all this time, just like you, I've dreamed of meeting you secretly, only I didn't know how to arrange it. And what do you think I feared most? That you would believe his slander against me."

"Never!" I cried.

"I value our former meetings; your youth is dear to me, and even, perhaps, this sincerity itself... For I'm a most serious character. I'm the most serious and scowling character of all modern women,

know that... ha, ha, ha! We'll talk our fill some other time, but now I'm a bit out of sorts, I'm agitated and... it seems I'm in hysterics. But at last, at last, *he* will let me live in the world, too!"

This exclamation escaped involuntarily; I understood that at once and didn't want to pick it up, but I trembled all over.

"He knows I've forgiven him!" she suddenly exclaimed again, as if to herself.

"Could you really have forgiven him that letter? And how can he know that you've forgiven him?" I exclaimed, no longer restraining myself.

"How does he know? Oh, he knows," she went on answering me, but looked as if she had forgotten me and was talking to herself. "He's come to his senses now. And how could he not know I've forgiven him, since he knows my soul by heart? He knows I'm somewhat of the same sort as he."

"You?"

"Well, yes, he's aware of that. Oh, I'm not passionate, I'm calm: but, like him, I also want everybody to be good... He does love me for something after all."

"Then how is it he said you have all the vices?"

"He just said that; he's keeping another secret to himself. And isn't it true that the way he wrote his letter is terribly funny?"

"Funny?" (I was listening to her with all my might; I suppose she really was as if in hysterics and... maybe wasn't speaking for me at all; but I couldn't keep myself from asking.)

"Oh, yes, funny, and how I'd laugh if... if I wasn't afraid. Though I'm not such a coward, don't think it; but on account of that letter I didn't sleep all that night, it's written as if with some sort of sick blood... and after such a letter, what's left? I love life, I'm terribly afraid for my life, I'm terribly pusillanimous about it... Ah, listen!" she suddenly roused herself. "Go to him! He's alone now, he can't be there all the time, he must have gone somewhere alone. Find him quickly, you must, run to him quickly, show him you're his loving son, prove to him that you're a dear, kind boy, my student, whom I... Oh, God grant you happiness! I don't love anyone, and it's better that way, but I wish everyone happiness, everyone, and him first, and let him know of it... even right now, I'd be very pleased..."

She got up and suddenly disappeared behind the portière; tears glistened on her cheeks at that moment (hysterical, after laughing). I remained alone, agitated and confused. I positively did not know

to what to ascribe such agitation in her, which I could never have supposed in her. It was as if something contracted in my heart.

I waited five minutes, and finally ten; I was suddenly struck by the profound silence, and I ventured to peek through the door and call out. At my call, Marya appeared and declared to me in the most calm voice that the lady had long since dressed and gone out by the back door.

Chapter Seven

I

THAT WAS ALL I needed. I grabbed my fur coat and, putting it on as I went, ran outside, thinking, "She told me to go to him, but where am I going to get him?"

But, apart from everything else, I was struck by the question, "Why does she think something's come now and *he* will give her peace? Of course, because he's going to marry mama, but what about her? Is she glad that he's marrying mama, or, on the contrary, is that what makes her unhappy? Is that why she's in hysterics? Why can't I resolve this?"

I note this second thought that flashed in me then literally, as a reminder: it's important. That evening was fateful. And here, perhaps, against one's will, one comes to believe in predestination: I hadn't gone a hundred steps in the direction of mama's apartment, when I suddenly ran into the man I was looking for. He seized my shoulder and stopped me.

"It's you!" he cried joyfully and at the same time as if in the greatest astonishment. "Imagine, I went to your place," he spoke quickly, "looking for you, asking for you—you're the only one I need now in the whole universe! Your official told me God knows what lies; but you weren't at home, and I left, even forgetting to ask him to tell you to run to me at once—and what then? I was going along in the unshakable conviction that fate couldn't help sending you now, when I need you most, and here you're the first one I meet! Let's go to my place. You've never been to my place."

In short, the two of us had been looking for each other, and something similar, as it were, had happened to each of us. We walked on, hurrying very much.

On the way he just uttered a few short phrases about having left mama with Tatyana Pavlovna, and so on. He led me, holding on to my arm. He lived not far away, and we got there quickly. I had, in fact, never been to his place. It was a small apartment of three rooms, which he rented (or, more correctly, Tatyana Pavlovna rented) solely for that "nursing baby." This apartment had always been under Tatyana Pavlovna's supervision, and was inhabited by

a nanny with the baby (and now also by Nastasya Egorovna); but there had always been a room for Versilov as well—namely, the very first one, by the front door, rather spacious and rather well and plushly furnished, a sort of study for bookish and scribal occupations. In fact, there were many books on the table, in the bookcase, and on the shelves (while at mama's there were almost none at all); there were pages covered with writing, there were tied-up bundles of letters—in short, it all had the look of a corner long lived in, and I know that, before as well, Versilov had sometimes (though rather rarely) moved to this apartment altogether and stayed in it even for weeks at a time. The first thing that caught my attention was a portrait of mama that hung over the desk, in a magnificent carved frame of costly wood—a photograph, taken abroad, of course, and, judging by its extraordinary size, a very costly thing. I hadn't known and had never heard of this portrait before, and the main thing that struck me was the extraordinary likeness in the photograph, a spiritual likeness, so to speak—in short, as if it was a real portrait by an artist's hand, and not a mechanical print. As soon as I came in, I stopped involuntarily before it.

"Isn't it? Isn't it?" Versilov suddenly repeated over me.

That is, "Isn't it just like her?" I turned to look at him and was struck by the expression of his face. He was somewhat pale, but with an ardent, intense gaze, as if radiant with happiness and strength. I had never known him to have such an expression.

"I didn't know you loved mama so much!" I suddenly blurted out, in rapture myself.

He smiled blissfully, though there was a reflection as if of some suffering in his smile, or, better, of something humane, lofty... I don't know how to say it; but highly developed people, it seems to me, cannot have triumphant and victoriously happy faces. Without answering me, he took the portrait from the rings with both hands, brought it close, kissed it, then quietly hung it back on the wall.

"Notice," he said, "it's extremely rare that photographic copies bear any resemblance, and that's understandable: it's extremely rare that the original itself, that is, each of us, happens to resemble itself. Only in rare moments does a human face express its main feature, its most characteristic thought. An artist studies a face and divines its main thought, though at the moment of painting it might be absent from the face. A photograph finds the man as he is, and it's quite possible that Napoleon, at some moment, would

come out stupid, and Bismarck tenderhearted. But here, in this portrait, the sun, as if on purpose, found Sonya in her main moment—of modest, meek love and her somewhat wild, timorous chastity. And how happy she was then, when she was finally convinced that I was so eager to have her portrait! This picture was taken not so long ago, but all the same she was younger and better looking then; though there were already those sunken cheeks, those little wrinkles on her forehead, that timorous shyness in her eyes, which seems to be increasing in her more and more with the years. Would you believe it, my dear? I can hardly imagine her now with a different face, and yet once she was young and lovely! Russian women lose their looks quickly, their beauty is fleeting, and in truth that's not only owing to the ethnographic properties of the type, but also to the fact that they're capable of loving unreservedly. A Russian woman gives everything at once if she loves—moment and destiny, present and future. They don't know how to economize, they don't lay anything aside, and their beauty quickly goes into the one they love. Those sunken cheeks—that is also a beauty gone into me, into my brief bit of fun. You're glad I loved your mother, and maybe you didn't even believe I loved her? Yes, my friend, I loved her very much, yet I did her nothing but harm... There's another portrait here—look at it as well."

He took it from the desk and handed it to me. It was also a photograph, of an incomparably smaller size, in a slender oval wooden border—the face of a girl, thin and consumptive and, for all that, beautiful; pensive and at the same time strangely devoid of thought. Regular features, of a type fostered over generations, yet leaving a painful impression: it looked as though this being had suddenly been possessed by some fixed idea, tormenting precisely because it was beyond this being's strength.

"This... this is the girl you wanted to marry there and who died of consumption... *her* stepdaughter?" I said somewhat timidly.

"Yes, wanted to marry, died of consumption, *her* stepdaughter. I knew you knew... all that gossip. However, apart from gossip, you couldn't have known anything here. Let the portrait be, my friend, this is a poor madwoman and nothing more."

"Quite mad?"

"Or else an idiot. However, I think she was mad as well. She had a child by Prince Sergei Petrovich (out of madness, not out of love; that was one of Sergei Petrovich's meanest acts); the child is here now, in the other room, I've long wanted to show it to you.

Prince Sergei Petrovich didn't dare to come here and look at the baby; I made that stipulation with him while we were still abroad. I took it under my care with your mama's permission. With your mama's permission I also wanted then to marry that . . . unfortunate woman . . ."

"Was such permission possible?" I uttered hotly.

"Oh, yes! she gave it to me. One gets jealous of a woman, and that was not a woman."

"Not a woman for anybody except mama! Never in my life will I believe that mama wasn't jealous!" I cried.

"And you're right. I realized it only when it was all over—that is, when she had given her permission. But let's drop it. The affair didn't work out on account of Lydia's death, and maybe it wouldn't have worked out even if she had remained alive, but even now I don't let mama see the child. It was merely an episode. My dear, I've long been waiting for you to come here. I've long been dreaming of how we'd get together here. Do you know how long? For two years now."

He looked at me sincerely and truthfully, with an unreserved warmth of heart. I seized his hand:

"Why were you so slow, why didn't you invite me long ago? If you knew what has happened . . . and what wouldn't have happened if you had called me long ago! . . ."

At that moment the samovar was brought in, and Nastasya Egorovna suddenly brought in the baby, asleep.

"Look at him," said Versilov. "I love him, and I had him brought now on purpose, so that you could also look at him. Well, take him away again, Nastasya Egorovna. Sit down to the samovar. I'm going to imagine that we've lived like this forever and have come together every evening, never parting. Let me look at you; sit like this, so that I can see your face! How I love your face! How I kept imagining your face to myself, as I was waiting for you to come from Moscow! You ask why I didn't send for you long ago? Wait, maybe now you'll understand."

"But can it be only this old man's death that has loosened your tongue now? It's strange . . ."

But though I did say that, I still looked at him with love. We talked like two friends in the highest and fullest sense of the word. He had brought me here to explain, to recount, to justify something to me; and yet everything was already explained and justified before any words. Whatever I was to hear from him now, the result had

already been achieved, and we both happily knew it and looked at each other that way.

"It's not exactly this old man's death," he replied, "not only his death; there's something else now that has hit on the same spot... May God bless this moment and our life, for a long time to come! Let's talk, my dear! I keep getting broken up, diverted, I want to talk about one thing and get sidetracked into a thousand other details. That always happens when one's heart is full... But let's talk; the time has come, and I've long been in love with you, my boy..."

He leaned back in his armchair and looked me over once more.

"How strange! How strange it is to hear that!" I repeated, drowning in ecstasy.

And then, I remember, in his face there suddenly flashed the usual wrinkle—as if of sadness and mockery together—which I knew so well. He controlled himself and, as if with a certain strain, began.

II

"HERE'S THE THING, Arkady: if I had invited you earlier, what would I have said to you? In this question lies my whole answer."

"That is, you mean to say that you're now mama's husband and my father, while then... You wouldn't have known before what to say about my social position? Is that it?"

"That's not the only thing I wouldn't have known what to say about, my dear; there's much here that I would have had to pass over in silence. There's even much here that's ridiculous and humiliating, because it looks like a trick—really, like a most farcical trick. Well, how could we have understood each other before, if I understood myself only today, at five o'clock in the afternoon, exactly two hours before Makar Ivanovich's death? You look at me with unpleasant perplexity? Don't worry, I'll explain the trick; but what I said is quite right: life is all wanderings and perplexities, and suddenly—the resolution, on such-and-such a day, at five o'clock in the afternoon! It's even offensive, isn't it? In the still-recent old days I'd have been quite offended."

I was actually listening in painful perplexity; there was a strong presence of the former Versilovian wrinkle, which I had no wish

to encounter that evening, after the words that had been spoken. Suddenly I exclaimed:

"My God. You got something from her . . . at five o'clock today?"

He looked at me intently and was evidently struck by my exclamation, and maybe also by my saying "from her."

"You'll learn everything," he said with a pensive smile, "and, of course, I won't conceal from you what you need to know, because that's what I brought you here for, but let's set it aside for now. You see, my friend, I've long known that we have children who brood about their families from childhood on, who are outraged by the unseemliness of their fathers and their surroundings. I noticed these brooders while I was still in school, and concluded then that it was all because they became envious very early on. Note, however, that I myself was one of these brooding children, but . . . excuse me, my dear, I'm surprisingly distracted. I only wanted to say how constantly I've been afraid for you here almost all this time. I always imagined you as one of those little beings who are conscious of their giftedness and given over to solitude. Like you, I also never cared for my comrades. Woe to those beings who are left only to their own powers and dreams, and with a passionate, all too premature, and almost vengeful longing for seemliness—precisely 'vengeful.' But enough, my dear,' I'm digressing again . . . Even before I began to love you, I had already imagined you and your solitary, wild dreams . . . But enough, in fact, I've forgotten what I started to say. However, all that still had to be spoken out. But before, before, what could I have said to you? Now I see your gaze upon me and know that it's my *son* looking at me; while even yesterday I couldn't have believed I'd ever be sitting and talking with my boy as I am today."

He was indeed becoming very distracted, but at the same time was as if touched by something.

"Now I have no need for dreams and reveries, now you are enough for me! I will follow you!" I said, giving myself to him with all my soul.

"Follow me? But my wanderings have just ended, and just today as it happens. You're too late, my dear. Today is the finale of the last act, and the curtain is coming down. This last act dragged on for a long time. It began very long ago—when I fled abroad for the last time. I abandoned everything then, and know, my dear, that I unmarried your mother then, and told her so myself. You should know that. I explained to her then that I was going away

forever, and that she would never see me again. Worst of all, I even forgot to leave her any money then. Nor did I think of you for a minute. I left with the intention of remaining in Europe, my dear, and never coming home. I emigrated."

"To Herzen?[30] To take part in foreign propaganda? You've probably taken part in some conspiracy all your life?" I cried, not restraining myself.

"No, my friend, I never took part in any conspiracy. But your eyes are even flashing; I like your exclamations, my dear. No, I simply left then from yearning. From a sudden yearning. This was the yearning of a Russian nobleman—I truly can't put it any better. A nobleman's yearning—and nothing more."

"Serfdom . . . the emancipation of the people?"[31] I murmured, breathless.

"Serfdom? You think I was yearning for serfdom? Couldn't bear the emancipation of the people? Oh, no, my friend, it was we who were the emancipators. I emigrated without any spite. I had just been an arbiter of the peace and had struggled with all my might; I had struggled disinterestedly, and didn't even leave because I had gotten too little reward for my liberalism. None of us got anything then—that is, again, the ones like me. I left rather in pride than in repentance, and, believe me, quite far from thinking it was time to end my life as a humble bootmaker. *Je suis gentilhomme avant tout et je mourrai gentilhomme!** But even so I felt sad. There are maybe about a thousand men of our sort in Russia; maybe no more, in fact, but that's quite enough for an idea not to die. We are the bearers of an idea, my dear! . . . My friend, I'm talking in some strange hope that you'll understand all this gibberish. I invited you on a whim of my heart: I've long been dreaming of how I might say something to you . . . to you, precisely to you! But, anyhow . . . anyhow . . ."

"No, speak," I cried, "I see sincerity in your face again . . . So what, did Europe resurrect you then? And what was your 'nobleman's yearning'? Forgive me, dear heart, I still don't understand."

"Did Europe resurrect me? But I myself was going then to bury her!"

"To bury her?" I repeated in surprise.

He smiled.

"Arkady, my friend, my soul has waxed tender now, and my spirit

*I'm a gentleman before all and I'll die a gentleman!

is stirred. I'll never forget my first moments in Europe that time. I had lived in Europe before, but that was a special time, and I had never arrived there with such inconsolable sadness and . . . such love as at that time. I'll tell you one of my first impressions then, one of the dreams I had then, an actual dream. It was still in Germany. I had just left Dresden and, in my absentmindedness, had missed the station at which I should have changed direction and wound up on another branch line. They got me off at once; it was past two in the afternoon, a bright day. It was a little German town. They directed me to a hotel. I had to wait: the next train came through at eleven o'clock at night. I was even pleased to have an adventure, because I was in no particular hurry. I was wandering, my dear, just wandering. The hotel turned out to be wretched and small, but it was all covered in greenery and surrounded with beds of flowers, as always there. I was given a little room and, as I had spent the whole night on the road, I fell asleep after dinner, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

"I dreamed a dream that was completely unexpected for me, because I had never had one like it. In Dresden, in the gallery, there's a painting by Claude Lorrain—*Acis and Galatea*[32] according to the catalog, but I've always called it *The Golden Age*, I don't know why myself. I had seen it before, and then, some three days earlier, I had noticed it once again in passing. I saw this painting in my dream, but not as a painting, but as if it were something happening. However, I don't know precisely what I dreamed; it was exactly as in the painting—a corner of the Greek archipelago, and time, too, seemed to have shifted back three thousand years; gentle blue waves, islands and rocks, a flowering coast, a magic panorama in the distance, the inviting, setting sun—words can't express it. Here European mankind remembered its cradle, and the thought of it seemed to fill my soul with a kindred love. This was the earthly paradise of mankind: the gods came down from heaven and were united with people . . . Oh, beautiful people lived here! They woke up and fell asleep happy and innocent; the meadows and groves were filled with their songs and merry shouts; a great surplus of untouched forces went into love and simple-hearted joy. The sun poured down warmth and light on them, rejoicing over its beautiful children . . . A wonderful reverie, a lofty delusion of mankind! The golden age—the most incredible dream of all that have ever been, but for which people have given all their lives and all their strength, for which prophets have died and been

slain, without which the peoples do not want to live and cannot even die! And it was as if I lived through this whole feeling in my dream; the cliffs and the sea and the slanting rays of the setting sun—it was as if I could still see it all when I woke up and opened my eyes, literally wet with tears. I remember that I was glad. A feeling of happiness unknown to me before went through my heart, even to the point of pain; this was an all-human love. It was already full evening; a sheaf of slanting rays came in the window of my little room, breaking through the greenery of the plants on the windowsill, pouring its light over me. And then, my friend, and then—this setting sun of the first day of European mankind, which I had seen in my dream, turned for me as soon as I woke up, in reality, into the setting sun of the last day of European mankind! At that time especially it was as if a death knell could be heard over Europe. I'm not just speaking of the war, or of the Tuileries;[33] I knew even without that that it would all pass away, the whole countenance of the old European world—sooner or later; but as a Russian European I couldn't accept it. Yes, they had just burned the Tuileries then... Oh, don't worry, I know it was 'logical,' and I understand only too well the irresistibility of the current idea, but as a bearer of the highest Russian cultural thought I couldn't accept it, because the highest Russian thought is the all-reconciliation of ideas. And who in the whole world could understand such a thought then? I wandered alone. I'm not talking about myself personally—I'm talking about Russian thought. There, there was strife and logic; there the Frenchman was only a Frenchman, and the German only a German, and that with a greater intensity than at any time in their entire history; meaning that a Frenchman never did more harm to France, or a German to his Germany, than at that time! In the whole of Europe then there wasn't a single European! I alone among all those *pétroleurs*[34] could tell them to their faces that their Tuileries was a mistake, and I alone among all the avenging conservatives could tell the avengers that the Tuileries, though a crime, still had its logic. And that was so, my boy, because I alone, as a Russian, was then *the only European* in Europe. I'm not talking about myself—I'm talking about all of Russian thought. I wandered, my friend, I wandered and knew firmly that I had to keep silent and wander. But still I felt sad. My boy, I cannot help respecting my nobility. It seems you're laughing?"

"No, I'm not laughing," I said in a deeply moved voice, "I'm not laughing at all. You've shaken my heart with your vision of the

golden age, and be assured that I'm beginning to understand you. But most of all I'm glad that you respect yourself so much. I hasten to tell you so. That's something I never expected of you!"

"I've already told you that I like your exclamations, my dear," he smiled again at my naïve exclamation and, getting up from his armchair, began pacing the room without noticing it. I also got up. He went on speaking in his strange language, but with deeply penetrating thought.

III

"YES, MY BOY, I repeat to you that I can't help respecting my nobility. Over the centuries we have developed a high cultural type never seen before, which does not exist anywhere else in the world—the type of universal suffering for all. It's a Russian type, but since it's taken from the highest cultural stratum of the Russian people, that means I have the honor of belonging to it. It preserves in itself the future of Russia. There are perhaps only a thousand of us—maybe more, maybe less—but the whole of Russia has lived up to now only to produce this thousand. Too few, they'll say, indignant that so many centuries and so many millions of people have been spent for a thousand men. In my opinion, it's not too few."

I listened with strained attention. A conviction was emerging, the tendency of a whole lifetime. This "thousand men" betrayed him in such high relief! I felt that his expansiveness with me came from some external shock. He made all these ardent speeches while loving me; but the reason why he suddenly began speaking, and why he wished to speak this way precisely with me, still remained unknown to me.

"I emigrated," he went on, "and I didn't regret anything I left behind. I had served Russia then with all that was in my power, while I lived there; having left, I also continued to serve her, but only expanded the idea. But serving her in that way, I served her far more than if I had been merely a Russian, as a Frenchman then was merely a Frenchman, and a German a German. In Europe that has not yet been understood. Europe created noble types of the Frenchman, the Englishman, the German, but of her future man she still knows almost nothing. And it seems she doesn't want to know yet. And that's understandable: they're not free, and we

are free. I, with my Russian yearning, was the only free man in Europe then.

"Make note of a strange thing, my friend: any Frenchman can serve not only his France, but even mankind, solely on condition that he remains most of all a Frenchman; the same applies to the Englishman and the German. Only the Russian, even in our time, that is, long before the general summing up, is capable of becoming most Russian precisely only when he is most European. That is our most essential national distinction from all the rest, and in this respect Russia is like nowhere else. In France I'm a Frenchman, with a German I'm a German, with an ancient Greek a Greek, and by that very fact I'm most Russian. By that very fact I am a real Russian, and I serve Russia most, for I put forward her chief thought. I am a pioneer of that thought. I emigrated then, but did I leave Russia? No, I continued to serve her. Granted, I did nothing in Europe; granted, I went only to wander (and I knew I went only to wander), but it was enough that I went with my thought and my consciousness. I took my Russian yearning there. Oh, it wasn't only the blood of that time that alarmed me so much, and not even the Tuileries, but all that was bound to follow. They're doomed to go on fighting for a long time, because they're still all too German and all too French, and they haven't finished their work in those roles. But I regret the destruction on the way. For a Russian, Europe is as precious as Russia; for him, every stone in her is dear and beloved. Europe was just as much our fatherland as Russia. Oh, even more! It's impossible to love Russia more than I do, but I never reproached myself for the fact that Venice, Rome, Paris, the treasures of their science and art, their whole history—are dearer to me than Russia. Oh, Russians cherish those old foreign stones, those wonders of God's old world, those fragments of holy wonders; and they're even dearer to us than to them! They have other thoughts and other feelings now, and they've ceased to cherish the old stones . . . A conservative there merely struggles for existence; and the *pétroleur* acts up only over the right to a crust of bread. Russia alone lives not for herself, but for thought, and you must agree, my friend, with the portentous fact that, for almost a hundred years, Russia has lived decidedly not for herself, but for Europe alone! And they? Oh, they are doomed to terrible torments before they reach the Kingdom of God."

I confess, I listened in great confusion; even the tone of his speech alarmed me, though I couldn't help being struck by the

thoughts. I had a morbid fear of falseness. Suddenly I remarked to him in a stern voice:

"You just said 'the Kingdom of God.' I've heard you preached God there, and wore chains?"

"Let my chains be," he smiled, "that's something else entirely. I was not yet preaching anything then, but I was yearning for their God—that's true. They proclaimed atheism then . . . a small bunch of them, but that makes no difference; these were only the front-runners, but this was their first *executive* step—that's the important thing. Here again it's their logic; but there is always anguish in logic. I was of a different culture, and my heart couldn't accept it. The ingratitude with which they parted with the idea, the whistling and mudslinging were unbearable to me. The bootishness of the process alarmed me. However, reality always smacks of the boot, even with the brightest striving towards the ideal, and I, of course, should have known that. But even so, I was a man of a different type: I was free in choosing, but they were not—and I wept, wept for them, wept over the old idea, and maybe wept real tears, without any pretty words."

"You believed so strongly in God?" I asked mistrustfully.

"My friend, that question is perhaps superfluous. Let's suppose I didn't believe very much, but still I couldn't help yearning for the idea. I couldn't help imagining to myself at times how man was going to live without God and whether it would ever be possible. My heart always decided it was impossible; but a certain period was perhaps possible . . . For me, there is even no doubt that it will come; but here I've always imagined another picture to myself . . ."

"Which?"

True, he had said earlier that he was happy; of course, there was a good deal of rapturousness in his words; that is how I take much of what he said then. Without doubt, respecting this man as I do, I will not venture now to set down on paper all that we talked about then; but I will present here several strokes from the strange picture I managed to coax out of him. Above all, always and all the time before then, I had been tormented by these "chains," and I wanted to clear them up—that was why I persisted. Several fantastic and extremely strange ideas that he uttered then have remained in my heart forever.

"I imagine to myself, my dear," he began with a pensive smile, "that the battle is over and the fighting has subsided. After the curses, the mudslinging and whistling, a calm has come, and people

are left *alone*, as they wished: the great former idea has left them; the great source of strength that had nourished and warmed them till then is departing, like that majestic, inviting sun in Claude Lorrain's painting, but it already seemed like the last day of mankind. And people suddenly realized that they remained quite alone, and at once felt a great orphancy. My dear boy, I've never been able to imagine people ungrateful and grown stupid. The orphaned people would at once begin pressing together more closely and lovingly; they would hold hands, understanding that they alone were now everything for each other. The great idea of immortality would disappear and would have to be replaced; and all the great abundance of the former love for the one who was himself immortality, would be turned in all of them to nature, to the world, to people, to every blade of grass. They would love the earth and life irrepressibly and in the measure to which they gradually became aware of their transient and finite state, and it would be with a special love now, not as formerly. They would begin to observe and discover such phenomena and secrets in nature as they had never supposed before, because they would look at nature with new eyes, the eyes with which a lover looks at his beloved. They would wake up and hasten to kiss each other, hurrying to love, conscious that the days were short, and that that was all they had left. They would work for each other, and each would give all he had to everyone, and would be happy in that alone. Every child would know and feel that each person on earth was like a father and mother to him. 'Tomorrow may be my last day,' each of them would think, looking at the setting sun, 'but all the same, though I die, they will all remain, and their children after them'—and this thought that they would remain, loving and trembling for each other in the same way, would replace the thought of a meeting beyond the grave. Oh, they would hasten to love, in order to extinguish the great sadness in their hearts. They would be proud and brave for themselves, but would become timorous for one another. Each would tremble for the life and happiness of each. They would become tender to each other and would not be ashamed of it, as now, and would caress each other like children. Meeting each other, they would exchange deep and meaningful looks, and there would be love and sadness in their eyes...

"My dear," he suddenly broke off with a smile, "this is all a fantasy, even quite an incredible one; but I have imagined it only too often, because all my life I've been unable to live without it

and not to think of it. I'm not talking about my faith: I have no great faith, I'm a deist, a philosophical deist, like all the thousand of us, as I suppose, but . . . but it's remarkable that I've always ended my picture with a vision, as in Heine, of 'Christ on the Baltic Sea.'[35] I couldn't do without him, I couldn't help imagining him, finally, amidst the orphaned people. He would come to them, stretch out his arms to them, and say, 'How could you have forgotten me?' And here it would be as if a veil fell from everyone's eyes, and the great exultant hymn of the new and last resurrection would ring out . . .

"Let's drop it, my friend; and my 'chains' are nonsense; don't worry about them. And here's another thing: you know that I'm modest and sober of speech; if I fell to talking now, it's . . . from various feelings, and because it's with you; I'll never say it to anyone else. I add that to reassure you."

But I was even touched; the falseness I had feared wasn't there, and I was especially glad, because it became clear to me that he really was yearning and suffering and really, undoubtedly, had loved much—and for me that was the most precious thing of all. I told him so with enthusiasm.

"But you know," I suddenly added, "it seems to me that despite all your yearning, you must have been extremely happy then."

He laughed gaily.

"You're particularly apt in your observations today," he said. "Well, yes, I was happy, and how could I be unhappy with such yearning? There's no one freer and happier than a Russian European wanderer from our thousand. I say it, truly, without laughing, and there's much that's serious here. Yes, I wouldn't exchange my yearning for any other happiness. In this sense I've always been happy, my dear, all my life. And out of happiness I came to love your mama then for the first time in my life."

"How, for the first time in your life?"

"Precisely so. In my wandering and yearning, I suddenly came to love her as never before, and sent for her at once."

"Oh, tell me about that, too, tell me about mama!"

"But that's why I invited you, and, you know," he smiled gaily, "I was afraid you'd forgiven me mama on account of Herzen or some sort of little conspiracy . . ."

Chapter Eight

I

Since we went on talking all evening then and sat till it was night, I won't quote the whole conversation, but will just set down something that explained to me, finally, one mysterious point in his life.

I'll begin by saying that for me there's no doubt that he loved mama, and if he abandoned her and "unmarried" her when he went away, it was, of course, because he had become too bored or something of the sort, which, however, happens with everyone in the world, but which is always hard to explain. Abroad, however, after a long while, he suddenly began to love mama again from afar, that is, in thought, and sent for her. "Whimsicality," they may say, but I say something else: in my opinion, here was all that can possibly be serious in human life, despite the apparent slip-slop, which I, perhaps, partly make allowances for. But I swear that I put this European yearning of his beyond question and not only on a par with, but incomparably higher than, any contemporary practical activity in the building of railroads. His love for mankind I acknowledge as a most sincere and profound feeling, without any tricks; and his love for mama as something completely unquestionable, though maybe a bit fantastic. Abroad, "in yearning and happiness," and, I'll add, in the strictest monastic solitude (this particular information I received later through Tatyana Pavlovna), he suddenly remembered mama—remembered precisely her "sunken cheeks"—and sent for her at once.

"My friend," escaped him, among other things, "I suddenly realized that my serving the idea did not free me, as a moral and reasonable being, from the duty of making at least one person happy in practice during the course of my life."

"Can such a bookish thought really have been the cause of it all?" I asked in perplexity.

"It's not a bookish thought. However, perhaps it is. Here, though, everything comes together, for I did love your mama really, sincerely, not bookishly. If I hadn't loved her so much, I wouldn't have sent for her, but would have 'made happy' some passing

German man or woman, once I had thought up the idea. And I would set it down as a commandment for any developed man to make at least one being happy in his life, unfailingly and in something, but to do it in practice, that is, in reality; just as I would set it down as a law or an obligation for every peasant to plant at least one tree in his life, in view of the deforestation of Russia; though one tree would be too little, he can be ordered to plant a tree every year. The superior and developed man, pursuing a superior thought, sometimes departs entirely from the essential, becomes ridiculous, capricious, and cold, I'd even simply say stupid, and not only in practical life, but, in the end, even stupid in his theories. Thus, the duty of occupying oneself with the practical, and of making at least one existing being happy, would in fact set everything right and refresh the benefactor himself. As a theory, it's very funny; but if it became a practice and turned into a custom, it wouldn't be stupid at all. I experienced it for myself: as soon as I began to develop this idea of a new commandment—at first, naturally, as a joke—I suddenly began to realize the full extent of my love for your mother, which lay hidden in me. Till then I had never realized that I loved her. While I lived with her I merely enjoyed her, while she had her good looks, but then I became capricious. Only in Germany did I realize that I loved her. It began with her sunken cheeks, which I could never remember and sometimes couldn't even see without a pain in my heart—a literal pain, real, physical. There are painful memories, my dear, which cause actual pain; nearly everyone has them, only people forget them; but it happens that they suddenly remember later, even only some feature, and then they can't get rid of it. I began to recall a thousand details of my life with Sonya; in the end they came to my memory of themselves, pouring in a mass, and all but tormented me while I waited for her. Most of all I was tormented by the memory of her eternal abasement before me, and of her eternally considering herself infinitely inferior to me in all respects—imagine, even the physical. She became ashamed and blushed when I sometimes looked at her hands and fingers, which were not at all aristocratic. And not her fingers only, she was ashamed of everything in herself, despite the fact that I loved her beauty. She had always been shy with me to the point of wildness, but the bad thing was that a glimpse of some sort of fear, as it were, showed in this shyness. In short, she considered herself a worthless or even almost indecent thing next to me. Truly, once in a while, at the beginning, I some-

times thought she still considered me her master and was afraid, but it wasn't that at all. And yet I swear she was better able than anyone else to understand my shortcomings, and never in my life have I met a woman with such a subtle and discerning heart. Oh, how unhappy she was in the beginning, while she was still so good looking, when I demanded that she dress up. There was self-love in it, and also some other offended feeling: she realized that she could never be a lady, and that wearing clothes that weren't for her only made her ridiculous. As a woman, she didn't want to feel ridiculous in her clothes, and she realized that every woman had to wear dresses that were *hers*—something that thousands and hundreds of thousands of women will never realize, so long as they're dressed fashionably. She was afraid of my mocking look—that's what it was! But it was especially sad for me to recall her deeply astonished look, which I often caught on me during all our time. It bespoke a perfect understanding of her fate and of the future in store for her, so that it even made me feel bad, though, I confess, I didn't get into any conversations with her then, and treated it all somehow condescendingly. And, you know, she wasn't always so timorous and wild as she is now; even now it happens that she suddenly gets as merry and pretty as a twenty-year-old; and then, when she was young, she sometimes liked very much to chatter and laugh, in her own company, of course—with the girls, with the women of the household; and how startled she'd be when I unexpectedly found her laughing sometimes, how quickly she'd blush and look at me timorously! Once, not long before I left for abroad, that is, almost on the eve of my unmarrying her, I came into her room and found her alone, at the little table, without any work, leaning her elbow on the table, and deep in thought. It almost never happened with her that she would sit like that, without work. By then I had long ceased to caress her. I managed to approach very softly, on tiptoe, and suddenly embrace and kiss her... She jumped up—and I'll never forget that rapture, that happiness on her face, and suddenly it all changed quickly to a blush, and her eyes flashed. Do you know what I read in that flashing glance? 'You're giving me charity—that's what!' She sobbed hysterically, under the pretext that I had frightened her, but even then I fell to thinking. And in general, all such recollections are a very hard thing, my friend. It's the same as how, in a great artist's poems, there are sometimes such *painful* scenes that you remember them with pain all your life afterwards—for instance, Othello's last

monologue in Shakespeare, Evgeny at Tatyana's feet, or the escaped convict meeting a child, a little girl, on a cold night, by a well, in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*.[36] It pierces your heart once, and the wound remains forever after. Oh, how I waited for Sonya and how I wanted to embrace her quickly! I dreamed with convulsive impatience of a whole new program of life; I dreamed of destroying gradually, through methodical effort, this constant fear she had of me in her soul, of explaining her own worth to her and everything in which she was even superior to me. Oh, I knew only too well then that I always began to love your mother as soon as we parted, and always cooled towards her when we came together again; but here it wasn't that, this time it wasn't that."

I was surprised. "And *she*?" the question flashed in me.

"Well, and how was your meeting with mama then?" I asked warily.

"Then? But I didn't meet her then at all. She barely got as far as Königsberg then, and she stayed there, while I was on the Rhine. I didn't go to her, but told her to stay and wait. We saw each other much later, oh, a long time later, when I went to ask her permission to marry..."

II

Here I'll convey the essence of the matter, that is, only what I myself could take in; and he also began telling me things incoherently. His speech suddenly became ten times more incoherent and disorderly, just as he reached this point.

He met Katerina Nikolaevna suddenly, precisely when he was expecting mama, at the most impatient moment of expectation. They were all on the Rhine then, at the waters, all taking the cure. Katerina Nikolaevna's husband was almost dying by then, or at least he had already been sentenced to death by the doctors. From the first meeting she struck him as with some sort of sorcery. It was a *fatum*.* It's remarkable that, writing it down and recalling it now, I don't remember him once using the word "love" or saying he was "in love" in his account then. The word *fatum* I do remember.

And it certainly was a *fatum*. He *did not want it*, "did not want to love." I don't know whether I can convey it clearly; only his

*Decree of fate.

whole soul was indignant precisely at the fact that this could have happened to him. All that was free in him was annihilated at once in the face of this meeting, and the man was forever fettered to a woman who wanted nothing at all to do with him. He had no wish for this slavery of passion. I will say straight out now: Katerina Nikolaevna is a rare type of society woman—a type which maybe doesn't exist in that circle. It is the type of the simple and straightforward woman in the highest degree. I've heard, that is, I know for certain, that this was what made her irresistible in society when she appeared in it (she often withdrew from it completely). Versilov, naturally, did not believe then, on first meeting her, that she was that way, but believed precisely the opposite, that is, that she was a dissembler and a Jesuit. Skipping ahead, I will quote here her own opinion of him: she maintained that he couldn't think of her in any other way, "because an idealist, when he runs his head into reality, is always inclined, before anybody else, to assume all sorts of vileness." I don't know whether that is true of idealists in general, but of him, of course, it was fully true. Here, perhaps, I'll set down my own opinion as well, which flashed through my mind as I listened to him then: it occurred to me that he loved mama with a more humane and generally human love, so to speak, than the simple love with which one loves women in general, and, as soon as he met a woman whom he loved with that simple love, he immediately refused that love—most likely because he was unaccustomed to it. However, maybe this is a wrong thought; of course, I didn't say it to him. It would have been indelicate; and I swear, he was in such a state that he almost had to be spared: he was agitated; at some points of his story he suddenly just broke off and was silent for several minutes, pacing the room with an angry face.

She soon penetrated his secret then. Oh, maybe she also flirted with him on purpose. Even the most shining women are mean on such occasions; that is their irrepressible instinct. It ended with an embittered break between them, and it seems he wanted to kill her; he frightened her and maybe would have killed her; "but it all suddenly turned to hatred." A strange period ensued. He suddenly came up with the strange thought of tormenting himself with discipline, "the same sort that monks exercise. Gradually and by methodical practice, you overcome your will, beginning with the most ridiculous and petty things, and ending by overcoming your will entirely and becoming free." He added that among monks this is a serious matter, because it has been raised to the level of a science

through a thousand years of experience. But the most remarkable thing was that he came up with this idea of "discipline" then, not at all in order to get rid of Katerina Nikolaevna, but in the fullest certainty that he not only did not love her anymore, but even hated her in the highest degree. He believed in his hatred of her to such an extent that he even suddenly thought of falling in love with and marrying her stepdaughter, who had been deceived by the prince, persuaded himself completely of this new love, and got the poor idiot girl to fall in love with him irresistibly, making her completely happy by this love during the last months of her life. Why, instead of her, he didn't remember then about mama, who was waiting for him all the while in Königsberg, remained unclear to me... On the contrary, he suddenly and entirely forgot about mama, didn't even send her money to live on, so that it was Tatyana Pavlovna who saved her then. Suddenly, however, he went to mama to "ask her permission" to marry that girl, under the pretext that "such a bride isn't a woman." Oh, maybe this is all merely the portrait of a "bookish man," as Katerina Nikolaevna said of him afterwards; however, why is it that these "paper people" (if it's true that they are paper) are able to suffer in such a real way and reach the point of such tragedies? Though then, that evening, I thought somewhat differently, and was shaken by a certain thought:

"All your development, all your soul came to you through suffering and through your whole life's struggle—while all her perfection came to her gratis. There's inequality here... Women are outrageous in that," I said, not at all to ingratiate myself with him, but with fervor and even with indignation.

"Perfection. Her perfection? Why, there's no perfection in her!" he said suddenly, all but astonished at my words. "She's a most ordinary woman, she's even a trashy woman... But she's obliged to have every perfection!"

"Why obliged?"

"Because, having such power, she's obliged to have every perfection!" he cried spitefully.

"The saddest thing is that you're so tormented even now!" suddenly escaped me involuntarily.

"Now? Tormented?" he repeated my words again, stopping before me as if in some perplexity. And then suddenly a quiet, long, thoughtful smile lit up his face, and he raised his finger before him as if reflecting. Then, recovering completely, he snatched an unsealed letter from the table and flung it down before me.

"Here, read it! You absolutely must know everything . . . and why did you let me rummage around so much in that old rubbish! . . . I've only defiled and embittered my heart! . . ."

I'm unable to express my astonishment. It was a letter from *her* to him, written that day, received at around five o'clock in the afternoon. I read it almost trembling with excitement. It wasn't long, but was written so directly and candidly that, as I read it, it was as if I could see her before me and hear her words. Truthfully in the highest degree (and therefore almost touchingly), she confessed to him her fear and then simply entreated him "to leave her in peace." In conclusion, she informed him that she was now positively going to marry Bjoring. Until that occasion, she had never written to him.

And here is what I understood then from his explanations:

As soon as he read this letter earlier, he suddenly sensed a most unexpected phenomenon in himself: for the first time in those fateful two years, he felt neither the slightest hatred for her nor the slightest shock, similar to the way he had "gone out of his mind" not long ago at the mere rumor about Bjoring. "On the contrary, I sent her a blessing from my whole heart," he said to me with deep feeling. I listened to these words with delight. It meant that everything there was in him of passion, of torment, had disappeared all at once, of itself, like a dream, like a two-year-long enchantment. Still not believing himself, he rushed to mama—and what then: he came in precisely at the moment when she became *free*, and the old man who had bequeathed her to him the day before died. These two coincidences shook his soul. A little later he rushed to look for me—and his thinking of me so soon I will never forget.

Nor will I forget the end of that evening. This man became all and suddenly transformed again. We sat late into the night. About how all this "news" affected me, I will tell later, in its place, but now—just a few concluding words about him. Reflecting now, I understand that what charmed me most then was his humility, as it were, before me, his so-truthful sincerity before such a boy as I! "It was all fumes, but blessings on it!" he cried. "Without that blindness I might never have discovered in my heart so wholly and forever my sole queen, my sufferer—your mother!" I make special note of these rapturous words that escaped him uncontrollably, with a view to what followed. But then he conquered and overcame my soul.

I remember, towards the end we became terribly merry. He ordered champagne brought, and we drank to mama and to "the future." Oh, he was so full of life and so bent on living! But it wasn't the wine that made us terribly merry; we drank only two glasses each. I don't know why, but towards the end we laughed almost uncontrollably. We started talking about totally unrelated things; he got to telling jokes, and so did I. Neither our laughter nor our jokes were the least bit spiteful or jeering, we were simply merry. He kept refusing to let me go: "Stay, stay a while longer!" he repeated, and I stayed. He even went out to see me off; it was a lovely evening, there was a slight frost.

"Tell me, have you already sent *her* a reply?" I suddenly asked quite inadvertently, pressing his hand for the last time at the intersection.

"Not yet, no, and it makes no difference. Come tomorrow, come early... And another thing: drop Lambert altogether, and tear up the 'document,' and soon. Good-bye!"

Having said that, he suddenly left. I remained standing there, and in such confusion that I didn't dare call him back. The expression "the document" especially staggered me; from whom could he have learned of it, and in such a precise expression, if not from Lambert? I returned home in great confusion. And how could it happen, the thought flashed in me suddenly, that such a "two-year-long enchantment" could vanish like a dream, like fumes, like a phantom?

Chapter Nine

I

But I woke up the next morning feeling fresher and heartier. I even reproached myself, involuntarily and sincerely, for the certain levity and haughtiness, as it were, with which I recalled listening yesterday to certain parts of his "confession." If it was partially disordered, if certain revelations were as if somewhat fumy and even incoherent, he hadn't really been prepared for an oration when he invited me to his place yesterday. He only did me a great honor, turning to me as to an only friend at such a moment, and I will never forget it. On the contrary, his confession was "touching," however much I may be laughed at for the expression, and if there was an occasional flash of the cynical or even of something seemingly ridiculous, I was too broad not to understand and not to allow for realism—without, however, besmirching the ideal. Above all, I had finally comprehended this man, and I even felt partly sorry and as if vexed that it had all turned out so simple. In my heart I had always placed this man extremely high, in the clouds, and had unfailingly clothed his destiny in something mysterious, so that I naturally wished that the key wouldn't fit the lock so easily. However, in his meeting *with her* and in his two-year-long suffering there was also much that was complicated: "He refused the *fatum* of life; what he needed was freedom, not slavery to the *fatum*; through slavery to the *fatum* he had been obliged to offend mama, who was sitting in Königsberg . . ." Besides, I considered this man, in any case, a preacher: he bore the golden age in his heart and knew the future of atheism; and then the meeting with her had shattered everything, perverted everything! Oh, I didn't betray her, but still I took his side. Mama, I reasoned, for instance, wouldn't hinder anything in his destiny, not even marriage to mama. That I understood; that was quite other than the meeting with *that one*. True, all the same, mama would not have given him peace, but that would even have been better: such people ought to be judged differently, and let their life always be like that; and there's nothing unseemly in it; on the contrary, it would be unseemly if they settled down, or generally became similar to all

average people. His praise of the nobility and his words, "*Je mourrai gentilhomme*," didn't confound me in the least; I perceived what sort of *gentilhomme* he was; he was the type who gives everything away and becomes the herald of world citizenship and the main Russian thought of the "all-unification of ideas." And though that, too, was even all nonsense, that is, the "all-unification of ideas" (which, of course, is unthinkable), still there was one good thing, that all his life he had worshipped an idea, and not the stupid golden calf. My God! I, I myself, when I conceived my "idea"—was I bowing down to the golden calf? Was it money I wanted then? I swear I wanted only the idea! I swear I wouldn't have a single chair or sofa upholstered in velvet, and if I had a hundred million, I'd eat the same bowl of beef soup as now!

I was dressing and hurrying to him irrepressibly. I will add: concerning his outburst yesterday about the "document," I was also five times more at ease than yesterday. First, I hoped to clarify things with him, and, second, so what if Lambert had filtered through to him and they had talked something over? But my chief joy was in one extraordinary sensation; this was the thought that he "didn't love *her*" now; I believed in that terribly, and felt as if someone had rolled an awful stone off my heart. I even remember the flash of a certain surmise then: precisely the ugliness and senselessness of his last fierce outburst at the news about Bjoring and the sending of that insulting letter then; precisely that extremity could also have served as a prophecy and precursor of the most radical change in his feelings and of his approaching return to common sense. It must have been almost as with an illness, I thought, and he precisely had to reach the opposite extreme—a medical episode and nothing more! This thought made me happy.

"And let her, let her dispose of her fate as she likes, let her marry her Bjoring as much as she likes, only let him, my father, my friend, not love her anymore," I exclaimed. However, there was in it a certain secret of my own feelings, but I don't wish to smear it around here in my notes.

Enough of that. And now I will tell all the horror that followed, and all the machinations of the facts, without any discussions.

II

At ten o'clock, just as I was ready to go out—to see him, of course—Nastasya Egorovna appeared. I asked her joyfully if she was coming from him, and heard with vexation that it was not from him at all, but from Anna Andreevna, and that she, Nastasya Egorovna, had "left the apartment at first light."

"Which apartment?"

"The same one as yesterday. Yesterday's apartment, the one with the little baby, is rented in my name now, and Tatyana Pavlovna pays..."

"Ah, well, it makes no difference to me!" I interrupted with vexation. "Is he at home at least? Will I find him in?"

And to my astonishment I heard from her that he had left the premises even before she had—meaning that she had left "at first light," and he still earlier.

"Well, so now he's come back?"

"No, sir, he certainly hasn't come back, and he may not come back at all," she said, looking at me with the same keen and furtive eye, and not taking it off me, just as she had done when she visited me while I lay sick. What mainly made me explode was that here again some secrets and stupidities emerged, and that these people apparently couldn't do without secrets and slyness.

"Why did you say he certainly won't come back? What are you implying? He went to mama's, that's all!"

"I d-don't know, sir."

"And why were you so good as to come?"

She told me that she had come now from Anna Andreevna, who was sending for me and expected me at once, otherwise "it would be too late." This further mysterious phrase drove me completely beside myself.

"Why too late? I don't want to go and I won't go! I won't let myself be taken over again! I spit on Lambert—tell her that, and that if she sends Lambert to me, I'll chuck him out—just tell her that!"

Nastasya Egorovna was terribly frightened.

"Ah, no, sir!" she stepped towards me, pressing her hands together as if entreating me, "take your time before you go hurrying so. This is an important matter, very important for you yourself,

and also for the lady, and for Andrei Petrovich, and for your mama, for everybody... Do go to Anna Andreevna at once, because she simply can't wait any longer... I assure you on my honor... and then you can make your decision."

I stared at her in amazement and disgust.

"Nonsense, nothing will happen, I won't go!" I cried stubbornly and gleefully. "Now everything will be a new way! And how can you understand that? Good-bye, Nastasya Egorovna, I purposely won't go, I purposely won't ask you any questions. You only throw me off. I don't want to enter into your riddles."

But as she wouldn't leave and went on standing there, I grabbed my coat and hat and went out myself, leaving her there in the middle of the room. There were no letters or papers in my room, and previously I had almost never locked my door when I left. But before I reached the front door, my landlord, Pyotr Ippolitovich, came running down the stairs after me, hatless and in his uniform.

"Arkady Makarovich! Arkady Makarovich!"

"What is it now?"

"Have you no orders on leaving?"

"None."

He looked at me with a stabbing glance and with evident uneasiness.

"Concerning the apartment, for instance?"

"What about the apartment? Didn't I send you the money on time?"

"No, sir, I'm not talking about money," he suddenly smiled a long smile and went on stabbing me with his glance.

"What's the matter with you all?" I finally cried, almost totally ferocious. "What are *you* after?"

He waited for another few seconds, as if he still expected something from me.

"Well, so you can give the orders later... if you're not in the mood now," he murmured, with an even longer grin. "Go on, sir, and I myself have my duties."

He ran upstairs to his apartment. Of course, all that could set one to thinking. I'm purposely not leaving out the slightest stroke from all that petty nonsense, because every little stroke of it later went into the final bouquet, where it found its proper place, as the reader will ascertain. But it was true that they really threw me off then. If I was so agitated and annoyed, it was precisely because I

again heard in their words that tiresome tone of intrigue and riddling that reminded me of the old days. But to continue.

Versilov turned out not to be at home, and he had indeed gone out at first light. "To mama's, of course," I stubbornly stood my ground. I asked no questions of the nanny, a rather stupid woman, and there was no one else in the apartment. I ran to mama's, and, I confess, I was so worried that halfway there I grabbed a cab. *He hadn't been at mama's since last evening.* Only Tatyana Pavlovna and Liza were with mama. As soon as I came in, Liza started preparing to leave.

They were all sitting upstairs in my "coffin." In our drawing room downstairs, Makar Ivanovich was laid out on the table,[37] and some old man was measuredly reading the psalter over him. I won't describe anything now that is not directly related to the matter, but will just observe that the coffin, which they had already had time to make and was standing right there in the room, was not simple, though black, but was lined with velvet, and the shroud on the deceased was an expensive one—a magnificence not suited to the old man or his convictions, but such was the express wish of both mama and Tatyana Pavlovna.

Naturally, I didn't expect to find them cheerful; but the peculiarly oppressive anguish, with concern and uneasiness, that I read in their eyes, struck me immediately, and I instantly concluded that "here, surely, the deceased is not the only cause." All this, I repeat, I remember perfectly well.

Despite all, I embraced mama tenderly and asked at once *about him.* An alarmed curiosity instantly flashed in mama's eyes. I hastily mentioned that he and I had spent the whole last evening together, till late into the night, but that today he hadn't been at home since daybreak, whereas just yesterday he had invited me himself, as we were parting, to come today as early as possible. Mama made no reply, and Tatyana Pavlovna, seizing the moment, shook her finger at me.

"Good-bye, brother," Liza suddenly cut off, quickly going out of the room. I naturally went after her, but she had stopped right at the front door.

"I thought it might occur to you to come down," she said in a quick whisper.

"Liza, what's going on here?"

"I don't know myself, only there's a lot of something. Probably the dénouement of the 'eternal story.' He hasn't come, but they

have some sort of information about him. They won't tell you, don't worry, and you won't ask, if you're smart; but mama is crushed. I didn't ask about anything either. Good-bye."

She opened the door.

"But, Liza, what about you?" I sprang after her into the hallway. Her terribly crushed, desperate air pierced my heart. She gave me a look, not so much angry as even almost somehow embittered, grinned biliously, and waved her hand.

"If he died—it would be a godsend!" she flung at me from the stairs, and went out. She said this of Prince Sergei Petrovich, who at the time was lying in delirium and unconscious. "Eternal story! What eternal story?" I thought with defiance, and then suddenly I absolutely wanted to tell them at least part of my impressions yesterday from his night confession, and the confession itself. "They think something bad about him now—let them know all!" flew through my head.

I remember that I managed somehow very deftly to begin my story. Their faces instantly showed a terrible curiosity. This time Tatyana Pavlovna simply fastened her eyes on me, but mama was more restrained; she was very serious, but a light, beautiful, though somehow quite hopeless smile came to her face and almost never left it all the while I was talking. I spoke well, of course, though I knew that for them it was almost incomprehensible. To my surprise, Tatyana Pavlovna did not pick on me, did not insist on exactitude, did not try to catch me up, as she was accustomed to do whenever I began saying something. She only pressed her lips occasionally and narrowed her eyes, as if making an effort to comprehend. At times it even seemed to me that they understood everything, but that was all but impossible. I talked, for instance, about his convictions, but, above all, about his rapture yesterday, about his rapture over mama, about his love for mama, about how he kissed her portrait... Listening to that, they exchanged quick and silent glances, and mama turned all red, though they both went on being silent. Then... then, of course, I couldn't touch on the main point *before mama*, that is, the meeting with *her* and all the rest, and, above all, *her* letter to him yesterday and his moral "resurrection" after the letter; but that was the main thing, so that all his feelings yesterday, with which I had thought to gladden mama, naturally remained incomprehensible, though, of course, through no fault of my own, because all that could be told, I told beautifully. I ended in total perplexity; their silence

remained unbroken, and it became very oppressive for me to be with them.

"Surely he's come back by now, or maybe he's sitting at my place and waiting," I said, and got up to leave.

"Go, go!" Tatyana Pavlovna firmly agreed.

"Have you been downstairs?" mama asked me in a half-whisper, as I was taking my leave.

"Yes, I bowed down to him and prayed for him. Such a calm, seemly face he has, mama! Thank you, mama, for not sparing on his coffin. First I found it strange, but then I thought at once that I would have done the same myself."

"Will you come to church tomorrow?" she asked, and her lips trembled.

"What are you asking, mama?" I was surprised. "I'll come to the *panikhida*[38] today, too, and I'll come again; and... besides, tomorrow is your birthday, mama, my dearest! He didn't live the three days till then!"

I left in painful astonishment. How could she ask such questions—whether I'd come to the funeral at the church or not? "And if it's so about me, then what do they think about *him*?"

I knew that Tatyana Pavlovna would come running after me, and I purposely lingered in the front doorway; but she, having overtaken me, pushed me out onto the stairway with her hand, came out after me, and closed the door behind her.

"Tatyana Pavlovna, you mean you don't expect Andrei Petrovich either today or tomorrow? I'm alarmed..."

"Quiet. Much it matters that you're alarmed. Speak—what was it you didn't finish saying when you told about yesterday's balderdash?"

I found no need to conceal it, and, almost annoyed with Versilov, told her all about Katerina Nikolaevna's letter to him yesterday, and about the effect of the letter, that is, his resurrection into a new life. To my surprise, the fact of the letter didn't surprise her in the least, and I guessed that she already knew about it.

"You're not lying?"

"No, I'm not."

"Well, now," she smiled venomously, as if pondering, "resurrected! Just what he'd do! Is it true that he kissed the portrait?"

"It's true, Tatyana Pavlovna."

"Did he kiss it with feeling, without pretending?"

"Pretending? Does he ever pretend? Shame on you, Tatyana Pavlovna; you have a coarse soul, a woman's soul."

I said it heatedly, but it was as if she didn't hear me. She again seemed to be figuring something out, despite the intense cold on the stairway. I was wearing a fur coat, but she was wearing only a dress.

"I'd entrust you with an errand, but the trouble is you're very stupid," she said with contempt and as if with vexation. "Listen, go to Anna Andreevna's and see what's happening there... Ah, no, don't go; a dolt is a dolt! Leave, be off, don't stand there like a post!"

"I'm just not going to go to Anna Andreevna's! And Anna Andreevna sent for me herself."

"Herself? Sent Nastasya Egorovna?" she quickly turned to me. She was on the point of leaving and had even opened the door, but she slammed it shut again.

"I won't go to Anna Andreevna's for anything!" I repeated with spiteful glee. "I won't go, because you just called me a dolt, while I've never been so perspicacious as today. I can see all your doings as if on the palm of my hand; and even so I won't go to Anna Andreevna's!"

"I just knew it!" she exclaimed, but, again, not in response to my words, but continuing to think her own thoughts. "They'll ensnare *her* completely now, and tighten the deadly noose!"

"Anna Andreevna?"

"Fool!"

"Whom do you mean, then? Not Katerina Nikolaevna? What deadly noose?" I was terribly frightened. Some vague but terrible idea passed through my soul. Tatyana Pavlovna looked at me piercingly.

"And what are you doing in it?" she asked suddenly. "What's your part? I did hear something about you—oh, watch out!"

"Listen, Tatyana Pavlovna, I'll tell you a terrible secret, only not now, I have no time now, but tomorrow, when we're alone, but in return tell me the whole truth now, and what this is about the deadly noose... because I'm trembling all over..."

"I spit on your trembling!" she exclaimed. "What secret do you want to tell me tomorrow? Can it really be that you know something?" she fixed me with her questioning gaze. "Didn't you swear to her yourself that you had burned Kraft's letter?"

"Tatyana Pavlovna, I repeat, don't torment me," I went on with my own thing, ignoring her question in turn, because I was beside myself, "watch out, Tatyana Pavlovna, what you hide from me may lead to something worse... why, yesterday he was in full, in the fullest resurrection!"

"Eh, away with you, buffoon! You must be in love like a sparrow yourself—father and son with the same object! Pah, outrageous creatures!"

She disappeared, slamming the door in indignation. Infuriated by the impudent, shameless cynicism of her very last words—a cynicism that only a woman is capable of—I rushed off, deeply offended. But I won't describe my vague sensations, as I've already promised; I will continue with just the facts, which will now resolve everything. Naturally, I ran over to his place for a moment, and again heard from the nanny that he hadn't been there.

"And he won't come at all?"

"God knows."

III

FACTS, FACTS!...But does the reader understand anything? I myself remember how these same facts weighed on me then and kept me from comprehending anything, so that by the end of that day my head was totally thrown off. And therefore I'll run ahead for two or three words!

All my torments consisted in this: if yesterday he had resurrected and stopped loving *her*, then in that case where should he have been today? Answer: first of all with me, since he had spent last night embracing me, and then right away with mama, whose portrait he had kissed yesterday. And yet, instead of these two natural steps, suddenly, at "first light," he's not at home and has disappeared somewhere, and Nastasya Egorovna raves, for some reason, that "he most likely won't come back." What's more, Liza assures me of some dénouement to an "eternal story" and of mama's having some information about him, and of the very latest; on top of that, they undoubtedly knew about Katerina Nikolaevna's letter as well (I noticed it myself), and still they didn't believe in his "resurrection into a new life," though they listened to me attentively. Mama is crushed, and Tatyana Pavlovna jokes caustically about the word "resurrection." But if that's all so, then it means he had another turnabout during the night, another crisis, and that—after yesterday's rapture, tenderness, pathos! It means that all this "resurrection" popped like a blown-up bubble, and at the moment he might be knocking around somewhere in the same rage as the other time, after the news about Bjoring! One might ask, what would become

of mama, of me, of us all, and . . . and, finally, what would become of *her*? What "deadly noose" had Tatyana let on about, sending me to Anna Andreevna? It means the "deadly noose" is there—at Anna Andreevna's! Why at Anna Andreevna's? Naturally, I'll run to Anna Andreevna's; I said purposely, out of vexation, that I wouldn't go; I'll run right now. But what was Tatyana Pavlovna saying about the "document"? And didn't he himself say to me yesterday, "Burn the document"?

These were my thoughts, this was what also weighed on me like a deadly noose; but above all I wanted *him*. With him I'd resolve everything at once—I could feel it; we'd understand each other after two words! I'd seize his hands, press them; I'd find ardent words in my heart—that was my irresistible dream. Oh, I would subdue his madness! . . . But where was he? Where? And just then, at such a moment, Lambert had to appear, when I was so worked up! A few steps from home I suddenly met Lambert; he yelled joyfully when he saw me and seized me by the arm:

"It's the thighrd time I've come to see you . . . *Enfin!* Let's go and have lunch."

"Wait! Were you at my place? Is Andrei Petrovich there?"

"Nobody's there. Drop them all! You got angry yesterday, you cghretin; you were drunk, but I have something important to tell you; today I heard some lovely news about what we were discussing yesterday . . ."

"Lambert," I interrupted, breathless and hurrying and involuntarily declaiming a little, "if I've stopped with you, it's only in order to be done with you forever. I told you yesterday, but you still don't understand. Lambert, you're a child and as stupid as a Frenchman. You still think you're as you were at Touchard's and I'm as stupid as at Touchard's . . . But I'm not as stupid as at Touchard's . . . I was drunk yesterday, but not from wine, but because I was excited to begin with; and if I went along with what you were driveling, it was from cunning, in order to worm your thoughts out of you. I deceived you, and you were glad, and believed, and driveled. Know that marrying her is such nonsense that a first-year schoolboy wouldn't believe it. Could anyone think I believed it? But you did! You believed it, because you're not received in high society and know nothing of how things are done in high society. Things aren't done so simply in high society, and it's impossible that a woman should so simply—up and get married . . . Now I'll tell you clearly what you want: you want to invite me to your place and get

me drunk, so that I'll hand over the document to you, and together we'll pull some sort of swindle on Katerina Nikolaevna! What rubbish! I'll never go to your place, and know also that by tomorrow, or the day after without fail, this paper will be in her own hands, because this document belongs to her, because she wrote it, and I'll hand it to her personally, and if you want to know where, know that I'll do it through Tatyana Pavlovna, her acquaintance, in Tatyana Pavlovna's apartment—I'll hand it to her in Tatyana Pavlovna's presence, and take nothing from her for it... And now—off with you, forever, or else... or else, Lambert, I'll deal with you less politely..."

When I finished, I was trembling all over. The main thing and the nastiest habit in life, which harms every manner of business, is... is when you start showing off. The devil pushed me to get so worked up in front of him that, as I finished speaking, rapping out the words with pleasure, and raising my voice more and more, I suddenly got so heated that I threw in this totally unnecessary detail about handing over the document through Tatyana Pavlovna and in her apartment! But I suddenly wanted so much to disconcert him then! When I burst out so directly about the document and suddenly saw his stupid fright, I wanted to crush him still more with precise details. And this boastful, womanish babble later became the cause of terrible misfortunes, because this detail about Tatyana Pavlovna and her apartment lodged at once in his mind, the mind of a swindler and practical petty dealer; in higher and more important matters he's worthless and understands nothing, but still he does have a flair for these petty things. If I had kept quiet about Tatyana Pavlovna, great misfortunes would not have occurred. However, on hearing me, for the first moment he was terribly at a loss.

"Listen," he muttered, "Alphonsina... Alphonsina will sing... Alphonsina went to see *her*; listen, I have a letter, almost a letter, where Mme. Akhmakov talks about you, the pockmarked one got it for me—remember the pockmarked one?—you'll see now, you'll see, come on!"

"Lies! Show me the letter!"

"It's at home, Alphonsina has it, come on!"

Of course, he was lying and raving, trembling for fear I might run away from him; but I suddenly abandoned him in the middle of the street, and when he made as if to follow me, I stopped and shook my fist at him. But he already stood thinking—and let me

go: maybe a new plan was already flashing in his head. But for me the surprises and encounters weren't over... And when I remember that whole unfortunate day, it seems to me that all these surprises and accidents had as if conspired together then to come pouring down on my head at once from some cursed cornucopia. I had hardly opened the door to my apartment when, in the front hall, I ran into a tall young man with an elongated and pale face, of imposing and "graceful" appearance, and wearing a magnificent fur coat. He had a pince-nez on his nose; but as soon as he saw me, he pulled it off his nose (apparently out of courtesy) and, politely raising his top hat with his hand, though without stopping, said to me with a graceful smile, "*Ha, bonsoir,*"* and walked past me to the stairs. We recognized each other immediately, though I had seen him fleetingly only once in my life, in Moscow. It was Anna Andreevna's brother, the kammerjunker, the young Versilov, Versilov's son and therefore almost my brother. He was being shown out by the landlady (the landlord hadn't come home from work yet). When he left, I simply fell upon her:

"What was he doing here? Was he in my room?"

"Not at all. He came to see me..." she broke off quickly and drily and turned to go to her room.

"No, not like that!" I shouted. "Kindly answer: what did he come for?"

"Ah, my God! so I'm to tell you all about what people come for! I believe we, too, can have our concerns. The young man may have wanted to borrow money, to find out an address from me. I may have promised him last time..."

"Last time when?"

"Ah, my God, but it's not the first time he's come!"

She left. Above all, I understood that the tone was changing here: they were beginning to speak rudely to me. It was clear that this was again a secret; secrets accumulated with every step, every hour. The young Versilov came the first time with his sister, Anna Andreevna, while I was sick; I remembered it only too well, as I did the fact that Anna Andreevna had let drop to me yesterday an extraordinary little phrase, that the old prince might stay in my apartment... but it was all so jumbled and so grotesque that I could come up with almost no thoughts in that regard. Slapping myself on the forehead and not even sitting down to rest, I ran to

*Ah, good evening.

Anna Andreevna's. She was not at home, and the answer I got from the porter was that "she had gone to Tsarskoe, would be back around the same time tomorrow."

"She goes to Tsarskoe, to the old prince, of course, while her brother inspects my apartment! No, this will not be!" I rasped. "And if there is indeed some deadly noose here, I'll protect the 'poor woman'!"

I didn't return home from Anna Andreevna's, because there suddenly flashed in my inflamed head the memory of the tavern on the canal where Andrei Petrovich was accustomed to go in his dark moments. Delighted with my surmise, I instantly ran there; it was past three o'clock and dusk was gathering. In the tavern I was told that he had come: "He stayed a little while and left, but maybe he'll come again." I suddenly resolved with all my might to wait for him, and ordered dinner; at least there was a hope.

I ate dinner, even ate too much, so as to have the right to stay as long as possible, and sat there, I think, for some four hours. I won't describe my sadness and feverish impatience; it was as if everything in me was shaking and trembling. The barrel organ, the customers—oh, all that anguish left an imprint on my soul, maybe for my whole life! I won't describe the thoughts that arose in my head like a cloud of dry leaves in autumn after a gust of wind; it really was something like that, and, I confess, I felt at times as if reason was beginning to betray me.

But what tormented me to the point of pain (in passing, naturally, on the side, past the main torment), was one nagging, venomous impression—as nagging as a venomous autumn fly, which you give no thought to, but which circles around you, pestering you, and suddenly gives you a very painful bite. It was just a memory, a certain event, of which I had not yet told anyone in the world. Here's what it was, for this, too, has to be told somewhere or other.

IV

When it was decided in Moscow that I would go to Petersburg, I was given to know through Nikolai Semyonovich that I should expect money to be sent for the trip. Who the money would come from, I didn't ask; I knew it was from Versilov, and since I dreamed day and night then, with a leaping heart and high-flown plans,

about my meeting with Versilov, I completely stopped speaking of him aloud, even with Marya Ivanovna. Remember, however, that I had my own money for the trip; but I decided to wait anyway; incidentally, I assumed the money would come by post.

Suddenly one day Nikolai Semyonovich came home and informed me (briefly, as usual, and without smearing it around) that I should go to Miasnitskaya Street the next day, at eleven o'clock in the morning, to the home and apartment of Prince V——sky, and that there the kammerjunker Versilov, Andrei Petrovich's son, who had come from Petersburg and was staying with his lycée comrade, Prince V——sky, would hand me the sum sent for my moving expenses. It seemed quite a simple matter: Andrei Petrovich might very well charge his son with this errand instead of sending it by post; but this news crushed me and alarmed me somehow unnaturally. There was no doubt that Versilov wanted to bring me together with his son, my brother; thus the intentions and feelings of the man I dreamed of were clearly outlined; but an enormous question presented itself to me: how would and how should I behave myself in this quite unexpected meeting, and would my own dignity not suffer in some way?

The next day, at exactly eleven o'clock, I came to Prince V——sky's apartment—bachelor's quarters, but, as I could guess, magnificently furnished, with liveried lackeys. I stopped in the front hall. From the inner rooms came the sounds of loud talk and laughter: besides the visiting kammerjunker, the prince had other guests. I told the lackey to announce me, evidently in rather proud terms: at least, on going to announce me, he looked at me strangely, as it seemed to me, and even not as respectfully as he should have. To my surprise, he took a very long time announcing me, some five minutes, and meanwhile the same laughter and the same sounds of talk came from inside.

I, naturally, stood while I waited, knowing very well that for me, as "just as much a gentleman," it was unfitting and impossible to sit in the front hall where there were lackeys. I myself, of my own will, without a special invitation, would not have set foot in the reception room for anything, out of pride—out of refined pride, maybe, but so it had to be. To my surprise, the remaining lackeys (two) dared to sit down in my presence. I turned away so as not to notice it, but nevertheless I began trembling all over, and suddenly, turning and stepping towards one of the lackeys, I *ordered* him to go "at once" and announce me again. In spite of my stern gaze and

my extreme agitation, the lackey looked at me lazily, without getting up, and the other one answered for him:

"You've been announced, don't worry!"

I decided to wait only one minute more, or possibly even less than a minute, and then—*leave without fail.* The main thing was that I was dressed quite decently; my suit and overcoat were new, after all, and my linen was perfectly fresh, Marya Ivanovna had purposely seen to that for the occasion. But about these lackeys I learned *for certain* much later, and already in Petersburg, that they had learned the day before, through the servant who came with Versilov, that "so-and-so would be coming, the natural brother and a student." That I now know for certain.

A minute passed. It's a strange feeling, when you're making up your mind and can't make it up: "To leave or not, to leave or not?" I repeated every second, almost in a cold fit. Suddenly the servant who had gone to announce me reappeared. In his hand, between finger and thumb, dangled four red banknotes, forty roubles.

"Here, sir, kindly take these forty roubles!"

I boiled over. This was such an insult! All the past night I had dreamed of the meeting of the two brothers arranged by Versilov; all night I had feverishly imagined how I should behave so as not to abase myself—not to abase the whole cycle of ideas I had lived out in my solitude and which I could be proud of even in any circle. I had imagined how I would be noble, proud, and sad, maybe even in the company of Prince V——sky, and thus would be introduced straight into that world—oh, I'm not sparing myself, and so be it, so be it: it must be written down exactly in these details! And suddenly—forty roubles through a lackey, in the front hall, and what's more, after ten minutes of waiting, and what's more, straight from his hand, from his lackeyish fingers, not on a salver, not in an envelope!

I shouted so loudly at the lackey that he gave a start and recoiled; I immediately told him to take the money back, and so that "his master should bring it himself"—in short, my demand was, of course, incoherent and, of course, incomprehensible for a lackey. However, I shouted so loudly that he went. Moreover, it seems my shouting was heard in the reception room, and the talk and laughter suddenly died down.

Almost at once I heard footsteps, imposing, unhurried, soft, and the tall figure of a handsome and haughty young man (he seemed to me still paler and leaner then than at today's meeting) appeared

on the threshold of the front hall—even five feet before the threshold. He was wearing a magnificent red silk dressing gown and slippers, and had a pince-nez on his nose. Without saying a word, he turned his pince-nez on me and began to study me. I, like a beast, took a step towards him and stood there in defiance, staring at him point-blank. But he studied me for just a moment, ten seconds at most; suddenly a most imperceptible smile appeared on his lips, and yet a most caustic one, caustic precisely in being almost imperceptible. He silently turned and went back inside, as unhurriedly, as quietly and smoothly, as he had come. Oh, these offenders from childhood, who still in the bosom of their families are taught by their mothers to offend! Naturally, I was at a loss... Oh, why was I at a loss then!

Almost at the same moment, the same lackey reappeared with the same banknotes in his hand:

"Kindly take this, it has been sent to you from Petersburg, and the master cannot receive you himself; 'perhaps some other time, when he's more free'"—I felt he added these last words on his own. But my lostness still persisted; I took the money and went to the door; took it precisely because I was at a loss, because I should have refused it; but the lackey, of course, wishing to wound me, allowed himself a most lackeyish escapade: he suddenly thrust the door open emphatically before me and, holding it open, said imposingly and deliberately, as I went past him:

"If you please, sir!"

"Scoundrel!" I roared at him, and suddenly raised my arm, but didn't bring it down. "And your master's a scoundrel, too! Report that to him at once!" I added, and quickly went out to the stairs.

"You daren't do that! If I report it to the master right now, you could be sent with a note to the police this very minute. And you daren't raise your arm..."

I was going down the stairs. It was a grand stairway, all open, and I was fully visible from above as I went down the red carpet. All three lackeys came out and stood looking over the banister. I, of course, resolved to keep silent; it was impossible to squabble with lackeys. I went all the way down without quickening my pace, and maybe even slowing it.

Oh, there may be philosophers (and shame on them!) who will say that this is all trifles, the vexation of a milksop—there may be, but for me it was a wound, a wound that hasn't healed even to this minute, as I write, when everything is over and even avenged. Oh,

I swear, I'm not rancorous or vengeful! Unquestionably, I always want revenge, even to the point of pain, when I'm offended, but I swear—only with magnanimity. Let me repay him with magnanimity, but so that he feels it, so that he understands it—and I'm avenged! Incidentally, I'll add that I'm not vengeful, but I am rancorous, though also magnanimous. Does that happen to others? But then, oh, then I had come with magnanimous feelings, maybe ridiculous, but let it be. Better let them be ridiculous and magnanimous than not ridiculous but mean, humdrum, and average! I never revealed anything about that meeting with my "brother" to anyone, not even to Marya Ivanovna, or to Liza in Petersburg; that meeting was the same as receiving a shameful slap in the face. And now suddenly I meet this gentleman when I least expect to meet him; he smiles at me, tips his hat, and says with perfect amiability: "*Bonsoir.*" Of course, that was worth pondering... But the wound was reopened!

V

Having sat for some four hours in the tavern, I suddenly rushed out as if in a fit—naturally, again to Versilov's and, naturally, again I didn't find him at home; he hadn't come back at all. The nanny was bored and asked me to send Nastasya Egorovna—oh, as if I could be bothered with that! I ran by mama's, too, but I didn't go in, but asked Lukerya to come out to the hallway; from her I learned that he hadn't come and that Liza wasn't there either. I saw that Lukerya would also have liked to ask something and maybe also to have sent me on some errand—as if I could be bothered with that! There remained a last hope, that he had been at my place; but I no longer believed in it.

I have already let it be known that I was almost losing my reason. And then in my room I suddenly found Alphonsinka and my landlord. True, they were on their way out, and Pyotr Ippolitovich had a candle in his hand.

"What is this?" I yelled almost senselessly at my landlord. "How dared you bring this rascally woman to my room?"

"*Tiens!*" Alphonsinka cried out, "*et les amis?*"*

"Out!" I bellowed.

*Well!... and what about friends?

"*Mais c'est un ours!*"* she fluttered out to the corridor, pretending to be frightened, and instantly disappeared into the landlady's room. Pyotr Ippolitovich, still holding the candle, approached me with a stern look.

"Allow me to observe to you, Arkady Makarovich, that you have grown too hot-tempered; much as we respect you, Mamzelle Alphonsine is not a rascally woman, but even quite the contrary, she is here as a guest, and not yours, but my wife's, with whom she has been mutually acquainted for some time now."

"But how dared you bring her to my room?" I repeated, clutching my head, which almost suddenly began to ache terribly.

"By chance, sir. I went in to close the vent window, which I myself had opened for the fresh air; and since Alphonsina Karlovna and I were continuing our previous conversation, in the midst of this conversation she, too, went into your room, solely to accompany me."

"Not true, Alphonsinka's a spy, Lambert's a spy! Maybe you're a spy yourself! And Alphonsinka came to steal something from me."

"That's as you like. Today you're pleased to say one thing, tomorrow another. And my apartment I've rented out for a while, and will move with my wife into the storeroom; so Alphonsina Karlovna is now almost as much of a tenant here as you are, sir."

"You've rented out the apartment to Lambert?" I cried in fear.

"No, sir, not to Lambert," he smiled his previous long smile, in which, however, firmness could now be seen instead of the morning's perplexity. "I suppose you're so good as to know to whom, and are only putting on a vain air of not knowing, solely for the beauty of it, sir, and that's why you're angry. Good night, sir!"

"Yes, yes, leave me, leave me in peace!" I waved my hands, all but weeping, so that he suddenly looked at me in surprise; however, he left. I fastened the latch on the door and collapsed on my bed, face to the pillow. And so there passed for me the first terrible day of those three fateful last days with which my notes conclude.

*What a bear!

Chapter Ten

I

But again, anticipating the course of events, I find it necessary to explain at least something to the reader beforehand, for here so many chance things mingled with the logical sequence of this story that it is impossible to make it out without explaining them beforehand. Here the matter consisted in that same "deadly noose" that Tatyana Pavlovna had let on about. The noose consisted in Anna Andreevna risking, finally, the boldest step that could be imagined in her situation. True character! Though the old prince, under the pretext of health, had been opportunely confiscated to Tsarskoe Selo then, so that the news of his marriage to Anna Andreevna might not spread in society and for a time would be snuffed out, so to speak, in the bud, nevertheless, the feeble old man, with whom anything could be done, would not for any reason in the world abandon his idea and betray Anna Andreevna, who had proposed to him. On this account he was chivalrous; so that sooner or later he might suddenly rise up and set about fulfilling his intention with irrepressible force, which is quite, quite likely to happen precisely with weak characters, for they have this limit, to which they ought not to be driven. Besides, he was perfectly aware of all the ticklishness of the position of Anna Andreevna, for whom he had boundless respect, aware of the possibility of society rumors, mockery, and bad fame on her account. The only thing that had restrained and stopped him so far was that in his presence Katerina Nikolaevna had never once, either by a word or a hint, allowed herself to mention Anna Andreevna in a bad sense, or betray anything at all against his intention to marry her. On the contrary, she displayed extreme cordiality and attentiveness towards her father's fiancée. Thus Anna Andreevna was put in an extremely awkward position, sensing with her subtle feminine flair that the slightest calumny against Katerina Nikolaevna, before whom the prince also stood in awe, and now more than ever, precisely because she so goodnaturedly and respectfully allowed him to marry—the slightest calumny against her would offend all his tender feelings and arouse mistrust of her in him and even,

perhaps, indignation. Thus it was in this field that the battle had gone on so far: the two rivals were as if rivaling each other in delicacy and patience, and in the end the prince no longer knew which of them to be more surprised at, and, as is usual with all weak but tenderhearted people, ended by beginning to suffer and blame himself alone for everything. His anguish, they said, reached the point of illness; his nerves were indeed upset, and instead of recovering in Tsarskoe, he was, as they assured me, ready to take to his bed.

Here I'll note in parenthesis something I learned much later: that Bjoring had supposedly proposed directly to Katerina Nikolaevna that they take the old man abroad, persuading him to go by some sort of deceit, meanwhile make it known privately in society that he had completely lost his reason, and obtain a doctor's certificate for it abroad. But Katerina Nikolaevna wouldn't do that for anything—so at least they maintained afterwards. She supposedly rejected the plan with indignation. All this is only the most distant rumor, but I believe it.

And so, when the matter had reached, so to speak, the point of ultimate hopelessness, Anna Andreevna suddenly learns through Lambert that there exists this letter in which the daughter had consulted a lawyer about the means of declaring her father insane. Her vengeful and proud mind was aroused in the highest degree. Remembering her former conversations with me, and grasping a multitude of the tiniest circumstances, she could not doubt the correctness of the information. Then, in that firm, inexorable feminine heart, the plan for a bold stroke ripened irrepressibly. The plan consisted in suddenly telling the prince everything outright, without preliminaries and calumnies, frightening him, shocking him, pointing out that the madhouse inevitably awaited him, and when he resisted, became indignant, refused to believe it—showing him his daughter's letter, as if to say, "since there once was an intention of declaring him insane, so now it was all the more likely, in order to prevent the marriage." After which they would take the frightened and crushed old man and move him to Petersburg—*straight to my apartment.*

This was a terrible risk, but she trusted firmly in her power. Here, departing from my story for a moment, I'll say, running very far ahead, that she was not deceived in the effect of her stroke; moreover, the effect went beyond all her expectations. The news of this letter affected the old prince maybe several times more

strongly than she or any of us had supposed. I never knew until then that the prince had known something about this letter before; but, as is usual with all weak and timid people, he hadn't believed the rumor and had warded it off with all his might, so as to remain at peace; what's more, he blamed himself for his ignoble gullibility. I'll also add that the fact of the letter's existence affected Katerina Nikolaevna, too, incomparably more strongly than I myself then expected... In short, this document turned out to be much more important than I myself, who was carrying it in my pocket, had supposed. But here I've run too far ahead.

But why, I'll be asked, to my apartment? Why move the prince to our pathetic little rooms and maybe frighten him with our pathetic furnishings? If it was impossible to go to his house (because there the whole thing could be hindered at once), then why not to a special "rich" apartment, as Lambert had suggested? But here lay the whole risk of Anna Andreevna's extraordinary step.

The main thing was to present the prince with the document immediately on his arrival; but I wouldn't hand over the document for anything. Since there was no more time to lose, Anna Andreevna, trusting in her power, ventured to start the business without the document, but by having the prince delivered directly to me instead. Why? Precisely in order to catch me in the same step as well, so to speak, and, as the saying goes, kill two birds with one stone. She counted on affecting me as well with the jolt, the shock, the unexpectedness. She reasoned that when I saw the old man at my place, saw his fear, his helplessness, heard their joint entreaties, I'd give in and produce the document! I admit her reckoning was cunning and clever, and psychological—what's more, she nearly succeeded... As for the old man, Anna Andreevna led him on then, made him believe her, if only on her word, by telling him outright that she would take him *to me*. I learned all that afterwards. Even the news alone that the document was with me destroyed in his timid heart the last doubts as to the verity of the fact—so greatly did he love and respect me!

I'll also note that Anna Andreevna herself didn't doubt for a moment that the document was still with me and that I hadn't let it slip out of my hands. Above all, she misunderstood my character and cynically counted on my innocence, simpleheartedness, even sentimentality; and, on the other hand, she supposed that, even if I had ventured to give the letter, for instance, to Katerina Nikolaevna, then it could not have been otherwise than under some

special circumstances, and it was those circumstances she was hastening to prevent by unexpectedness, a swoop, a stroke.

And, finally, she was confirmed in all this by Lambert. I've already said that Lambert's situation then was a most critical one: traitor as he was, he wished with all his might to lure me away from Anna Andreevna, so that the two of us together could sell the document to Mme. Akhmakov, which for some reason he found more profitable. But since I wouldn't hand over the document for anything down to the last moment, he ultimately decided even to throw in with Anna Andreevna, so as not to lose all profit, and therefore he foisted his services on her with all his might, till the very last hour, and I know that he even offered, if need be, to procure a priest... But Anna Andreevna, with a scornful smile, asked him not to mention it. Lambert seemed terribly crude to her and aroused her deepest loathing; but, being prudent, she still accepted his services, which consisted, for instance, in spying. Incidentally, I don't know for certain even to this day whether they bribed Pyotr Ippolitovich, my landlord, or not, and whether he received at least something for his services, or simply joined their company for the joy of intrigue; but he, too, spied on me, and his wife as well—that I do know for certain.

The reader will now understand that, though I had been partly forewarned, I really couldn't have guessed that tomorrow or the day after I would find the old prince in my apartment and in such circumstances. Nor could I ever have imagined such boldness from Anna Andreevna! In words you can say and imply anything you like; but to decide, to begin, and in fact to carry through—no, that, I tell you, is character!

II

To continue.

I woke up late the next morning, and had slept unusually soundly and without dreams, I recall that with surprise, so that on awakening, I again felt unusually cheerful morally, as if the whole previous day had never been. I decided not to stop at mama's but to go directly to the cemetery church, with the intention of returning to mama's apartment later, after the ceremony, and not leaving her side for the rest of the day. I was firmly convinced that

in any case I would meet him today at mama's, sooner or later, but without fail.

Neither Alphonsinka nor the landlord had been at home for a long time. I didn't want to question the landlady about anything, and had generally resolved to stop all contacts with them and even to move out of the apartment as soon as possible; and therefore, the moment my coffee was brought, I latched the door again. But suddenly there was a knock at the door; to my surprise it turned out to be Trishatov.

I opened the door for him at once and very gladly asked him to come in, but he didn't want to come in.

"I'll only say a couple of words from the threshold... or, no, I'll come in, because it seems one has to speak in whispers here; only I won't sit down. You're looking at my wretched coat: it's because Lambert took my fur coat away."

Indeed he was wearing a shabby old coat that was too long for him. He stood before me somehow gloomy and sad, his hands in his pockets, and without taking off his hat.

"I won't sit down, I won't sit down. Listen, Dolgoruky, I know nothing in detail, but I do know that Lambert is preparing some treachery against you, imminent and inevitable—and that is certain. So be careful. The pockmarked one let it slip to me—remember the pockmarked one? But he said nothing about what it has to do with, so I can't say anything more. I only came to warn you. Good-bye."

"But do sit down, dear Trishatov! Though I'm in a hurry, I'm so glad to see you..." I cried.

"I won't sit, I won't sit; but I'll remember that you were glad to see me. Eh, Dolgoruky, why deceive people: consciously, of my own free will, I've agreed to do all sorts of nastiness, and such meanness that it's shameful to speak of it here with you. We're with the pockmarked one now... Good-bye. I'm not worthy of sitting with you."

"Come now, Trishatov, dear..."

"No, you see, Dolgoruky, I'm a bold fellow in front of everybody, and I'll start carousing now. Soon I'll have a fur coat better than the old one made for me, and I'll go around driving trotters. But I'll know within myself that still I didn't sit down here, because that's how I've judged myself, because I'm low compared to you. I'll still find it pleasant to remember it when I'm carousing dishonestly. Well, good-bye, good-bye; I won't offer you my hand; even

Alphonsinka doesn't take my hand. And please don't follow me, and don't come to see me; we have a contract."

The strange boy turned and left. I had no time then, but I resolved that I'd be sure to seek him out quickly, as soon as our affairs were settled.

I won't describe the rest of that morning, though there's much that might be recalled. Versilov wasn't in church for the funeral, and, by the look of them, one might have concluded that he wasn't expected in church even before the coffin was taken out. Mama prayed reverently and, apparently, was wholly given over to prayer. Only Tatyana Pavlovna and Liza stood by the coffin. But no, no, I won't describe anything. After the burial, everyone came back and sat down at the table, and once again, by the look of them, I concluded that they didn't expect him at the table either. When we got up from the table, I went over to mama, embraced her warmly, and wished her a happy birthday. After me, Liza did the same.

"Listen, brother," Liza whispered on the sly, "they're expecting him."

"I guessed that, Liza, I can see it."

"He's sure to come."

That means they have precise information, I thought, but I didn't ask any questions. Though I'm not describing my feelings, this whole riddle, despite all my cheerfulness, again suddenly lay its weight like a stone on my heart. We all sat down in the drawing room at the round table, around mama. Oh, how I liked being with her then and looking at her! Mama suddenly asked me to read something from the Gospel. I read a chapter from Luke. She didn't weep and wasn't even very sad, but never had her face seemed so full of spiritual meaning. An idea shone in her quiet gaze, but I was simply unable to make out that she was anxiously expecting anything. The conversation never flagged. There were many reminiscences about the deceased; Tatyana Pavlovna told many stories about him that had been quite unknown to me before. And generally, if it were all written down, many curious things would be found. Even Tatyana Pavlovna seemed to have completely changed her usual look; she was very quiet, very tender, and, above all, also very calm, though she talked a lot to distract mama. But one detail I remember only too well: mama was sitting on the sofa, and to the left of the sofa, on a special round table, as if prepared for something, lay an image—an old icon, with no casing, but just with crowns over the heads of the saints, of whom there were two. This icon had

belonged to Makar Ivanovich—that I knew, and I also knew that the deceased had never parted with this icon and considered it miracle-working. Tatyana Pavlovna glanced at it several times.

"Listen, Sofya," she said suddenly, changing the subject, "instead of the icon lying here, wouldn't it be better to stand it on a table against the wall and light an icon lamp in front of it?"

"No, it's better the way it is now," said mama.

"You're right. Otherwise it would seem too solemn . . ."

I understood nothing then, but the thing was that Makar Ivanovich had long ago bequeathed this icon, verbally, to Andrei Petrovich, and mama was now preparing to give it to him.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon; our conversation went on, and suddenly I noticed as if a slight tremor in mama's face; she quickly straightened up and began listening, while Tatyana Pavlovna, who was speaking just then, went on with what she was saying, not noticing anything. I turned to the door at once and, a moment later, saw Andrei Petrovich in the doorway. He had come in not from the porch, but by the back stairs, through the kitchen and the corridor, and mama was the only one of us who had heard his footsteps. I will now describe the whole insane scene that followed, gesture by gesture, word by word. It was brief.

First of all, in his face, at least at first glance, I didn't notice the slightest change. He was dressed as always, that is, almost foppishly. In his hand was a small but expensive bouquet of fresh flowers. He went over and gave it to mama with a smile; she looked at him with timorous perplexity, but then accepted the bouquet, and color suddenly enlivened her pale cheeks slightly, and joy flashed in her eyes.

"I just knew you'd take it that way, Sonya," he said. As we had all risen when he came in, he went to the table, took Liza's chair, which stood to mama's left, and, not noticing that he was occupying someone else's place, sat down on it. Thus he found himself directly in front of the little table on which the icon lay.

"Greetings to you all. Sonya, I wanted to bring you this bouquet today without fail, for your birthday, and therefore I didn't appear at the funeral, so as not to come to the dead man with a bouquet; and you didn't expect me at the funeral, I know. The old man surely won't be angry over these flowers, because he himself bequeathed us joy, isn't it so? I think he's here in the room somewhere."

Mama looked at him strangely; Tatyana Pavlovna seemed to cringe.

"Who's here in the room?" she asked.

"The deceased. Never mind. You know that a man who doesn't fully believe in all these wonders is always the more inclined to prejudices... But I'd better speak of the bouquet: how I got it here, I don't know. Three times on the way I wanted to drop it in the snow and trample it with my feet."

Mama shuddered.

"I wanted to terribly. Pity me, Sonya, and my poor head. But I wanted to, because it's too beautiful. Of anything in the world, what is more beautiful than a flower? I was carrying it, and here there was snow and frost. Our frost and flowers—what a contrast! However, that's not what I'm getting at: I wanted to crush it because it was beautiful. Sonya, I'm going to disappear again now, but I'll come back very soon, because it seems I'll be afraid. I'll be afraid—and who will cure me of my fear, where will I get hold of an angel like Sonya?... What's this icon you have here? Ah, it's the old man's, I remember. It came to him from his family, his forefathers; he never parted with it all his life; I know, I remember, he bequeathed it to me; I remember very well... and it seems it's an Old Believers' icon[39]... let me look at it."

He took the icon in his hand, brought it to a candle, and studied it intently, but after holding it for just a few seconds, he set it down on the table in front of him. I wondered, but he uttered all these strange speeches so unexpectedly that I could make no sense of them yet. All I remember is that a morbid fear was coming into my heart. Mama's fear was changing to perplexity and compassion; before all, she saw just an unhappy man in him; it happened that formerly as well he had sometimes spoken almost as strangely as now. Liza suddenly became very pale for some reason and strangely nodded her head towards him to me. But Tatyana Pavlovna was the most frightened of all.

"What's wrong with you, dearest Andrei Petrovich?" she spoke cautiously.

"I really don't know what's wrong with me, my dear Tatyana Pavlovna. Don't worry, I still remember that you are Tatyana Pavlovna and that you are dear. However, I've dropped in just for a minute; I'd like to say something nice to Sonya, and I'm looking for the right word, though my heart is filled with words which I'm unable to utter; truly, they're all somehow such strange words. You know, it seems to me as if I'm divided in two," he looked us all over with a terribly serious face and with the most sincere

communicativeness. "Truly, mentally divided in two, and I'm terribly afraid of that. Just as if your double were standing next to you; you yourself are intelligent and reasonable, but that one absolutely wants to do something senseless next to you, and sometimes something very amusing, and you suddenly notice that it's you who want to do this amusing thing, and, God knows why, that is, somehow unwillingly you want it, resisting with all your might, you want it. I once knew a doctor who suddenly started whistling in church at his father's funeral. Truly, I was afraid to come to the funeral today, because for some reason the absolute conviction came into my head that I would suddenly start whistling or guffawing, like that unfortunate doctor, who ended rather badly... And, truly, I don't know why I keep remembering that doctor today—so much so that there's no getting rid of him. You know, Sonya, here I've picked up this icon again" (he had picked it up and was turning it in his hands), "and you know, I want terribly much to smash it against the stove now, this second, on this very corner. I'm sure it will split at once into two halves—no more, no less."

Above all, he said all this without any air of pretense or even of some sort of prank; he spoke quite simply, but that was the more terrible; and it seemed he really was terribly afraid of something; I suddenly noticed that his hands were trembling slightly.

"Andrei Petrovich!" mama cried, clasping her hands.

"Let it alone, let the icon alone, Andrei Petrovich, put it down!" Tatyana Pavlovna jumped up. "Get undressed and go to bed. Arkady, fetch the doctor!"

"But no... but no, why are you fussing so?" he said softly, looking around at us all with an intent gaze. Then he suddenly put both elbows on the table and rested his head in his hands.

"I'm frightening you, but I tell you what, my friends: indulge me a little, sit down again and be more calm, all of you—at least for one minute! Sonya, that's not at all what I came here to talk about; I came to tell you something, but quite different. Goodbye, Sonya, I'm setting out on my wanderings again, as I've set out from you several times already... Well, of course, someday I'll come back to you, in this sense you're inevitable. To whom am I to come when it's all over? Believe me, Sonya, I've come to you now as to an angel, and not at all as to an enemy: what sort of enemy, what sort of enemy are you to me! Don't think it's in order to break this icon, because, do you know, Sonya, I still want to break it..."

When Tatyana Pavlovna had cried before then, "Let the icon alone!"—she had snatched the image out of his hands and was holding it herself. Suddenly, at his last words, he quickly jumped up, instantly snatched the icon out of Tatyana's hands, and, swinging ferociously, smashed it with all his might against the corner of the tile stove. The icon split exactly into two pieces . . . He suddenly turned to us, and his pale face suddenly turned all red, almost purple, and every feature of his face trembled and twitched:

"Don't take it as an allegory, Sonya, it's not Makar's inheritance I've broken, I only did it in order to break . . . And even so I'll come back to you, my last angel! But, anyhow, why not take it as an allegory; it certainly must have been! . . ."

And he suddenly hurried out of the room, again through the kitchen (where he had left his fur coat and hat). I won't describe in detail what happened with mama: scared to death, she stood with her hands raised and clasped above her and suddenly called out after him:

"Andrei Petrovich, come back at least to say good-bye, dear!"

"He'll come, Sofya, he'll come! Don't worry!" Tatyana cried, trembling all over in a terrible fit of anger, ferocious anger. "You heard, he himself promised to come back! Let the madcap run loose for one last time. He'll get old, and who indeed will nurse him then, when he's broken down, except you, his old nurse? He says it straight out himself, without shame . . ."

As for us, Liza was in a faint. I was about to run after him, but then I rushed to mama. I put my arms around her and held her in my embrace. Lukerya came running with a glass of water for Liza. But mama soon recovered; she sank onto the sofa, covered her face with her hands, and wept.

"But no, but no . . . catch up with him!" Tatyana Pavlovna suddenly cried out with all her might, as if coming to her senses. "Go . . . go . . . catch up with him, don't let him get a step ahead of you—go, go!" She was pulling me away from mama with all her might. "Ah, I'll run myself!"

"Arkasha, ah, run after him quickly!" mama suddenly cried as well.

I ran out headlong, also through the kitchen and the yard, but he was nowhere to be seen. Far down the sidewalk I made out the black figures of passersby in the darkness; I started running after them and, catching up with them, looked each one in the face as I ran past. In this way I ran as far as the intersection.

"You don't get angry with madmen," suddenly flashed in my head, "but Tatyana was ferociously angry with him, which means he's not mad at all..." Oh, I kept thinking that it was an *allegory* and that he absolutely wanted to have done with something, as with that icon, and to show it to us, to mama, to everybody. But the "double" was also undoubtedly next to him; of that there was no doubt at all...

III

He didn't turn up anywhere, however, and there was no point in running to his place; it was hard to imagine that he had just simply gone home. Suddenly a thought began to gleam before me, and I rushed headlong to Anna Andreevna's.

Anna Andreevna had already returned, and I was admitted at once. I went in, controlling myself as far as I could. Without sitting down, I told her directly about the scene that had just taken place, that is, precisely about the "double." I will never forget nor forgive her the greedy but mercilessly calm and self-assured curiosity with which she listened to me, also without sitting down.

"Where is he? Maybe you know?" I concluded insistently. "Tatyana Pavlovna sent me to you yesterday..."

"I sent for you yesterday. Yesterday he was in Tsarskoe, and he was here as well. And now," she glanced at the clock, "now it's seven o'clock... That means he's probably at home."

"I see you know everything—so speak, speak!" I cried.

"I know a good deal, but I don't know everything. Of course, there's no need to conceal it from you..." She measured me with a strange look, smiling and as if reflecting. "Yesterday morning, in response to Katerina Nikolaevna's letter, he made her a formal proposal of marriage."

"That's not true!" I goggled my eyes.

"The letter went through my hands; I myself took it to her, unopened. This time he acted 'chivalrously' and concealed nothing from me."

"Anna Andreevna, I don't understand anything!"

"Of course, it's hard to understand, but it's like a gambler who throws his last gold coin on the table and has a revolver ready in his pocket—that's the meaning of his proposal. The chances are nine out of ten that she won't accept his proposal; but it means

that he's counting on that one-tenth chance, and, I confess, that's very curious, in my opinion, though . . . though there might also be frenzy in it, that same 'double,' as you said so well just now."

"And you laugh? And how can I believe that the letter was conveyed through you? Aren't you her father's fiancée? Spare me, Anna Andreevna!"

"He asked me to sacrifice my destiny to his happiness, though he didn't really ask; it was all done quite silently, I merely read it all in his eyes. Ah, my God, what more do you want? Didn't he go to your mother in Königsberg to ask her permission to marry Mme. Akhmakov's stepdaughter? That goes very well with the way he chose me yesterday as his representative and confidante."

She was slightly pale. But her calmness only reinforced her sarcasm. Oh, I forgave her much during that minute when I gradually came to grasp the matter. For a minute I thought it over; she waited in silence.

"You know," I smiled suddenly, "you conveyed the letter, because for you there was no risk, because there will be no marriage, but what about him? And her, finally? Of course, she'll turn down his proposal, and then . . . what may happen then? Where is he now, Anna Andreevna?" I cried. "Here every minute is precious, any minute there may be trouble!"

"He's at home, I told you. In his letter to Katerina Nikolaevna yesterday, which I conveyed, he asked her, *in any event*, for a meeting at his apartment, today, at exactly seven o'clock in the evening. She gave her promise."

"She'll go to his apartment? How is it possible?"

"Why not? The apartment belongs to Nastasya Egorovna; they both could very well meet there as her guests . . ."

"But she's afraid of him . . . he may kill her!"

Anna Andreevna only smiled.

"Katerina Nikolaevna, despite all her fear, which I've noticed in her myself, has always nursed, since former times, a certain reverence and awe for the nobility of Andrei Petrovich's principles and the loftiness of his mind. She's trusting herself to him this time so as to have done with him forever. In his letter he gave her his most solemn, most chivalrous word that she had nothing to fear . . . In short, I don't remember the terms of his letter, but she's trusting herself . . . so to speak, for the last time . . . and, so to speak, responding with the most heroic feelings. There may be some sort of chivalrous struggle here on both sides."

"But the double, the double!" I exclaimed. "He really has lost his mind!"

"On giving her word yesterday that she would come to meet him, Katerina Nikolaevna probably didn't suppose the possibility of such a case."

I suddenly turned and broke into a run... To him, to them, of course! But I came back from the front room for a second.

"Maybe that's just what you want, that he should kill her!" I cried, and ran out of the house.

Though I was trembling all over as if in a fit, I entered the apartment silently, through the kitchen, and asked in a whisper to have Nastasya Egorovna come out to me; but she came out at once herself and silently fixed me with a terribly questioning look.

"He's not at home, sir."

But I explained to her directly and precisely, in a quick whisper, that I knew everything from Anna Andreevna and had just come from her.

"Where are they, Nastasya Egorovna?"

"They're in the drawing room, sir, where you were sitting two days ago, at the table..."

"Let me in there, Nastasya Egorovna!"

"How is that possible, sir?"

"Not there, but the room next to it. Nastasya Egorovna, it may be that Anna Andreevna herself wants it. If she didn't, she wouldn't have told me they were here. They won't hear me... she wants it herself..."

"And what if she doesn't?" Nastasya Egorovna kept her gaze fixed on me.

"Nastasya Egorovna, I remember your Olya... let me in."

Her lips and chin suddenly began to tremble:

"Dear heart, maybe for Olya's sake... for your feeling... Don't abandon Anna Andreevna, dear heart! You won't abandon her, eh? You won't?"

"I won't!"

"Give me your great word, then, that you won't rush in on them and start shouting, if I put you in there?"

"I swear on my honor, Nastasya Egorovna!"

She took hold of my frock coat, let me into the dark room adjacent to the one they were sitting in, led me barely audibly over the soft rug to the door, placed me just at the lowered portière and, lifting a tiny corner of the portière, showed me both of them.

I stayed and she left. Naturally, I stayed. I realized that I was eavesdropping, eavesdropping on other people's secrets, but I stayed. How could I not stay—what of the double? Hadn't he smashed an icon before my eyes?

IV

THEY WERE SITTING opposite each other at the same table at which he and I had drunk wine yesterday to his "resurrection." I could see their faces very well. She was in a simple black dress, beautiful, and apparently calm, as always. He was speaking, and she was listening to him with extreme and obliging attention. Maybe a certain timidity could be seen in her. He was terribly agitated. I arrived when the conversation had already begun, and therefore understood nothing for a certain time. I remember she suddenly asked:

"And I was the cause?"

"No, it was I who was the cause," he replied, "and you were only blamelessly to blame. Do you know that one can be blamelessly to blame? That is the most unpardonable blame, and it almost always gets punished," he added, laughing strangely. "And I really thought for a moment that I had quite forgotten you, and I quite laughed at my stupid passion... but you know that. And, anyhow, what do I care about the man you're about to marry? I proposed to you yesterday, forgive me for that, it was absurd, and yet there was no alternative... what could I have done except that absurdity? I don't know..."

He laughed perplexedly at these words, suddenly raising his eyes to her; till that time he had spoken as if looking away. If I had been in her place, I would have been frightened by that laughter, I could feel it. He suddenly got up from his chair.

"Tell me, how could you have agreed to come here?" he asked suddenly, as if remembering the main thing. "My invitation and my whole letter were absurd... Wait, I may still guess how it happened that you agreed to come, but—why have you come?—that's the question. Can it be that you came only out of fear?"

"I came to see you," she said, studying him with timid wariness. They were both silent for half a minute. Versilov lowered himself onto the chair again and began in a meek but deeply moved, almost trembling voice:

"I haven't seen you for a terribly long time, Katerina Nikolaevna, so long that I almost considered it impossible ever to be sitting beside you as I am now, looking into your face and listening to your voice... For two years we haven't seen each other, for two years we haven't talked. I didn't think I'd ever be talking to you. Well, so be it, what's past is past, and what there is now will vanish tomorrow like smoke—so be it! I accept, because once again there's no alternative, but don't just go away now for nothing," he suddenly added almost beseechingly, "since you've done me the charity of coming, don't go away for nothing: answer me one question!"

"What question?"

"You and I will never see each other again and—what is it to you? Tell me the truth once and for all, to the one question intelligent people never ask: did you ever love me, or was I... mistaken?"

She blushed.

"I did love you," she said.

I was just waiting for her to say that—oh, the truthful one, oh, the sincere one, oh, the honest one!

"And now?" he continued.

"Now I don't."

"And you laugh?"

"No, I just smiled inadvertently, because I knew you'd ask, 'And now?' And I smiled because... because when you guess something, you always smile..."

It was even strange. I had never yet seen her so wary, even almost timid, and so abashed. He was devouring her with his eyes.

"I know you don't love me... and—you don't love me at all?"

"Maybe I don't love you at all. I don't love you," she added firmly, not smiling now and not blushing. "Yes, I did love you, but not for long. I very soon stopped loving you then..."

"I know, I know, you saw it wasn't what you wanted, but... what do you want? Explain it to me once more..."

"Did I already explain it to you sometime? What I want? But I'm a most ordinary woman; I'm a calm woman, I like... I like merry people."

"Merry?"

"You see, I don't even know how to speak with you. It seems to me that if you could love me less, then I could come to love you," she again smiled timidly. The fullest sincerity flashed in her reply, and could she possibly not have understood that her reply was the most definitive formula of their relations, which explained and

resolved everything? Oh, how he must have understood that! But he looked at her and smiled strangely.

"Is Bjoring merry?" he went on asking.

"Oh, he shouldn't trouble you at all," she answered with a certain haste. "I'm marrying him only because with him it will be calmest for me. My soul will remain entirely my own."

"They say you've again come to like society, the world?"

"Not society. I know that in our society there's the same disorder as everywhere; but the external forms are still beautiful, so that if one lives only so as to pass by, it's better here than anywhere else."

"I've begun hearing the word 'disorder' quite often. Were you also frightened then by my disorder, the chains, the ideas, the stupidities?"

"No, it wasn't quite that..."

"Then what was it? For God's sake, say it all straight out."

"Well, I'll tell you straight out, because I consider you of the greatest intelligence... I always thought there was something ridiculous in you."

Having said that, she suddenly blushed, as if realizing that she had done something extremely imprudent.

"I can forgive you a great deal for telling me that," he said strangely.

"I didn't finish," she hurried on, turning more red. "It's I who am ridiculous... for talking to you like a fool."

"No, you're not ridiculous, you're merely a depraved society woman!" He turned terribly pale. "I also didn't finish earlier, when I asked you why you came. Would you like me to finish? There exists a certain letter, a document, and you are terribly afraid of it, because your father, with that letter in his hands, might curse you while he lives and legally deprive you of your inheritance in his will. You are afraid of that letter, and you have come for that letter," he spoke nearly trembling all over, and his teeth even almost chattering. She listened to him with a wistful and pained expression on her face.

"I know that you can cause me considerable unpleasantness," she said, as if warding off his words, "but I've come not so much to persuade you not to persecute me, as to see you yourself. I've even wished very much to meet you for a long time now, I myself... But I find you the same as you were before," she suddenly added, as if carried away by a particular and decisive thought and even by some strange and sudden feeling.

"And you hoped to see me different? This—after that letter of mine about your depravity? Tell me, did you come here without any fear?"

"I came because I once loved you; but, you know, I beg you, please, don't threaten me with anything while we're together now, don't remind me of my bad thoughts and feelings. If you could talk to me about something else, I'd be very glad. Let there be threats afterwards, but something different now... I truly came to see and hear you for a moment. Well, but if you can't, then kill me straight out, only don't threaten me and don't torture yourself before me," she concluded, looking at him in strange expectation, as if she really supposed he might kill her. He got up from his chair again and, looking at her with an ardent gaze, said firmly:

"You will leave here without the slightest offense."

"Ah, yes, your word of honor!" she smiled.

"No, not only because I gave my word of honor in the letter, but because I want to and shall think about you all night..."

"To torment yourself?"

"I always imagine you when I'm alone. All I do is talk to you. I go into slums and dens and, as a contrast, you appear before me at once. But you always laugh at me, as now..." he said as if beside himself.

"Never, never have I laughed at you!" she exclaimed in a deeply moved voice and as if with the greatest compassion showing on her face. "If I came, I tried as hard as I could to do it so as not to hurt you in any way," she suddenly added. "I came here to tell you that I almost love you... Forgive me, I may not have said it right," she added hastily.

He laughed.

"What makes you unable to pretend? What makes you such a simpleton, what makes you unlike everyone else... Well, how can you say to a man you're driving away, 'I almost love you'?"

"I just didn't know how to put it," she hurried on, "I didn't say it right; it's because I've always been abashed in your presence and have never known how to speak, ever since our first meeting. And if I used the wrong words when I said I 'almost love you,' in my thought it was almost so—that's why I said it, though I love you with that... well, that *general* love with which one loves everyone and which there's no shame in confessing..."

He listened silently, not taking his ardent gaze off her.

"I, of course, offend you," he went on as if beside himself. "This

must indeed be what they call passion... I know one thing, that with you I'm finished; without you also. It's all the same with you or without you, wherever you are, you're always with me. I also know that I can hate you very much, more than I love you... However, I've long ceased thinking of anything—it's all the same to me. I'm only sorry that I love a woman like you..."

His voice faltered; he went on as if breathless:

"What's the matter? You find what I'm saying wild?" He smiled a pale smile. "I think that, if only it would attract you, I could stand on one leg on a pillar somewhere for thirty years... I see you pity me, your face says, 'I'd love you if I could, but I can't...' Yes? Never mind, I have no pride. I'm ready, like a beggar, to take any charity from you—any... do you hear?... What pride can a beggar have?"

She got up and went over to him.

"My friend!" she said, touching his shoulder with her hand and with inexpressible feeling in her face. "I cannot listen to such words! I'll think of you all my life as of the most precious of men, as of the greatest of hearts, as of something sacred out of all that I can respect and love. Andrei Petrovich, understand my words: there's something I came for now, dear man, dear before and now! I'll never forget how you shook my mind during our first meetings. Let's part as friends, and you will be my most serious and most dear thought in all my life!"

"'Let's part and then I'll love you,' I'll love you, only let's part. Listen," he said, quite pale, "give me more charity: don't love me, don't live with me, let's never see each other; I'll be your slave, if you call me, I'll vanish instantly if you don't want to see or hear me, only... *only don't marry anyone!*"

My heart was wrung painfully when I heard such words. This naïvely humiliating request was the more pathetic, it pierced the heart the more strongly, for being so naked and impossible. Yes, of course, he was asking for charity! Well, but could he think she'd agree? And yet he stooped to the attempt: he attempted to ask! This last degree of dispiritedness was unbearable to see. All the features of her face suddenly twisted as if with pain; but before she had time to say a word, he suddenly came to his senses:

"I'll *exterminate* you!" he said suddenly in a strange, distorted voice, not his own.

But her answer was also strange, also in an unexpected voice, not at all her own:

"If I were to give you charity," she suddenly said firmly, "you'd revenge yourself on me for it afterwards still worse than you're threatening now, because you'd never forget that you stood before me as such a beggar... I cannot listen to threats from you!" she concluded almost with indignation, looking at him all but in defiance.

"'Threats from you,' that is, from such a beggar! I was joking," he said softly, smiling. "I won't do anything to you, don't be afraid, go now... and I'll do all I can to send you that document—only go, go! I wrote you a stupid letter, and you responded to the stupid letter and came—we're quits. Go this way," he pointed to the door (she was about to pass through the room where I was standing behind the portière).

"Forgive me if you can," she stopped in the doorway.

"Well, what if we meet as quite good friends someday and remember this scene with bright laughter?" he said suddenly; but all the features of his face trembled, as in a man overcome by a fit.

"Oh, God grant it!" she cried, pressing her hands together before her, but peering timorously into his face and as if trying to guess what he meant to say.

"Go. Much sense there is in the two of us, but you... Oh, you're my kind of person! I wrote a crazy letter, and you agreed to come and say that you 'almost love me.' No, you and I—we're people of the same madness! Always be mad like that, don't change, and we'll meet as friends—that I predict to you, I swear it to you!"

"And then I'll certainly love you, because I feel it even now!" The woman in her couldn't help herself and threw him these last words from the threshold.

She went out. I hastily and inaudibly moved to the kitchen and, almost without looking at Nastasya Egorovna, who was waiting for me, set off down the back stairs and across the courtyard to the street. But I only had time to see her get into a hired carriage that was waiting for her by the porch. I ran down the street.

Chapter Eleven

1

I WENT RUNNING to Lambert. Oh, how I wish I could give a semblance of logic and seek out the least bit of common sense in my acts that evening and all that night, but even now, when I can grasp everything, I'm in no way able to present the matter in proper and clear connection. There was a feeling here, or, better, a whole chaos of feelings, among which I was naturally bound to get lost. True, there was one chiefest feeling that overwhelmed me and commanded everything, but . . . need I confess it? The more so as I'm not certain . . .

I ran to Lambert, naturally, beside myself. I even frightened him and Alphonsinka at first. I've always noticed that the most lost, most crapulous Frenchmen are exceedingly attached, in their domestic life, to some sort of bourgeois order, to some sort of most prosaic daily routine of life established once and for all. However, Lambert very soon realized that something had happened and went into raptures, seeing me finally at his place, finally *possessing* me. That was all he thought about, day and night, those days! Oh, how he needed me! And now, when he had already lost all hope, I suddenly come on my own, and in such madness—precisely the state he needed.

"Wine, Lambert!" I shouted. "Let's drink, let's storm it up. Alphonsina, where's your guitar?"

I won't describe the scene—it's superfluous. We drank, and I told him everything, everything. He listened greedily. I—and I was the first—directly suggested a plot to him, a conflagration. First of all, we must invite Katerina Nikolaevna here by letter . . .

"That can be done," Lambert confirmed, snatching at every word I said.

Second, to be convincing, we must send a complete copy of her "document" with the letter, so that she can see straight off that she's not being deceived.

"So we should, so we must!" Lambert confirmed, constantly exchanging glances with Alphonsinka.

Third, the one to invite her must be Lambert himself, on his

own, in the manner of some unknown person just arrived from Moscow, and I must bring Versilov...

"Versilov can be done..." Lambert confirmed.

"Must be, not can be!" I cried. "It's necessary! The whole thing's being done for him!" I explained, sipping gulp after gulp from my glass. (All three of us were drinking, but it seems I alone drank the whole bottle of champagne, while they only made a show of it.) "Versilov and I will sit in the other room (we have to secure the other room, Lambert!), and when she suddenly agrees to everything—to the ransom in cash and to the *other* ransom, because they're all mean—then Versilov and I will come out and catch her in all her meanness, and Versilov, seeing how loathsome she is, will be cured at once and will kick her out. But we need to have Bjoring there as well, so that he, too, can have a look at her!" I added in a frenzy.

"No, we don't need Bjoring," Lambert observed.

"We do, we do!" I yelled again. "You understand nothing, Lambert, because you're stupid! On the contrary, let the scandal spread through high society—that way we'll be revenged both on high society and on her, and let her be punished! She'll give you a promissory note, Lambert... I don't need money, I spit on money; you'll stoop down to pick it up and put it in your pocket along with my spit, but instead I will crush her!"

"Yes, yes," Lambert kept confirming, "it's all as you..." He kept exchanging glances with Alphonsinka.

"Lambert! She's terribly in awe of Versilov; I've just been convinced of it," I babbled to him.

"It's good that you spied it all out. I never supposed you were such a spy and had so much sense!" He said that in order to flatter me.

"Lies, Frenchman, I'm not a spy, but there is a lot of sense in me! And you know, Lambert, she loves him!" I went on, trying with all my might to speak myself out. "But she won't marry him, because Bjoring's an officer of the guards and Versilov is only a magnanimous man and friend of mankind, a comical person, in their opinion, and nothing more! Oh, she understands this passion and enjoys it, she flirts, she entices, but she won't marry him! She's a woman, she's a serpent! Every woman is a serpent, and every serpent is a woman! He's got to be cured; he's got to have the scales torn off. Let him see what she's like, and he'll be cured. I'll bring him to you, Lambert!"

"So you must," Lambert kept confirming, pouring more for me every minute.

Above all, he simply trembled over not angering me with something, over not contradicting me, and getting me to drink more. This was so crude and obvious that even I couldn't help noticing it then. But I myself couldn't leave for anything; I kept drinking and talking, and I wanted terribly to speak myself out finally. When Lambert went for another bottle, Alphonsinka played some Spanish motif on the guitar; I almost burst into tears.

"Lambert, you don't know all!" I exclaimed with deep feeling. "This man absolutely must be saved, because he's surrounded by... sorcery. If she married him, the next morning, after the first night, he'd kick her out... because that does happen. Because such violent, wild love works like a fit, like a deadly noose, like an illness, and—as soon as you reach satisfaction—the scales fall at once and the opposite feeling appears: disgust and hatred, the wish to exterminate, to crush. Do you know the story of Abishag,[40] Lambert, have you read it?"

"No, I don't recall. A novel?" murmured Lambert.

"Oh, you know nothing, Lambert! You're terribly, terribly uneducated... but I spit on that. It makes no difference. Oh, he loves mama; he kissed her portrait; he'll drive the other woman out the next morning and go to mama himself; but it will be too late, and that's why we must save him now..."

Towards the end I started weeping bitterly; but I still went on talking, and I drank terribly much. The most characteristic feature consisted in the fact that Lambert, all evening, never once asked about the "document," that is, where it was. That is, that I should show it to him, lay it on the table. What, it seems, would have been more natural than to ask about it, when we were arranging to act together? Another feature: we only said it must be done, that we must do "it" without fail, but where it would be, how and when—of that we also didn't say a word! He only yessed me and exchanged glances with Alphonsinka—nothing more! Of course, I couldn't put anything together then, but all the same I remember it.

I ended by falling asleep on his sofa without undressing. I slept for a very long time and woke up very late. I remember that, on waking up, I lay for some time on the sofa, as if stunned, trying to remember and put things together and pretending I was still asleep. But Lambert turned out not to be in the room: he had left. It was

going on ten o'clock; the stove was burning and crackling, exactly as then, after that night, when I found myself at Lambert's for the first time. But Alphonsinka was keeping watch on me from behind the screen. I noticed it at once, because she peeked out a couple of times and checked on me, but I closed my eyes each time and pretended I was still asleep. I did that because I was crushed and had to make sense of my situation. I felt with horror the whole absurdity and loathsomeness of my night's confession to Lambert, my complicity with him, my mistake in having run to him! But, thank God, the document still remained with me, was still sewn up in my side pocket; I felt it with my hand—it was there! So all I had to do right then was jump up and run away, and there was no point in being ashamed of Lambert afterwards; Lambert wasn't worth it.

But I was also ashamed of myself! I was my own judge, and—God, what there was in my soul! But I'm not going to describe that infernal, unbearable feeling and that consciousness of filth and vileness. But all the same I must confess it, because it seems the time has come for that. It should be pointed out in my notes. And so, let it be known that I wanted to disgrace her and witness her giving the ransom to Lambert (oh, baseness!), not because I wanted to save the mad Versilov and return him to mama, but because... maybe I myself was in love with her, in love and jealous! Jealous of whom? Of Bjoring? Of Versilov? Of all those she would look at or talk with at a ball, while I stood in the corner, ashamed of myself?... Oh, unseemliness!

In short, I don't know whom I was jealous of; I only felt and had become convinced during the past evening, like two times two, that for me she was lost, that this woman would spurn and deride me for my falseness and absurdity. She was truthful and honest, while I—I was a spy, and with documents!

All this I've kept hidden in my heart ever since, but now the time has come, and I'm drawing the bottom line. But, once again and for the last time: maybe I've heaped lies on myself by a whole half or even seventy-five percent! That night I hated her, like a man beside himself, and later like a raging drunkard. I've already said it was a chaos of feelings and sensations in which I myself could make out nothing. But, all the same, they had to be spoken out, because at least a part of these feelings was certainly there.

With irrepressible disgust and with the irrepressible intention of smoothing everything over, I suddenly jumped up from the sofa;

but just as I jumped up, Alphonsinka instantly jumped out. I grabbed my coat and hat, and told her to tell Lambert that I was raving the night before, that I had slandered the woman, that I was deliberately joking, and that Lambert should never dare come to me... All this I brought out anyhow, haphazardly, hastily, in French, and, of course, awfully unclearly, but, to my surprise, Alphonsinka understood it all terribly well. But, what was most surprising, she was even as if glad of something.

"*Oui, oui*," she agreed with me, "*c'est une honte! Une dame... Oh, vous êtes généreux, vous! Soyez tranquille, je ferai voir raison à Lambert...*"*

So that even at that moment I should have been thrown into perplexity, seeing such an unexpected turnabout in her feelings, which meant, perhaps, in Lambert's as well. I went out silently, however; my soul was troubled and I wasn't reasoning well. Oh, afterwards I considered it all, but by then it was too late! Oh, what an infernal machination came out here! I'll stop and explain everything beforehand; otherwise it will be impossible for the reader to understand.

The thing was that, back at my first meeting with Lambert, while I was thawing out in his apartment, I had murmured to him, like a fool, that the document was sewn up in my pocket. Then I had suddenly fallen asleep for a while on the sofa in the corner, and Lambert had immediately felt my pocket then and made sure that a piece of paper was actually sewn up in it. Several times later he had made sure that the paper was still there: so, for instance, during our dinner at the Tartars', I remember he purposely put his arm around my waist several times. Realizing, finally, how important this paper was, he put together his own totally particular plan, which I never supposed he had. Like a fool, I imagined all the while that he was so persistently inviting me to his place solely to persuade me to join company with him and not act otherwise than together. But, alas! he invited me for something quite different! He invited me in order to get me dead drunk and, when I was sprawled out there, unconscious and snoring, to cut my pocket open and take possession of the document. That's just what he and Alphonsinka did that night; it was Alphonsinka who cut open the pocket. Having taken out the letter, *her letter*, my Moscow docu-

*Yes, yes... it's a shame! A lady... Oh, you're generous, you are! Don't worry, I'll make Lambert see reason ...

ment, they took a simple sheet of note paper of the same size, put it into the cut pocket, and sewed it up again as if nothing had happened, so that I wouldn't notice anything. Alphonsinka also did the sewing up. And I, almost to the very end, I—for a whole day and a half—went on thinking that I was in possession of the secret, and that Katerina Nikolaevna's destiny was still in my hands!

A last word: this theft of the document was the cause of it all, all the remaining misfortunes!

II

NOW COME THE last twenty-four hours of my notes, and I'm at the final end!

It was, I think, around half-past ten when, agitated and, as far as I remember, somehow strangely distracted, but with a definitive resolve in my heart, I came trudging to my apartment. I was not in a hurry, I already knew how I was going to act. And suddenly, just as I entered our corridor, I understood at once that a new calamity had befallen and an extraordinary complication of matters had occurred: the old prince, having just been brought from Tsarskoe Selo, was in our apartment, and Anna Andreevna was with him!

He had been put not in my room, but in the two rooms next to mine, which belonged to the landlord. The day before, as it turned out, certain changes and embellishments, though of a minimal sort, had been carried out in these rooms. The landlord and his wife had moved to the tiny closet occupied by the fussy pockmarked tenant whom I have mentioned before, and the pockmarked tenant had been confiscated for the time being—I don't know where to.

I was met by the landlord, who at once darted into my room. He did not have the same resolute air as the day before, but he was in an extraordinarily agitated state, equal, so to speak, to the event. I said nothing to him, but went to the corner and, clutching my head with my hands, stood there for about a minute. At first he thought I was "putting it on," but in the end he couldn't stand it and became alarmed.

"Is anything wrong?" he murmured. "I've been waiting to ask you," he added, seeing that I didn't answer, "whether you wouldn't like to open this door, for direct communication with the prince's rooms... rather than through the corridor?" He was pointing to

the side door, which was always locked, and which communicated with his own rooms and now, therefore, with the prince's quarters.

"Look here, Pyotr Ippolitovich," I addressed him with a stern air, "I humbly beg you to go and invite Anna Andreevna here to my room for a talk. Have they been here long?"

"Must be nearly an hour."

"So go."

He went and brought back the strange reply that Anna Andreevna and Prince Nikolai Ivanovich were impatiently awaiting me in their rooms—meaning that Anna Andreevna did not wish to come. I straightened and cleaned my frock coat, which had become wrinkled during the night, washed, combed my hair, all of that unhurriedly, and, aware of how necessary it was to be cautious, went to see the old man.

The prince was sitting on the sofa at a round table, and Anna Andreevna was preparing tea for him in another corner, at another table covered with a tablecloth, on which the landlord's samovar, polished as it had never been before, was boiling. I came in with the same stern look on my face, and the old man, instantly noticing it, gave a start, and the smile on his face quickly gave way to decided alarm. But I couldn't keep it up, laughed at once, and held out my arms to him. The poor man simply threw himself into my embrace.

Unquestionably, I realized at once whom I was dealing with. First of all, it became as clear to me as two times two that, during the time since I last saw him, they had made the old man, who had even been almost hale and still at least somewhat sensible and with a certain character, into a sort of mummy, a sort of perfect child, fearful and mistrustful. I will add that he knew perfectly well why he had been brought here, and that everything had happened exactly as I explained above, when I ran ahead of myself. He was suddenly struck, broken, crushed by the news of his daughter's betrayal and of the madhouse. He had allowed himself to be brought, so frightened that he scarcely knew what he was doing. He had been told that I was in possession of the secret, and held the key to the ultimate solution. I'll say beforehand: it was this ultimate solution and key that he feared more than anything in the world. He expected that I'd just walk in there with some sort of sentence on my forehead and a paper in my hand, and he was awfully glad that I was prepared meanwhile to laugh and chatter about other things. When we embraced, he wept. I confess, I wept

a bit, too. But I suddenly felt very sorry for him... Alphonsinka's little dog went off into a high, bell-like barking and strained towards me from the sofa. He hadn't parted from this tiny dog since the day he acquired it, and even slept with it.

"*Oh, je disais qu'il a du coeur!*"* he exclaimed, pointing at me to Anna Andreevna.

"But how you've improved, Prince, what a fine, fresh, healthy look you have!" I observed. Alas! it was all quite the opposite: this was a mummy, and I only said it to encourage him.

"*N'est-ce pas, n'est-ce pas?*"† he repeated joyfully. "Oh, my health has improved astonishingly."

"Anyhow, have your tea, and if you offer me a cup, I'll drink with you."

"Marvelous! 'Let us drink and enjoy...' or how does the poem go? Anna Andreevna, give him tea, *il prend toujours par les sentiments*‡ ... give us tea, my dear."

Anna Andreevna served us tea, but suddenly turned to me and began with extreme solemnity:

"Arkady Makarovich, both of us, I and my benefactor, Prince Nikolai Ivanovich, have taken refuge with you. I consider that we have come to you, to you alone, and we are both asking you for shelter. Remember that almost the whole destiny of this saintly, this most noble and offended man is in your hands... We await the decision of your truthful heart!"

But she was unable to finish; the prince was horrified and almost trembled with fear:

"*Après, après, n'est-ce pas? Chère amie!*"§ he repeated, holding his hands up to her.

I can't express how unpleasantly her outburst also affected me. I said nothing in reply and contented myself only with a cold and grave bow; then I sat down at the table and even deliberately began talking about other things, about some foolishness, started laughing and cracking jokes... The old man was obviously grateful to me and became rapturously merry. But his merriment, though rapturous, was somehow fragile and might be supplanted at any moment by complete dispiritedness; that was clear from the first glance.

*Oh, I said he had a heart!
†Isn't it so, isn't it so?
‡He always appeals to one's feelings ...
§Afterwards, afterwards, don't you think? My dear friend!

"*Cher enfant*, I hear you were ill... Ah, *pardon*! I hear you've been occupied all the while with spiritism?"[41]

"Never dreamed of it," I smiled.

"No? Then who was talking about spir-it-ism?"

"That clerk here, Pyotr Ippolitovich, spoke to you about it earlier," Anna Andreevna explained. "He's a very merry man and knows lots of anecdotes; would you like me to invite him here?"

"*Oui, oui, il est charmant**... he knows anecdotes, but we'd better invite him later. We'll invite him, and he'll tell us everything, *mais après*. Imagine, earlier they were setting the table, and he says, 'Don't worry, it won't fly away, we're not spiritists.' Can spiritists make tables fly?"

"I really don't know; they say they get all four legs off the ground."

"*Mais c'est terrible ce que tu dis*,"† he looked at me in fright.

"Oh, don't worry, it's nonsense."

"I say so myself. Nastasya Stepanovna Salomeeva... you do know her... ah, no, you don't know her... imagine, she also believes in spiritism, and imagine, *chère enfant*," he turned to Anna Andreevna, "I tell her there are tables in the ministry as well, with eight pairs of clerkly hands lying on them, all writing documents—why don't the tables dance there? Imagine if they suddenly started dancing! A revolt of the tables in the Ministry of Finance or National Education—just what we need!"

"What nice things you say, Prince, as always," I exclaimed, trying to laugh sincerely.

"*N'est-ce pas? Je ne parle pas trop, mais je dis bien.*"‡

"I'll bring Pyotr Ippolitovich," Anna Andreevna got up. Her face shone with pleasure; she was glad to see how affectionate I was with the old man. But as soon as she went out, the old man's face changed instantly. He glanced back hastily at the door, looked around, and, leaning towards me from the sofa, whispered in a frightened voice:

"*Cher ami!* Oh, if only I could see the two of them here together! *Oh, cher enfant!*"

"Calm yourself, Prince..."

"Yes, yes, but... we'll reconcile them, *n'est-ce pas*? It's an empty

*Yes, yes, he's charming...
†But it's terrible what you say.
‡Isn't it so? I don't talk much, but I speak well.

little quarrel of two most worthy women, *n'est-ce pas*? I put my hopes in you alone... We'll straighten it all out here; and what a strange apartment you have here," he looked around almost fearfully, "and, you know, this landlord... he's got such a face... Tell me, he's not dangerous?"

"The landlord? Oh, no! how could he be dangerous?"

"*C'est ça.** So much the better. *Il semble qu'il est bête, ce gentilhomme.*† *Cher enfant*, for Christ's sake, don't tell Anna Andreevna that I'm afraid of everything here; I praised everything here from the first, I praised the landlord, too. Listen, you know the story of von Sohn[42]—remember?"

"What about it?"

"*Rien, rien du tout... Mais je suis libre ici, n'est-ce pas?*‡ What do you think, can anything happen to me here... of the same sort?"

"But I assure you, dearest Prince... for pity's sake!"

"*Mon ami! Mon enfant!*" he exclaimed suddenly, clasping his hands before him and no longer hiding his fear. "If you do indeed have something... documents... in short, if you have anything to tell me, then don't tell me; for God's sake, don't tell me anything; better not tell me at all... for as long as you can, don't tell me..."

He was about to rush and embrace me; tears poured down his face; I can't express how my heart was wrung: the poor old man was like a pathetic, weak, frightened child, stolen from his own nest by gypsies and taken to strangers. But we were kept from embracing: the door opened, and in came Anna Andreevna, not with the landlord, but with her brother, the kammerjunker. This novelty astounded me; I got up and made for the door.

"Arkady Makarovich, allow me to introduce you," Anna Andreevna said loudly, so that I involuntarily had to stop.

"I'm *only too well* acquainted with your dear brother already," I said distinctly, especially emphasizing the words "only too well."

"Ah, there's a terrible mistake here! And I do apo-lo-gize, my dear And... Andrei Makarovich," the young man began to maunder, approaching me with an extraordinarily casual air and taking hold of my hand, which I was unable to withdraw. "It's all my Stepan's fault. He announced you so stupidly then that I took you for someone else—this was in Moscow," he clarified for his sister,

*That's right.
†He seems to be stupid, this gentleman.
‡Nothing, nothing at all... But I'm free here, am I not?

"then I tried my best to find you and explain, but I fell ill, ask her... *Cher prince, nous devons être amis même par droit de naissance...*"*

And the brazen young man even dared to put one arm around my shoulder, which was the height of familiarity. I drew back, but, in my embarrassment, preferred to leave quickly without saying a word. Going into my room, I sat down on the bed, thoughtful and agitated. The intrigue was suffocating me, yet I couldn't just dumbfound Anna Andreevna and cut her down. I suddenly felt that she, too, was dear to me, and that her position was terrible.

III

As I expected, she came into my room herself, having left the prince with her brother, who began telling him some society gossip, the most recent and fresh-baked, and instantly cheered up the impressionable old man. I got up from the bed silently and with a questioning look.

"I've told you everything, Arkady Makarovich," she began directly. "Our fate is in your hands."

"But I also warned you that I can't... The most sacred duties prevent me from fulfilling your expectations..."

"Oh? So that's your answer? Well, let me perish, but what of the old man? What are your expectations: will he lose his mind by evening?"

"No, he'll lose his mind if I show him his daughter's letter, in which she consults a lawyer about declaring her father insane!" I exclaimed vehemently. "That's what he won't be able to bear. You should know that he doesn't believe this letter, he's already told me!"

I lied about his telling me; but it was opportune.

"Already told you? Just as I thought! In that case, I'm lost. He was weeping just now and asking to be taken home."

"Tell me, what does your plan in fact consist in?" I asked insistently.

She blushed, from wounded arrogance, so to speak, though she controlled herself:

"With this letter of his daughter's in our hands, we are justified in the eyes of the world. I'll send word at once to Prince V——sky and Boris Mikhailovich Pelishchev, his childhood friends; they're

*Dear Prince, we should be friends even by right of birth.

both respectable men with influence in the world, and I know that two years ago they were already indignant at certain actions of his merciless and greedy daughter. They will, of course, reconcile him with his daughter, at my request, and I myself will insist on it; but, on the other hand, the state of affairs will change completely. Besides, then my relations, the Fanariotovs, as I expect, will venture to support my rights. But for me his happiness comes before everything; let him understand, finally, and appreciate who is really devoted to him! Unquestionably, I'm counting most of all on your influence, Arkady Makarovich; you love him so much . . . And who else loves him except you and I? You're all he talked about these last few days; he pined for you, you're 'his young friend' . . . It goes without saying that, for the rest of my life, my gratitude will know no bounds . . ."

This meant she was now offering me a reward—money, maybe. I interrupted her sharply.

"No matter what you say, I can't," I said with an air of unshakable resolution. "I can only repay you with the same frankness and explain to you my latest intentions: I will, in the nearest future, hand this fatal letter over to Katerina Nikolaevna, but with the understanding that no scandal will be made of all that has just happened, and that she gives her word beforehand that she will not interfere with your happiness. That is all I can do."

"This is impossible!" she said, blushing all over. The mere thought that Katerina Nikolaevna would *spare* her, made her indignant.

"I will not alter my decision, Anna Andreevna."

"Maybe you will."

"Turn to Lambert!"

"Arkady Makarovich, you don't know what misfortunes may come of your stubbornness," she said sternly and bitterly.

"Misfortunes will come—that's certain . . . my head is spinning. Enough talk; my mind is made up and that's the end of it. Only for God's sake, I beg you, don't bring your brother to me."

"But he precisely wishes to smooth over . . ."

"There's nothing to smooth over! I don't need it, I don't want it, I don't want it!" I exclaimed, clutching my head. (Oh, maybe I treated her too haughtily then!) "Tell me, however, where will the prince spend the night tonight? Surely not here?"

"He'll spend the night here, in your place and with you."

"By evening I'll have moved to another apartment!"

And after these merciless words, I seized my hat and began putting on my coat. Anna Andreevna watched me silently and sternly. I felt sorry—oh, I felt sorry for this proud girl! But I ran out of the apartment, not leaving her a word of hope.

IV

I'LL TRY TO make it short. My decision was taken irrevocably, and I went straight to Tatyana Pavlovna. Alas! a great misfortune could have been prevented if I had found her at home then; but, as if by design, I was especially pursued by bad luck that day. Of course, I went by mama's as well, first of all to see how poor mama was, and, second, counting almost certainly on meeting Tatyana Pavlovna there. But she wasn't there either; she had just gone somewhere, mama was sick in bed, and Liza alone remained with her. Liza asked me not to come in and waken mama: "She didn't sleep all night and was suffering; thank God, now at least she's fallen asleep." I embraced Liza and told her in only a word or two that I had taken an enormous and fateful decision, and that I would presently carry it out. She listened without any special surprise, as if to the most usual words. Oh, they were all accustomed then to my ceaseless "final decisions" and to their fainthearted cancellation afterwards. But now—now it was a different matter! I did stop by at the tavern on the canal, though, and sat there to while away the time, and then certainly catch Tatyana Pavlovna. However, I should explain why I suddenly needed this woman so much. The thing was that I wanted to send her at once to Katerina Nikolaevna, to invite her to her apartment and in Tatyana Pavlovna's presence return the document to her, having explained everything once and for all... In short, I wanted what was only fitting: I wanted to justify myself once and for all. On finishing with that point, I had absolutely and now imperatively resolved to put in a few words right then in favor of Anna Andreevna, and, if possible, to take Katerina Nikolaevna and Tatyana Pavlovna (as a witness), bring them to my place, that is, to the prince, and there reconcile the hostile women, resurrect the prince, and... and... in short, make everyone happy this very day, at least here in this little bunch, so that only Versilov and mama would be left. I could have no doubt of success. Katerina Nikolaevna, grateful for the return of the letter, for which I would not ask her anything, could not refuse me such

a request. Alas, I still imagined that I was in possession of the document! Oh, what a stupid and undignified position I was in, without knowing it myself!

It was already quite dark and around four o'clock when I again dropped in at Tatyana Pavlovna's. Marya answered rudely that she "hasn't come back." I well recall Marya's strange, furtive glance now; but then, naturally, nothing could have entered my head. On the contrary, another thought suddenly pricked me: as I was going down Tatyana Pavlovna's back stairs, vexed and somewhat dejected, I remembered the poor prince, who had reached out his hands to me today—and I suddenly reproached myself painfully for having abandoned him, maybe even out of personal vexation. I worriedly began imagining that something even very bad might have happened to them in my absence, and I hastily headed for home. At home, however, only the following circumstances occurred.

Anna Andreevna, having left me in wrath earlier, had not yet lost heart. It must be said that she had already sent to Lambert in the morning, then sent to him once again, and since Lambert had still not turned up at home, she finally sent her brother to look for him. The poor girl, seeing my resistance, placed her last hopes in Lambert and his influence on me. She was waiting impatiently for Lambert, and only marveled that he, who wouldn't leave her side and had fawned on her till today, had suddenly abandoned her entirely and vanished. Alas! it couldn't even enter her head that Lambert, now in possession of the document, had taken quite different decisions, and therefore, of course, was avoiding her and even purposely hiding from her.

Thus, worried and with increasing anxiety in her soul, Anna Andreevna was almost unable to divert the old man; and meanwhile his worry had grown to threatening proportions. He asked strange and fearful questions, started casting suspicious glances even at her, and several times began to weep. Young Versilov hadn't stayed long then. After he left, Anna Andreevna finally brought Pyotr Ippolitovich, in whom she placed such hopes, but the man was not found pleasing at all, and even provoked disgust. In general, the prince for some reason looked at Pyotr Ippolitovich with ever-growing mistrust and suspicion. And the landlord, as if on purpose, again started his talk about spiritism and some tricks he himself had supposedly seen performed, namely, how some itinerant charlatan had supposedly cut people's heads off before the whole public, so that the blood flowed and everyone could see it,

and then put them back onto the necks, and they supposedly grew on again, also before the whole public, and all this had supposedly taken place in the year fifty-nine. The prince was so frightened, and at the same time became so indignant for some reason, that Anna Andreevna was forced to remove the narrator immediately. Fortunately, dinner arrived, ordered specially the day before somewhere in the neighborhood (through Lambert and Alphonsinka) from a remarkable French chef, who was without a post and was seeking to place himself in an aristocratic house or club. Dinner with champagne diverted the old man extremely; he ate a great deal and was very jocular. After dinner, of course, he felt heavy and wanted to sleep, and as he always slept after dinner, Anna Andreevna prepared a bed for him. As he was falling asleep, he kept kissing her hands, said that she was his paradise, his hope, his houri, his "golden flower"—in short, he went off into the most Oriental expressions. At last he fell asleep, and it was just then that I returned.

Anna Andreevna hurriedly came into my room, pressed her hands together before me, and said, "no longer for her own sake, but for the prince's," that she "begs me not to leave, and to go to him when he wakes up. Without you, he'll perish, he'll have a nervous breakdown; I'm afraid he won't last till nighttime . . ." She added that she herself absolutely had to be absent, "maybe even for two hours," which meant that she was "leaving the prince to me alone." I warmly gave her my word that I'd stay till evening, and that when he woke up, I'd do all I could to divert him.

"And I will do my duty!" she concluded energetically.

She left. I'll add, running ahead, that she herself went looking for Lambert; this was her last hope. On top of that, she visited her brother and her Fanariotov family; it's clear what state of mind she must have come back in.

The prince woke up about an hour after she left. I heard him groan through the wall and ran to him at once. I found him sitting on his bed in a dressing gown, but so frightened by the solitude, by the light of the single lamp, and by the strange room, that when I came in he gave a start, jumped up, and cried out. I rushed to him, and when he made out that it was I, he began to embrace me with tears of joy.

"And they told me you had moved somewhere, to another apartment, that you got frightened and ran away."

"Who could have told you that?"

"Who could? You see, I may have thought it up myself, or maybe someone told me. Imagine, I just had a dream: in comes an old man with a beard and with an icon, an icon that's split in two, and he suddenly says, 'That's how your life will be split!'"

"Ah, my God, you must have heard from someone that Versilov broke an icon yesterday?"

"*N'est-ce pas?* I heard, I heard! I heard it this morning from Nastasya Egorovna. She moved my trunk and my little dog over here."

"Well, and so you dreamed of it."

"Well, it makes no difference. And imagine, this old man kept shaking his finger at me. Where is Anna Andreevna?"

"She'll be back presently."

"From where? Has she also gone?" he exclaimed with pain.

"No, no, she'll be back presently, and she asked me to sit with you."

"*Oui*, to come here. And so our Andrei Petrovich has gone off his head—'so inadvertently and so swiftly!'[43] I always predicted to him that he'd end up that way. My friend, wait..."

He suddenly seized me by the frock coat with his hand and pulled me towards him.

"Today," he began to whisper, "the landlord suddenly brought me photographs, vile photographs of women, all naked women in various Oriental guises, and began showing them to me through a glass... You see, I praised them reluctantly, but that's just how they brought vile women to that unfortunate man, to make it easier to get him drunk..."

"You keep on about von Sohn, but enough, Prince! The landlord is a fool and nothing more!"

"A fool and nothing more! *C'est mon opinion!** My friend, save me from this place if you can!" he suddenly pressed his hands together before me.

"Prince, I'll do everything I can! I'm all yours... Dear Prince, wait, and maybe I'll settle everything!"

"*N'est-ce pas?* We'll up and run away, and we'll leave the trunk for appearances, so that he'll think we're coming back."

"Run away where? And Anna Andreevna?"

"No, no, together with Anna Andreevna... Oh, *mon cher*, I've got some sort of jumble in my head... Wait—there, in my bag, to

*That's my opinion!

the right, is Katya's portrait; I put it there on the sly, so that Anna Andreevna and especially this Nastasya Egorovna wouldn't notice. Take it out, for God's sake, quickly, carefully, watch out that they don't find us . . . Can't we put the hook on the door?"

Indeed, I found in the bag a photographic portrait of Katerina Nikolaevna in an oval frame. He took it in his hands, brought it to the light, and tears suddenly poured down his gaunt yellow cheeks.

"*C'est un ange, c'est un ange du ciel!*"* he exclaimed. "All my life I've been guilty before her . . . and now, too! *Chère enfant*, I don't believe anything, anything! My friend, tell me: well, is it possible to imagine that they want to put me in a madhouse? *Je dis des choses charmantes et tout le monde rit*† . . . and suddenly this man is taken to the madhouse?"

"That was never so!" I cried. "That is a mistake! I know her feelings!"

"And you also know her feelings? Why, that's wonderful! My friend, you've resurrected me. What was all that they were telling me about you? My friend, invite Katya here, and let the two of them kiss each other before me, and I'll take them home, and we'll chase the landlord away!"

He stood up, pressed his hands together before me, and suddenly knelt before me.

"*Cher*," he whispered, now in some sort of insane fear, all shaking like a leaf, "my friend, tell me the whole truth: where are they going to put me now?"

"God!" I cried, raising him up and sitting him on the bed, "you finally don't believe me either; you think I'm also in the conspiracy? But I won't let anyone here even lay a finger on you!"

"*C'est ça*, don't let them," he babbled, seizing me firmly by the elbows with both hands, and continuing to tremble. "Don't let anybody! And don't tell me any lies . . . because can it be that they'll take me away from here? Listen, this landlord, Ippolit, or whoever he is, he's not . . . a doctor?"

"What sort of doctor?"

"This . . . this isn't a madhouse, I mean here, in this room?"

But at that moment the door suddenly opened and Anna Andreevna came in. She must have been eavesdropping by the door and,

*She's an angel, she's an angel of heaven!
†I say charming things and everybody laughs . . .

unable to help herself, opened it too abruptly—and the prince, who jumped at every creak, cried out and threw himself facedown on the pillow. He finally had some sort of fit, which resolved itself in sobbing.

"Here are the fruits of *your* work," I said to her, pointing to the old man.

"No, these are the fruits of *your* work!" she raised her voice sharply. "I turn to you for the last time, Arkady Makarovich: do you want to reveal the infernal intrigue against the defenseless old man and sacrifice your 'insane and childish amorous dreams' in order to save *your own* sister?"

"I'll save you all, but only in the way I told you before! I'm running off again; maybe in an hour Katerina Nikolaevna herself will be here! I'll reconcile everybody, and everybody will be happy!" I exclaimed almost with inspiration.

"Bring her, bring her here," the prince roused himself. "Take me to her! I want Katya, I want to see Katya and bless her!" he exclaimed, raising his arms and trying to get out of bed.

"You see," I pointed at him to Anna Andreevna, "you hear what he says: now in any case no 'document' will help you."

"I see, but it could still help to justify my action in the opinion of the world, while now—I'm disgraced! Enough; my conscience is clear. I've been abandoned by everyone, even my own brother, who is afraid of failure... But I will do my duty and stay by this unfortunate man as his nurse, his attendant!"

But there was no time to be lost, and I ran out of the room.

"I'll come back in an hour, and I won't come back alone!" I called out from the threshold.

Chapter Twelve

I

I FINALLY CAUGHT Tatyana Pavlovna! I explained everything to her at once—everything about the document, and everything, to the last shred, about what was happening in our apartment. Though she understood these events only too well herself and could have grasped the matter after two words, the explanation nevertheless took us, I think, about ten minutes. I alone spoke, I spoke the whole truth, and I wasn't ashamed. She sat silent and motionless on her chair, drawn up straight as a poker, her lips pressed together, not taking her eyes off me, and listening with all her might. But when I finished, she suddenly jumped up from her chair, and so precipitously that I jumped up, too.

"Ah, you little cur! So you've really got that letter sewn in, and it was that fool Marya Ivanovna who did the sewing! Ah, you outrageous scoundrels! So you came here to conquer hearts, to win over high society, to take revenge on Devil Ivanovich because you're an illegitimate son, is that what you wanted?"

"Tatyana Pavlovna," I cried, "don't you dare abuse me! It may be you, with your abuse, who from the very beginning were the cause of my bitterness here. Yes, I'm an illegitimate son, and maybe I did indeed want to take revenge for being an illegitimate son, and maybe indeed on some Devil Ivanovich, because the devil himself won't find who's to blame here; but remember that I rejected an alliance with the scoundrels and overcame my passions! I will silently place the document before her and leave without even waiting for a word from her; you yourself will be the witness!"

"Give me the letter, give it to me right now, put it here on the table! Or maybe you're lying?"

"It's sewn into my pocket; Marya Ivanovna herself did the sewing. And here, when I had a new frock coat made, I took it from the old one and sewed it into this new frock coat myself; it's here, feel it, I'm not lying, ma'am!"

"Give it to me, take it out!" Tatyana Pavlovna stormed.

"Not for anything, ma'am, I repeat it to you. I'll place it before her in your presence and leave, without waiting for a single word;

but it's necessary that she know and see with her own eyes that it is I, I myself, who am giving it to her, voluntarily, without compulsion and without reward."

"Showing off again? Are you in love, you little cur?"

"Say as many nasty things as you like. Go on, I deserve it, but I'm not offended. Oh, let me look like a paltry little brat to her, who spied on her and plotted a conspiracy, but let her recognize that I conquered myself and placed *her* happiness higher than anything in the world! Never mind, Tatyana Pavlovna, never mind! I cry out to myself: courage and hope! Let this be my first step on life's path, but then it has ended well, ended nobly! And what if I do love her," I went on inspiredly and flashing my eyes, "I'm not ashamed of it: mama is a heavenly angel, but *she* is an earthly queen! Versilov will go back to mama, and I'm not going to be ashamed before her; I did hear what she and Versilov said then, I was standing behind the curtain... Oh, all three of us are 'people of the same madness'! Do you know whose phrase that is—'people of the same madness'? It's his phrase, Andrei Petrovich's! Do you know, maybe there are more than three of us here who are of the same madness? I'll bet you're a fourth one of the same madness! Want me to say it? I'll bet you yourself have been in love with Andrei Petrovich all your life and maybe still are..."

I repeat, I was inspired and in some sort of happiness, but I had no time to finish. She suddenly seized me by the hair with some unnatural swiftness and tugged me downwards twice with all her might... then suddenly left me, went into the corner, stood facing the corner, and covered her face with a handkerchief.

"Little cur! Don't you ever dare say that to me again!" she said, weeping.

This was all so unexpected that I was naturally dumbfounded. I stood and gazed at her, not yet knowing what I should do.

"Pah, you fool! Come here, kiss me, foolish woman that I am!" she said suddenly, weeping and laughing. "And don't you dare, don't you ever dare repeat that to me... But I love you and have loved you all your life... fool that you are."

I kissed her. I will add in parenthesis: from then on Tatyana Pavlovna and I became friends.

"Ah, yes! But what's the matter with me!" she suddenly exclaimed, slapping herself on the forehead. "What were you saying? The old prince is there in your apartment? Is it true?"

"I assure you."

"Ah, my God! Oh, I'm sick!" she whirled and rushed about the room. "And they order him around! Eh, there's no lightning to strike the fools! Ever since morning? That's Anna Andreevna! That's the nun! And the other one, Militrisa,[44] doesn't know anything!"

"What Militrisa?"

"The earthly queen, the ideal! Eh, but what are we to do now?"

"Tatyana Pavlovna!" I cried, coming to my senses. "We've been saying foolish things, and we've forgotten the main thing: I ran here precisely to fetch Katerina Nikolaevna, and they're all waiting for me to come back."

And I explained that I would hand the document over only if she gave her word to make peace with Anna Andreevna immediately and even agree to her marriage...

"And that's splendid," Tatyana Pavlovna interrupted, "and I, too, have repeated it to her a hundred times. He'll die before the wedding—anyway he won't marry her, and if it's about him leaving her money in his will—Anna, I mean—it's been written in and left to her even without that..."

"Can it be that Katerina Nikolaevna is only sorry about the money?"

"No, she was afraid all along that she had the document—Anna, I mean—and I was, too. So we kept watch on her. The daughter didn't want to shock the old man, but, true, the little German, Bjoring, was also sorry about the money."

"And she can marry Bjoring after that?"

"What can you do with a foolish woman? As they say, once a fool, always a fool. You see, he's going to give her some sort of calm. 'I must marry somebody,' she says, 'so I suppose he'd be the most suitable one.' We'll see just how suitable it will be. She'll slap her sides afterwards, but it will be too late."

"Then why do you allow it? Don't you love her; didn't you tell her to her face that you're in love with her?"

"And I am in love with her, I love her more than all of you taken together, but still she's a senseless fool!"

"Then run and fetch her now, and we'll resolve everything and take her in person to her father."

"But it's impossible, impossible, you little fool! That's the point! Ah, what to do! Ah, I'm sick!" She rushed about again, though she did snatch up her shawl. "E-eh, if only you had come four hours earlier, it's past seven now, and she went to dine with the Pelishchevs some time ago, and then to go with them to the opera."

"Lord, can't we run over to the opera... no, we can't! What's going to happpen to the old man? He may die during the night!"

"Listen, don't go there, go to your mama, sleep there, and tomorrow early..."

"No, I won't leave the old man for anything, whatever may come of it."

"Don't leave him; that's good of you. And, you know... I'll run to her place anyhow and leave her a note... you know, I'll write it in our own words (she'll understand!), that the document is here, and that tomorrow at exactly ten o'clock in the morning she must be at my place—on the dot! Don't worry, she'll come, she'll listen to me—then we'll settle everything at once. And you go there and fuss over the old man as much as you can, put him to bed, chances are he'll survive till morning! Don't frighten Anna either; I love her, too. You're unfair to her, because you can't understand these things: she's offended, she's been offended since childhood. Oh, you all pile up on me! And don't forget, tell her from me that I've taken this matter up myself, with all my heart, and that she should be at peace, and there will be no damage to her pride... Over the past few days she and I have squabbled, quarreled—fallen out completely! Well, off you run... wait, show me the pocket again... is it true, is it true? Oh, is it true? Give me the letter for the night, what is it to you? Leave it, I won't eat it. You may let it slip out of your hands during the night... do change your mind?"

"Not for anything!" I cried. "There, feel it, look, but I won't leave it with you for anything."

"I see there's a piece of paper," she felt it with her fingers. "E-eh, all right, go, and I may even swing by the theater for her, that was a good idea! But run, run!"

"Wait, Tatyana Pavlovna, how's mama?"

"Alive."

"And Andrei Petrovich?"

She waved her hand.

"He'll come round!"

I ran off encouraged, reassured, though it hadn't turned out the way I had reckoned. But, alas, fate had determined differently, and something else awaited me—truly, there is a *fatum* in the world!

II

WHILE STILL ON the stairs, I heard noise in our apartment, and the door turned out to be open. In the corridor stood an unknown lackey in livery. Pyotr Ippolitovich and his wife, both frightened by something, were also in the corridor and waiting for something. The door to the prince's room was open and a voice was thundering there, which I recognized at once—the voice of Bjoring. I hadn't managed to step two steps when I suddenly saw the prince, tearful and trembling, being taken out to the corridor by Bjoring and his companion, Baron R., the same one who had come to Versilov for a talk. The prince was sobbing loudly, embracing and kissing Bjoring. Bjoring's shouting was addressed to Anna Andreevna, who also came out to the corridor after the prince; he threatened her and, I believe, stamped his feet—in short, the coarse German soldier told in him, despite all his "high society." Later it was discovered that for some reason it had come into his head then that Anna Andreevna was even guilty of something criminal and now unquestionably had to answer for her action even before the court. In his ignorance of the matter, he exaggerated it, as happens to many, and therefore began to consider it his right to be unceremonious in the highest degree. Above all, he had had no time to go into it. He had been informed of it all anonymously, as it turned out later (and of which I will make mention later), and had flown at them in that state of the enraged gentleman, in which even the most intelligent people of his nation are sometimes ready to start brawling like cobblers. Anna Andreevna had met this whole swoop with the highest degree of dignity, but I missed that. I only saw that, having taken the old man out to the corridor, Bjoring suddenly left him in the hands of Baron R. and, turning swiftly to Anna Andreevna, shouted at her, probably in response to some remark she had made:

"You are an intriguer! You want his money! From this moment on you are disgraced in society, and you will answer before the court!..."

"It's you who are exploiting an unfortunate invalid and driving him to madness... and you shout at me because I'm a woman and have no one to defend me..."

"Ah, yes! you are his fiancée, his fiancée!" Bjoring guffawed spitefully and furiously.

"Baron, Baron . . . *Chere enfant, je vous aime,*"* the prince wept out, reaching his arms towards Anna Andreevna.

"Go, Prince, go, there has been a conspiracy against you and maybe even a threat to your life," cried Bjoring.

"*Oui, oui, je comprends, j'ai compris au commencement . . .*"

"Prince," Anna Andreevna raised her voice, "you insult me and allow me to be insulted!"

"Away with you!" Bjoring suddenly shouted at her.

That I could not endure.

"Blackguard!" I yelled at him. "Anna Andreevna, I'll be your defender."

Here I will not and cannot describe anything in detail. A terrible and ignoble scene took place, and it was as if I suddenly lost my reason. It seems I leaped over and struck him, or at least shoved him hard. He also struck me with all his might on the head, so that I fell to the floor. Coming to my senses, I started after them down the stairs. I remember that my nose was bleeding. A carriage was waiting for them at the entrance, and while the prince was being put into it, I ran up to the carriage and, despite the lackey, who was pushing me away, again threw myself on Bjoring. I don't remember how the police turned up. Bjoring seized me by the scruff of the neck and sternly told the policeman to take me to the precinct. I shouted that he had to go with me, so that he could file a statement with me, and that they couldn't take me like that, almost from my own apartment. But since it had happened in the street and not in my apartment, and since I shouted, swore, and fought like a drunk man, and since Bjoring was in his uniform, the policeman arrested me. Here I became totally furious and, resisting with all my might, it seems I struck the policeman as well. Then, I remember, two of them suddenly appeared, and I was taken away. I barely remember being brought to some smoke-filled room, with a lot of different people sitting and standing around, waiting and writing. I went on shouting here, I demanded to file a statement. But the case no longer consisted only in a statement, but was complicated by violence and resistance to the authority of the police. And my appearance was all too unseemly. Someone suddenly shouted menacingly at me. The policeman had meanwhile accused me of fighting, had told about the colonel . . .

*Dear child, I love you.

*Yes, yes, I understand. I understood at the beginning.

"Your name?" someone cried to me.

"Dolgoruky," I roared.

"Prince Dolgoruky?"

Beside myself, I responded with quite a nasty curse word, and then... and then I remember they dragged me to some dark little room "for sobering up." Oh, I'm not protesting. The public all read in the newspapers not long ago the complaint of some gentleman who sat all night under arrest, bound, and also in a sobering-up room, but he, it seems, wasn't even guilty; while I was guilty. I collapsed on a bunk in the company of some two unconsciously sleeping people. My head ached, there was a throbbing in my temples, a throbbing in my heart. It must be that I became oblivious and, it seems, I raved. I remember only that I woke up in the middle of the deep night and sat up on the bunk. All at once I remembered everything and grasped everything, and, putting my elbows on my knees, propping my head in my hands, I sank into deep thought.

Oh! I'm not going to describe my feelings, and I also have no time, but I will note just one thing: maybe never have I experienced more delightful moments in my soul than in those minutes of reflection in the depths of the night, on the bunk, under arrest. This may seem strange to the reader, a sort of ink-slinging, a wish to shine with originality—and yet it was all just as I say. It was one of those minutes that, perhaps, occur with everyone, but that come only once in a lifetime. In such moments you decide your fate, determine your worldview, and say to yourself once and for all your life: "Here is where the truth lies, and here is where I should go to reach it." Yes, those moments were the light of my soul. Insulted by the arrogant Bjoring, and hoping to be insulted by that high-society woman tomorrow, I knew only too well that I could take terrible revenge on them, but I decided that I would not take revenge. I decided, despite all temptation, that I would not reveal the document, would not make it known to the whole world (as had already spun round in my mind); I repeated to myself that tomorrow I would place the letter before her and, if necessary, even endure a mocking smile from her instead of gratitude, but still I would not say a word and would leave her forever... However, there's no point in expanding on it. Of all that would happen to me here tomorrow, of how I'd be brought before the authorities and what would be done to me, I almost forgot to think. I crossed myself lovingly, lay down on the bunk, and fell into a serene, childlike sleep.

I awoke late, when it was already light. I was now the only one in the room. I sat up and began silently waiting, a long time, about an hour; it must have been about nine o'clock when I was suddenly summoned. I could go into greater detail, but it's not worth it, for it's all extraneous now; all I want to do is finish telling the main thing. I'll only point out that, to my greatest amazement, I was treated with unexpected politeness: they asked me something, I answered something, and I was at once let go. I went out silently, and it was with pleasure that I read in their looks even a certain surprise at a man who, even in such a position, was capable of not losing his dignity. If I hadn't noticed it, I wouldn't have written it down. At the exit, Tatyana Pavlovna was waiting for me. I'll explain in two words why I got off so easily then.

Early in the morning, maybe at eight o'clock, Tatyana Pavlovna came flying to my apartment, that is, to Pyotr Ippolitovich's, still hoping to find the prince there, and suddenly learned about all of yesterday's horrors, and above all that I had been arrested. She instantly rushed to Katerina Nikolaevna (who, the evening before, on returning from the theater, had met with her father, who had been brought to her), woke her up, frightened her, and demanded that I be released immediately. With a note from her, she flew at once to Bjoring and immediately obtained another note from him, to "the proper person," with an urgent request from Bjoring himself that I be released, "having been arrested through a misunderstanding." With this note she arrived at the precinct, and his request was honored.

III

Now I'll go on with the main thing.

Tatyana Pavlovna, having picked me up, put me in a cab, brought me to her place, immediately ordered the samovar, and washed me and scrubbed me in the kitchen herself. Also in the kitchen, she loudly told me that at half-past eleven Katerina Nikolaevna herself would come—as the two had already arranged earlier—in order to meet me. And this Marya also heard. After a few minutes she brought the samovar, but after another two minutes, when Tatyana Pavlovna suddenly summoned her, she did not respond. It turned out that she had gone somewhere. I ask the reader to note that very well; it was then, I suppose, about a quarter to ten. Though

Tatyana Pavlovna was angry at her disappearing without asking, she merely thought she had gone to the shop, and at once forgot about it for a while. And we couldn't be bothered with that; we talked nonstop, because we had things to discuss, so that I, for instance, paid almost no attention to Marya's disappearance; I ask the reader to remember that as well.

Needless to say, I was as if in a daze; I was explaining my feelings, and above all—we were waiting for Katerina Nikolaevna, and the thought that in an hour I would finally meet with her, and at such a decisive moment of my life, made me tremble and quake. Finally, when I had drunk two cups, Tatyana Pavlovna suddenly got up, took a pair of scissors from the table, and said:

"Give me your pocket, we must take out the letter—we can't cut it with her here!"

"Right!" I exclaimed, and unbuttoned my frock coat.

"What's all this tangle here? Who did the sewing?"

"I did, I did, Tatyana Pavlovna."

"That's obvious. Well, here it is..."

The letter was taken out; it was the same old envelope, but with a blank piece of paper stuck into it.

"What's this?..." Tatyana Pavlovna exclaimed, turning it over. "What's got into you?"

But I stood there speechless, pale... and suddenly sank strengthlessly onto the chair; truly, I almost fainted away.

"What on earth is this?" Tatyana Pavlovna yelled. "Where is your note?"

"Lambert!" I jumped up suddenly, realizing and slapping myself on the forehead.

Hurrying and breathless, I explained everything to her—the night at Lambert's, and our conspiracy at the time; however, I had already confessed this conspiracy to her the day before.

"They stole it! They stole it!" I cried, stamping the floor and seizing myself by the hair.

"Trouble!" Tatyana Pavlovna suddenly decided, grasping what it meant. "What time is it?"

It was about eleven.

"Eh, Marya's not here!... Marya, Marya!"

"What is it, ma'am?" Marya suddenly responded from the kitchen.

"You're here? So what are we to do now? I'll fly to her... Ah, you dodderer, you dodderer!"

"And I'll go to Lambert!" I yelled. "And I'll strangle him, if need be!"

"Ma'am!" Marya suddenly squeaked from the kitchen. "There's some woman here asking for you very much . . ."

But before she finished speaking, the "some woman" herself burst precipitously from the kitchen with cries and screams. It was Alphonsinka. I won't describe the scene in full detail; the scene was a trick and a fake, but it should be noted that Alphonsinka played it splendidly. With tears of repentance and with violent gestures, she rattled out (in French, naturally) that she herself had cut out the letter then, that it was now with Lambert, and that Lambert, with "that brigand," *cet homme noir*,* wanted to lure *madame la générale*† and shoot her, right now, in an hour . . . that she had learned it all from them and had suddenly become terribly frightened, because she saw they had a pistol, *le pistolet*, and had now rushed to us, so that we could go, save, prevent . . . *Cet homme noir* . . .

In short, it was all extremely plausible; the very stupidity of some of Alphonsinka's explanations even increased the plausibility.

"What *homme noir*?" cried Tatyana Pavlovna.

"*Tiens, j'ai oublié son nom . . . Un homme affreux . . . Tiens, Versiloff.*"‡

"Versilov! It can't be!" I yelled.

"Oh, yes, it can!" shrieked Tatyana Pavlovna. "But speak, dearie, without jumping, without waving your arms. What is it they want? Talk sense, dearie. I refuse to believe they want to shoot her!"

The "dearie" talked the following sense (NB: it was all a lie, I warn you again): *Versiloff* would sit behind the door, and Lambert, as soon as she came in, would show her *cette lettre*, here *Versiloff* would jump out, and they . . . *Oh, ils feront leur vengeance!*§ That she, Alphonsinka, was afraid of trouble, because she had taken part herself, and *cette dame, la générale*, was sure to come "right now, right now," because they had sent her a copy of the letter, and she would see at once that they really had the letter and go to them, and that it was Lambert alone who had written to her, and she knew nothing about Versilov; but Lambert had introduced himself

*That black man.
†Madame the general's wife.
‡Wait, I've forgotten his name . . . A dreadful man . . . Wait, Versiloff.
§Oh, they will take their revenge!

as a visitor from Moscow, from a certain Moscow lady, *une dame de Moscou* (NB: Marya Ivanovna!).

"Ah, I'm sick! I'm sick!" Tatyana Pavlovna kept exclaiming.

"*Sauvez-la, sauvez-la!*"* cried Alphonsinka.

Of course, there was something incongruous in this crazy news, even at first glance, but there was no time to think it over, because essentially it was all terribly plausible. It might still be supposed, and with great probability, that Katerina Nikolaevna, having received Lambert's invitation, would first come to us, to Tatyana Pavlovna, to explain the matter; but, on the other hand, that might well not happen, and she might go directly to them, and then—she was lost! It was also hard to believe that she would just rush to the unknown Lambert at the first summons; but again, it might happen for whatever reason, for instance, seeing the copy and being convinced that they indeed had her letter, and then—the same trouble! Above all, we didn't have a drop of time left, even in order to consider.

"And Versilov will do her in! If he's stooped to Lambert, he'll do her in! It's the double!" I cried.

"Ah, this 'double'!" Tatyana Pavlovna wrung her hands. "Well, no help for it," she suddenly made up her mind, "take your hat and coat and off we go. Take us straight to them, dearie. Ah, it's so far! Marya, Marya, if Katerina Nikolaevna comes, tell her that I'll be back presently and that she should sit and wait for me, and if she refuses to wait, lock the door and force her to stay. Tell her I said so! A hundred roubles for you, Marya, if you do me this service."

We ran out to the stairs. No doubt it would have been impossible to think up anything better, because in all events the main trouble was at Lambert's apartment, and if Katerina Nikolaevna indeed came to Tatyana Pavlovna first, Marya could always keep her there. And yet, having already hailed a cab, Tatyana Pavlovna suddenly changed her mind.

"You go with her!" she told me, leaving me with Alphonsinka, "and die there if need be, understand? And I'll follow you at once, but I'll swing by her place beforehand, on the chance that I'll find her, because, say what you will, but I find it suspicious!"

And she flew to Katerina Nikolaevna. Alphonsinka and I set off for Lambert's. I kept urging the cabbie on, and as we flew, I went

*Save her, save her!

on questioning Alphonsinka, but Alphonsinka mostly got off with exclamations, and finally with tears. But God kept and preserved us all, when everything was hanging by a thread. Before we'd gone a quarter of the way, I suddenly heard a shout behind me: someone called my name. I turned to look—Trishatov was overtaking us in a cab.

"Where to?" he shouted in alarm. "And with her, with Alphonsinka!"

"Trishatov!" I cried to him. "What you said is true—bad trouble! I'm going to that scoundrel Lambert! Let's go together, there'll be more of us!"

"Turn back, turn back right now!" shouted Trishatov. "Lambert's deceiving you, and so is Alphonsinka. The pockmarked one sent me. They're not at home; I've just met Versilov and Lambert; they were driving to Tatyana Pavlovna's . . . they're there now . . ."

I stopped the cab and jumped over to Trishatov. To this day I don't understand how I could have decided so suddenly, but I suddenly believed and suddenly decided. Alphonsinka screamed terribly, but we abandoned her, and I don't know whether she turned to follow us or went home, but anyhow I never saw her again.

In the cab, Trishatov haphazardly and breathlessly told me that there was some machination, that Lambert had come to an agreement with the pockmarked one, but that the pockmarked one had betrayed him at the last minute, and had just sent Trishatov to Tatyana Pavlovna to inform her that she should not believe Lambert and Alphonsinka. Trishatov added that he knew nothing more, because the pockmarked one hadn't told him any more, because he'd had no time, that he himself had hurried off somewhere, and that it had all been done hastily. "I saw you driving," Trishatov went on, "and chased after you." Of course, it was clear that this pockmarked one also knew everything, because he had sent Trishatov straight to Tatyana Pavlovna; but this was a new riddle.

But to avoid confusion, before describing the catastrophe, I'll explain the whole real truth and run ahead of myself for the last time.

IV

HAVING STOLEN THE letter then, Lambert at once joined with Versilov. Of how Versilov could have coupled himself with Lambert, I will not speak now; that's for later; above all, it was the "double" here! But having coupled himself with Versilov, Lambert was faced with luring Katerina Nikolaevna as cleverly as possible. Versilov told him outright that she wouldn't come. But Lambert, ever since I had met him in the street that evening two days before and, to show off, had told him I would return the letter to her in Tatyana Pavlovna's apartment and in Tatyana Pavlovna's presence—Lambert from that moment on had set up some sort of espionage on Tatyana Pavlovna's apartment—namely, he had bribed Marya. He had given Marya twenty roubles, and then, a day later, when the theft of the document had been accomplished, he had visited Marya for a second time and come to a radical agreement with her, promising her two hundred roubles for her services.

That was why, when she heard earlier that Katerina Nikolaevna would be at Tatyana Pavlovna's at half-past eleven and that I would be there as well, Marya immediately rushed out of the house and went galloping in a cab to Lambert with the news. This was precisely what she was to inform Lambert of—it was in this that her service consisted. Just at that moment, Versilov, too, was at Lambert's. In one second Versilov came up with this infernal combination. They say that madmen can be terribly clever at certain moments.

The combination consisted in luring the two of us, Tatyana and me, out of the apartment, at all costs, for at least a quarter of an hour, but before Katerina Nikolaevna's arrival. Then—to wait outside, and as soon as Tatyana Pavlovna and I left, to run into the apartment, which Marya would open for them, and wait for Katerina Nikolaevna. Meanwhile, Alphonsinka was to do her best to keep us wherever she liked and however she liked. Katerina Nikolaevna was to arrive, as she had promised, at half-past eleven, meaning at least twice sooner than we could return. (Needless to say, Katerina Nikolaevna had not received any invitation from Lambert, and Alphonsinka had told a pack of lies, and it was this trick that Versilov had thought up in all its details, while Alphon-

sinka had only played the role of the frightened traitress.) Of course, there was a risk, but their reasoning was correct: "If it works—good; if not—nothing's lost, because the document is still in our hands." But it did work, and it couldn't help working, because we couldn't help running after Alphonsinka, if only on the supposition, "And what if it's all true!" Again I repeat, there was no time to consider.

V

Trishatov and I came running into the kitchen and found Marya in a fright. She had been struck because, as she let Lambert and Versilov in, she suddenly somehow noticed a revolver in Lambert's hand. Though she had taken the money, the revolver had not entered into her calculations. She was bewildered and, as soon as she saw me, rushed to me:

"Mme. Akhmakov has come, and they've got a pistol!"

"Trishatov, wait here in the kitchen," I ordered, "and the moment I shout, come running as fast as you can to help me."

Marya opened the door to the little corridor for me, and I slipped into Tatyana Pavlovna's bedroom—that same tiny room in which there was only space enough for Tatyana Pavlovna's bed and in which I had once eavesdropped inadvertently. I sat on the bed and at once found myself an opening in the portière.

But there was already noise and loud talk in the room. I'll note that Katerina Nikolaevna had entered the apartment exactly one minute after them. I had already heard noise and talk from the kitchen; it was Lambert shouting. She was sitting on the sofa, and he was standing in front of her and shouting like a fool. Now I know why he so stupidly lost his wits: he was in a hurry and was afraid they would be caught; later I'll explain precisely whom he was afraid of. The letter was in his hand. But Versilov was not in the room. I prepared myself to rush in at the first sign of danger. I give only the meaning of what was said, maybe there's much that I don't remember correctly, but I was too agitated then to memorize it with final precision.

"This letter is worth thirty thousand roubles, and you're surprised! It's worth a hundred thousand, and I'm asking only thirty!" Lambert said loudly and in awful excitement.

Katerina Nikolaevna, though obviously frightened, looked at him with a sort of scornful surprise.

"I see some trap has been set here, and I don't understand anything," she said, "but if you really have that letter . . ."

"Here it is, you can see for yourself! Isn't this it? A promissory note for thirty thousand and not a kopeck less!" Lambert interrupted her.

"I have no money."

"Write a promissory note—here's some paper. Then go and get the money, and I'll wait, but a week—no longer. You bring the money, I'll give you back the promissory note, and then I'll give you the letter."

"You speak to me in such a strange tone. You're mistaken. If I go and complain, this document will be taken from you today."

"To whom? Ha, ha, ha! And the scandal? And if we show the letter to the prince? Taken from me how? I don't keep documents in my apartment. I'll show it to the prince through a third person. Don't be stubborn, lady, say thank you that I'm not asking much, somebody else would ask for certain favors besides . . . you know what kind . . . something no pretty woman refuses in embarrassing circumstances, that's what kind . . . Heh, heh, heh! *Vous êtes belle, vous!*"*

Katerina Nikolaevna impetuously got up from her place, blushed all over, and—spat in his face. Then she quickly made for the door. It was here that the fool Lambert snatched out the revolver. He had blindly believed, like a limited fool, in the effect of the document, that is—above all—he hadn't perceived whom he was dealing with, precisely because, as I've already said, he considered that everyone had the same mean feelings as himself. From the very first word, he had irritated her with his rudeness, whereas she might not have declined to enter into a monetary deal.

"Don't move!" he yelled, enraged at being spat upon, seizing her by the shoulder and showing her the revolver—naturally just to frighten her. She cried out and sank onto the sofa. I rushed into the room; but at the same moment, Versilov, too, came running into the room from the door to the corridor. (He had been standing there and waiting.) Before I could blink an eye, he snatched the revolver from Lambert and hit him on the head with it as hard as

*You're a pretty one, you are!

he could. Lambert staggered and fell senseless; blood gushed from his head onto the carpet.

She, on seeing Versilov, suddenly turned as white as a sheet; for a few moments she looked at him fixedly, in inexpressible horror, and suddenly fell into a swoon. He rushed to her. All this seems to flash before me now. I remember with what fear I then saw his red, almost purple, face and bloodshot eyes. I think that, though he noticed me in the room, it was as if he didn't recognize me. He picked her up, unconscious, lifted her with incredible strength, like a feather in his arms, and began carrying her senselessly around the room like a child. The room was tiny, but he wandered from corner to corner, obviously not knowing why he was doing it. In one single moment he had lost his reason. He kept looking at her face. I ran after him and was mainly afraid of the revolver, which he had simply forgotten in his right hand and was holding right next to her head. But he pushed me away, first with his elbow, then with his foot. I wanted to call out to Trishatov, but was afraid to vex the madman. In the end, I suddenly opened the portière and started begging him to put her down on the bed. He went and put her down, stood over her himself, looked intently into her face for about a minute, and suddenly bent down and kissed her twice on her pale lips. Oh, I understood, finally, that this was a man who was totally beside himself. Suddenly he went to swing the revolver at her, but, as if realizing, turned the revolver around and aimed it at her face. I instantly seized his arm with all my might and shouted to Trishatov. I remember we both struggled with him, but he managed to free his arm and shoot at himself. He had wanted to shoot her and then himself. But when we didn't let him have her, he pressed the revolver straight to his heart, but I managed to push his hand up and the bullet struck him in the shoulder. At that moment, Tatyana Pavlovna burst in with a shout; but he was already lying senseless on the carpet beside Lambert.

Chapter Thirteen

Conclusion

I

That scene is now almost six months in the past, and much has flowed by since then, much is quite changed, and for me a new life has long begun... But I will set the reader free as well.

For me, at least, the first question, both then and long afterwards, was: how could Versilov join with such a man as Lambert, and what aim did he have in view then? I have gradually arrived at some sort of explanation: in my opinion, Versilov, in those moments, that is, in all that last day and the day before, could not have had any firm aim, and I don't think he even reasoned at all here, but was under the influence of some whirlwind of feelings. However, I do not admit of any genuine madness, the less so as he is not mad at all now. But I do unquestionably admit of the "double." What essentially is a double? A double, at least according to a certain medical book by a certain expert, which I later read purposely, a double is none other than the first step in a serious mental derangement, which may lead to a rather bad end. And Versilov himself, in the scene at mama's, had explained to us the "doubling" of his feelings and will with awful sincerity. But again I repeat: that scene at mama's, that split icon, though it undoubtedly occurred under the influence of a real double, still has always seemed to me in part a sort of malicious allegory, a sort of hatred, as it were, for the expectations of these women, a sort of malice towards their rights and their judgment, and so, half-and-half with his double, he smashed the icon! It meant, "Thus I'll split your expectations as well!" In short, if there was a double, there was also simply a whim... But all this is only my guess; to decide for certain is difficult.

True, despite his adoration of Katerina Nikolaevna, there was always rooted in him a most sincere and profound disbelief in her moral virtue. I certainly think that he was just waiting behind the door then for her humiliation before Lambert. But did he want it, even if he was waiting? Again I repeat: I firmly believe that he

didn't want anything then, and wasn't even reasoning. He simply wanted to be there, to jump out later, to say something to her, and maybe—maybe to insult her, maybe also to kill her... Anything might have happened then; only, as he was coming there with Lambert, he had no idea what would happen. I'll add that the revolver belonged to Lambert, and he himself came unarmed. But seeing her proud dignity, and, above all, unable to bear the scoundrel Lambert's threatening her, he jumped out—and then lost his reason. Did he want to shoot her at that moment? In my opinion, he didn't know himself, but he certainly would have shot her if we hadn't pushed his hand away.

His wound turned out not to be fatal and it healed, but he spent a long time in bed—at mama's, of course. Now, as I write these lines, it is spring outside, the middle of May, a lovely day, and our windows are open. Mama is sitting beside him; he strokes her cheeks and hair and looks into her eyes with tender feeling. Oh, this is only half of the former Versilov, he no longer leaves mama's side and never will again. He has even received "the gift of tears," as the unforgettable Makar Ivanovich put it in his story about the merchant; however, it seems to me that Versilov will live a long time. With us he's now quite simplehearted and sincere, like a child, without losing, however, either measure or restraint, or saying anything unnecessary. All his intelligence and all his moral cast have remained with him, though all that was ideal in him stands out still more strongly. I'll say directly that I've never loved him as I do now, and I'm sorry that I have neither time nor space to say more about him. However, I will tell one recent anecdote (and there are many): by Great Lent he had recovered, and during the sixth week he announced that he would prepare for communion.[45] He hadn't done that for some thirty years or more, I think. Mama was glad; they started cooking lenten meals, though quite costly and refined. From the other room I heard him on Monday and Tuesday hum to himself "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh"[46]—and admire the melody and the poetry. Several times during those two days he talked very beautifully about religion; but on Wednesday the preparation suddenly ceased. Something had suddenly irritated him, some "amusing contrast," as he put it, laughing. Something had displeased him in the appearance of the priest, in the surroundings; but he only came back and said with a quiet smile, "My friends, I love God very much, but—I'm incapable of these things." The same day roast beef was served at dinner. But I know that

even now mama often sits down beside him and in a quiet voice and with a quiet smile begins to talk to him sometimes about the most abstract things: she has suddenly become somehow *bold* with him now, but how it happened I don't know. She sits by him and talks to him, most often in a whisper. He listens with a smile, strokes her hair, kisses her hands, and the most complete happiness shines in his face. Sometimes he also has fits, almost hysterical ones. Then he takes her photograph, the one he kissed that evening, looks at it with tears, kisses it, remembers, calls us all to him, but he says little at such moments... He seems to have forgotten Katerina Nikolaevna completely, and has never once mentioned her name. Of his marriage with mama, nothing has been said yet either. We wanted to take him abroad for the summer, but Tatyana Pavlovna insisted that we not take him, and he didn't want it himself. They'll spend the summer in a country house somewhere in a village in the Petersburg region. Incidentally, we're all meanwhile living at Tatyana Pavlovna's expense. I'll add one thing: I'm awfully sorry that in the course of these notes I have frequently allowed myself to refer to this person disrespectfully and haughtily. But as I wrote, I imagined myself exactly as I was at each of the moments I was describing. On finishing my notes and writing the last line, I suddenly felt that I had re-educated myself precisely through the process of recalling and writing down. I disavow much that I've written, especially the tone of certain phrases and pages, but I won't cross out or correct a single word.

I said that he has never uttered a single word about Katerina Nikolaevna; but I even think maybe he has been cured completely. Only Tatyana Pavlovna and I talk occasionally about Katerina Nikolaevna, and even that in secret. Katerina Nikolaevna is now abroad; I saw her before her departure and visited her several times. I've already received two letters from her from abroad, and have answered them. But of the content of our letters and of what we discussed as we said good-bye before her departure, I will not speak; that is another story, a quite *new* story, and even maybe all still in the future. Even with Tatyana Pavlovna there are certain things I keep silent about. But enough. I'll only add that Katerina Nikolaevna is not married and is traveling with the Pelishchevs. Her father is dead, and she is the wealthiest of widows. At the present moment she's in Paris. Her break with Bjoring occurred quickly and as if of itself, that is, with the highest degree of naturalness. However, I will tell about that.

On the morning of that terrible scene, the pockmarked one, to whom Trishatov and his friend had gone over, managed to inform Bjoring of the imminent evildoing. It happened in the following way: Lambert had after all inclined him to take part with him and, getting hold of the document then, had told him all the details and all the circumstances of the undertaking, and, finally, the last moment of the plan as well, that is, when Versilov thought up the combination of deceiving Tatyana Pavlovna. But at the decisive moment, the pockmarked one preferred to betray Lambert, being the most sensible of them all and foreseeing the possible criminality in their projects. Above all, he considered Bjoring's gratitude a much surer thing than the fantastic plan of the inept but hot-tempered Lambert and a Versilov nearly insane with passion. All this I learned later from Trishatov. Incidentally, I do not know or understand Lambert's relation with the pockmarked one, and why Lambert couldn't do without him. But much more curious for me was the question of why Lambert needed Versilov, when Lambert, who already had the document in his hands, could have done perfectly well without his help. The answer is now clear to me: he needed Versilov, first, because he knew the circumstances, but above all he needed Versilov in case of an alarm or some sort of trouble, so that he could shift all the responsibility onto him. And since Versilov wanted no money, Lambert considered his help even far from superfluous. But Bjoring didn't manage to get there in time. He arrived an hour after the shot, when Tatyana Pavlovna's apartment already had a totally different look. Namely, about five minutes after Versilov fell bleeding to the carpet, Lambert, whom we all thought had been killed, rose and stood up. He looked around in surprise, suddenly figured things out, went to the kitchen without saying a word, put his coat on there, and vanished forever. He left the "document" on the table. I've heard that he wasn't even sick, but just slightly unwell for a while; the blow with the revolver had stunned him and drawn blood, without causing any greater harm. Meanwhile, Trishatov had already run for a doctor; but before the doctor arrived, Versilov came to, and before that Tatyana Pavlovna, having brought Katerina Nikolaevna to her senses, had managed to take her home. Thus, when Bjoring came running in on us, he found in Tatyana Pavlovna's apartment only me, the doctor, the sick Versilov, and mama, who, though still sick, had come to him beside herself, brought by the same Trishatov. Bjoring stared in bewilderment, and, as soon as he learned that Katerina

Nikolaevna had already left, went to her at once, without saying a word to us.

He was put out; he saw clearly that scandal and publicity were now almost inevitable. No big scandal occurred, however, only rumors came of it. They didn't manage to conceal the shot—that's true—but the whole main story, in its main essence, went almost unknown. The investigation determined only that a certain V., a man in love, a family man at that and nearly fifty years old, beside himself with passion and while explaining his passion to a person worthy of the highest respect, but who by no means shared his feelings, had shot himself in a fit of madness. Nothing more came to the surface, and in this form the news, as dark rumors, penetrated the newspapers, without proper names, only with initials. At least I know that Lambert, for instance, wasn't bothered at all. Nevertheless, Bjoring, who knew the truth, was frightened. Just then, as if by design, he suddenly managed to learn that a meeting, tête-à-tête, of Katerina Nikolaevna and Versilov, who was in love with her, had taken place two days before the catastrophe. This made him explode, and he rather imprudently allowed himself to observe to Katerina Nikolaevna that, after that, he was no longer surprised that such fantastic stories could happen to her. Katerina Nikolaevna rejected him at once, without wrath, but also without hesitation. Her whole preconceived opinion about some sort of reasonableness in marrying this man vanished like smoke. Maybe she had already figured him out long before, or maybe, after the shock she had received, some of her views and feelings had suddenly changed. But here again I will keep silent. I will only add that Lambert vanished to Moscow, and I've heard that he got caught at something there. As for Trishatov, I lost sight of him long ago, almost from that same time, despite my efforts to find his trail even now. He vanished after the death of his friend, *le grand dadais*, who shot himself.

II

I'VE MENTIONED THE death of old Prince Nikolai Ivanovich. This kindly, sympathetic old man died soon after the event, though, anyhow, a whole month later—died at night, in bed, of a nervous stroke. After that same day he spent in my apartment, I never saw him again. It was told of him that during that month

he had supposedly become incomparably more reasonable, even more stern, was no longer frightened, did not weep, and in all that time never once uttered a single word about Anna Andreevna. All his love turned to his daughter. Once, a week before his death, Katerina Nikolaevna suggested inviting me for diversion, but he even frowned. I communicate this fact without any explanations. His estate turned out to be in order and, besides that, there turned out to be quite a considerable capital. Up to a third of this capital had, according to the old man's will, to be divided up among his countless goddaughters; but what everyone found extremely strange was that in this will there was no mention at all of Anna Andreevna: her name was omitted. But, nevertheless, I know this as a most trustworthy fact: just a few days before his death, the old man, having summoned his daughter and his friends, Pelishchev and Prince V——sky, told Katerina Nikolaevna, in the likely chance of his imminent demise, to be sure to allot sixty thousand roubles of this capital to Anna Andreevna. He expressed his will precisely, clearly, and briefly, not allowing himself a single exclamation or clarification. After his death, and when matters had become clear, Katerina Nikolaevna informed Anna Andreevna, through her attorney, that she could receive the sixty thousand whenever she liked; but Anna Andreevna, drily and without unnecessary words, declined the offer: she refused to receive the money, despite all assurances that such was indeed the prince's will. The money is still lying there waiting for her, and Katerina Nikolaevna still hopes she will change her mind; but that won't happen, and I know it for certain, because I'm now one of Anna Andreevna's closest acquaintances and friends. Her refusal caused some stir, and there was talk about it. Her aunt, Mme. Fanariotov, first vexed by her scandal with the old prince, suddenly changed her opinion and, after the refusal of the money, solemnly declared her respect. On the other hand, her brother quarreled with her definitively because of it. But, though I often visit Anna Andreevna, I can't say that we get into great intimacies. We don't mention the old times at all; she receives me very willingly, but speaks to me somehow abstractly. Incidentally, she firmly declared to me that she will certainly go to a convent; that was not long ago; but I don't believe her and consider it just bitter words.

But bitter, truly bitter, are the words I'm now faced with saying in particular about my sister Liza. Here is real unhappiness, and

what are all my failures beside her bitter fate! It began with Prince Sergei Petrovich not recovering and dying in the hospital without waiting for the trial. He passed away before Prince Nikolai Ivanovich. Liza was left alone with her future child. She didn't weep and, by the look of it, was even calm; she became meek, humble; but all the former ardor of her heart was as if buried at once somewhere in her. She humbly helped mama, took care of the sick Andrei Petrovich, but she became terribly taciturn, did not even look at anyone or anything, as if it was all the same to her, as if she was just passing by. When Versilov got better, she began to sleep a lot. I brought her books, but she didn't want to read them; she began to get awfully thin. I somehow didn't dare to start comforting her, though I often came precisely with that intention; but in her presence I somehow had difficulty approaching her, and I couldn't come up with the right words to begin speaking about it. So it went on until one awful occasion: she fell down our stairs, not all the way, only three steps, but she had a miscarriage, and her illness lasted almost all winter. Now she has gotten up from bed, but her health has suffered a long-lasting blow. She is silent and pensive with us as before, but she has begun to talk a little with mama. All these last days there has been a bright, high spring sun, and I kept remembering that sunny morning last autumn when she and I walked down the street, both rejoicing and hoping and loving each other. Alas, what happened after that? I don't complain, for me a new life has begun, but her? Her future is a riddle, and now I can't even look at her without pain.

Some three weeks ago, however, I managed to get her interested in news about Vasin. He was finally released and set completely free. This sensible man gave, they say, the most precise explanations and the most interesting information, which fully vindicated him in the opinion of the people on whom his fate depended. And his notorious manuscript turned out to be nothing more than a translation from the French—material, so to speak, that he had gathered solely for himself, intending afterwards to compose from it a useful article for a magazine. He has now gone to ——— province, but his stepfather, Stebelkov, still goes on sitting in prison on his case, which, I've heard, keeps growing and gets more and more complicated as time goes on. Liza listened to the news about Vasin with a strange smile and even observed that something like that was bound to happen to him. But she was obviously pleased by the fact that the late Prince Sergei Petrovich's interference had

done Vasin no harm. I have nothing to tell here about Dergachev and the others.

I have finished. Maybe some readers would like to know what became of my "idea" and what this new life is that is beginning for me now and that I've announced so mysteriously. But this new life, this new path that has opened before me, is precisely my "idea," the same as before, but under a totally different guise, so that it's no longer recognizable. But it can't be included in my "Notes" now, because it's something quite different. The old life has totally passed, and the new has barely begun. But I will nevertheless add something necessary: Tatyana Pavlovna, my intimate and beloved friend, pesters me almost every day with exhortations that I enter the university without fail and as soon as possible. "Later, when you've finished your studies, you can think up other things, but now go and complete your studies." I confess, I'm pondering her suggestion, but I have no idea what I'll decide. Among other things, my objection to her has been that I don't even have the right to study now, because I should work to support mama and Liza; but she offers her money for that and assures me that there's enough for my whole time at the university. I decided, finally, to ask the advice of a certain person. Having looked around me, I chose this person carefully and critically. It was Nikolai Semyonovich, my former tutor in Moscow, Marya Ivanovna's husband. Not that I needed anyone's advice so much, but I simply and irrepressibly wanted to hear the opinion of this total outsider, even something of a cold egoist, but unquestionably an intelligent man. I sent him my whole manuscript, asking him to keep it a secret, because I had not yet shown it to anyone and especially not to Tatyana Pavlovna. The manuscript came back to me two weeks later with a rather long letter. I'll make only a few excerpts from this letter, finding in them a sort of general view and something explanatory, as it were. Here are these excerpts.

III

"...And never, my unforgettable Arkady Makarovich, could you have employed your leisure time more usefully than now, having written these 'Notes' of yours! You've given yourself, so to speak, a conscious account of your first stormy and perilous steps on your career in life. I firmly believe that by this account you

could indeed 're-educate yourself' in many ways, as you put it yourself. Naturally, I will not allow myself the least thing in the way of critical observations per se; though every page makes one ponder... for instance, the fact that you kept the 'document' so long and so persistently is in the highest degree characteristic... But out of hundreds of observations, that is the only one I will allow myself. I also greatly appreciate that you decided to tell, and apparently to me alone, the 'secret of your idea,' according to your own expression. But your request that I give my opinion of this idea per se, I must resolutely refuse: first, there would not be room enough for it in a letter, and second, I am not ready for an answer myself and still need to digest it. I will only observe that your 'idea' is distinguished by its originality, whereas the young men of the current generation fall mainly upon ideas that have not been thought up but given beforehand, and their supply is by no means great, and is often dangerous. Your 'idea,' for instance, preserved you, at least for a while, from the ideas of Messrs. Dergachev and Co., undoubtedly not so original as yours. And, finally, I concur in the highest degree with the opinion of the much-esteemed Tatyana Pavlovna, whom, though I know her personally, till now I had never been able to appreciate in the measure that she deserves. Her idea about your entering the university is in the highest degree beneficial for you. Learning and life will, in three or four years, undoubtedly open the horizon of your thoughts and aspirations still more widely, and if, after the university, you propose to turn again to your 'idea,' nothing will hinder that.

"Now allow me on my own, and without your request, to lay out for you candidly several thoughts and impressions that came to my mind and soul as I was reading your so candid notes. Yes, I agree with Andrei Petrovich that one might indeed have had fears for you and your *solitary* youth. And there are not a few young men like you, and their abilities always threaten to develop for the worse—either into a Molchalin-like obsequiousness[47] or into a secret desire for disorder. But this desire for disorder—and even most often—comes, maybe, from a secret thirst for order and 'seemliness' (I am using your word). Youth is pure if only because it is youth. Maybe in these so early impulses of madness there lies precisely this desire for order and this search for truth, and whose fault is it that some modern young men see this truth and this order in such silly and ridiculous things that it is even incomprehensible how they could believe in them! I will note, incidentally,

that before, in the quite recent past, only a generation ago, these interesting young men were not to be so pitied, because in those days they almost always ended by successfully joining our higher cultivated strata and merging into one whole with them. And if, for instance, they were aware, at the beginning of the road, of all their disorderliness and fortuitousness, of all the lack of nobility, say, in their family surroundings, the lack of a hereditary tradition and of beautiful, finished forms, it was even so much the better, because later they themselves would consciously strive for these things and learn to appreciate them. Nowadays it is somewhat different—precisely because there is almost nothing to join.

"I will explain by a comparison or, so to speak, an assimilation. If I were a Russian novelist and had talent, I would be sure to take my heroes from the hereditary Russian nobility, because it is only in that type of cultivated Russian people that there is possible at least the appearance of a beautiful order and a beautiful impression, so necessary in a novel if it is to graciously affect the reader. I am by no means joking when I say this, though I myself am not a nobleman at all, which, however, you know yourself. Pushkin already sketched out the subjects of his future novels in his 'Traditions of the Russian Family,'[48] and, believe me, it indeed contains all we have had of the beautiful so far. At least all we have had that has been somewhat completed. I do not say this because I agree so unconditionally with the correctness and truthfulness of this beauty; but here, for instance, there were finished forms of honor and duty, which, except among the nobility, are not only not finished anywhere in Russia, but are not even begun. I speak as a peaceful man and seeking peace.

"Whether this honor is good and this duty right—is another question; but for me it is more important that the forms precisely be finished and that there be at least some sort of order that is not prescribed, but that we ourselves have finally developed. God, the most important thing for us is precisely at least some order of our own! In this has lain our hope and, so to speak, our rest; finally at least something built, and not this eternal smashing, not chips flying everywhere, not trash and rubbish, out of which nothing has come in the last two hundred years.

"Do not accuse me of Slavophilism; I am saying it just so, from misanthropy, because my heart feels heavy! Nowadays, in recent times, something quite the opposite of what I have described above has been happening among us. It is no longer rubbish that grows

on to the higher stratum of people, but, on the contrary, bits and pieces are torn with merry haste from the beautiful type, and get stuck into one heap with the disorderly and envious. And it is a far from isolated case that the fathers and heads of former cultivated families themselves laugh at something that their children may still want to believe in. What's more, they enthusiastically do not conceal from their children their greedy joy at the unexpected right to dishonor, which a whole mass of them suddenly deduced from something. I am not speaking about the true progressists, my dearest Arkady Makarovich, but only about the riffraff, who have turned out to be numberless, of whom it is said: *'Grattez le russe et vous verrez le tartare.'** And, believe me, the true liberals, the true and magnanimous friends of mankind, are by no means so many among us as it suddenly seemed to us.

"But this is all philosophy; let us go back to the imaginary novelist. The position of our novelist in such a case would be quite definite: he would be unable to write in any other genre than the historical, for the beautiful type no longer exists in our time, and if any remnants remain, in the now-dominant opinion, they have not kept their beauty. Oh, in the historical genre it is still possible to portray a great many extremely pleasant and delightful details! One can even carry the reader with one so far that he will take the historical picture for something still possible in the present. Such a work, given great talent, would belong not so much to Russian literature as to Russian history. It would be an artistically finished picture of a Russian mirage, which existed in reality until people realized that it was a mirage. The grandson of the heroes portrayed in the picture portraying a Russian family of the average upper-class cultivated circle over three generations and in connection with Russian history—this descendant of his forebears could not be portrayed as a contemporary type otherwise than in a somewhat misanthropic, solitary, and undoubtedly sad guise. He should even appear as a sort of eccentric, whom the reader could recognize at first glance as someone who has quit the field, and be convinced that the field is no longer his. A bit further, and even this misanthropic grandson will vanish; new, as yet unknown persons will appear, and a new mirage; but what kind of persons? If they are not beautiful, then the Russian novel will no longer be possible.

*Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar.

But, alas! is it only the novel that will turn out then to be impossible?

"Rather than go far, I will resort to your own manuscript. Look, for instance, at Mr. Versilov's two families (this time allow me to be fully candid). First of all, I will not expand on Andrei Petrovich himself; but, anyhow, he still belongs among the ancestors. He is a nobleman of very ancient lineage, and at the same time a Parisian communard.[49] He is a true poet and loves Russia, but on the other hand he totally denies her. He is without any religion, but is almost ready to die for something indefinite, which he cannot even name, but which he passionately believes in, after the manner of a multitude of Russian-European civilizers of the Petersburg period of Russian history. But enough of the man himself; here, however, is his hereditary family. I will not even speak of his son, and he does not deserve the honor. Those who have eyes know beforehand what such rascals come to among us, and incidentally what they bring others to. But his daughter Anna Andreevna—is she not a young lady of character? A person on the scale of the mother superior Mitrofania[50]—not, of course, to predict anything criminal, which would be unfair on my part. Tell me now, Arkady Makarovich, that this family is an accidental phenomenon, and my heart will rejoice. But, on the contrary, would it not be more correct to conclude that a multitude of such unquestionably hereditary Russian families are, with irresistible force, going over *en masse* into *accidental* families and merging with them in general disorder and chaos? In your manuscript you point in part to the type of this accidental family. Yes, Arkady Makarovich, you are *a member of an accidental family,* as opposed to our still-recent hereditary types, who had a childhood and youth so different from yours.

"I confess, I would not wish to be a novelist whose hero comes from an accidental family!

"Thankless work and lacking in beautiful forms. And these types in any case are still a current matter, and therefore cannot be artistically finished. Major mistakes are possible, exaggerations, oversights. In any case, one would have to do too much guessing. What, though, is the writer to do who has no wish to write only in the historical genre and is possessed by a yearning for what is current? To guess . . . and be mistaken.

"But 'Notes' such as yours could, it seems to me, serve as material for a future artistic work, for a future picture—of a disorderly but already bygone epoch. Oh, when the evil of the day is past and the

future comes, then the future artist will find beautiful forms even for portraying the past disorder and chaos. It is then that 'Notes' like yours will be needed and will provide material—as long as they are sincere, even despite all that is chaotic and accidental about them... They will preserve at least certain faithful features by which to guess what might have been hidden in the soul of some adolescent of that troubled time—a not-entirely-insignificant knowledge, for the generations are made up of adolescents..."